



*Cookies*  
**FOR**  
**SANTA**

THERE'S ONLY ONE COOKIE  
HE'S INTERESTED IN...

EVEN MONROE

# Cookies for Santa

Even Monroe

# Copyright

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## Author's Note

While this story is mostly smut and Christmas-themed shenanigans, if a fast-paced tumble into bed and perhaps a smidgen of spicy dominance isn't your holiday jam, perhaps this one isn't for you. Kinks included are: sex with a relative stranger, bondage, butt play, use of sex toys, blowjob/swallowing, sex without protection, daddy kink, squirting, dirty talk, spanking and public play.

Reader discretion is advised, 18+.

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**More, more, more!**

# Chapter 1 - I'm Dreaming of a Wine Christmas

## Wynter

Christmas can go suck a big one.

I mean that in the nicest way possible.

Right now, I should be packing for a luxe girls' trip to the tropics. An anti-holiday, holiday. A way to avoid tinsel and jingle bells. It's what my two best friends and I promised each other, teary-eyed at the airport the last time I saw them. Then I jumped on a plane and flew across the country to New York, solo.

There have been many messed up years since then, pandemics, and all that. So, you'd think any sane person would be looking forward to a festive gathering with friends and family. Wreaths on doors, cookie-baking, and carols.

You'd be one hundred percent wrong in my case.

A lot has happened—or not happened in my case—since I waved goodbye to my friends.

New York didn't last long—I've been upstate, cross-state, or otherwise out of the Big Apple for the majority of the time since I arrived. I haven't had any free time to establish a new network of friends or start anything resembling a social life. All I do is work. I'm in dire need of socializing with my girlfriends.

There doesn't even appear to be much of a point in having an apartment of my own, and I'm thinking about looking for a couple of room-mates. As it is, work is paying for my cold little one-bedroom place to sit empty while I travel to clients' properties and work on expansion and renovation plans.

Right now is no exception.

Unfortunately, my girls only holiday adventure, the one that's kept me sane, has fallen apart in a major way.

Bestie number one, Elsie—so titled because I met her an hour before bestie number two, Sarah, at age five—dropped out of the trip a few months ago. It was a blow for sure, but I can't be unhappy about it. She's met the love of her life and gotten knocked up. Elsie was always the single one in high school, never interested in boys, and shy to boot, so the fact she's ended up being the first one of the three musketeers to find a man and settle down was a surprise. I'm genuinely thrilled for her, but it sucks to be suffering from a rough pregnancy and being banned from flying.

Sarah and I decided to go ahead with the trip anyway. Elsie was going to be insanely jealous of us both. We'd be decked out in bikinis and posing with cocktails beside a blue-tiled pool while she worked on cooking the bun in her oven back home. But alas, two days ago Sarah also bailed.

As if nurses haven't had enough grief in the last few years, Sarah's been told, once again, to cancel all leave and be ready to work. The hospitals on the West Coast are bracing for a terrible flu season and a bunch of staff at Sarah's hospital is already out sick. When she called me in tears and explained, I told her not to worry, we'd make up for it all sometime soon. Then I told her to get some rest before she begins back-to-back shifts. Once she stopped sniffing, she told me she'd been on a couple of dates with a doctor at her work. Now I guess she'll get a chance to spend the festive season with him, even if it is in the hospital. Honestly, if anyone deserves a happy holiday it's her.

I hope her new man steps up to the plate. It'd be nice to have someone by my side to go through life with, even if that seems impossible right now, I guess hope isn't dead.

I'm devastated I'm not going to see my friends after months and months of looking forward to a proper get-together. Zoom can only do so much. I miss them.

I've spent hours on the phone. First, order of business: cancel our five-star beachside accommodation. It was only later,

when I was sorting out the flights, that I was told there was a stay-put order in place for my area. Turns out there's a giant storm coming in off the Atlantic, which is the cherry on top of the shitty cake of my current circumstances. I can't get a flight home. I'm stuck here in a remote cabin, unable to get home until the airports in New York open again.

Which leaves me stranded, single, and miserable.

*Alone.*

*Luckily you have a solid, high-paying job with interesting travel.*

Ha! What I thought was going to be a fantastic opportunity, working a dream job as an architect with a very well-regarded firm, has turned out to be a much tougher climb than I could ever have imagined. It looked so good on paper—clients love the firm, and they've won awards for a diverse workplace. They even have a town planning division, which I was hoping to get into, given it was my college minor.

The reality is a world apart—all the partners are men, and average ones at that. They're forever holding the carrot just out of reach and applying the stick regularly.

I'm good at my job—no, strike that, I'm great at it. Problem is, I'm constantly being shipped out to remote locations and kept away from the action in the office. Most of the credit is being lapped up in my absence. What I secretly want to do is set up my own business, but it's a competitive industry, and there's also the small issue of start-up capital. I've decided to take some action about things on the work front, and an email has been sent.

*Gulp.*

So, here I am on Christmas Eve, having a tantrum, stomping around the cabin, slamming doors closed, muttering to myself, and generally being miserable and Grinchy. And I don't think I'm done yet.

*Pity party for one, please leave a message after the tone.*

Alcohol is going to get me through the holiday. No friends, no family, no man, no real home either. Not even a Christmas



tree.

And my birthday is the day after Christmas.

Fuck my life. Sometimes I wish there were a way to be helicoptered out.

I putter around in the kitchen of the house—which isn't mine—looking for a wine glass. There's a rack of wine bottles—they also aren't mine, but my current circumstances justify theft for medicinal purposes. I need to dull my suffering somehow. And before you go and get all judgy about a woman drinking on her own, I'd like to add that I've run out of batteries, and if I want any sort of orgasm, I need a battery-operated device named Bob.

That's right. A real man has yet to get me off. All four of my past boyfriends, every single one of them, left me hanging.

I know it's not me; Bob gets the job done. Sad right? Somehow, I've managed to exclusively fall into bed with men who have either zero interest in my pleasure or zero skills. I'm a stranger to any kind of man-induced orgasm.

Go me.

So, cheers, girlfriend. Cheers to useless men, dead batteries, and lonely Christmases.

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One overfilled glass of wine later and I'm way more relaxed, and a little less hopeless. Since I opened the bottle of a very nice Oregon pinot, I've made a critical decision. From now on I have vowed I'm giving no fucks.

Do you know what goes hand in hand with giving no fucks?

*Taking.*

Taking what I want.

Deciding what I want and taking it.

I know what I sound like. A complete biatch. I get it. But I've spent too long being on the bottom rung of life, and it's time to even out the score. It's not like I plan on hurting anyone, just putting myself first for once.

For instance, a few minutes ago, I decided to place a nice, big order at the gourmet grocery store in a cute little tourist town up the road. Without remorse, I spent big on the corporate card to stock this cabin up. When the store manager heard the size of the order, they promised it was being packed and would be delivered immediately.

At least now I'll be able to take some pleasure from the last few days I have here. I totally overdid it, the order was for more food and alcohol than I could possibly eat and drink in the time I'm likely to be stuck here, but I'll put any leftovers in the freezer before I leave. I'll have to finish off the caviar though, pretty sure it doesn't freeze. Who says money can't buy happiness?

To my shock and delight, an hour later my order arrives. I did go a little crazy, but work doesn't ever question my usually meager expenditure. Guess I'll be testing the limits. Not something I'm worried about with almost two glasses of wine in my system. The delivery woman told me the storm had hit the coast and was now rolling inland, and bad weather was expected overnight. The food box had a light dusting of snowflakes on it as if to prove the point.

Now that meals are taken care of, I've thrown on my softest green pajama pants and a white tank top. Perfect for a night in.

I stoke the fire I started mid-afternoon and settle back on the tan leather sofa. It's almost dark outside now, and I make a mental note to bring in some more firewood tomorrow morning. I've been burning through it at a rapid rate to keep the place toasty. I'd love to live in a permanently cold country. Sure, I'd need the odd holiday somewhere beachy to thaw out, but I've always liked the snow.

I throw back the rest of my wine and stretch my red-tipped toes toward the warmth of the flames. I *almost* forget my nail color perfectly matches my favorite bikini. Despite the color being called *Secret Santa*, it was purchased with the opposite of a traditional Christmas in mind. The thought makes me sad because if everything had gone to plan, tomorrow's main concern should be avoiding sunburn, not worrying about being snowed in.

I must say though, this place is pretty cozy. It's a cute, if not small cabin in a spectacular spot. The surrounding forest is made up of fir, maple, and birch trees. An emerald-green lake sits at the bottom of a slope at the edge of the five-acre property. I wonder if it'll freeze over.

The last few days, I've wandered the grounds and made notes of the angle of the sun and where to find the best views. My plans are to glass up one side of the cabin and add a second story. Once the panorama has been captured, it's going to be phenomenal.

Furnished only with comfortable basics, I think it's been a rental property over the last few years. The wealthy new owners want it to be their autumn house, *apparently that's a thing*, and in the end, it'll have five bedrooms, an equal number of bathrooms, and an open-concept kitchen on the entry level.

One day I'm going to design a spectacular place for myself. One with amazing views out into the snow, the trees, and maybe a lake. It'll have deer in the forest that come by the back door looking for a handful of snacks—what do deer eat? *I will find out*. Anyway, I'm going to have that. Even if it means I have it on my own.

Because I give no fucks.

I'm startled by a muffled thump outside. Has a branch fallen on the roof? Oh God, not on my hire car, please!

Then, unexpectedly, there's a knock at the front door.

*What the hell?*

## Chapter 2 - Deck My Halls

### Nick

Slinging the tan leather rucksack over my shoulder, I watch until my transport to this remote cabin is nothing more than a speck in the distance. The knowledge I won't be away from my family and loved ones for long helps to stave off the homesickness nagging at my insides, even though I've only been away for a short while.

The call of home and hearth is strong.

In the meantime, I have a very important task to do, undoubtedly the most important thing I've done in life so far. I'm almost positive I'll succeed. Certainly, nobody could fault my preparation and dedication. *Obsession* is a word you might use. You'd not be far off the mark.

There is always a small chance things won't work out the way I have planned, and that makes me nervous. Still, worry is the thief of joy, and something I try to avoid. Now is no exception. It's a time of happiness, new beginnings, and celebration.

Hopefully.

Luckily, I have faith. Lots of it.

In myself and in the woman inside the small cabin up ahead. Ever since she came to my attention, I've employed my time learning as much as I can about her, and what makes her tick. Now, there's not much I don't know about her—her life, her work, her inner workings. She's utterly perfect and I can't wait to meet her in the flesh.

I am head over heels in love with a woman I have never met.

My essential other half.

Snow falls on my head, and I run a hand through my dark locks, scattering the white flakes before raising the hood on my jacket. A storm is blowing in, and there'll be several inches of snow by morning.

Once I enter the cabin, I won't be leaving for days. A smile pulls at my lips at the thought.

It's not a huge dwelling, but it'll be perfect for what I have in mind. All I need is a little space and a warm fire, which is mostly for Wynter's comfort, not so much mine. By the time I'm finished with her, this little cabin will be relegated to a memory of when we first met, and for that reason alone, I feel inclined to like it.

My own home is much bigger, and a good deal older. It's a property I inherited, in a way, and I love every square foot of it. It belonged to my late grandfather and his grandfather before him. I plan on passing it down to my own grandchild someday.

As I start toward the warm glow in the windows, I look around at the icy setting and the bare, snow-covered trees. Where I'm from, the forests are evergreen, with pine trees that don't shed their needles. Even though the tradition is that people only have a pine tree inside around the Christmas holiday, I like to have the fresh scent all year round. It makes me a bit sad to know Wynter doesn't have a tree up inside. No lights, no garland, no decorations. Nothing. It's almost like the festive spirit going strong in most places around the world skipped this little spot. Also missing is the joy that comes with celebrating Christmas.

Fortunately, there's plenty I can do about that.

My black leather boots crunch through the gravel as I make my way up the increasingly snowy driveway. The temperature is dropping, I sense it, but the cold doesn't bother me. I'm used to it.

Light from the front window of the cabin beckons me, and as I come closer, I think I can make out a few notes of music. My girl is trying to cheer herself up. Good. So she should.

Being all alone on Christmas Eve in a house that's not my home—and without friends or family—is pretty much my worst nightmare. And a scenario that would mean something has gone seriously, seriously wrong.

In Wynter's case, plenty *has* gone wrong, but I'm here to help change that. All she has to do is have a little faith. Right now, she's trying to soothe herself and throw off the burdens of the last few days. I've been picking up on the nagging disappointment in her mind. Nothing seems to be working out for her.

*Don't worry, baby. I'm coming.*

From what I can gather, she's not exactly had a whole lot of luck in the bedroom department either. Her past sexual experiences have been, well, lacking.

Good for me, bad for her. I'd hate to be competing with a worthy opponent, although he'd have to be pretty damn good with his equipment to top me. Especially when it comes to Wynter.

Not bragging, just stating the facts.

My pants start to feel a little tight just from thinking these simple thoughts. I haven't even started to fully fantasize about her yet, and I'm all worked up. If I did, it might be Wynter lying across ruffled white sheets—naked and waiting for me. Wynter stepping out of a steaming hot bath, rosy-skinned and dripping wet. Wynter coming so hard she throws her head back and screams out my name as I give her everything she wants.

*Why did I have to go there right now?*

My length is pressing hard against the zipper of my thick pants, and if I let it out, I know it'd point straight up and be ready for duty. Ready for Wynter. Greeting her at the door with a raging erection is poor manners, at the very least, so I slow my roll and take a few deep breaths.

I know I talk a good game in my head, and I've worked myself up for this meeting with Wynter; as they say, confidence is key. And in any event, there's no room for failure. If I can't convince myself I'll win her over, there's no point in even starting. Because this has to work out.

*Has to.*

I already know such a profound connection with this woman. A warm and unwavering affection thrums through my system. Sure, it might be entirely one-sided at the moment, but I plan on changing that. This storm has given me the perfect excuse to come to Wynter. I've been biding my time up until now. But knowing she'd be alone and possibly in danger was more than enough to have me dropping everything and rushing to her side.

The crunch of icy snow under my boots at the edge of the small porch marks my arrival. Another deep breath. Something shifts in my heavy bag, and I give it a nudge. There are plenty of things in there I'll be needing, but not right away.

Unable to wait a moment longer, I raise my fist and rap on the door three times. Light footsteps sound from inside and stop at the other side of the front door. There's a moment of silence as she looks at me through the tiny glass peephole. I can sense Wynter's energy, her pull, even through the thick wood separating us.

My pulse picks up, and a huge grin spreads across my face.

I know exactly what she wants.

## Chapter 3 - Your Stocking is HUNG

### Wynter

My besties are the sweetest, craziest pair a girl could ever hope for. I knew I loved them from the beginning—all the way back when I was five years old and they each shared their sandwiches with me when I had none. I've always known they were good eggs, and it seems I'm about to be proven right yet again.

You see, there's a Santa themed stripper standing at my front door. Those girls knew I needed cheering up, and boy have they delivered.

But how did he get here? And with a storm supposed to be on the way— isn't that sort of risky? He must have been dropped off or something because I can't see a car outside, and I would've heard a vehicle pull up the driveway.

A little sensor light came on at the same time as I heard him knocking, and now I'm standing on the other side of the door, peering at him through the small peephole. Everything about him, well what I'm able to see anyway, screams sexy Christmas hunk. He's decked out in all the right gear: black boots, black pants, and a big, dark red jacket with furry lining around the hood. His gear is form-fitting, and boy, what a form. His body looks to be that delicious sort of triangular shape, with broad, strong shoulders that taper to a taut waist and strong legs. Roman statuesque.

The only thing I can't see much of is his face, which is mostly lost in shadows. There's a light dusting of snow on the top of his hood, it must be coming down out there now. I suppose this guy could be a local that knows the weather up here and came prepared.

I even spy what looks to be a stylish, minimalist sort of backpack resting over one shoulder. *Ha, Santa's sack.* I wonder what he has in there?

Gosh, those two girls are crazy. Sending me a sexy Kris Kringle to do a private strip show and lift my spirits?



*Priceless!* No one else would have the guts to do that. We once made a joke that the only good men are the ones that show up, do their job, and leave; seems like a stripper is right on track with that. All I know is their effort to pep me up is working.

My only experience with a stripper so far was at a party years ago. And even though I've sworn off men—they have proven thus far to be disappointments—I don't hate the idea of ogling a handsome one as he dances for my entertainment. In fact, a grin starts to cross my face as I realize my evening is about to dramatically change.

And with that in mind, knowing my friends would never steer me wrong or put me in any danger, I yank open the door and embark on what I hope will be a fun distraction: objectifying this poor man while he does his job. I'm feeling sassy from the wine and cheered up by this gesture from my friends. I'm excited to call them after this and chat all about their early Christmas present to me.

I watch wordlessly as the man pushes the hood back and reveals his face for the first time.

*Damn.*

He's a lot to take in; he's six foot three with warm, chocolate brown eyes, and dark brown hair that curls slightly at the ends. I'm fairly positive he has a good ten years on me too. This is no college boy.

A blast of cold air rushes in, and I step back, making space for him to enter. "Come on in, Saint Nick," I say in a breathy voice that's come out of nowhere. Marilyn Monroe would be proud.

His straight, nose is impeccably at home on a perfectly symmetrical face. He's all man, solid and muscular. His jaw and cheeks sport dark growth, showing off the angular planes of his face. I wonder if he's a model as well as a stripper. Probably. He's easily the best-looking guy I've ever laid eyes on. I swallow nervously. There's a definite tingle happening in my lower region

I'm in way over my head.

He smiles and steps in over the threshold, closing the door behind him, and sealing out the cold. Without a word, he reaches for my hand and brings it to his lips, pressing a soft kiss on the skin on the back of my palm. His sexy eyes stay fixed on mine.

Okay, hell ... he's good. Really good.

"I ..." is all I can manage. I stop trying to talk because I struggle to concentrate when he's touching me. *I want him to touch me all over.*

"Wynter?" he repeats, pulling me out of my thoughts. I shake my head, flustered. Does he have a faint accent, maybe Swedish or Finnish?

"Sorry. What's your name?" Wow doing so well, girl.

"Nick. You had it right the first time, Wynter. It's a pleasure to meet you." White teeth sparkle at me from behind lush, masculine lips. His appearance is utter perfection. Tanned too, and not fake. Every feature I've ever liked on a man has been assigned to this one face. He even has a slight dimple on one cheek. *Gah, I love a single dimple.*

"Hold on, how did you know my name already?" As soon as the words leave my lips, I realize ... of course he would know my name, my friends sent him. Wow, the wine has made me silly. "Never mind," I say, waving my hand around as if to dispel the question. "Can I take your jacket for you?"

"Yes, thanks," he replies in a deep, warm voice that matches his physique perfectly. His large backpack lands at his feet a moment before he unzips the oxblood jacket and hands it to me. A waft of orange peel and cloves envelopes me, and I only just stop myself from burying my face in the jacket to suck more of the delicious scent into my lungs. So as not to come across as a total weirdo, I fight off the urge and place it over a peg near the door.

Maybe I can sneak back later and sniff it.

I turn back and my breath hitches in my chest. Underneath the jacket, he's sporting a similarly colored dark red Henley, and I swear to all things Holy I almost melt on the spot. The fabric

outlines his body like a second skin. I cast my eyes over his forearms and biceps, and an audible gasp leaves my lips, much to my own embarrassment. Pinching my leg, I give myself a stern lecture about keeping it together and storing away every little detail about this man's physique for the spank bank. Gasping out loud is not only embarrassing for me—he's obviously an expensive professional and probably doesn't appreciate the fuss before he's even begun his performance.

Even though I might object to Christmas as a holiday, the strange thing is ... I've always liked the Man in Red. He's thoughtful, kind, and a giver. You can't fault him, really. Anyway, he's not responsible for the hype and terrible human behavior that makes the holiday we've built around Christmas such a nightmare. The idea of someone whose sole purpose is to give, to spread cheer and goodwill, who thinks of others before himself—well, he sounds like the perfect man to me. And he'd fit right in with my current motto: take, take, take.

Pity he's not real.

A man who gives and puts me first because he wants to?  
That'd be a nice change.

All the men in my life have been leeches, sucking the life out of me. My father abandoned my mom and me when I was a baby, and we both suffered for it. She struggled to raise me and wasn't too keen on men either. She usually worked at Christmas time, that's when the most lucrative shifts were. There was always a gift from Santa on Christmas morning, but mom would be gone soon after I opened it. She made sure we celebrated my birthday the day after, and damn I miss her. Mom sadly passed away a few years ago from cancer.

The next set of leeches are the men who run the firm where I work. It wasn't long after I started that I realized they profit from my hard work and original ideas and otherwise do very little. But my misery doesn't end there.

My last boyfriend was a guy who has an apartment on the same floor as mine. He couldn't bring me to orgasm if his life depended on it, but he sure didn't mind trailing along to my client functions and networking his ass off to grow his own

business. That is, before he ghosted me the minute I worked out what he was up to. He was nice to start with, and it was convenient to live so close. After we broke up, I was sort of glad I was away so much; it saved me from bumping into him in the hallway and feeling obligated to make small talk.

I've tried so hard not to become jaded, but it's difficult when you've been on a losing roll since birth.

A man like Santa, a man who is in a committed relationship (*hello Mrs. Claus*), who brings joy to so many, who is reliable and familiar ... those are qualities real men should strive for. So just for tonight, I'm going to let my imagination run wild and pretend Mister Sexy Stocking Stuffer right here is the real deal. He personifies all of the traits I love about the imaginary Santa while wrapped in the body of a stud.

Now that I think about it, the whole concept is pretty smutty. Being a *good girl* to stay off the naughty list? *Daddy vibes, big time.*

I plaster on a smile and turn back to him, hands on my hips, ready to invite him over closer to the fire and ask whether he wants to put some music on. I flipped it off when he knocked. I'm going to make the most of this opportunity to enjoy a man on my own terms.

Take, take, take; it's my new motto, after all.

Under my fingertips, I feel the smooth, silky satin of the pajama pants I slipped into earlier. Then to my horror, I realize I'm wearing nothing but a thin white tank top suitable only for bed, and my nipples are completely visible beneath it.

I glance down, and sure enough, two diamond hard bullets are pointing right at my visitor.

*Shit!*

## Chapter 4 - Baby It's Cold Out There but Warm in Here

### Nick

The moment that nondescript wooden door opened, I lost my heart forever.

A beautiful face surrounded by a tumble of dark waves greets me, albeit almost a foot below my eye level, looks up at me, and I feel my soul start to drift.

And her reaction to me is precious. As soon as I lower the hood of my jacket, her clear blue eyes greedily take in my face, and she seems to like what she sees. That's all that matters. She's genuinely excited, and it warms my heart. Immediate attraction, an initial spark—it's a huge help in the long run.

Even though she doesn't know my true identity, when she calls me by my real name the moment she meets me, a certain warmth settles over me. Somehow, I just know this will all work out. I swear I heard angels sing and bells ring.

Wynter's cool, blue gaze rakes over me, taking me in. While she's busy familiarizing herself, I do the same, sending up a small prayer of thanks for the flimsy clothes she's wearing; I take great pleasure in memorizing her body. From her cute toes, nails painted my favorite color, to her curvy hips swathed in dark green satin. Tight white cotton hugs a lush pair of breasts—round, high, and full. The tantalizing outline of her dark pink nipples is visible through the fabric, begging me to look. To touch. To taste.

I wonder if she realizes.

Her beautiful auburn tresses flow over a shoulder, leaving one side of her elegant neck bare to my eyes. I'd like nothing more than to kiss a line from her collarbone up to her ear and earn myself a moan. My pants are now decidedly uncomfortable with all these errant thoughts.

But it's Wynter's face that stops me in my tracks. Her cheeks are flushed from the heat in the room, and it highlights her cheekbones. Her baby blues are lined by thick, sooty lashes and framed by perfect brows. Her plump pink lips, unadorned by lipstick, are parted slightly, and that has warmth pooling in my stomach. I start to think of all of the wicked things I want to do to her. Things she wants. Things nobody has ever done to her before.

Things she thinks nobody else knows about.

*But I do.*

To be so close to her now, only an arm's reach away, fills me with a sense of calm I've not known for many months.

I can't help but treat myself to another look at the tips of her breasts, and the buds tightening even more from the blast of cold air from the door opening. Just as I'm about to open my mouth and tell her who I am, there's a giant spitting sound from the fireplace as an air pocket inside a burning log explodes, sending a spray of sparks out into the room. Even though it's a decent distance from the hearth, one glowing ember lands on a nearby rug, and in the blink of an eye, small flames have started.

Having grown up in a part of the world where there's always a fire burning, I know just how dangerous a fireplace without a mesh guard over it is. And I should also add there's a reason we had to spend so much time inventing a special fire-retardant fabric to protect Santa when he enters a dwelling via its chimney. Luckily my jacket is made of it.

Without a second thought, I grab my coat off the rack, carefully push a startled Wynter behind me, and advance on the little fire. I bring the fabric down over the rapidly growing patch of flame and smother it, averting disaster. The rug will be scorched, but my jacket will be fine.

*Kids, don't try this at home, your puffer jacket will melt like an ice cream.*

I grab a nearby wrought iron fire poker and tame the burning logs, making sure there won't be any more accidents.

“Oh, wow. You’re very good at . . . whatever that was,” she says coming up beside me, hand over her mouth when she sees the burn mark on the floor. She’s draped some sort of shawl over her shoulders, and I’ve lost my view of her pretty cleavage. *Pity.*

“Glad to help. I would hate for this cute little cabin to burn down. That would be a real shame. Especially with your plans for it.” As I straighten, she once again regards me with confusion.

“Oh, my friends mentioned what I do, did they? Anyway, yes, it would be a shame. Even though it’s on the small side, I know I can make something amazing out of it, and the position of the cabin on the property is ideal.” Once she gets started discussing something she’s passionate about, her face lights up, and the weariness behind her eyes evaporates almost entirely. I follow her as she walks over to a window and talks me through the plans she has for the property. She’s animated and interesting. I could listen to Wynter talk for hours. “Listen, you seem like a nice guy. You don’t have to do a song and dance for me. Would you like a glass of wine?” She looks at me expectantly. Am I missing something?

I know she wants me to have a glass of wine with her, I sense it, but that’s as far as my powers, where she’s concerned, extend.

Santa’s greatest power, in a nutshell, is that he knows what *children* want. As I understand it, a giant list of names and associated presents magically appears in Santa’s head after Thanksgiving and continues to do so right up to Christmas Eve. It’s sort of like a sixth sense if you will, but on a much larger scale. Fortunately, there’s technology to help these days, because the earth’s population is expanding exponentially. As his son, and heir, I’ve spent the last five years by the current Santa’s side. Throughout most of November and December he goes through a process of “downloading,” if you will, all of the gifts children want. He tells me he can compartmentalize it in his mind, tune out the noise of it all, and isn’t at all burdened. I’m glad because I know how much joy Santa brings to children around the world.

Usually, the cut-off is the teen years because children grow up and stop believing. The magic doesn't work on them anymore.

There is one very notable exception to this rule.

*Wynter.*

“A glass of wine would be great, thanks. I've come a long way to be here tonight.”

Her eyebrows rise at my comment, but she doesn't question me. Instead, she turns and walks into the kitchen to fetch the wine. I watch the gentle sway of her hips as she returns to my side. She's gorgeous.

“Thank you,” I say, and we move back to the fire. Wynter takes a seat on one of the two sofas facing each other in the room, positioned to maximize warmth from the fireplace. I take a seat on the one opposite her, all the better to take her in.

“You mentioned you've come a long way tonight; was that a good idea in this weather?” A little frown knits her brow. I want to smooth her worry away with my thumb.

“Oh yes. I've traveled a good distance to be here, but I'm not worried about the weather. A little snow is no bother.” Her frown increases at my words. She's not the only one who's confused. Does she want me to leave, and I'm not picking up on it?

“You don't have to do your stripping act, or whatever you call it, it's okay. It can be our little secret. This way you'll still get paid. Is there someone you need to call? I hear a bad storm is coming in, and I'd hate you to get stuck here.”

Stripping? Well, yes, hopefully later on, but I'm no stripper.

“I'm not going anywhere, Wynter,” I say softly.

She jolts upright at my words, concern all over her face. A giant wave of blood-red liquid sloshes over the side of her wine glass, and it splashes all over the front of her chest. It seems as if everything happens in slow motion. The liquid pools in her lap and no doubt starts to make its way onto the leather seat.



She jumps up, pulls the shawl away, and stares in horror at her soaked clothes.

“Oh crap!” she cries, and I quickly rise to my feet. Whipping off my top, I use it to wipe away the small pool of wine on the sofa, saving it from ruin. When I turn to assess the damage to Wynter’s outfit, I’m met with the delightful sight of wet material molded to her breasts and an open mouth she quickly clamps closed.

“Thank you,” she says awkwardly, crossing her arms in front of her chest and looking somewhere over my shoulder. My sweet girl is a bit shy.

I *really* want to kiss her.

“I’m just going to get something dry on,” she mutters, hightailing it to a room at the back of the cabin. I grab a fresh glass and the open bottle of wine from the kitchen then settle back on the sofa. No more than a few moments pass before she returns, this time clad in faded jeans and a T-shirt, standing a little hesitantly at the arm of the sofa.

“What did you mean when you said you were going to be staying here with me? Because of the storm, right?” she asks, arms crossed, concern marring her pretty features. “It’s pretty icy out there now, I had a look out the window. I don’t think anyone’s going anywhere for a few days at least.”

I open my mouth, ready to tell her who I am and exactly why I’m here, but something makes me think twice. Wouldn’t it be better to ease into things with Wynter and let the obvious chemistry between us grow naturally? Rather than take the major shortcut at my disposal, I decide on the spot to take the slower road. Instead of using every gun in my considerably sized arsenal, we’ll see where this route takes us.

That can’t be at the expense of honesty though. She deserves to know the basics. Yes, I’ll start with the basics. I hand her a new glass of wine, and she perches at the opposite end of the sofa, closest to the fire. I take a breath and then start the story.

“Now, what I have to tell you might be shocking to start with, but believe me, it’s nothing to be worried about.” I watch her

face closely for her reaction. Cute little creases immediately appear between her eyebrows. Everything she does is cute. I love how easy she is to read. She's curious now, and I want to keep her that way. "Are you ready to hear it?" I need her to accept what I have to say and move into the questioning phase as soon as possible.

"Um, sure. Go ahead."

"Okay, so I know you had a different understanding of why I was here, and who sent me, but you need to know the truth. I'm Nick Saint Claus. I'm the son of the current Santa Claus, and I'm here for you."

I let out a full lungful of air. It's a relief to have my truth out in the open, to have started down the path to complete honesty between Wynter and me, but there are still a fair few things I need to explain to her.

All in good time.

## Chapter 5 - 'Tis the Season to be Horny Wynter

There must be something in the food I ate earlier, because I could swear the smokin' hot stripper in my living room just told me he's the next Santa Claus. And I'm pretty sure it's not part of his act. He's definitely not trying to get me into the mood or anything.

He means it.

This is sad because he might be the most ridiculously chiseled guy I've ever seen, Calvin Kline underwear advertisements included, but mental health issues are nothing to laugh about. And if he truly believes what he said, I have a rather large problem on my hands. Because not only is he not of sound mind, Kris-Kringle-in-waiting seems to think he's going to stay here.

With me.

My heart starts to race, and I look around, my fight instincts kicking in. There's a strange, delusional man in my house who plans to stick this storm out with me. Running off into the snow is life risking, so if I have to stay, thinking about ways to defend myself is suddenly of critical importance. I remember a sharp butcher's knife I saw in the kitchen, and I picture exactly where it's located. I'll surreptitiously get my hands on it when I can.

"There's no need to arm yourself, I would never hurt you," the sexy stranger murmurs. "You don't need a knife to keep yourself safe from me."

*Oh no. Was I that obvious?*

He sits perfectly still on the sofa opposite me. His body language and the way he's acting puts me at ease a little. I mean, he's not done anything threatening so far. In fact, he stopped the cabin from burning to the ground and helped mop

up my spilled wine with his own clothes. I can hardly fault him.

*But he thinks he's a storybook character...*

I bite my lip and regard him across the living room. How on earth do I get myself out of this? Maybe his ride can come back and get him? Or will he be stuck here for who knows how long? I need a drink like never before. And not wine.

A fiery shot of tequila.

At the very least.

Nick, if that's even his name, leans toward his large black leather bag and plunges his arm inside. I swallow hard and hope he's right about not needing a knife. After rustling around for a moment, he looks up at me and grins, and his hand emerges from the rucksack clutching a bottle of Patrón.

*Huh?*

"I know it's a lot to take in. How about a shot?" he asks cheerfully, putting his hand back in the bag and coming up with two little shot glasses.

Narrowing my eyes and trying really hard not to stare at his delectable bare chest, I remain silent as he sets up the two drinks on the coffee table between us. He either read my mind or has plans to get me drunk. The need for a stiff drink effectively silences the flapping of the red flags which are popping up every time he opens his mouth.

Against my better judgment, I reach over and take the shot he's holding out to me, and at the same time, we throw them back.

I was expecting a mouth full of fire, but holy hell it's smooth as silk. I eye the bottle more closely. *Patrón en Lalique: Serie 2*. Patrón I know, but this fancy-looking bottle—never heard of it. I might want more.

The quiet kiss of a glass being placed back on the table brings my attention to my current problem. Risking a glance at him under my lashes, I can confirm yes, Nick is a ten. Probably an eleven with a bit of coconut oil. An overachiever in the looks

department. He should never be allowed to put his shirt back on and should always sport a few days' growth on his jaw. My traitorous girlie parts certainly approve. They've been tingling on and off since he arrived. But what do I do about his earlier revelation?

I'm probably wasting precious time while throwing back drinks. If my unexpected visitor is going to beat the storm, he needs to go as soon as possible. I sit back and mentally prepare myself for what must come next.

"Okay, Nick. Is that really your name?" He nods. "Anyway, we have to sort out a few things. I'm not sure if my friends sent you here, or if this is a gag, but I think we better arrange for you to get home safely before the storm sets in. Sound sensible?" There. That wasn't so hard.

He's watching me with a playful look on his face.

"Sweetheart, I'm not going anywhere. As I told you, I'm the son of Santa Clause. Simple."

Oh God, here we go. *Try to be kind, I remind myself.* "I think the best thing might be for you to call your friend, or whoever drove you up here, and get a lift home."

"I'll prove it to you ..."

His words hang in the air for a few moments—he's so earnest. For some wild reason, I consider them. I don't know if it's the lickable, tanned skin that's stretched over his six-pack, or the tequila shot that makes me say it, but I do. "Okay then, big guy. Give it your best shot."

"I have a few things to explain to you first," he says. A serious look crosses his face as he leans back in the seat. I try to keep my eyes off his chest and focus on his face. "Father Christmas, as you'd be aware, has special powers. That's how he's able to give the right presents to children each Christmas. I don't have that power yet, because it's not my time. But what I do have, what all future Santas have right before they step up, is a special power. We call it the *Knowing*."

I tilt my head. "And you have this power, this *Knowing*?" I can humor him, this is pretty entertaining after all.

He nods. "I know all about you, Wynter."

There is not a shred of doubt in my mind that he one hundred percent believes the nonsense he's spouting. It reminds me of one of the spicy Omegaverse novels I read a while back, where the characters had a sort of magical bond and could tell when the other was in trouble or aroused or whatever. Fated mates and bonds. Damn, I love those stories. The idea of a man being able to sense you're turned on and want him to spend an hour between your thighs ... who wouldn't want that? Yes, please. Especially if he looks like my sexy visitor.

Nick smirks. "I don't think an hour would satisfy me, but I'd be happy to start there."

*What?*

"Sorry, what did you say?" I say a little cautiously, he can't seriously read my mind and be aware of the dirty thoughts I was having.

"An hour between your thighs sounds like the perfect place to start, but make no mistake about it, it'd be the beginning, not the end."

My eyes widen, and it's as though the air is punched out of my lungs once I fully take in his brazen announcement. I study his face for a clue of some sort, as though I'll find the answer to how he could possibly know I was thinking that a moment ago.

"You heard correctly," he goes on. All I can do is stare at him in shock. I don't think I'm capable of stringing a sentence together right at this moment. "It's the *Knowing*. I know exactly what you want. I can't read your mind, exactly, it's not like that. I get an image or some sort of feeling from you about your true wants. Things you desire. It's been active for a couple of months now, but being here with you, it's much stronger. You can test me again if you like. I haven't gotten anything wrong so far, have I?"

Holy shit.

I think he's for real.

As I cast my mind back over my thoughts since he arrived, it dawns on me how tuned in he is.

And apparently the man is able to read my sexual desires as well. *Help!* I've been thinking some pretty naughty thoughts, which means he knows I'm insanely attracted to him. What if I start accidentally thinking about some of my deepest, darkest sexual desires and he can read those, too?

I clasp a hand over my mouth as my brain spins out of control, remembering extra juicy scenes from books I've read that basically live in my head rent-free. No, no, no! The harder I try to censor myself, the more my rebellious brain works to dredge up wild things, dark things, kinky things. Scenes I thought were safely tucked away in books on my e-reader. Actively trying to resist these intrusive, raunchy fantasies only makes the job harder.

When I dare meet his gaze, the fire in his eyes lets me know he's been privy to all of my recent thoughts, and flames of shame lick at my cheeks.

"Oh my God," I moan out, horrified. I drop my elbows to my knees and my head into my hands. I feel so exposed, this one-sided ability is really unfair. I wish he'd say something to put me at ease, but what?

The sofa beside me dips, and even though he's not touching me, warmth radiates off Nick's body. I don't look up. I can't. The embarrassment is too much. My nipples bead, pushing against the lacy material of my bra. My pussy aches, throbbing in time with the persistent beat of my heart.

What the hell is wrong with me?

"It might seem unfair, but Wynter, I want every single one of those things. With you."

## Chapter 6 - Santa Baby, OH BABY, YES BABY!

### Nick

By now, I can read Wynter fairly well. I'm in tune with what she wants, and I'm able to fill in any blanks without much trouble. It's not that I have experience to speak of, hands-on experience, I mean. But the last few weeks of the *Knowing* have been ... instructional.

Along with the explicit images I've been privy to, every time she reads one of her romance books, I get sort of a shadow of the sensations that go along with them. How she imagines things might feel, sound, and taste.

What I've learned is that she particularly wants the *tease*. To have arousal drawn out until it's almost agonizing. To be taunted with it before there's a wild maelstrom of passion that leaves her wrung out and exhausted, covered in a fine layer of sweat. The images she's been sending my way have been highly detailed, an instruction manual if you will, where she's considered every detail and only focused on exactly what she likes.

I've long suspected I'm the luckiest man alive, and now I know it, because she sure does have a wild imagination. It's a good thing I have a bag of tricks, because I'll need a few props. Right now, though, she needs me to convince her of my wild story and put her at ease so I can make good on my promise to do sexy, filthy things to her body. Over the next few days, I've got a bigger job to do, but as we say up North, the only way to get the job done is to deliver one gift at a time.

"Wynter? Look at me sweetheart," I coax. She turns her head and peeks out at me from behind a curtain of dark hair, lets out an embarrassed moan, and goes back to the nest in her hands. I love her grumpy little show.

My girl needs sweetening up.

"I'm just as attracted to you as you are to me. I promise." For the first time, I lay a hand on her shoulder and rub a small



circle through the thin cotton of her T-shirt. She sucks in a breath and straightens. My body runs a few degrees warmer than hers, and I probably feel roasting hot.

Handy, when you live in a cold climate year-round.

I lower my free hand to the aching bulge in my pants and cup myself. “Does this make it clear enough for you?” A pair of wide blue eyes dip to where I’m holding my cock, and then to meet my gaze, flaring with interest. My length twitches under my fingers. As she slowly nods in response, giving in to the truth of the immediate attraction between us, the hammering of her pulse in the side of her throat is yet more proof.

Silence descends and we’re left with only the crackling of the fire as our soundtrack. I gently push shiny locks of hair back over her shoulder, a single finger grazing bare skin. It’s only the lightest of touches, but it sends a flash of tiny tingles through my body. I weave my hand into her hair and angle her head toward me. Her eyes open wide as I ease her closer to me. There’s still an internal battle raging, logic versus what her senses are telling her, which means she’s coming around.

*And I plan on playing dirty.*

“You want me to kiss you now?” I breathe, and at her shy nod of acquiescence, I cover her mouth with my own. The first brush of my lips sends her eyes drifting shut, and I savor the pillowy warmth of the lips I’ve been imagining for weeks. She tilts her face up toward mine, turns, and brings her hands to my chest, flattening her palms against my hot skin.

With a careful touch, I tighten the hand in her hair to control the kiss, deepening the contact and parting her soft lips with my more insistent ones. I seek entry and gain it as her mouth opens under mine. Our tongues meet, sliding together in a perfect dance. Lust surges through my body, and I pull away, chest tight, blood rushing in my ears. I’ve only ever felt this way alone, with my hand for relief, when I let her wants and desires wash over me late at night.

She tastes sweet and addictive. Just like I knew she would.

We break away at the same time, and Wynter doesn't say anything at first. Instead, she brings two fingers up to her lips and stares into my eyes. She looks almost conflicted as she leans back and studies me.

My heart skips a beat—I can't read her right now. Have I miscalculated? Misjudged her? I have no comparisons to fall back on, and hopefully, I'm not the only one feeling like my world was rocked by a kiss.

Then I get a good strong blast of the *Knowing*. She's imagining my mouth on other parts of her body, and she wants me to take charge. Her mind has sent an onslaught of images into my head and now all I can picture is Wynter's curvy body writhing on top of me as her clit grinds into my pelvis with every upward thrust of my cock. My extremely hard cock. The one pushing against the fabric of my pants yet again.

"Don't worry, baby, that's definitely in the cards," I rasp as I reach for her again, cupping the side of her throat and bending down to cover her mouth with mine. I kiss her slow and deep. She tastes like tequila and heaven.

Wynter clings to my upper arms, as I pull her close and settle one of her legs over my thighs. I gently lower her to my lap. The weight of her body against the growing erection I'm sporting forces me to take a sharp breath. Wynter jolts as my mouth trails down to her neck, and she tips her head to the side, giving me better access.

"Your body is perfect," I murmur into her skin and trace over one breast. My chest tightens with pleasure. "So lush." My fingers skim her waist. "Sweet curves and then this round, tight backside." I reach underneath her to squeeze the tempting flesh of her ass but don't let myself linger. She shudders as my fingers move back around to the apex of her thighs, and I finally touch her hot center, even though it's through the barrier of her clothes.

"Mmm," she lets out a breathy little noise, and I practically see the wave of sensation slam into her; she's so beautifully responsive. Her grip on my shoulders tightens, and she starts to rock against my hand. Instead of giving in to her incessant

little thrusts against me, I withdraw my hand and pull her directly onto my rock-hard aching length. I swallow her moan and then moving my lips along her jaw, I nip at her, licking her neck softly with the tip of my tongue.

She accommodates me in every way, rolling her hips against my hardness, presenting her neck to me, and breathing hard. Taking a break, she leans back and licks her lips as her heated eyes roam all over my muscled chest and arms. She's liking it now. No—she's loving it.

But there's way too much clothing between us.

With the T-shirt still covering her breasts, I hook a finger under the hem and tug the fabric upward, revealing her flat belly and the heavy curve of her breasts, giving all the skin I uncover the lightest of scrapes with the back of my knuckles. I pull her hips high, immediately missing the contact of her pussy against my raging hardness but bringing her chest to eye level is excellent compensation. Wanting to tease her a little more, I run my nose along the underside of her bra-covered mounds, loving how soft she is. Wynter moans at my touch, her chest jutting out, inviting more contact. She's reaching for the hem of the rolled-up shirt when I stop her.

“Take my shirt off,” she pleads, strain in her voice.

“As you wish,” I reply, and a moment later the top is gone, leaving her clad in a white, lacey bra. Taking matters into her own hands, she reaches back, undoes the clasp, and rips the fabric off.

What she exposes are round, firm, creamy breasts with tantalizing pink tips begging to be touched. I cup one before lowering my head to lick a slow circle around her waiting nipple, then suck as much of her breast into my mouth as I can. Her sudden gasp and the hardening of her tight bud against my tongue makes my blood pump harder. I drag my lips across her chest to the other breast, ravishing it with my mouth while I continue to tease the other side with my hand, playing the damp, pebbled nub with my thumb as I wildly flick my tongue over its twin.

Wynter's breath hitches, and she arches into me, mewling like a kitten, losing control. Her skin's so soft against my roughened jaw. The thought of my beard burn marking her skin turns me on, as does knowing I'll soon be claiming this woman who's so closed off yet so delightfully open to me right now.

She tightens up like a spring, her motions against me becoming increasingly fast and furious. The sofa is starting to protest against the ferocity of our movements. I pull away and kiss her mouth again, our tongues tangle, then slow momentarily. I need to check my own desires, though. This is about *her* pleasure, not mine.

"No, keep going, please," she begs sweetly. "It's so good." Pure male pride surges at her words, and satisfied I'm getting it right, I reach down and pop open the button on her jeans.

"You want my fingers?"

"So badly."

"I'll make you come with a single one."

I nuzzle against the column of her throat as she starts to breathe faster, and I nip there as I shove my hand down the front of her pants and below the fabric of her underwear. Aggressive, compared to the slow tease so far, but I know she wants it.

"Yes," she cries out, her hips bucking forward as I find her clit. "Yes, yes!" Wynter's fingers clutch at the longest strands of my hair, and she's not gentle. Her folds are soaked, and I force myself not to dwell on that, on how good it would feel to rub my cock through her wetness. The sound of her breathing, labored, and choppy, intensifies as she rubs against my finger.

I increase the pressure. Faster. More forceful.

My hand moves in tandem with her hips. Her wild groan tells me she's close. My cock juts against the warmth of her body, seeking relief as well.

It can wait. Wynter cannot.

Her legs tense, and her muscles start to vibrate with the strain. My tongue sucks the sensitive spot below her ear.

Wynter's eyes widen as she realizes she's going to come undone in the arms of a man she's known for all of an hour.

Then there's nothing but pleasure chasing away the pesky logic that has her questioning herself.

"Ohhhhh yes," she cries out, her legs tensing, her back arching as she splinters apart in my arms. I hold her close and soak in all of her little aftershocks. We're now connected in the most perfect way.

I hope I never get used to the enormity of this feeling.

## Chapter 7 - Better Wrap that Present up Before you Give it to Me

Wynter

Nick's gaze is hunger, possession, and something else I've not seen in the eyes of a man before. Perhaps it's because he's a little older than I am and clear about what he wants. He sure as hell knows what *I* want. Or maybe, as he's told me, there's something different about him. Something that sets him apart from other men.

His outlandish claim is starting to ring true. Despite every sensible bone in my body telling me this is unreal, impossible, a fantasy ... a small part of me is no longer so sure. I'm stuck on the issue of who he is, and it only starts to dawn on me that there are other equally valid questions to which I should be seeking answers to. Such as—why is he here? But right now, I don't really care. He's here and he's amazing.

*Obviously, I'm losing my mind.*

As I watch him bustle around in the kitchen, still shirtless—he gave me a hard kiss and insisted I stay here in front of the fire while he put together a snack for us—I wonder what on earth is going to happen next. My body is still tingling from the delicious orgasm he served me, and honestly, if you'd told me yesterday that such a short time after meeting a man, he'd have me coming on his fingers—*sorry, finger, singular because that's all he needed*—I would have laughed you out of town.

I guess the joke's on me.

Turnaround seems like fair play. Maybe I can—*ahem*—take matters into my own hands when he's back in range. There's not a man alive who would turn down a woman's hands on his dick, is there? I wonder if he tastes like he smells—cinnamon and orange. I'd be into that.

The dirty thoughts die a quick death when the man himself heads back toward me. He's carrying a wooden tray laden with an assortment of the gourmet goodies the local store delivered earlier. His grazing board game is strong. He's set out all sorts of appealing treats, and without any preamble, I dig in as Nick settles himself on the rug nearby.

After stuffing my face for a few moments, I look in his direction and find him watching me with a wide smile. Damn, that's what they mean by "panty melting." You learn something new every day.

Wiping a crumb off the corner of my mouth, I push the platter his way. "Sorry, starving. Please, your turn." Sitting back, I watch him start with some brie on a cracker before selecting half a fig and bringing it to his lips.

He takes a small sip of wine to wash it down.

My eyes are glued to his Adam's apple bobbing in his strong throat as he swallows. And let's not forget the man isn't wearing a shirt. *This is actual food porn.*

Watching him eat has me struggling not to squirm on the sofa a couple of feet away. I busy myself, nibbling on a shard of dark chocolate. Offering him some clothing occurs to me for a nanosecond before the wise part of my brain shuts the stupid thought down. Covering him up would be a travesty. I've pulled my T-shirt back on, but that doesn't mean Nick should.

"You should taste this truffled goat's cheese," he says, swiping a sliver of sourdough through the creamy spread and holding it up for me to taste. And now I'm being hand fed by the hunk at my feet. Fuck, there's only so much I can take. This single gesture has me realizing how selfish and useless my past boyfriends have been. I'm so starved for a decent man, one simple offer of cheese on a cracker has my clit throbbing.

His snack is worthy of applause, as is the quick swipe of his tongue over his fingers, to clean up the smear left behind. I feel that lick where I have no business feeling it. I helplessly watch him take another mouthful of wine, which results in more swallowing, and I can no longer hold back a little moan. The sight of his throat working has my insides in a twist.

How I want more, after he delivered such a bone-melting orgasm, is beyond me. But damn if I don't.

Soon, the platter is all but bare, only a few wheat crackers, with nothing left to top them, remain. My wine glass is empty, and I've put it off to the side of the sofa.

"Still hungry?" Nick asks, as he clears up the remnants of our meal and returns to stand in front of the fire.

"No, but I think I polished off most of the snack. There's plenty more in the kitchen if you're still hungry."

He drops to his knees directly in front of me and makes me yelp as he grabs me by the hips and swings me around until I'm sitting on the low table.

"I could eat you," he says, hot eyes focused on me, and I shudder.

Summing up my current situation, I've let a strange, albeit ridiculously gorgeous, man into my home. In a very short amount of time he's saved me, cleaned up my mess, fed me, and delivered the strongest orgasm of my life. Sure, I'm still grappling with his identity, but at this point, he's done nothing to cause me any concern. There's also the little matter of me being horny as all get out.

"You could," I agree, lifting my backside as he pulls my jeans down. Exposing my body to this sexy man, for some strange reason, is the only sensible course of action. This is *really* fast, by any measure, but all I'm worried about is getting more of what he's offering.

I've only been the recipient of oral a couple of times, and honestly, it was lackluster and probably only done so I'd reciprocate. Thank God I got a Brazilian the other day, in anticipation of my tropical holiday.

For a moment I feel a little intimidated. Nick has skills—one finger was all it took to get me off last time, and I'm positive his tongue will be outrageously good. This man knows what he's doing. Me, not so much.

But then my new motto rings in my ears. *Take, take, take.*



He's willing to give, I'm willing to take. This is a perfectly good arrangement.

When I'm naked from the waist down I lean back on my elbows and watch as he takes hold of one of my legs and drapes it over his shoulder. *Damn.*

"Your body ..." he murmurs as his hands and mouth explore. He pushes a hand up the warm skin of my stomach, pushing my T-shirt over my breasts, and cups one. I left the bra off this time. He sighs with masculine pleasure. "So full."

His fingers skim to my waist to where my hands are resting and brings them up to my chest.

"Play here, I'll be busy elsewhere." I take over the job of squeezing my breasts and look down the length of my body to find hot eyes watching, and as though he was waiting for me, he moves on with his exploration. "These sexy legs." His callused palms travel from my hips down my knees, leaving behind a trail of fire, and he kisses the skin on the insides of my thighs before the flat planes of his waist spread my legs further apart. My fingers pinch at the tip of my nipples as I squirm on the tabletop.

His mouth hovers directly over my slick folds. Then the filthy man licks his lips and tilts his head. "It's bad manners to talk with my mouth full, so you'll have to excuse me for a while."

I let out a moan as he lowers his head and thoroughly kisses my pussy. It's slow and decadent, as if he has no plans to be anywhere else but between my thighs for the foreseeable future. I stretch my arms overhead and hold onto the edge of the table behind me. Better to simply enjoy this and let pleasure sweep me away than to think too hard.

Nick rubs the flat of his tongue against my clit, and I arch my back off the flat surface below me.

"That feels really, really good." I almost choke to get the words out as he tongues me.

"Tastes like heaven," he murmurs back. He shifts and pushes first one, then two fingers into me, sliding them in and out while he runs his tongue around the hood of my clit. I moan

loudly, and he continues to tease me, taking his time, until I'm whispering curses.

"Please, Nick. Harder. Make me come. Fuck."

He presses the tip of his tongue firmly against the root of my clit and begins to fuck into my tightness with his fingers, twisting his wrist until he finds my G-spot. Stars. I see stars. The sounds of my arousal meet my own ears, slick and wet, as the tension in my body ramps up and up.

"Please," I beg. For what, I'm not exactly sure. I've never begged before in my life. I've never wanted to. I do now.

My thighs are trembling on either side of his head, and I'm sure I'll end up wearing some sort of stubble rash of my own making. Nick's talented tongue strums me hard. It's all I can take before I buck against the tabletop and scream his name.

Nick licks me through my orgasm, taking the intensity of his ministrations down a notch but the exquisite tease of his tongue is something my body knows it wants more of. Even though two orgasms in one evening is probably—okay, definitely—a record, I could suffer through another.

*Ha.*

"I could stay here like this for hours." Nick's statement hangs in the air between us. He puts voice to my thoughts yet again. Whatever he's willing to do to me, I'll take it.

"I'd let you. If only these clothes weren't the way."

But what would it take to get me off again? I haven't the faintest idea. Do I have a daily cap on orgasms? It's not something I've ever had to think about, but I pray he can deliver another. I'd need more intensity, surely? He'd have to force it out of me. Really take control and make my body give up another climax, dominate it out of me or something. I push up to my elbows and then sit upright, having recovered enough to master control over my muscles. Through hooded eyes, I watch as he licks his lips and rests back on his knees. I try not to let it show, but that little swipe of his tongue sends a shuddery aftershock through my core.

There's a pause.

And then he's moving again. I tremble as he leans in and pushes the final barrier of my clothing up and over my head before flinging it away. His expression is one of such intensity, such need, and our gazes stay hooked together as his fingers slide to the sides of his pants and he maneuvers them off.

"Oh ... wow," I mutter, blinking a few times. "How are you so chiseled?" This man's body is ridiculous. I was starting to get used to the insanity of his pecs and abs, but the Adonis belt is something else.

And then my eyes reach his cock.

His erection stands forward, large. Seeking me out. *Gulp*. When I lift up to look at Nick's face, the most satisfied expression greets me. I stare at him, too breathless for any more questions. My eyes drop to his lips, down the strong column of his neck, over his torso, and back to the frankly intimidating cock that made my heart skip a beat. Yes, I'm aware I'm gawking like a fool, but can you blame me?

"You're so big," I whisper, leaning forward and taking him in my hand, eager to touch this part of him. Even though my fingers barely meet on either side of his steely length, I slowly pump him. This is going to be an impossible fit. But I want it. So, so badly. "Why are you so big?"

"Let me worry about that baby girl," he says gently. "I'll take care of you."

*And I'll let you.*

"Condoms are in my bag," he continues, leaving my grasp for a moment and groping around inside his black bag, pulling out a few square foil packages. They're red and white striped, and it crosses my mind to ask if the protection is candy cane flavored, but really all I want him to do is wrap up and get inside me already.

All of a sudden, it's a blur. Nick moves in, and I find myself pulled so my ass is at the edge of the table, and I'm pinned there by strong hands on my bare hips. He positions me so my legs are bent, and each of my heels are braced on the edge of the table.

“Fuck,” I squeak, momentarily shocked at the pace with which I have been manhandled and spread wide, but by no means upset about it. Nick immediately stills. “No, keep going,” I utter, all breath. *Please don't stop.*

Thankfully he doesn't.

“Hips up, gorgeous,” he murmurs, and I comply, mouth dropping open as he pushes a pillow from the sofa under my ass, my heart beating faster with every eager second.

*Oh God.* I'm so exposed.

A single digit skims the length of my body, starting under my chin, between my breasts, to the seam of my pussy, high up in the air. He lingers there, spreading me, gazing at my wet flesh. My eyes squeeze closed as I try to process the onslaught of tension building in me, the gentle scrape of the light cover of hair on his body against me, a reminder we're now finally skin to skin.

The strength and the power in his body are thrilling in a way I've never experienced before. It's exciting and grounding at the same time. How will I settle for anything else, ever again?

This, now, as he starts pressing inside me, is what true fullness feels like. I can't breathe, every bit of my pussy is crammed full, and yet he's still moving, still pushing, rocking himself into me as his possession steals the breath from my lungs. He's so big it takes some work for me to accept his girth. After an eternity he stops.

“There,” he says unevenly. “All in.”

## Chapter 8 - Cumming Down your Chimney Tonight

Nick

“Fuck me, Nick. Show me what it’s like. What I’ve been missing.”

That’s the invitation I need, and not waiting a second more, I pull back and then slam my length into Wynter as far as I can. My balls slap against her ass, and she cries out. She’s so hot and slick, I almost wish I could trade places with her to experience the feelings that have her fingers clawing at the surface of the table.

I rotate my hips when I bottom out on the next thrust and she tenses up straight away.

“Don’t stop ... oh fuck, don’t stop.” I chuckle at her sexy plea, and eyes rolling back in their sockets, and start to push into her at an easier pace.

“Harder.”

Her sexual demands are like music to my ears. I drive in, again and again, making her lush tits bounce with every impact, loving how she meets each punishing thrust with one of her own.

We move together. Melt together. I give her deep, consuming jabs of my cock that have her entire body vibrating on the small table. She’s so wet I feel it on the back of her legs. I drop my eyes to where we’re connected, watching as my thick cock slides in and out of her wet little hole.

“You’re tightening up on me ...” Her back arches hard at my words, almost like a spasm of pleasure had taken her over.

“Because I want more.”

“More, you say?” I let myself have one smug twist of my lips. She wants more, and I’ll give it to her, but it’s important I check-in. I need to make sure the fantasy I picked up on, the one that flickered through her mind, wasn’t simply a fleeting

thought that was never meant to be explored in reality. She's been imagining how it would feel to be full. Really full. Stretched and stuffed and unable to take a single molecule more.

Picking up my rhythm, I give her more speed and power and pause when I bottom out. A taste of the card up my sleeve.

"Yes! Fill me up." The legs of the table squeak in protest.

"Baby, I can fill you until you think you'll burst. You want that?"

"How ... what ... yes?" Wynter isn't even able to form a sentence, she's so overcome with lust.

"You thought I was done?" I pull out to my tip. "I'm just getting started with you." I slide into her, and close my eyes, focusing as I nudge against her cervix.

Letting the blood pool in my cock, my length thickens, as though inflating; it's a special trick in my arsenal that would put even the best sex toys to shame. And believe me, I know toys. Wynter's recently fantasized about a toy that could do this, but with a little concentration on my part, I know I'm capable of changing my biology to perfectly pleasure my future wife.

That's right. The future Mrs. Claus.

Something happened a few months ago. An awareness started to dawn on me, like a familiar dream, only it would be in my waking hours. It took me a while to work out it was magic connecting me to my future bride.

Wynter.

Sure, Santas always know what kids want—that's standard—but she's the only adult I will ever have this power with. This *Knowing*, as we call it, kicks in for the son of Santa a year or so before he has to take over as the Man in Red, and it has well and truly kicked in for me. Every moment of the day I know what Wynter wants and needs.

And believe me, it's nothing like knowing whether a kid wants a Barbie or Lego.

Giving her what she wants is my gift to her. Literally.

It's the gift every Santa Claus gives to his other half. I'm told the power will grow the longer we are together, and up until now I've only had flashes of her dreams and desires, now everything is crystal clear.

The sound of our panting fills the room, louder than the sound of the fireplace and the wind outside, which has picked up since I've arrived. Ignoring everything but the woman under me, I unleash.

Deep, steady strokes soon turn into hard rutting. I grow and grow. My cock is eventually inflated to the maximum dimension her body can take.

“Nick! Yes! So full ...”

I dominate her body, each punch of my hips shifts the pillow under her on the hard wooden surface, and my fingers dig into the soft flesh of her hips. My breathing in and out starts to sound like growls as her tight channel ripples against me, working up my orgasm, as well as her own.

“I want us ... to come ... together,” she cries out, head thrown back and eyes squeezed shut. Tremors rock her from the inside out. I force a hand between our bodies, and upon reaching her clit, I rub a tight circle, screwing deeply into her at the same time as she pushes back into me.

“You're milking me, sweetheart,” I choke out.

My mind fragments. Our surroundings fade. The only thing that registers is the agonizing pleasure seizing my body. Her pussy squeezes around me, holding me inside her. My movements become sharper, my hand on her hip holds her in place. There's no more holding out.

For a moment, every cell in Wynter's body goes still, a suspension before the coming implosion. Then the cataclysm hits her, sending her into a muscle-wrenching orgasm that goes on and on. Cries filled the room until her voice is hoarse. My own shout of completion almost drowns her sounds out.

Minutes later, she relaxes on the tabletop. I pull out of her, now back to my usual size, and take care of the condom. I

watch as her breathing returns to normal, and she opens her eyes slowly.

“That was the most intense thing I’ve ever seen,” I say, greedy hands reaching down to help her up, wanting to touch her skin. She’s glowing.

“You should have *felt* it,” she says as I tug her into my arms. She comes easily, limbs like jelly after the intensity of the orgasm she just had.

“I did. It was incredible.”

And now I want to connect with this woman again, but not on a sexual level. Because sex is not going to be enough to get us where we need to be. I hope she doesn’t hesitate at the thought of me staying the night, I plan on staying by her side every night.

“Is there anywhere comfortable to sleep around here? I’m not sure I trust this fireplace.”

Mustering up the last bit of strength she has, Wynter wraps her legs around me like a belt, and I carry her into the bedroom, gently setting her down so she can make use of the connected ensuite bathroom.

A few minutes later she slips back into the room, wrapped in a terry robe. Her eyes widen when she sees the bed and then the room. I may have upgraded the bedsheets, oh and there’s now a little Christmas tree in the corner.

“How did you ...” she shakes her head, withdrawing the question, which I take as a positive sign, she’s not pushing for answers to the surprises, and otherwise unexplainable things, that keep happening.

I can’t wait to have her back in my arms again. I’m stretched out on my side, covered to the waist by a big, fluffy white quilt cover, the other side folded back, awaiting her arrival. I pat the empty side of the bed and give her a grin, knowing she’s probably sore, but all I want is to hold her.

Things are going in the right direction, and I could not be happier. But the wobbly smile Wynter gives me when she makes her way to the bed and perches on the edge has me



instantly worried about whatever *she's* worried about. I watch her squeeze her eyes shut and stifle a yawn. It's no doubt a lot to take in, and some of my more unexpected elements probably have her in a mental tailspin. If one thing has stood out to me since the *Knowing* began, it's what a busy mind my little turtledove has. I'm guessing since I can't pick up on it right now, I need to help her run on a slower setting. Get her to mindlessly snuggle with me and maybe drift off to sleep listening to my voice.

I hook an arm around her waist and gently pull her backward until she's flush against my body and surrounded by marshmallow-like bedding. Her small, red-tipped nails grip the top of the white linen bedsheets, and I swallow back the fantasy of her jacking me off with those red candy cane-colored nails.

"I swear this comforter was way ... flatter last night when I slept here," she says suspiciously, running her hand over the pillowy white bedding. She turns and looks over her shoulder at me suspiciously. "More tricks or did you find a cupboard I didn't explore yet?"

"Well, I did do a little exploring. Want to tell me about your suitcase in the corner that's packed with clothes that belong on a beach?"

"I was supposed to be on a tropical vacation with my friends, the ones I thought sent you here," she says, yawning. "It got canceled. I miss them." She really does, the disappointment in her voice is palpable. I had a rough idea about the vacation being cancelled but there's still plenty for me to learn about my woman. Wynter wriggles into the new and improved bed and lets out a little sigh of pleasure. She's so stinking cute.

"Settle in and I'll tell you a bedtime story."

"Let me guess, a Christmas story?" Even as she sasses me, her eyes are drifting shut.

"T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, nothing was moving, not even a mouse ..." That earns me a little snort of laughter.

“You should come with a warning label,” she whispers a few last sweet words as she’s overtaken by tiredness and drifts off to sleep. I cast my eyes over her gorgeous, relaxed face, dark lashes closed, lips slightly parted, breathing evening out. Settling back into the pillows and watching Wynter’s eyelids flicker as she starts to dream, I think back over the events of the evening since I first knocked on her door.

I’m a done deal, a given, completely and one hundred percent locked down.

What wasn’t so obvious to me before was the role that time plays in relationships. Even though we’ve made significant ground this evening, and we’ve been intimate, there’s still so much ahead of us. A lot I need to learn about her, and vice versa. Okay, actually a lot more for her. I haven’t been entirely forthcoming. My parents took the time to explain that all of this is a lot to take in, and I should consider revealing parts of myself in small doses.

Before I left the North Pole yesterday, my parents sat me down and, over candy-cane flavored coffee, they explained that while my life might seem perfectly normal and sensible to *me*, Wynter is an adult woman who is unlikely to believe in the magic of Christmas. They also said she’s likely to be jaded by life in a way I wouldn’t understand.

My mom looked almost sympathetic. After all, she had been in Wynter’s shoes, so to speak, before she met my dad. She explained that not everyone has a life they’re thrilled with, and along with adulthood comes problems, both financial and social. And of course, intimate relationships also bring struggles. She said there’s a certain complexity to normal human life that I’ll never relate to. Still, it’s one I need to understand because this is where the barriers to Wynter’s heart reside.

So far, I think I’m doing all right. Sure, I have a certain advantage with the *Knowing*, but it feels like there’s been an instant and real connection between us, and I’m positive it’s not one-sided. I turn and snuggle in behind Wynter contentedly, listening to her cute little puffs of breath. As I

close my eyes and wait for slumber to take me, all I can do is  
hope tomorrow brings us closer.

## Chapter 9 - OHHHHHH!!! (Christmas Tree)

Wynter

Sleep ebbs away. I lie still, eyes closed, and bask in the intense warmth all around me. For a few seconds I'm disoriented. Did I make it to the tropics? How else could it be so hot? But the holiday was canceled ...

Am I dreaming, then?

Risking disappointment, I crack open my eyes, and I'm met with acres of white bed linen, which I swear wasn't anywhere near this nice yesterday, and a dim room. Early morning light is starting to creep in around the sides of the curtains.

So, still in the cabin.

The bed shifts behind me, and a wall of blisteringly hot bare skin crosses the front of my body, pulling me tight against a hard wall of flesh. I suck in a breath as it all comes back to me in one giant wave.

*Holy cow.*

I snap my eyes back closed and silently start to run back over the events of last night.

Hot as fuck stranger at the door. *Check.*

Mistakenly thought he was a festive-themed clothing remover, but he's actually related to Santa Claus. *Check.*

Suspect he has some sort of magical powers, including a magic dick. *Check.*

Was treated like a queen by said man. He gave and I took. *Check.*

Have now woken up next to him on Christmas Morning. *Check.*

What the hell do I say to him? I'm awkward and tongue-tied all of a sudden as the speed with which things have advanced hits me. I'm mulling over what to say when the man-sized hot

water bottle presses in closer behind me and a delightfully rough jaw gently nuzzles into my neck.

“Merry Christmas, sweetheart,” a sleepy voice whispers close to my ear. Gentle lips trail kisses from the side of my neck and up over my jaw, and a big, warm hand turns me onto my back.

Nick hovers over me, and up close his eyes sparkle with golden glints in the depths of the dark chocolate brown. His hair falls over one eye. I almost reach up to brush it away, but it’s too damn sexy. His smile would be panty-melting; if I was wearing any, that is.

He’s one fine-looking man.

“Err, yes, Merry Christmas.” Wow, it’s Christmas morning. I won’t be spending it alone after all.

I hold my breath as he takes my face in both of his warm hands. His lips claim mine with a low growl, and the taste of peppermint meets me. I melt into it.

But only for a second. How can he taste so good first thing in the morning? Yuck. *My* breath must be rank. Easing back in his hold, I wriggle to the edge of the mattress, muttering about needing the bathroom. I hastily jump out of bed, grab the robe from over the back of a chair, and hightail it to the ensuite bathroom.

Gently closing the door, I lean against it, but the damn wood’s freezing against the warmth of my skin, and I clench my butt cheeks and move deeper into the room. After attending to the usual morning ablutions and washing my hands, I coat a finger with toothpaste for a quick freshen-up. As I rinse my mouth and straighten, I notice a little faint bruise on the side of my neck. I lean in closer and brush my hair away.

Wow. He left a mark on my skin. Propriety tells me I shouldn’t like this, but the clenching going on down low at the sight tells me I actually enjoy wearing it. Running a finger around the small spot, I take in the rest of my appearance. Wild tousled hair, relaxed face, sleepy smile, sparkling eyes.

I look ... surprisingly good. Happy. Rested.

He fucked the hell out of me last night.

I'd like to stare at this little mark in the mirror, maybe while he takes me from behind. My lips curl up in my reflection from the thought. I'd like him to do wicked, naughty things to me—things I've never done with any other man. I enjoyed last night. A lot. And now I want whatever I have going on with Nick to continue.

I know, I know. It's only been a night together, but maybe he'll stick around for a bit longer ...

“Wynter? You coming back out here?” Nick's voice pulls me from my thoughts, and I straighten, pull on the robe and tie the belt, and then waltz out of the bathroom with as much dignity as I can muster.

My breath catches in my throat as soon as I step back into the bedroom. In my brief absence, it's been transformed into a Christmas wonderland. Strung through the wrought iron headboard are delicate twinkling lights in all the Christmassy colors. Glittering, snow-frosted wreaths are hung over the door and window frames, and pretty clear glass ornaments decorate them. The little tree is weighed down with colorful decorations.

At the foot of the bed sits a neat pile of immaculately wrapped boxes. They're all in shades of silver and green, with pretty scarlet bows. I fight off bouncing on my toes.

But perhaps the most tempting sight of all is leaning back against a snowdrift of white cushions, grinning.

*Nick.*

Shirtless, lower half mostly covered by bedsheets, with a red Santa hat on his head.

Fuck. Me. Sideways.

My nipples pucker, and the nubbly fabric of the robe abrades them deliciously.

“Is this for me?” I ask stupidly, trying to ignore the pleasure of the material dragging across my aroused skin. *Of course it's for me, who else would it be for?* The surprise of coming into a room lavishly decorated and a pile of gifts, and of course a shirtless Nick, has me spinning.

I've never woken up to a Christmas morning like this before. Not even close.

"All for you."

Then, with all the enthusiasm of a child who's been waiting for Christmas for exactly three hundred and sixty-five days, I jump on the bed and carefully, but excitedly, start to open the gifts.

The first one is a set of limited-edition Palomino Blackwing architect's pencils, which I've been lusting after forever but could never justify the expense. They're so beautiful I almost want to get off the bed and go and test them out on my sketch pad.

Almost.

"Oh my God, Nick," I say as I reverently touch the small works of art. "These are amazing."

He smiles warmly and nods toward the next box. "Don't stop now." I give them one more stroke of my hand before I look to the next present.

The gift is big and gives itself away a little, squishing when I take it in my hands. I waste no time undoing the bow and pulling off the paper. It's a big white sofa pillow. Hmmm, that's a bit random. I turn it in my hands, not quite sure what to make of it when I spot an upside-down photograph printed on the front. I quickly turn it the right way up and there, staring back at me, are the smiling faces of my two best friends.

"I know you wanted to spend Christmas with them, but your plans fell apart, so I thought at least this way you can give them a hug."

Tears prick my eyes from Nick's sweet words. I rise to my knees, holding onto the pillow as I pull him in for a swift hug. He can have no idea how special this is to me. My friends are everything and this pillow is perfect.

"Friend sandwich," he says as I draw back. Damn, my girls would love Nick. I can't wait for them to meet him.

*Oh, hang on ... isn't that a bit relationship-ish? I need to cool my jets.*

I banish the wayward thought and settle back as Nick passes me another box.

I'm ridiculously excited about what's next. The anticipation, of knowing someone has spent time and energy thinking about what I might like and enjoy—I love it. But it's not only the getting of the gift, part of the joy is in knowing Nick is also having fun watching my reaction and sharing the gift, in that sense. My life has so little in the way of joy, thoughtfulness, and, well ... fun.

The next box is slim, and I make quick work of getting into the contents. Wow, a top-of-the-line tablet from a brand I've never seen before. It has a sleek, brand-new space-age tech look about it. And it's so light for its size. "What's this, Nick?" I ask, firing it up and opening the gorgeous matte rose-gold case.

"It's a Pole Pad," he says, shuffling over to sit next to me. The pad lights up, and after I set a password, I'm taken to a screen with a beautiful snowy vista, exactly like the one we're currently in. "You know how certain brands only let customers access their one online sales platform? Especially in the e-book space?" I nod. One of my pet hates is that I'm limited to one retailer on my current e-reader. "Pole Pad overrides all that. You can access every retailer, read in color or black and white. It will also autogenerate audiobooks for you and you can select from a bunch of different voice actors."

Holy shit, this is amazing. Nick opens up an app and up pops a list of narrators I already know and drool over. I open up another app that houses the library.

"I might have taken the liberty of stocking your *TBR*," he says, leaning in and giving me a kiss on my cheek. It almost doesn't register because I'm so happy scrolling through the long, long list of books I'll now be able to read whenever I want.

I glance up from the glowing screen and into Nick's happy brown eyes. "Thank you," I say, with real meaning. Reading keeps me sane, it's my escape, and some days, it's the only



thing I have to look forward to. This blows my old tablet out of the water, and I can't wait to really dive into some of its features.

Now I'm down to one last box, and I put aside the tablet and cast aside the wrapping paper.

"This is, um pretty. What is it, Nick?" I ask, pulling the item from the box. I hold up the present between us and rotate it in my hand. "Is it a Christmas tree sculpture?" I ask, and Nick tilts his head from side to side, not a nod, not a no. I continue to ponder the gift, and then when it suddenly occurs to me exactly what it is, my eyes widen.

"Oh my god is this a glass dildo? Or a plug?" I study the glass toy, which has red and green coloring and really does look like a small Christmas tree.

"Plug. I have a feeling you'll enjoy it."

"I've never ... it's not something I've tried before," I say uncertainly, but Nick beams at me.

"Then I'll make it my business to make sure you love it." I'm going to hold him to that. The bed is now covered in wrapping paper, ribbon and the thoughtful presents Nick has given me.

"I don't have any gift for you," I say, experiencing a stab of guilt that this man has done so much for me, and I have no way of reciprocating.

Then a thought strikes me, and I jump up and grab a small package from my suitcase. It's only wrapped in the brown paper bag from the store and feels like a horribly paltry offering, in comparison to the beautiful gifts he's given me. I almost have second thoughts, but thrust the small item at him, before I chicken out.

"Here. Merry Christmas."

"For me?" he asks, in a delighted tone. "I love presents. Actually, I love giving them, but this is fun too."

I squash a grin and look down at my hands clasped in my lap. "Just open it," I say, not wanting him to build it up to

something grand. It was supposed to be a joke for our girl's trip, for giggles one night when we were tipsy.

"Cards Against Humanity. Nice. I've never played it, but I know how popular this game is. Will you play with me later?"

"Of course."

"Thank you for my Christmas gift," he says and leans in, pressing his lips against mine.

"It's nothing, not a real present. You've given me such nice and thoughtful things ..."

Watching as he lowers his hand, he tugs at the bow of the belt holding the terry cloth robe together.

"Hmm, not sure what you mean. Here's another present just for me, and it's wrapped so nicely." Slowly, he undoes the belt and peels back each side of the robe, exposing my body to his hot eyes. It slips off my shoulders and I stay perfectly still, letting him take charge.

Nick's looking at me like I'm a brand-new toy he's dying to play with but doesn't know quite where to start.

*Funny, because that's pretty much how I feel about him.*

I clench at the mental images playing out in my mind, and he begins by kissing me. A fire begins building in my sex. The kiss starts gentle and tender but grows urgent with every hungry stroke of his tongue, and I give as good as I get.

Shifting my legs, I'm already so wet it's appalling.

When I break away with a ragged breath, he presses me into the soft bedding. I laugh when he throws off the Santa hat.

Nick slips his hand up my arm, and capturing a wrist, raises it overhead. With a mischievous smile on his face, he wraps a stray scarlet ribbon from the presents around me and then repeats the action on the other side, pulling tight when he finishes, and after pushing me down among the pillows, attaches the restraints to the wrought iron bedhead.

"You're on the good list this year, Wynter. And do you know what good girls get?" he asks in a hot voice right next to my ear.

*Oh fuck.*

“No?” My voice is a hoarse whisper because I’ll never forgive myself if I say something that stops this delightful game.

“They get everything they wished for.”

Nick’s hand slides down my belly, and his fingers dip into my slit and play with my clit for a moment. It’s too light though, I need more. I moan and arch into his hand.

“Please,” I beg, and he obliges, moving my legs apart and kneeling between them before bending my knees back toward my body. I’m splayed wide open, hands restrained, and I could not be happier about it.

His fingers crawl a path to my entrance and two slide inside. I’m soaked. The sounds coming from me are obscene as he pushes in and out a few times, his fingers now slick. When I let out a little sigh and collapse back on the mattress, he slides them out of my body and lifts his head. As I watch, he puts them in his mouth and licks them clean.

“Oh,” I breathe.

He doesn’t stop there, and I hold in a breath as he goes lower and traces over my tight back entrance. I melt, letting out a low moan. He has me right where he wants me now.

“I think you’d like to take my cock here.” He pushes against the natural resistance. “Wouldn’t you?” *God yes, I would.* I whimper quietly. He circles a few times before applying pressure and my toes curl as he breaches the ring of resistance.

“Yes, yes,” I moan as he pushes in to the first knuckle and bites lightly into my left inner thigh.

“Oh fuck.” I buck at the sensation and push myself a little further onto his finger, although my ability to move is limited. “More, please.”

“I’ll give you more, but this is what your present was for, baby girl. Now let me see if I can find it.”

Nick leans away for a moment, and when he returns, he’s lying on the bed between my legs looking at *everything* I have on offer, and I squeeze my eyes shut under his scrutiny.

“Damn, you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he murmurs before he runs his tongue from my entrance up to my clit in one long, hot lick. I almost come out of my skin at that and I’m only just coming back to earth when the cool Christmas tree plug runs the same course, twisting and sliding against my folds, before dipping into my entrance.

“There, nice and wet. Let’s get this into place.” One of his hands rubs small circles around my clit as his other starts to push the slippery glass length into my ass. It’s tight, so tight, but damn I want it.

“How does that feel?”

*As if I could utter a single word. I’m drowning.*

“Answer me Wynter, or I’ll stop.”

I give him a lust-filled whimper. “So good.”

He chuckles softly and nuzzles against my leg. “You’re doing so well. Here comes the thickest part. Push against me.” Holding my breath, I try not to resist as the toy slides home and the most intense pleasure crashes through me.

Before I can catch a break, Nick moves up and pumps two fingers into my pussy, and I let out little pants, as he works me to climax.

And not only his fingers. He sucks and bites me lightly, and I shiver. He senses it, too. The heat. The build in my body.

“Come for me, Wynter. Let me feel you come all over my face.”

“God, you’re so dirty,” I pant, pulling on my ribbon restraints.

The grin on his lips is the last thing I identify before he applies them to my clit, and I throw my head back. A loud and shameless cry of release echoes around the room as I come, my ass clamping down on the glass shape housed there. Nick presses on it and I jolt as though shocked by a power surge.

“Sweetheart, take it all. Come your pretty head off,” he orders, and I do as he says, wave after wave of pleasure crashing over me in flaming surges.

I lie there, helpless, pleurably wrung out, while Nick slips the red ribbon off my wrists.

If this is Christmas morning with Nick, sign me up for life.

## Chapter 10 - Let's Scrooge Nick

This has been a Christmas morning for the record books.

Perhaps not the official record books, *ahem*, rather it's one for me to remember as being the best Christmas ever.

And that's saying a lot, considering who I am. I'm usually just arriving home after helping my father out on the most insane night of our family's year. Today has been vastly different, but oh so wonderful.

Despite never really having celebrated Christmas the way most families do, and basking in the joy of it all, Wynter's reaction to the decorations and the gifts were priceless. Even though she pretends to be hell-bent on taking, which I completely understand, the way she immediately felt the urge to reciprocate, when I'm the last person who needs a present, revealed her kind and compassionate side. I'm so far gone with this woman—the way she sweetly thought of me and was worried about how I'd feel melts my heart.

I let myself fantasize about what my life will be like with her in it every day. The two of us living together, far to the North. Starting a family one day. I'm dying to introduce her to my friends and family.

And the reindeer, of course.

The woman of my dreams now lies sprawled out on the bed, satisfied and lax, but ready for round two, judging by the molten eyes she's giving me.

One of her presents is still lodged firmly in place. To be honest, I think it was a more a gift for me, but I know she enjoyed it, and now I'm going to give her another orgasm with it still inside her.

“Not a bad way to spend Christmas morning,” she says with a salacious smile.

This is probably the only time I—no, *we*—will ever spend Christmas morning like this, but there are three hundred and

sixty-four other days in the year full of possibility.

“Not a bad way to spend *any* morning. As long as it’s with you, I’ll be happy.”

I hover over her, arms on either side of her body, and she arches up to kiss me. This is promising, I was worried she might balk at my words. I know I’m coming on strong. Could she be feeling the same way I am? The sweet press of our lips turns into a long, sensuous kiss. I growl low in my throat. Wanting to keep the surprises coming, I gently flip her over onto her belly before she can wrap her legs around my waist.

“Ohhh,” she gasps, as she finds herself suddenly face down.

I do love this position. Yes, I’m giving up a lot of Wynter’s goodies, but the expanse of her back, the smooth curve of her butt. It’s criminal not to run my hands over her sweet body and kiss a path down her spine.

“Oh,” she moans. “Nick ...” Her hips are restless, and using her knees for leverage, she rises on all fours and nudges her ass back against my hard length; she’s so ready for me. I grasp her hips, intoxicated by all the skin contact. I might explode if I’m not inside her in the next two seconds. I reach for the bedside table, grab the condom and lube I placed there earlier, and take care of getting everything into place. I grasp her hips but pause, desperate to hold her stare as I enter her body.

“Look at me. I need to see your face, Wynter.” She flips her tousled hair over one shoulder, turns her head, and catches my gaze, eyes glazed over with lust. Her bottom lip disappears against her teeth. I know exactly what she’s thinking.

I grip one cheek of her ass, jiggling it, and the moan she lets out confirms she’s loving the toy that’s been jostled inside her, getting her ready for me. Such a pretty sight.

“You ready for my cock here, sweetheart?” She bites her lip again and nods.

I run a finger between her cheeks, grasping the handle of the plug and twisting it inside her. She gives a low moan, and I slowly pull it free. I grab the lube again and slather it in the

cove of her ass, making it slippery and slick for her to take my cock in her tight little hole.

She pulls up onto her knees, and I grab her hips, bringing her back against me. I line my cock up with her back entrance and press the head of my sheathed length against her puckered opening. After her muscles relax and I breach her, I move slowly, inch by inch, and watch my cock as it disappears into her ass. Her inner muscles choke me, tight and warm. She's holding her breath, waiting for discomfort, but she starts to relax when it becomes clear the preparation has served her well.

"You okay, baby?" I rasp, exerting supreme energy not to drive hard. I'm holding her hips so tightly I'll probably leave marks in the shapes of my fingers.

"It feels good. Really good. Give it to me." She sighs as I continue to move inside her, hips wriggling back toward me, telling me she's ready to take me fully.

I thrust the rest of my cock inside, and she lets out a moan. My hips roll rather than pumping, building up force as I fuck her ass.

*The way she whimpers when I hit deep. So deep.*

She's moaning, calling my name, and I know this isn't going to last long, we're both too primed. That knowledge makes the climax build in the base of my spine. I slip a hand underneath her and gently pinch her clit between two fingers. She's so slippery I lose my grip and try again, and she arches her back and groans. Wynter's as on edge as I am.

My balls tighten, rising up, and I grip her hips again and give a hard, forward thrust, coming with a growl between my gritted teeth. The come spurts from my cock, filling the rubber, and she spasms around me at the same time. My orgasm goes on and on. This glorious woman has my entire body, mind, and soul. And she also has my heart. I can't believe how lucky I am, knowing what I *know*—getting to spend my life with her. There is of course the small matter of her agreeing to all of it, but that's a challenge for another time.



I fixate on the flutters around my shaft, and deciding to give her another climax, I go on the attack, releasing both hips and finding her clit again, this time with both hands. One holds her open, the other plays. Unable to hold herself up, Wynter's chest presses into the bed. Her head is turned to one side, eyes closed, mouth open as she pants. The come down from one orgasm is rapidly turning into the rise of another.

I play with her tight bud, and right when she's on the precipice, I carefully pull completely out of her ass. She screams as she climaxes, and my hand is doused in her cum. *Hopefully next time she does that I have my face between her thighs so I can drink down every drop of her cream.* I gently ease her onto the sheets before taking care of the condom.

"It's never been that good, Nick. Never," she whispers, letting out a choppy breath. I carefully lie beside her and kiss her forehead. The masculine satisfaction at those words has me glowing.

"Let's hit the shower," I murmur a little while later, helping her to sit, then hoisting her up into my arms, enjoying her breathless squeal. I'm not ready to be away from her. I've become needy—and greedy—in the span of only one day.

# Chapter 11 - Let's Get Rocking Around the Christmas Tree

Wynter

Breakfast is yet another gourmet spread, courtesy of the supplies I had the good sense to order yesterday. Nick and I whip up some waffles and a side of boozy berry compote that came in a jar with a pretty red and white gingham lid. All the while he tells me about the delicacies his family usually enjoys at Christmas time. I don't have much to contribute to that subject.

We crack open a bottle of Champagne, because why not.

"Damn, this is Christmas breakfast in style," I murmur aloud, licking the red berry syrup off my lips and helping myself to a generous mouthful of the delicious, cold bubbles. We're seated in a little breakfast nook next to a small bay window. The outside world is a flurry of white.

Nick raises his eyebrows and works on a mouthful of waffles.

"I never really celebrated, to be honest. My mom always worked when I was a kid because we needed the money. When I was old enough, I got my own job. Christmas days shifts are lucrative ..." I shrug and take another sip, not particularly keen to go down memory lane right now, not after such a wonderful start to the day. "I guess you always celebrate. But how does that work if you spend all night delivering presents?"

As soon as the words fall out of my mouth my mind does a double take. Hold the phone, girlfriend. I actually believe Nick is the son of Santa. Is that right?

*I truly believe he's Santa's heir?*

Before I can question myself and my sanity any further, Nick responds.

"To be honest, Christmas Eve and Christmas day are all a bit of a blur of time zones. We travel against the sun, and it's

pretty intense. We usually all need a long rest on Christmas day. The day after is when we get together and celebrate.” He delivers this explanation without guile, completely seriously, and in a way that almost, *almost*, seems normal.

Before I formulate a response, there’s a bunch of obnoxious computerized musical notes, and I immediately know my girlfriends are Zooming me.

“I’ve got to get this, but our conversation isn’t over,” I say, and Nick nods as I jump up and race across the room to the small desk, where I’ve been keeping my work junk. Grabbing the ringing tablet, I accept the incoming call.

Two happy faces in different locations greet me, as does a chorus of “Merry Christmas!”

“Same to you guys,” I say, a smile splitting my face, thrilled to be speaking to my besties. Thank God for technology.

“Did you get out of the cabin, Wynter? Where are you?” asks Elsie, as she squints, trying to find a clue as to where I am.

“Wynter, I’ll be in the bedroom to give you some privacy,” Nick’s low voice sounds from behind me, and I watch him cross the room in my little window of the Zoom call. This all happens before I can tell him he doesn’t need to leave.

There’s a second of silence, and then when I look back at the screen, two bug-eyed faces greet me.

“Um, please explain,” Sarah whisper-hisses, her words immediately followed by vigorous nodding from Elsie. “And don’t leave anything out. *Anything*.”

“Ha. Funny story, actually,” I start out saying. *How do I explain this?* “At first I thought he was a stripper, Nick that is, and that you two sent him.” I pause, debating where to go from there.

“Hurry up and get to the good stuff,” says Sarah impatiently, and Elsie guffaws.

“Okay, okay. So last night when he turned up there was a bit of a misunderstanding ...”

“But you worked it out and he stayed the night!” Sarah squeals finishing the sentence for me.

“Well, yes. But—”

“From that glimpse we got, he’s a hunk. Do you think he can hear us?” Elsie lowers her voice for the last part. I shake my head.

“Is he hung?” Wow. I was not expecting those words from my knocked-up and formerly straitlaced friend. “Don’t give me that look,” she says, pouting on the screen. “These pregnancy hormones are making me crazy. *For sex.*” The emphasis wasn’t needed, but oh well.

“Yesss,” I divulge, with emphasis. “He’s ...” I roll my eyes back into my head and the girls crack up laughing and hooting.

“So, Nick turned up yesterday, and I’m guessing you two are snowed in? I saw the east coast weather this morning. What happens when it stops snowing? How did he end up with you anyway? Are you sure this is a good idea? You’re usually more careful than that. He’s a stranger.”

Always the one with the inquiring mind, Sarah.

“This is where it gets a bit complicated.” I take a breath. “He told me he’s the next Santa.”

“Okay but Christmas is over, what does he do when he’s not playing Santa?” Elsie frowns. “Hang on you said the ‘*next Santa.*’ What does that mean? He’s not Santa yet?”

“That’s right. He’s going to be the next Kris Kringle, the next Man in Red. His father is the actual Santa Claus.”

“Hold on, at like a mall or something?” She frowns, struggling to understand.

“No, at the North Pole.” There. I’ve dropped the bomb.

Silence.

“Hang on—” Sarah starts, only to be interrupted.

“Did you just say—” Elsie begins her question, but Sarah talks right over the top.

“No, wait! Santa? You’re shackled up with the next *actual* Santa?” Silence again.

“Ah, yeah.” I scratch under my ear and sort of squint at them. I hadn’t considered how they would react to my news I’ve been grappling with it myself. If Nick hadn’t pulled so many tricks out of his bag and, well, done the other *stuff*, I’d have an extremely hard time believing all this myself.

“Hell yes!” shouts Sarah, fist-pumping the air. “I never stopped believing in Santa. I knew he was real. This is amazing!”

*Okay, that didn’t take much convincing.*

“Well, I can’t say the same. But he’s the real deal, let me tell you.” I study at Elsie’s image on the screen, she’s quiet all of a sudden.

“You know that’s nuts, right?” she asks quietly.

I think about it for a moment. “I did. But he’s not lying. I’m certain of it.” I take a moment to run them through all of the things that would fall under the category of “nuts” since Nick turned up. By the time I’m finished both of my friends’ mouths are agape, and their eyebrows are at their hairlines.

“I know it all sounds crazy but—”

“Honey, if one man can do all of that, you better lock him down as quickly as possible. If I wasn’t pregnant and in love, hell, I’d be asking if he has a brother!” exclaims Elsie. “Does he have a brother? You know, for Sarah.”

“Um, I don’t know,” I reply and blush. It dawns on me just how little I know about Nick. On the upside, it sounds like my girl Elsie is on board. Not that I need their blessing but it’s sort of a relief to have it out in the open and to have them rooting for me. I mean, they would anyway, but this whole thing is pretty wild.

“Can you imagine living at the North Pole? All that snow and cute reindeer and all the present making? Sounds like heaven.” Sarah puts words to the thoughts I’ve barely allowed myself to have.

Is that where this story ends? Living with Nick? I've known him for a fraction of time.

"What happens after the storm stops?" Elsie's question stops me in my tracks. Another question I don't have an answer to. I honestly haven't let myself think much beyond my next meal. I mean, there's no getting away from here for a couple of days, and Nick's kept me busy so far.

What do I *want* to happen?

And *could* anything happen? It occurs to me this is a short fling, and I feel a little stab of disappointment.

"I guess I go home?" I respond and sound so uncertain it comes out as a question. What *will* happen after the storm stops? Is this all over? I mean it has to be, from what he's told me. He has a pretty serious job and a path all mapped out, and he'll be going home. It sort of begs another question that I parked in the back of my mind—why is he here in the first place? So many questions, some I'm not sure I'm going to like the answer to.

I want to stay in our little snowy sex cabin and enjoy myself until it has to be over. Suspend reality as long as possible.

Gah. On that note, I'm expecting my boss to respond to my email tomorrow, and fingers crossed I get some sort of promise my requests will be met. The idea of work makes my stomach drop.

"Well, why are you wasting your time talking to us? What you should be doing is finding your man and jumping back on his magic dick." We all crack up. Elsie does know how to make us all laugh.

"Okay then, well Merry Christmas you two," I say, wondering how long we've been chatting away and what Nick might be up to.

"Before you go, I have a Christmas joke for you," Sarah rushes out. "Why does Santa always land on your roof? Because he likes being on top."

I laugh out loud as we hang up.

Santa might like it on top, but his son seems to like it best with his face between my legs.

## Chapter 12 - Ho! Ho! Ho! Backward is Oh!Oh!Oh!

Nick

While Wynter was on her call, I managed to send a quick message home, wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and letting them know I'm okay. As soon as she finished up, Wynter came looking for me with lust-filled eyes. I was able to convince her to teach me how to play the card game she gifted me earlier. As good as the sex is, we need a chance to talk.

Together, we settle in front of the fire, I lie on my side while Wynter leans back against one of the sofas across from me. It's warm and cozy, although we're starting to run a little low on wood. I'll have to do something about that later. I open two packs of cards—one white and one black—and set them down, looking to Wynter for guidance on the rules.

"I've only played this once, but I think we flip one card from the black pile, which has a sentence with a blank that needs to be filled in. Then we each take a card from the white pile, which has answers to the blank spaces on the black cards. Then we basically laugh about it. Just to warm you, it can be kind of crude, Nick."

"I'm game if you are," I respond, excited to play this game with her—and find out her definition of crude.

The first black card reads: *Maybe she's born with it. Maybe it's \_\_\_\_\_.*

We both flip a white card. Mine states: *Wet dreams*

Wynter's reads: *All the guys I've fucked*

Crude. Got it.

But as I watch emotions flicker over Wynter's face, I realize this might be a great opportunity to learn about her past—about what makes her who she is today. The *Knowing* has limitations, and her history is one of them.



“I’ve never fucked a guy, but I’ve definitely had wet dreams,” I offer up, and Wynter bursts out laughing. I don’t usually swear, and it feels strange coming out of my mouth.

“Oh my God, Nick. Right to the point. Okay, I’ve had sexy dreams, but I don’t think I’ve ever had a ‘wet’ one. Do women even have wet dreams? Anyway, I’ve had sex with four guys, and none of them were anything to write home about.” She shakes her head, obviously reminiscing about her past liaisons. “Hold on,” she says, gaze snapping up to mine. “Five. And you’re . . . definitely something to write home about.” She bites her bottom lip and busies her hands fidgeting with one of the cards.

Warmth blooms in my chest.

“You are definitely something to write home about too, Wynter,” I say softly. “And I’m glad they weren’t anything special because then you might not be sitting here opposite me, playing this delightful card game.” I mean that. I’m not jealous of guys who have preceded me, she’s given me no reason to be. Quite the opposite.

A smile tugs at the corner of Wynter’s lips, and she nods toward the decks of cards. “Go again?”

We set aside our used cards and pick another set.

The black card states: *Seriously guys, there’s nothing funny about \_\_\_\_.*

My white card reads: *Speaking over women*

Wynter chooses: *Wearing a helmet during sex*

She points to my card. “Totally not funny. This would have to be one of the most annoying things in my job. Constantly getting spoken over, rolled over, looked over. Don’t get me started.”

“Is your industry not evenly split, then?” I ask. I know the basics about Wynter’s job—she’s explained a little, and of course I know a bit because of the *Knowing*.

“Well, it was traditionally a male-dominated field,” she says, running her finger along the edge of her card thoughtfully. “I

think the dinosaurs have to die out, to be honest. It's all men at the top of my firm, and it has a great reputation, but on the inside, it's misogyny central."

"How do you mean?" I ask, genuinely curious.

"Well, there are visible things, like overpromotion of unworthy men, men being picked for the best jobs, men organizing events for clients that exclude women, like golf or poker nights. Nothing wrong with those, but how about something a little more inclusive? Then there's the quieter stuff—like comments on my appearance, on women having families or deciding not to. I'm pretty sure I keep getting assigned jobs miles away from home because I don't have any family or a partner to disrupt by being sent off into the field all the time."

It all sounds pretty dismal, as far as a job goes. Given she's away so often, Wynter is devoting all of herself to a company that is electing to treat its staff pretty miserably. I can't speak to working for anything other than the family business, but one thing I know for certain is everyone is valued, and even though there's a technical hierarchy and an obvious figurehead, my father certainly doesn't think he's any more important than anyone else in the Santa organization.

"You deserve better," I say and mean it, wholeheartedly. She wrinkles her nose.

"Not much I can do about it, I'm not in charge." She points to her own card and changes the subject. "I hope never to need to wear a helmet during sex."

"Really?" I ask, immediately able to think of a few scenarios.

"What about if you were on a motorbike, holding onto me on a long ride, all hot and bothered from the vibration. Let's say we pull over to a secluded spot. Before I can get your helmet off, you bend over the side of the bike and—"

She interrupts before I finish, a cute pink tint staining her cheeks. "Yeah, okay. You have a rich imagination. That would be worthy of wearing a helmet. Although I can open the visor, right? It might get a little steamed up in there."

We eventually stop laughing long enough to pick a third set of the cards.

The black card says: *Men like \_\_\_\_\_*

My pick is: *Oral*

Wynter's is: *Being inside me*

“Correct on both counts,” I say, delighted at the decidedly salacious nature of this game.

“What is with these cards being so ... sexual?” asks Wynter, rolling her eyes. “Pick another white one. Honestly.” I do as she directs and it's no better.

*Tentacle porn.*

“Wow, okay. The universe is determined to steer this game into the proverbial gutter.”

She's not wrong.

“I wouldn't judge you if you were into tentacle porn,” I say, determined not to kink shame, even though the idea of cold, slimy tentacles would have to be up there with some of the least sexy things I can think of.

“Good to know. Because I'm really into the easter bunny. You know, long furry ears, cotton ball tail. Chocolate eggs. As far as themed porn goes, it hits my spot.” She smirks and I take the bait.

“That fuzzy little rodent,” I grumble. “I don't know why anyone gives him the time of day. Delivering a single product, no imagination at all. So overrated.” I'm not jealous. Honestly.

“Do I detect a hint of rivalry? I mean, I see why chocolate is a pretty strong drawcard. And a soft, cuddly bunny. So sweet.” Happiness dances in her eyes. She's enjoying teasing me.

“And aren't parents all over the world so grateful their children are getting a stomach full of sugar? I tell you who else loves the easter bunny—dentists. He's basically delivering cavities. It's irresponsible.” There may be a *touch* of competition. “Santa is the real deal. And let me tell you, even though he's the figurehead, it's way more than just the man.

It's a huge team. The amount of time and work that goes into the enterprise, the dedication, and the attention to detail—now that's impressive. You should see our factories. Our equipment is state of the art. A technical team makes sure we meet regulations and safety standards worldwide. Then there are allergies and sensitivities. And don't get me started on batteries. It's always evolving. There's hundreds of changes from year to year. And we're always expanding, too. I think you'd be impressed." I'm delighted she's giving me all her attention, genuinely interested in what I have to say.

"And you intend to follow in your father's footsteps?"

"I do. It's not really a choice, it's more like destiny. But the idea I can be part of something that brings so much joy to so many children is easy to want to be part of. The fact I get satisfaction out of it too, and get to work alongside my family and friends? Well, that's just an added bonus." I mean every word.

"Wow, you make it sound so appealing." She looks at me with a sad smile on her face. "If only I could be so lucky." *You can be.* "Even though I love what I do, everything else around it is all wrong. The way you talk about working surrounded by a community, having a home and a life with proper roots ... I can't even imagine. Here I am, working in a different location every few weeks. I'm miles away from my friends, have no idea even who my neighbors are, and barely know the names of my colleagues at work." She shakes her head sadly.

"I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I'm sorry." I really am. While she was talking to her friends, I spent some time thinking about how to break down more of the fine details of why I'm here. Now isn't quite the right time, and as excited as I am to have all revealed to her, we're not there yet.

"Okay, ready for the next round?" Wynter snaps me out of my thoughts, and we quickly pick out new cards and turn them over.

*The class field trip was completely ruined by\_\_\_\_\_.*

I pick: *some punk kid who stole my turkey sandwich*

Wynter's reads: *squirting*.

Damn, I love this game.

She snorts immediately and smacks the card down with force. "Myth. I call bullshit."

My poor, poor girl. We've covered quite a bit of ground since I arrived, but getting her equally excited and relaxed to be comfortable enough to squirt? Now, that is something I'd love to try. I have the perfect excuse now. I sit up. She's piqued my interest in a new and tempting way.

"Is that so?" I challenge, raising an eyebrow.

"It is," she responds, nodding.

"Want to bet?" I ask, entirely confident in my ability to make her flow like a tap. Her eyebrows shoot up—she's running through the possibilities. She shrugs a shoulder, trying to appear calmer than the tinge of pink on her cheeks reveals her to be.

"Sure. If you can't get me to, you know, squirt, you have to go outside and get more firewood."

"And what about if I can?"

"Umm ..." she doesn't have an answer, and I take full advantage of that fact.

"If I win, I get to do it again."

She laughs out loud. "Sounds like a prize for me."

"Yes, it will be," I growl out, leaning over the discarded cards and hooking a hand around the back of her neck.

## Chapter 13 - I'm Going to Ride you Like a Reindeer

### Wynter

Nick inches closer to me, now that we've made our little bet, and takes my lips. I don't stop him. His prize—giving me a second round of pleasure with no mention of his own—is the cherry on top of the considerable cake. He presses me into the soft rug in front of the fire and strips each piece of clothing from my body, leaving his own in place. I watch, mesmerized, tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. He ignores my tug at his T-shirt and takes my wandering hands in one of his own while he traces his tongue along my collarbone.

How can it be so good with him so quickly? I've never been with someone even half as tuned into me as Nick is. I don't get much further along with the line of thought because he takes the bud of my nipple between his teeth and bites down. *Hard.* I shriek as pain pierces my breast, and I call out his name.

“Nick! Ah!”

He tongues the abused bud and groans into me, the vibrations on my throbbing skin leaving me trembling. It feels good. Better than good.

Nick moves on, tracing his lips over my belly, bringing the tiny hairs to attention. My nerves are now on red alert. Small shivers run up and down the length of my body in anticipation of his next touch. Will it be hard or soft? I'm so achingly aware of my need, every part of me brought to life by him.

What the hell am I going to do when this storm is over and our time together here in this little Christmas bubble is over?

His thumbs slide along the inner curve of my thighs. They don't stop until they're pulling my pussy lips apart, and one thumb slides through my folds, coming to a halt at my wet entrance. The barely-there penetration has my pussy clutching at the digit. I whimper, head falling back at his teasing touch.

“Please Nick,” I beg. My core pulses with the need to be filled. By him.

“I know, sweetheart. I know,” he murmurs and kneels before me, whipping his T-shirt off and lifting my thighs over his shoulders. Oh.

He somehow manages to spread out his top on the floor under me, and I shiver. That’s possibly the hottest sex move ever. He’s so sure of his ability to get me to squirt, he’s proactively taking care of the décor.

I gasp as he raises me until only my upper back remains on the floor. Apparently, this is the angle he needs for what he plans to do to me. Nick knows how to get me in the zone like nobody’s business.

He slides two fingers inside me, and I moan. “Would you prefer I fuck you with my fingers?” He proceeds to pump them in and out. “Or my tongue?” He places his lips over my clit and sucks on it hard.

“Ohhh ...” is all I can manage as I writhe in his hold. Damn, what he’s doing to me feels so good.

“I think we’ll go with both.” A satisfied smirk is the last thing I see as he positions me right how he wants and plants his face firmly between my thighs. His fingers lodge deep inside me, and he brings his other hand around to the base of my belly, applying downward pressure. I’m completely immobilized.

He wants to make me come. No, more than that, he wants to make me squirt.

How many times have I dreamt of having sex like this, where my partner took the time to find ways to pleasure me? Where *I* was the focus, and my partner loved every moment of it. I do not doubt that with Nick. Right here, between my legs, is exactly where he wants to be, and he lets me know it. Reservations have jumped out the window and are buried under a foot of snow at this point.

“Damn you taste good. I want you all over my face.” He dives back in with his tongue and pumps his hand faster, moving

two fingers in and out of me. He continues to stroke my clit with his tongue, driving me crazy.

“Yes!” I scream.

He pushes my thighs farther apart. The position allows his fingers to go even deeper. He licks and swirls his tongue, and the incredible build starts inside. Then he presses firmly on the skin above my mound, and it’s like nothing I’ve felt before. My body starts to shudder in his arms.

“That’s right, baby,” he groans into me before placing his lips around my clit again and sucking hard. He presses down on my lower belly at the same time, and makes a *come here* motion with his index and middle finger inside me.

“Oh my God, Nick!”

I let go and scream as a searing wave of heat crashes through me. It’s pleasure and relief and ecstasy and happiness. He keeps going, fingering, sucking, and pressing. The fire of the climax consumes me. I lose all sense of space and time as it sears through me, stronger and longer than ever before. The squeeze of all my muscles is unbearable. I can feel fluid escaping me, and the sound of his fingers thrusting in and out is now loud and wet. My eyes are squeezed shut—there’s no way I could survive adding the visual of what he’s doing to my body.

“Oh fuck.” I’m breathing hard, and my legs are trembling as I struggle to fight the tsunami of pleasure. It’s so intense. I can’t believe my body has been capable of such pleasure all this time.

When it’s over, tears are threatening at the corner of my eyes as he gently lowers me to the rug, wiping me off with his discarded T-shirt.

“You okay there, sweetheart? Can you open your eyes for me?”

My vision is blurry. My head is hazy. My body is still shuddering, and my muscles are jelly. “That was ... something else ...”



“That was squirting,” he says. I don’t mind the smugness in his voice one little bit. He gently pulls me against his hard, hot body and runs a hand down my side as I snuggle close. I am so very happy to be wrong. Never been happier to be wrong. I tilt my head back to examine his face and find him looking at me in a way best described as tender.

In the silence, my thoughts creep back to wondering what happens when this all ends. I firmly do not want this to end. There’s not a single thing at all I would change about everything that has happened since Nick arrived. But how could this go any further than a Christmas fling? He lives about a thousand miles north of here. What am I doing to myself, letting this man into my pants and under my skin? This is going to be the one that ruins me. The man who would do anything for me, who instinctively knows what I want and like, who has given me sexual experiences that are an impossible bar for other men to meet. How am I going to survive going back to my cold, lonely life? I want *this*. Desperately.

Dammit.

Right as I start to pull back, he tightens his hold. “It’ll all work out, Wynter. You have nothing to worry about.”

“How can you say that Nick? You have a crystal ball in your bag, too?” I tilt my head back, relaxing into his arms. I don’t want distance, not really. I just know poor, future Wynter is going to suffer when we say goodbye.

“Because I *Know*,” he murmurs into my temple, pressing a kiss there and hiking my leg up high until it’s draped over his hip. As if that simple explanation is enough. On one hand, the vague comment is frustrating because it doesn’t give me the explanation I want. But on the other, I’m already so far gone it doesn’t matter. I owe it to myself to wring every last drop of pleasure from our time together, in any and every form it comes. His presence, his company, his sense of humor. His thoughtfulness, his giving nature, the sex.

*The sex.*

“Now, if memory serves, if I won the bet, I get to do that to you again,” he whispers in my ear and runs a hand over the curve of my ass, his deep voice making little shivers run the length of my back.

*Ha. He still thinks this is for him and not for me.*

“That’s hardly fair after all the work you put in.”

“Oh, I know,” he says, tugging my leg fully over his waist until I’m straddling his body. He starts pulling my hips up his body, and I rise, guessing where this is heading. “You’ll be the one putting in the hard work this time.”

Jesus Christ, he wants me to ride his face.

“Nick, I’ve never—”

“Perfect. You’d never squirted until a few minutes ago, so you’ll just have to trust me that this is going to go okay too,” he manages to get out, licking his lips before he settles my pussy over his face.

Go okay? I nearly passed out.

I’m not certain what is going to work in this position, so I let Nick take the lead, and he doesn’t disappoint. He feeds his tongue through my folds and strums my clit hard. I buck against him and arch my back before it dawns on me I’m probably suffocating him.

I put my weight into my knees, on either side of his head, and try to rise a little, to take the pressure of my bodyweight off his face.

“Uh, uh,” he moans into my wet flesh, shaking his head slightly, as he circles an arm around each thigh and pulls me back down. His lips close around my clit, and this time he uses his teeth to hold it in place as he applies suction.

“Oh, God. Nick. Please. Please.” The first orgasm has me primed for my next one, and after what seems like only a minute of Nick’s clever tongue driving me up to the clouds, I come in a loud, wet rush, thrashing over his face. Out of control.

He rides out my release with me, licking and sucking until my body goes limp like a rag doll, and I come down on my hands. Chuckling, he eases out from under me and gathers me up into his arms.

“I think it might be time for a different type of shower?” he suggests, straight-faced, which makes me snort-laugh and bury my face in his bare, damp chest.

“Damn, you’re pretty good at that Nick,” I say as he carries me bridal style into the bathroom. “I’ve never felt anything like it, not even close.”

He grins and turns on the shower. “Good to hear. I was considering setting up an anonymous complaint box, but maybe I won’t need to?”

I scoff at his suggestion, as he gently lowers me to my feet, the steam from the shower starting to fill the stall.

“Definitely, no need.” I step under the hot water and moan at how good it is on my now tired muscles. Opening my eyes and wiping the water off my face, I step backward to make room for Nick to join me once he undresses. Instead, he cups a hand under the warm flow and brings it to his face, scrubbing his big palm over the skin that was so recently buried between my legs.

“We’re running out of firewood,” he says, giving me a sexy smile as he grabs a towel off the nearby rack and dries his face. “I’ll get some off the stack against the side of the cabin. Hopefully, the snow isn’t too deep.” He turns and crosses the threshold of the bathroom before turning back, a naughty look on his face. “Don’t forget you should probably have a big drink of water. You need to keep your fluid levels up.”

Gone.

I’m gone.

## Chapter 14 - I have a Big Present for You

### Nick

It's really special that Wynter's birthday is the day after Christmas. I can't imagine anything better than having a birthday with all of the festive Christmas decorations and celebrations still going strong.

It's a myth that Santa is a hefty, bulky old man, but it brings people comfort, so we let it go. The job requires a man with a high level of fitness and the stamina to pull a twenty-four hour shift. The same goes for my whole family, really. Typically, Christmas day is so hectic that the day after is something of a relief, and consequently my favorite day of the year.

*Kismet or what?*

Wynter and I chilled out by the fire last night. I managed to restock it with a few armloads of wood, and we spent the evening nibbling on more of the gourmet supplies she so cleverly stockpiled. Well, that's what she thinks is going on. We ran out of food mid-afternoon, so I've been quietly going shopping in my sack, strategically placed in the kitchen, to ensure every delicious snack she wants is on hand.

It's amazing how much you learn about someone when there's little else to do but relax together by the fireplace. One thing that's crystal clear now is how much Wynter's job means to her. Dad told me that when his *Knowing* kicked in and he went to my mom, she was working as a waitress in a small roadside diner. It was her family's objections that he had to overcome, in order for her to join him at the North Pole. My situation with Wynter is not the same, and I'd never want her to end up in a situation where she wasn't happy and fulfilled in every aspect of her life.

From what she's told me, her firm is a toxic workplace, and her superiors are abusing her talents for personal gain. I questioned why she would stay under those conditions, and

she said she feels sort of trapped. Of course, she's right—experience is essential. She's going to need solid work experience and an impressive portfolio if she is ever going to see out her dream of going out on her own and only taking jobs she wants to work on. From what she's said, the creeps up top at her work have even thought up a way to limit that—apparently by making changes to plans at the last minute and then adding their names to project consultancy information.

It doesn't sound like there's any incentive for her to stay, other than a paycheck of course. I spent hours mulling over our situation after she fell asleep in my arms last night. Now that it's morning and I've woken early, I'm still not sure of the best plan of action as far as Wynter is concerned. We've covered a lot of ground over the last couple of days, but there's still so much up in the air. She appears to have come to terms with who I am, but my presence here, and what it all means, that's something I've sort of side-stepped.

I still don't quite know how to reveal the rest of the picture to her. Every time I decide how I'm going to tell her, I question myself. I overthink countless scenarios that all end with her balking and hightailing it back to the city as soon as the roads are clear.

That can't happen.

And on that note, snowfall stopped overnight. The storm is passing. Even though it was windy with blizzard conditions, there wasn't a huge amount of snowfall, and the roads will likely be cleared, allowing Wynter the opportunity to head home sometime tomorrow. So, I've got a day, at the most, to do what I need to do. As anxiety-inducing as it is, by this time tomorrow I'll know if Wynter will agree to accompany me home and be my wife.

I carefully slip out of bed and realize it's mid-morning already. We've slept in. Quietly padding into the kitchen, I seek out my bag. Honestly, I'd be lost without it, although what comes out of it is entirely up to me.

As well as worrying about my entire future, I've been trying to settle on a perfect present for Wynter's birthday. I'm pretty

sure I've come up with a winner, and I cross my fingers as I reach into my sack and pull out a beautifully wrapped box about the size of my spread palm. No Christmas theme wrapping today, although it is a dark red to match the contents.

I get to work, setting up breakfast on the table in the breakfast nook. My trusty bag fills the growing gap in supplies, and when Wynter shows her face half an hour later, there's brewed coffee and warm croissants ready and waiting.

"Happy birthday, Wynter," I say, pulling her into my arms and holding her close. She's toasty warm from bed, and wearing a long button-down shirt and fuzzy white socks. Her hair is a mess, and she's one hundred percent perfect. I squeeze her tight before reluctantly letting her go.

She yawns and looks over at the table. As well as caffeine and buttery pastry I've cut up fruit and made Bircher muesli. The two of us need to have a few days of green juices to counteract the amount of cheese and wine we've consumed, so fruit is a good starting place.

"Wow, this is so nice, Nick. Fresh fruit? How did you—" She casts her eyes around the kitchen and spots my ever-faithful black bag. "Right. That explains it." She rises to her tiptoes and presses a kiss on my cheek. Underwhelmed by her greeting, I palm her hips and pull her flush against me.

"Ah, no I have morning breath," she warns, halfheartedly twisting in my grasp. I reach out to the cutting board atop the bench and feed her a leaf of mint left over from garnishing the fruit. I give her a second to chew it and then claim a proper kiss.

She doesn't pull away this time and keeps her eyes open until our lips touch. She tastes sweet, addictive, and like everything I want. I release her hips and thread a hand into her wild hair, controlling the kiss, meeting her soft lips with my more insistent ones. Demanding entry and gaining it as her mouth opens and our tongues tangle. I feel the kiss in my soul. I know she does too by her rush of breath as she eventually pulls away.

“Come and have something to eat,” I offer, my voice a little affected by the passionate kiss we shared. My pants are also a touch tight, which is hardly surprising. I do my best to ignore my rising cock and lead Wynter over to the loaded table with an arm around her waist.

Sitting in the middle of the table is the box containing her present.

“Ohhh, for me?” she asks in her excited, girlish voice, and I nod, smiling. “Maybe I should have something to eat first though,” she says biting her lip. She doesn’t want to wait but she doesn’t want the breakfast I’ve prepared to get cold. The fact she’s willing to delay her gratification for my sake warms me. She’s a people pleaser at heart; she’s just been battered one too many times and usually sidelines that side of herself as a defense mechanism.

Wynter nibbles on the corner of a croissant and then takes a long sip of coffee—but she never takes her eyes off the box. I’m fighting with the smile tugging at my lips, trying to keep a straight face. When she’s halfway through the flakey pastry I can’t take it anymore and push the gift closer to her.

“Happy birthday, Wynter. I think you should open it now.” She picks it up and tears the wrapping off so quickly you’d have thought the thing was on fire. I chuckle at her haste.

Now she’s down to a black velvet box, and she makes a pattern on the top with her finger.

“I’m worried that this is something *really* special, Nick,” she says, wide eyes meeting mine, the humor of the speedy unwrapping a moment ago now gone. It is indeed something special. And there’s every reason in the world for her to have it.

“Open it, Wynter,” I direct, serious now. She slowly opens the box and gasps.

“Beautiful”, she murmurs softly, again running a reverent finger over the jewelry she’s uncovered. She lifts it out and holds the necklace aloft, the red stone sending countless sparkles around the room.

“Is it a ruby?” she asks, examining the pendant setting. “This color is gorgeous.”

“No, it’s a red diamond,” I respond, captivated by her enjoyment of the gift. The inner fire of this diamond is immeasurable, as is its rareness. But she doesn’t need to know.

“A red diamond? I’ve never heard of that. But I guess I don’t know much about jewelry. And is this the setting star?”

“Yes, it’s the North Star, Polaris. Unlike all other stars in the sky, Polaris always points North. It has a number of meanings — guidance, hope, luck, freedom, constancy, and even life’s purpose. The North Star will always guide your journey ahead.” She continues to examine the necklace, and after my explanation, gives me a watery smile.

“It’s beautiful Nick. I’ve never been given something so special and thoughtful in my entire life.” Her voice is a little wobbly and squeezes the heart in my chest. Wynter jumps up from her seat and moves around the table to sit on my lap. I wrap an arm around her and hold her close as she fastens the necklace around her neck and pats the pendant where it rests against her breastbone. I lay my hand atop hers and give her a soft kiss before she lowers her head to my shoulder. Honestly, the gift was worth it for this alone. “I suppose it’s also a symbol of where *you* live.”

It definitely is. I didn’t expect her to focus on that aspect of it though.

“Yes,” I respond quietly, enjoying this moment.

Our breakfast together, the quiet of the morning, her body close to mine—it’s everything. Even the *Knowing* is quiet, her desires are the same as mine right now. We’re both just trying to soak in the shared moment and not think of anything more. I don’t know how long we sit together like this, but eventually, we’ve polished off the food and coffee, and Wynter stands and starts clearing the table.

“Absolutely not,” I declare, rising and steering her away from the breakfast debris. “You go and take a shower, let me clear all of this up.”



“You’re the best,” she declares, going up on her tiptoes to give me a soft kiss. “The. Best.” I beam against her lips and watch her shapely form as she leaves the room. *Damn*. I am one lucky man.

“I might quickly check my work email once I’m done, just to make sure I haven’t missed a bonus or anything,” she says over her shoulder with a sarcastic laugh as she passes through the doorway to the bedroom.

Good, plenty of time for me to clean up and make sure we have enough firewood for the day.

But not enough time to work out how to put *everything* on the table.

# Chapter 15 - I Want to Eat Your Milk and Cookies

## Wynter

This cannot be right.

It simply cannot be right.

I'm showered and dressed perched on the side of the bed, staring at my laptop in disbelief. One hand has clenched into the white comforter so hard my knuckles match it.

"No, no, no," I mutter to myself, re-reading the email that has my blood pumping with anger and an irrational urge to throw the laptop through the window flowing through me. Having temper outbursts is not my style, I'm usually gracefully conceding to work demands and pacifying myself with reassurances that I'm earning my stripes, but this email proved beyond any doubt, all of it was a giant load of crap.

There were no stripes to earn. No reward for all the hard work. The countless weekends I've spent on location, essentially working but not being paid so I could *officially* start a job bright and early on a Monday—all for nothing. The meticulous drawings and plans I've spent the last year agonizing over were a total waste of time.

The email I sent a few days ago has been answered. There's been a restructure. One of the partner's sons is going to be heading up a new team they've created. In a move of breathtaking nepotism, with a side of misogyny, an untalented and undeserving jerk is now going to be my direct report, and he'll "man the office" to borrow their 1950's phrase, while his female minions, of which I will be one, are to be sent far away to isolated sites to work for clients. Apparently there's been an increased interest in remote cabins and more isolated properties, and the firm wants to dedicate a team to this type of ultra-profitable work.

*No kidding, I've been the one doing it!*

This new portfolio is being called the “Remote Work Group,” although my new supervisor won’t be doing any of the leg work. There’s some nonsense about the minimum and maximum days away from the office, but the way it reads is that there’s some sort of incentive to be off-site as much as possible. And a single, shared work desk for the whole team when we are actually *in* town.

This is diabolical.

Every single request I made was denied.

No pay raise, no promotion, and forget autonomy. I’m going to be out on the road even more by the sound of it. Roots and a home base—forget it.

*Fuck.*

I read the email one more time in case I missed something that might make this more tolerable, but no. It’s one hundred percent the opposite of what I want for myself. I slam the laptop shut and stand, starting to pace the room.

Fuckity, fuck, fuck. What the hell am I going to do now?

There’s no way on earth I can keep working there. Not after I set everything out so clearly, asked for a reasonable amount of time in the office, and informed them that I was well overdue for a pay raise. It feels like my requests have been thrown in my face and made worse. For the first time ever, I drew a line in the sand, and now I find myself wanting to stick to my side of it. I want out. If I can’t stand up for myself, then what’s the point of any of it? I refuse to be treated like this. I deserve better.

Assholes.

But what to do now? I’ll have to start searching for a new job as soon as I get back, I suppose. But I know damn well that given the stage of my career, I’m likely only going to find more of the same—another company with the same old issues. I would love to freelance or go out on my own but I’m simply not in a position to do that right now.

*What a disaster.* I slump over and put my head in my hands, trying to breathe calmly. What a horrible end to the best few

days of my life.

The sound of the front door being pulled shut pulls me out of my funk and back into the moment. I look up, and the pretty Christmas tree in the corner catches my eye. My fingertips find the pendant on the delicate chain around my neck.

*Nick.*

A smile tugs at my lips, despite the intense irritation I was experiencing only a moment ago. I smile because of the man who was delivered to my door during a snowstorm. The man who has showered me with gifts and sex over the last couple of days. Way more than that, though. He's been good company. Funny, kind, thoughtful.

A giver. Boy, is he a giver. Every time I turn around he's doing something wonderful for me and expecting nothing at all in return.

A wave of guilt washes over me when I reflect on my own behavior. I've been a complete and utter pillow princess. Yes, I did vow to *take, take, take*, but that was before I realized Nick wasn't like every other man I've come across in my life. He's not out to personally profit off me. He doesn't put himself first. He's paid attention, and judging by the extreme imbalance in the orgasm count, he's as selfless as a saint.

*Ha, Saint Nick.*

Deciding to put work away in a small mental box, for the time being, I rise to my feet and tug down the top of my red sweater dress until my tits start to swell over the neckline. I think it's time I evened the score a little. Show my man some appreciation.

*Is Nick my man? Imagine that.*

Even though I know our snowy tryst must be coming to an end, I push the thought aside and vow to enjoy whatever time I have with him to the fullest.

I wander out of the room and spot Nick on his knees, carefully wedging another log into the fireplace. Hmmm, it's my turn to get on my knees.

He catches sight of me, and I let my hips sway as I saunter across the room. I might be in bare feet, but I try to walk as though I've got five-inch heels on.

“Take a seat, Nick,” I murmur in a husky voice I hardly recognize. The thought of giving him pleasure right now instead of him giving it to me is a huge turn-on. *Huh*. Concern flashes across his face before being chased off by a sexy grin as he rests back against the sofa.

“What’s going on in that head of yours?” he asks.

If only he knew. Come to think of it, Nick’s been pretty close to being a mind reader ever since I met him. It’s been uncanny, the way he can sense what I want at any given moment. And his presents—for Christmas morning and my birthday—were so perfectly suited to me. Every single one of them.

If only I could keep him around permanently.

I make my way to where he’s sitting, legs spread, and immediately kneel in close, resting my chin lightly on one of his thighs.

“I’m thinking I’d like to blow ... out my birthday candle. How does that sound?” I mean it’s not the best sexy birthday joke, but Nick’s nearness has thrown off any game I had. He chuckles softly and runs a hand over my hair, then into it at the base of my neck. I don’t resist at all when he urges my head up and lowers his own, so we meet in a meltingly hot kiss.

“Are you sure?” he murmurs against my lips, not breaking the kiss to ask his question.

“Mmm hmm,” I sigh into him, as I raise a hand and cup him through his pants. We continue to kiss as I rub his more than impressive bulge with the whole of my palm. He breaks the kiss but holds my face in place, our eyes locked on each other as I unzip him.

My earlier bravado and determination falter for a second. Then his pupils dilate as I pull his rock-hard erection free from his boxers and wrap my fingers around it; I quickly realize he was as uncertain and excited as I was—until his pleasure took over.

I take a breath and lower my head. Then I close my mouth over his swollen crown and suck. Nick's hips snap up, his breath leaving his throat with a shudder.

"Please," he begs raggedly. "Take me deep."

I release him, then kiss him from his balls up the underside of his shaft and higher until I reach the top. He lets out a tortured sigh, and I respond by running my tongue around his width, right beneath the ridge of his cockhead. I haven't had a taste of any pre-cum yet, and I think I better double my efforts to turn him into a quivering mess. The way he likes to do to me.

I lick him like a lollipop, and he keeps his hands balled into fists beside his thighs, letting me have my moment.

I pull out my best moves, one hand at the thick root of his dick, the other sliding up and down. I suck on his tip, alternating between a figure eight over the top and dipping into the slit, seeking out his flavor. He's making all the right noises, and damn if I'm not enjoying this. A lot.

He's shiny and wet from my saliva, and my hand glides up and down easily. Between my thighs feels as though it might be just as wet. I decide to hit a home run and suck him deep into my mouth before rising up and diving low again.

"Oh, God Wynter," he rasps, and he bumps into the back of my throat. Somehow, I'm not gagging.

I return to licking up and down in order to catch my breath, then I'm back to swallowing him and trying to suck his soul out right through his cock. I'm determined to get my fill. My cheeks hollow, and my tongue swirls around his crown before I bury him in my throat and moan to give him extra sensation.

"I'm going to come, Wynter," he warns.

"I should hope so," I say, hopeful that flirting with a mouthful sounds sexier than it feels. I close my eyes, lower my lips, and take his full length while cupping his balls, eliciting a hoarse cry from him.

"Slower, sweetheart," Nick chokes out. "I need this to last a little longer, my love." He puts a finger under my chin, and I open my eyes and hold his gaze. My enthusiastic oral

ministrations all but stop, and I simply hold his impressive length in my mouth, cockwarming, while he takes in the sight of us together like this. His last two words echo inside my head. *He called me his love.*

With one hand on the floor to brace myself, I shuffle in closer and gaze up at him. He looks wild, but he's holding it in. The struggle is clear on his face. He's battling between throwing his head back and coming down my throat—and holding back so he can say whatever it is he needs to say.

“I don't want you to stop.” He lets out a tortured chuckle. “I never want you to stop, but you need to know that if I come in your mouth, on your skin, inside you, everything changes.”

I pull back at those words and he leaves my mouth with a pop. *What game is this?*

“Super sperm? Don't worry I'm on reliable birth control and pretty sure nothing's going to happen this way ...” I take his angry red length in my hand again, and begin to pump, admiring the thick vein running up the underside that disappears under the flare of the mushroom head, enjoying the hiss that leaves his lips.

“No, you don't understand. But you will if you keep doing that.” He swallows and I watch the sexy bob of his Adam's apple. Having this man at my mercy and struggling on the knife edge of desire has me tingling in all the right places, including a feminine part of my brain which is very much enjoying the sight of him drowning in pleasure from my lips and hands.

I stick my tongue out and circle it around his tip, showing him how salacious I can be.

“Wynter, if I come on your skin, it'll activate the *Knowing* in your body, and things will change for you. *For us.* Permanently,” he pants, the strain of formulating words evident in the tendons standing proud in the column of his neck.

I like the sound of *us*.

Yes, it's only been a few days but the idea of this all ending, or this perfect bubble bursting, causes a sharp stab of anxiety, much stronger than that caused by the work email. Whatever magical powers he has, sharing in them sounds pretty good to me. Everything he's done, everything he is, there's nothing I don't want a taste of.

“Promise?”

I go down on him again, my tongue and lips coaxing him back to the edge, and I watch his eyes close as I take him deeply again, and he roars.

His breath hitches harshly, and the first hot pulse of his cum fills my mouth.



# Chapter 16 - Show Me Your North Pole

## Nick

The moment Wynter locked eyes with me from the bedroom doorway, I knew this moment was inevitable.

I instinctively knew, from what I've learned about Wynter over the last few days, rather than through the *Knowing*, that she was going to insist on giving me pleasure. I should have spoken up sooner about what would happen, but I waited too long, and now it's too late. The idea of pushing her off me and not letting her finish what she started is as impossible as a flying reindeer.

Okay, bad analogy, but you get the point.

I try to make her understand, try to get out some sort of explanation, but it's hopeless. All I manage are a few garbled words and a mild warning about change. Hardly sufficient to bring to her attention the massive awakening she's about to have.

Not enough to plead my case and convince her we belong together.

Even though I've failed to do the right thing and give her the time to arrive at the same end conclusion, I know in my heart of hearts she wants this too. I felt it earlier this morning when I held her and saw it in her eyes a few minutes ago when she entered the room.

Right now, Wynter's throat has me in a chokehold. One I'd be happy to remain in forever. But the tight clasp of her wet mouth causes my entire body to spasm, and I cry out.

Unable to help myself, I grab a fistful of her hair and take over, fucking up into her mouth almost brutally. She lets me, taking me stroke after stroke and making sexy, wet noises until I thrust a final time, exploding in her sweet, willing mouth.

Hot pulses of liquid shoot to the back of her throat and she eagerly swallows it down. A tremor starts in her body and she moans as a light orgasm flutters its way down her spine.

“Wynter, yes,” I grind out. The warmth of her mouth, the wet slide of her tongue on the underside of my cock, makes my spine tingle. After the final spurt, I pull out, and a thick blob of my seed lands in the valley between her breasts, below her birthday present, marking her. I wipe my slick, cum-covered cockhead over her lips, not ready for it to be over. Her eyes are glued to my face as she catches her breath, and awareness washes over her.

*The Knowing.*

She licks her lips, and I reach down and haul her onto my lap, both of us panting. She leans against my shoulder and closes her eyes.

“Wynter are you okay?” I ask, desperately. A hot knife of worry stabs at me, and I lean in and kiss her, to keep her from saying something I don’t want to hear. She murmurs something unintelligible against my lips and presses into the kiss. I can’t sense any anger or resentment in her.

My relief is palpable.

In a very caveman-like maneuver, I flip her onto her back on the sofa. She keeps her eyes closed, but a moan escapes her throat, and she digs her ankles into the cushions and gives me space to push up her dress.

“Yes, Nick,” she says on a breath, emotion obvious in her voice.

I rise over her and pull both of her legs onto my shoulders, taking control. I’m hard again, or still, more likely, and I flick aside her thong and punch into her wet heat as she shivers under me. I lean forward and start rutting against her, like a man possessed.

Because I am.

She owns me.

Wynter cries out as I thumb her clit, and her inner walls clutch at me like a lifeline. There's nothing between us, nothing at all, and even though she's processing so much right now, she clutches at my hips and sinks her nails in, holding onto me for dear life. My perfect, perfect Wynter. A blend of dirty and sweet that I can't resist.

I don't want to resist.

When I bend down to kiss her neck, she growls and surges up against me. Her nails tighten in my skin, and I'm guessing some part of the *Knowing* has kicked in and she's probably realized she's now bound to me forever. Whether or not she chooses to stay with me is another matter. And it is my job to win her. It's impossible for me to hide the desire I have for her to be beside me for all time. If she can read me the way I read her, it'd be unmistakable.

A life at the North Pole with no discussion must have caught her off guard. Obviously, it's caught her off guard. I can't exactly turn the clock back now, but I knew I was making mistakes by not coming clean.

"You should have told me." She forces out the words, head still thrown back in ecstasy. I slow my thrusts. I know I have some groveling to do.

I remain motionless inside her, squeezing my eyes shut, momentarily in agony as I start to pull out. "I'm sorry, I know \_\_\_"

"No!" She admonishes, forcefully grabbing my ass and pulling me deeper inside. I study her face, looking for more clues to tell me what she's thinking, my thrusts slowing.

"I don't understand."

"You should have told me sooner."

It takes a moment for her meaning to sink in.

She's not going to run off into the snow screaming. She's annoyed I didn't fess up earlier. The relief is overwhelming. She was there. Right there already.

She's mine.

I fuck her bareback, deep and slow. She pulls down the neckline of her dress until it—and the cups of her bra—are under her breasts. She starts to massage my cum into them. Wanting to be closer, I ease her legs off my shoulders and settle between her thighs before taking a breast in my mouth. Insider her all the while. I tease her nipple with my tongue while my body rocks in and out of her.

“Fuck me, Nick. Show me what I’ve been missing.” Not waiting a second more, I slam my cock into her as far as I can. My balls slap against her ass and she cries out at the depth of our connection. “Don’t stop ... please, don’t stop.”

“You think I’m done? I’m just getting started with you. I’m all yours Wynter. Forever,” I pant out between the rolls of my hips. “I love you,” I say, the words as powerful as my hard thrusts. I say it openly, now that the *Knowing* has kicked in and all of the truth about me is out in the open.

Wynter’s eyes fill with tears, and for a second I worry it’s all too much. And I’ve probably been a little too rough, but no ... she’s overflowing with emotions the same way I am. We might be fucking hard, but this is lovemaking all the same. Being joined like this is the physical expression of how intensely and passionately we *know* each other. It’s a connection like no other.

“I love you too, Nick” she whispers huskily. “I can’t believe I’m saying those words,” she says as she tears up, but there’s laughter there too. Her inner muscles clamp down on me, and I know I won’t last much longer.

“Yes, sweetheart,” I praise her. “You want my cum? Take it. Everything I am, everything I have, it’s all yours, my love.”

“Yes,” she gasps. And that single word hits deeper than any dirty words she could’ve moaned. We’ve used toys and restraints, I’ve positioned her like a pretzel—all of it great fun. But nothing compares to the bare-faced love shining back at me as I pour myself into Wynter. When her channel spasms around me and she starts to come, I let myself go. Holding nothing back I come harder than I ever have, keeping my eyes open and locked onto hers as I roar out her name.

This time I don't hold anything back and fill her pussy to the brim.

It takes a moment to maneuver us, but I eventually manage to get us settled on the sofa, lying close on our sides. I want to hold her, but I'm not sure if that's the right move. After such a huge download of information will she want postcoital cuddles? I can't resist and pull her to my chest resting beside her, both of us quiet again.

Wynter doesn't say anything for the longest time, her face remaining unreadable. I'm beside myself to hear her speak. To know what she's thinking. I'm getting no feedback at all, probably because her mind is awl with all that's been revealed to her.

I study her face and remind myself now is the time to be patient, to let her have a few minutes to come to grips with everything, to rein in my enthusiasm, no matter how difficult it might be. Eventually, she opens one eye and then the other, and turns her head in my direction. A little frown begins between her brows.

"It all seems pretty great, Nick, and I get the sense that it's not really up for negotiation, but I can't possibly go with you. I just can't." Wynter's voice trails off, and she shrinks back into herself, her expression darkening. I sense her swirling doubt, and despite how I feel about her, I'm suddenly not so confident.

## Chapter 17 - You Sleigh Me

### Wynter

Not so long ago, I vowed I would no longer give.

That I would stop letting others take things I can't afford to give away. What they don't deserve of me. The cost over a lifetime has been too high, and it was time for the tables to turn, for me to redirect and even up the odds a little. Sure, this change of heart has been a recent thing, but I was really getting into the groove.

Until now.

The last few days have been the best of my life, truth be told—meeting Nick, our time here together, the way he makes me feel ... and not only in the bedroom. *Although that's pretty spectacular.* I've been swept away by him, by everything he is. And I don't regret a moment of it.

It seems, though, that I didn't think things through. Because I missed the obvious massive red flag, and I'm once again being put in the position of having to *give, give, give.*

This time, though it's a big one. The cost is astronomically high.

The *Knowing* was thrust upon me—literally—and it was a lot to take in. It's connected me to Nick in a way I couldn't previously imagine. It's as though there's some sort of invisible bond directly to his wants and desires.

He wants me. He wants to share his life with me. He wants to love me and have a family with me. He's the next freaking Father Christmas, and I'd get to be a part of that magic. The core of what he wants—a partnership, love, family, a shared life—aren't these things everyone wants? That any sane person in my position would give their left leg to have? The visions that have passed on to me through the *Knowing* have filled in a lot of gaps. Nick has been nothing but honest with me from the start, but he has left a few things out.

I guess you can't barrel into a cabin in the snow and demand a woman accompany you to the northern reaches of the planet, permanently, oh and by the way flying reindeer are real.

No. It's too much.

Nick's approach to this has been the best he could think of, there was always going to be some kink in the plan. Through the *Knowing*, his honesty and sincerity are as clear as day. There's nothing sinister in his motivation, he absolutely does love me and has for months—before I even knew who he was. His wants and desires, now shared with me, are incredibly reassuring.

Instead of finding my new sassy attitude off-putting or selfish, he understands it and wants to be the one to fulfill every desire I have. The *Knowing* has given me a glimpse of some of his fantasies and the many creative ways he intends to *fulfill* me. Ahem.

Now, I know I may not have much tying me down. I have no family to speak of, and my friends live across the country. My apartment certainly doesn't have a lived-in vibe, and I don't have any pets. But my career—current shambles aside—is important to me. I've worked hard, put myself through college, honed my skills, and dammit I'm good at what I do. Really good.

Now I'm being asked to give that last thing up. The thing I've worked so hard for and sacrificed so much for. While I might currently want to smother my boss in his sleep, this current role is only a single step in my career, and the idea of throwing it all away to move to the North Pole is, well, madness.

I'm not going to lie, a part of me is tempted, very tempted.

But at what cost?

The one thing I've chased my whole life, worked for, and never wavered from, has been my career. Since childhood, I've worked hard on my studies, and later, when I decided on a path for myself, I did everything in my power to get there. The last two years have been pretty much all work. Without it, I'd have no identity. I can't possibly see how Nick and I can forge

a path together, not with the way he so warmly envisions us being together in the Arctic Circle.

“You feel like you’re being forced into a life you didn’t choose for yourself,” Nick states plainly, speaking first. I pause, not wanting to openly confirm what he’s said. I want him to keep talking and fix this, somehow. “I’ve thought about it. I thought long and hard about what I’m asking you to do. What I’m asking you to give up.”

I swallow hard at the honesty in his voice and the regret that laces his words. He does know.

I’ve never felt so pulled to anyone—so connected. Not to my mom, my friends, or any past lover.

Nick is touching me, his body pressed down the side of mine, but he’s not crowding me. He must sense I need a moment with my thoughts. He backs off so I’m not overwhelmed or distracted by his body. All I can do is lie there and let my thoughts churn away.

I start filtering through the encyclopedic volumes of new information that have now flooded my poor brain. Curling into him, I seek something, anything to anchor to as my turbulent mind works through the equally amazing and terrifying reality of Nick’s life in the North. The history, the mission—it’s all there. I probably need to sit in a quiet room with a pencil and a thick book of blank paper and make notes so I can question him.

And then there’s the connection to Nick.

I feel it.

He’s holding back, but he’s excited.

We’re talking sexy, Christmas, Golden Retriever energy.

I’m trying to take all of this in. My mind swarms with new knowledge. It’s like I’m downloading information. The Santa enterprise, a Christmas Village, how everything works ... it’s a lot. Not to mention the catalog of Nick’s sexual desires.

One thing is clear. There’s no meeting him halfway.

This is an all-or-nothing proposition.



And destiny, if the *Knowing* is correct. I'm Nick's other half, and he needs me.

After a few minutes, I find my voice. "Nick, you have to understand, my work isn't just a job, it's the only thing that holds me together. I don't know what I'd do without it. It's not like I don't want you or the life you imagine us having together ... I just can't only be a freeloading lump at your side."

There. I've said it.

On any other day, in any normal life, saying these things to someone who has just proposed the most hair-brained idea possible would not be a challenge. In fact, with my newfound assertiveness, it should be a breeze.

But this is no normal man, and no normal life.

Nick hugs me in tight for a moment and then pulls back a little, putting some space between us, enough that I can no longer hide my face. I risk a glance at him and find those warm brown eyes smiling down at me.

"I think we both agree neither of us would be happy with that outcome," Nick says.

What does he imagine I'll do with my life, though? I'm not someone who has pined away for children or imagined her wedding day since age five. I know myself well enough to know I won't be satisfied with a life where I don't have my own sense of purpose.

When the *Knowing* hit I was bombarded with heat from Nick, and the bone-deep, absolute, all-consuming togetherness he desired with me, even though it was only for a few moments. The true affection he carries for children and for making a family.

And I'm not saying I don't want that too, but I need more.

I search his eyes, hoping beyond hope I find an answer there. "Nick, I need to know more about what this life together would be like. Tell me about the day-to-day stuff."

He palms my cheek with his always warm hand, and I resist the urge to nestle into it. I need to focus. “I can do you one better, I’ll show you,” he says, sitting up.

He looks so excited, so earnest. I really better coo over every little detail in his pictures of home— unless I want to break his heart. While I’m debating the morals of little white lies, I almost miss the series of thumps and the light tinkling of bells outside.

“What was that? Do you think the locals have come to check and make sure we survived the storm?” I ask, but Nick shakes his head.

“That’s my team of reindeer. They’re here to give us a ride to the North Pole.” He stands, buck naked, and holds out a hand to help me up.

I stare at him incredulously, as I let him pull me to my feet and tow me to the bedroom. “Couple of questions ... okay a lot of questions, so the reindeer thing is real, obviously. But how does that work?”

“Yes, it’s real but only because of tradition. The sleigh is a bit more high-tech these days. More like a control center inside a car. No wheels though.”

“Pulled by reindeer?”

“Sort of, come and I’ll show you.” I watch as he reaches into his bag and pulls out a fresh outfit, Damn I need one of those bags. I still have enough of my wits about me to curse the fabric as his underwear covers his delicious ass.

“Warm gear?” I ask, not at all sure what to wear. Oh shit, am I going to meet his parents and family? I want that to go well, obviously. I bite my bottom lip, as the complexity of an already wild scenario starts to overwhelm me again.

“Not today baby, everyone will be sleeping after the big day yesterday,” he says, leaning over to give me a kiss. “The two of us will go on a tour and then be back here in the afternoon. Wear jeans and a sweater, the sleigh’s temperature controlled.”

I nod and pull on the clothes. Nod, because Nick saying things like “the sleigh’s temperature controlled” is my new normal.

*Ha!*

I haven't finished with the questions. "How exactly did they know to come and get us, Nick?" I ask zipping up my jeans and reaching for some ankle boots.

"Well, there might be one or two other perks to being a Claus I forgot to mention ..." I let that slide as I pull a sweater over my head—no doubt there are going to be lots of blanks to fill in. I resolve to treat them all like little birthday surprises.

Once we're fully dressed, he scoops up his sack, grabs my hand, and together we make our way to the door. Before he opens it, he seems to think better of it and turns to me.

"I know this is a lot to take in, baby." The way he pulls me in close as he says the words is beyond comforting. Nick lowers his forehead until it's touching mine. "There's so much I want to show you; you're going to love it. Promise," he whispers and as soon as I nod, he turns and we're out in the snow.

There, an unbelievable sight greets me in stark relief against the white of the snow. Just like in all the pictures, there stands a team of reindeer, pawing at the icy ground with their hooves. They all look up in interest as we approach.

What is not in all the pictures is the shiny, black military tech-looking vehicle behind them. It's not a sleigh as I know them, it sort of looks like a super expensive sports car with rails instead of wheels. All sleek lines and tinted windows. Juxtaposed against the animals, it could not look more out of place. It would fit right into a futuristic space movie.

"Nice ride, Nick," is the best I can come up with. He's standing beside me, letting me take it all in.

He leads me over to the vehicle, patting a couple of the reindeer on the way, and opens a door with a swipe of his hand.

"You should see the big one we use for Christmas Day."

Inside is all maroon leather and new car smell. There's one bench seat, and I scoot away from the controls as Nick takes his place beside me.

“Wow, Nick. Just wow.” Futuristic spaceship wasn’t far off. There aren’t any buttons or levers, just what looks like a holographic display

“No need to hold on, just lean back, look out the window, and enjoy the flight,” he says, playing with the hologram lighting the dash up. I don’t even realize we’re up in the air until I look out the front windscreen.

As we rise higher and higher, I’m glued to the window next to me, looking out at the cabin and its white roof as it gets smaller and smaller below us. The surrounding forest is white and dotted with half-frozen lakes and ponds. Eventually, we’re high enough that I can see the little township that’s home to the gourmet store. Houses, shops, a little town square with a frozen-over fountain. It’s all so pretty, dusted with snow and nestled in amongst the trees. As we continue to gain height, I see a small industrial area with factories and workshops.

An idea starts to form in my mind and then blooms as I imagine future possibilities.

“Could I— what if—” I don’t dare think too far ahead. Trying to calm my racing mind is a lost cause.

Then Nick is right next to me on the bench seat, his lips against the shell of my ear as he whispers to me.

“Yes.”

# Epilogue 1 - It's Mrs. Clause to You

## Wynter

## Epilogue 2 - Cookies for Santa Nick

It's hard to believe this is my life now.

Wynter and I have settled into a rhythm together, and I've never been happier. This was the life I wanted, and I know it's the one Wynter wants too. I can barely keep my hands off her, and I know it's reciprocated. Yesterday, for instance, she tracked me down in the sleigh repair bay and gave me a blow job while I was stuck under the machine, patching up a scrape. It would be fair to say I have no complaints at all in that department.

It hasn't all been sex, though. My wife is an ambitious woman, and after we sat down and assessed all the needs of the village, she got right to work coming up with creative and efficient solutions to see us well into the future. Her passion project has been our home together—and it took almost six months to build the new level and the other alterations she made. It's now the envy of my entire family, and they're all lining up to ask her to draft up plans for their places. I'm fairly certain she's been meeting with my mom in secret each day this week, working on changes to my childhood home—probably as a surprise for my dad—and it warms my heart to know she gets on so well with my parents.

The other thing that surprises me about Wynter is how much *fun* we have together. And that's saying a lot for a man whose main job is to bring joy to children.

But my favorite type of fun with Wynter is the sexy fun—exactly like we're indulging in right now. When I get to dominate her, take charge, and get her off again and again.

“My naughty girl needs a few more spanks, I think. To make sure she promises me she'll never let anyone else touch what's mine.”

With no further ado, Wynter finds herself bent over, face down on her own drafting table, while I rain a series of light slaps

down on her perfect, curvy ass, warming the skin. She cries out and pushes herself back onto my cock, impaling herself on my length and then doing it again and again. I grunt as she takes me inside her tight channel, all the way to the root.

“I promise,” she says breathlessly, and I land another smack on her ass, harder this time. The way her lush flesh moves at the impact makes saliva pool in my mouth.

“Stay,” I order, pulling out and pressing a kiss into each of her pink ass cheeks as I crouch behind the love of my life.

“Now spread your legs more and stick your ass out at me. I want to see that wet little pussy.”

“Nick—”

“Do it,” I say gruffly, and she makes a sweet noise that speaks to her shyness about the position I’ve got her in. I’m determined to make this explosive for her. Also—I can’t get enough of her taste. At first, she was a little shy about me constantly dropping between her legs, mid-sex, to eat her out. By now she should expect it. I’m a hungry, hungry man.

I smooth my hand over her ass right before I smack it once again.

“Oh ... Jesus,” she cries out, trying to muffle the sound with her arm.

“Didn’t I tell you I want to hear your noises?” I admonish in a gravelly voice and place my hands on her now pink cheeks, spreading her and pressing a kiss into her slit from behind. This feels so dirty, so decadent. She shudders. One of my favorite things to do is think up different ways to pleasure Wynter. New ways to shock and arouse her.

A moan gets stuck in her throat, and I continue to play with her this way, dragging my tongue up and down her seam, dipping inside, circling her dripping entrance. Wynter tastes sweeter than the cookies left out for me on Christmas eve. She writhes under my ministrations until it’s impossible to keep my tongue where I want it, and I clamp two firm hands down on her hips.

“Move again and I’m done. I’m in control. Not you. Got it?”

“Uh-huh,” she manages, blissed out.

Meanwhile, I’m starting to struggle myself. My cock is throbbing, reminding me I’ve been neglecting it while I play with my wife.

*Don’t come, don’t come, don’t come*, I repeat over and over again in my head. Time to get Wynter good and ready for me.

“Relax,” I say as I stick the tip of a wet finger into her ass. She pants as she tries to be still and ends up making a garbled noise by the time I’m in up to the first knuckle. Her hips twitch again, and I push in to the next knuckle. As punishment for moving, I slap my free palm on her already burning skin.

“Oh my God, Nick,” she moans.

“I want to mark you as mine with my release,” I say, voice like gravel. She manages to lift her head and look back at me over her shoulder.

“Don’t come until you’re inside me, Nick. I want that cum. It’s mine—” Before she even finishes the sentence, I rise to my feet behind her and slam home.

I squeeze her ass where she wears my handprints and watch both her holes as I fuck her senseless. As I slide in and out, Wynter’s body stretches to accommodate me, despite the wetness, despite the fact I’ve already been inside her.

I snake a hand around and find her clit, circling the bundle of nerves, needing to get her off before I come.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she moans in time with my thrusts as I pick up the pace, crashing into her like a man possessed.

“Remember,” I say. “When you come on my cock, I want everyone in this building to hear you. I want every single one of them to know you’re mine, do you understand?”

And then the next words that come out of her mouth push us both over the edge.

“Yes, Santa,” she moans noisily. “Please, make me come.”

Wynter tenses under me and cries out in pleasure, her pussy clenches my cock so hard it almost stops me from thrusting.



We both convulse, and then I fall and fall and fall. As much as I enjoy calling the shots, I'm equally happy to follow her orders, and I give her every drop I have.

Suddenly the sound of a loud crack reaches my ears, and I straighten and pull Wynter back against me as the drafting table suddenly lowers dramatically on one side before it crashes over. Paper and pencils clatter all over the floor.

I pull free from her body, and she turns in my arms, sheepish laughter bubbling from her lips as I hold her close.

“Oh no, Nick. What a mess. I can't believe we broke my workspace.” I press a gentle kiss to her temple and hold on tight to the happy, satisfied woman I share my life with. I give her a wink.

“Not to worry. We can put a new one on your Christmas list.”

THE END.

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### **Diving Deep - Fast Love Series, book 1**

*Cleo's new job is the final step in her capital P Plan. But nobody is as distracting as James London...and it's becoming a problem.*

My favorite hobby is spying on the partner across the office floor. Just the sight of his handsome face set off tingles. Way. Down. Low. But I'm determined to be professional, make no mistakes, and be well-behaved.

And besides, my new stepbrother is my boss, as well as my landlord, and hates James with the fire of a thousand suns. So, these fantasies I'm having need to stay just that—fantasies.

Then, late one evening, everything changes.

And I mean everything.

Have you ever had one of these days where you start out wondering when you're going to be living your best life, and at the end of the day, you know you've probably just lived it? I have.

*Dammit! Why did this have to happen at work?*

Hopefully, I can keep this all a secret.

While James tempts me to break the rules – over and over again.

[Click here](#)

### **Flying High – Fast Love Series, book 2**

Dean Lawless. Bain of my existence, at least for the next two weeks. Wealthy, smoking hot, too smart by half. In theory, he's the perfect man. Except that he's not. My job is to find my clients their ideal partner. To study them, know every little detail about them, and use that intel to couple them up. I even have computer software to help.

Simple.

*Sort of.*

When I land a very unusual request and my job is on the line, I'm going to need every trick in the book as well as a bit of good fortune to find a suitable match for Dean Lawless. I'm also going to have to use my powers of persuasion to bring him into line.

*Because Dean doesn't actually want this to succeed.*

With the timer ticking and luck on permanent vacation, things aren't looking good.

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A standalone romance, steamy right to the last word, with a happy ending guaranteed.

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### **Running Hot – Fast Love Series, book 3**

What would you do if you were on a first date with hottest man you've ever laid eyes on, and he gets the filthiest text imaginable? I'll tell you what I did—ran out the front door as fast as my legs would carry me.

Which is ironic really, because six months later, when I thought I'd never see him again, he's suddenly training me for a six-mile race and it seems like the running never stops. Sparks fly between us in the gym and on the road. But are they the real deal? Because I seem to be spending a whole lot of time running—from my attraction and from him. Turns out he's grumpy and stubborn as well as mouthwateringly muscled. These just happen to be three qualities that set me off like nothing else. Even if I'm extremely wary of him, he seems to have a *pull* that gets to me, whenever we're together. Which is pretty much every day. And to top it off, his name is Chase.

*The thing is though, I'm not exactly built for speed....*

*Running Hot is the third installment in the Fast Love Series, a laugh-out-loud sexy romance featuring a man in over his head, a woman giving him the runaround, and a whole lot of pounding...the pavement of course. Steamy romance right to the last word, and a happily ever after guaranteed.*

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Also by Even Monroe – Rich City Boys Series

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### **#Fraser (Rich City Boys Book 1)**

Fraser is brilliant and dedicated to his job, which has fast become his biggest downfall—focused but lonely. His success has come at the cost of his happiness. Covering up the failings of others as well as being at their beck and call is slowly destroying him. His opinion of those working in Adele's office, who are entwined in his success, is plummeting by the day.

Adele has always had her eye on the prize—study, work experience, and now, finally, a prestigious job she's spent years chasing. What she didn't expect was to find a toxic workplace and a sinking feeling that she's made a big mistake.

When the two meet, their worlds quickly become entwined. Can Fraser find a way to use his renowned charm to win over the beautiful woman who constantly surprises him with her wit, kindness, and impressive lingerie collection? Can the two of them find a way out of their workplace prisons, or will Fraser's fears and insecurities put an end to their smoldering hot romance before it has a fighting chance?

*#Fraser is the first standalone novel in the steamy Rich City Boys contemporary romance series. If you like sexy men, fast cars, and weekends out of the city, start reading now. A happily ever after is guaranteed.*

### **#Finn (Rich City Boys Book 2)**

*Sometimes the best strategy is to deny the battle. Shut it down. Walk away. That helped me to survive and worked for a while. Now the loneliness makes me feel hopeless, but that's the way I've set up my life. And I have no idea how to change.* When Poppy finally decides to get out of the city and try to screw her head on properly, she heads to small-town Calabash Bay to paint her brother's riverfront weekender cabin. What she doesn't count on is catching feelings for the place, the town's

people, and most concerningly, her brother's gorgeous but broken best friend, Finn. Finn fled the city himself, under dire circumstances, and has been licking his wounds in the wilderness for the last few years. Will the explosive chemistry between the two and the fast bond they form be just the thing to repair Finn's broken heart and soul? Or will ghosts from the city conspire to keep them apart? *#Finn's story is the second standalone novel in the Rich City Boys contemporary romance series. If you like sexy men, waterfront properties, and steam right to the very last word, start reading now. A happily ever after is guaranteed.*

### **#Damien (Rich City Boys Book 3)**

I've known for a while my life needs to change. My lifestyle is incompatible with a meaningful relationship, a real connection with someone. I mean, I've been groped twice, propositioned three times and, ahem, serviced in the alley behind my bar in the last week alone. When Damien decides it's time to shake things up, he undertakes a major business investment and suddenly finds himself working alongside the beautiful and enigmatic Chloe. He's suddenly taking every opportunity to cross paths with his floral artist and inventing reasons to see her. He's got his sights set on what he wants, and nothing will stand in his way. Except, perhaps, Chloe herself, who keeps her distance with good reason, and promises to be the challenge of a lifetime. Can Damien convince the object of his affection to look past their business relationship and see him as the man he wants to be? *Rich City Boys – #Damien is the third standalone novel in the steamy Rich City Boys contemporary romance series. If you like sexy Scotts, cocktails, and wildflowers, start reading now. A happily ever after is guaranteed.*

### **#Blayde (Rich City Boys Book 4)**

*Control is something I exercise all day, every day, in my job and personal life. My walls have been up for years, and it's taking its toll. Will I ever find someone I can be myself with?*

Blayde has moved up the ranks in the police force in record time due, in part, to his dedication and focus on the job. His precision and cool head leave most in awe of him, but behind the uniform and tall walls lurks a man at war with his desires and baser instincts. Victoria knows a lot about desire, anticipation, excitement, and seduction. Despite a disastrous first meeting, there's definitely a spark between her and Blayde, but can she break her way through the steel fence around him? And if she does, will she be able to cope with what she finds? Or will she be biting off way more than she can chew? *Rich City Boys – #Blayde is the fourth standalone novel in the Rich City Boys contemporary romance series. If you like sexy cops, lingerie shops, and steam right to the very last word, start reading now. A happily ever after is guaranteed.*

Rich City Boys Series [Click here](#)