

MERRY ELFING XMAS



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Merry Elfing Christmas

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Chapter 1

Grey



“I’d rather have toothpicks jabbed under my fingernails.” That’s a goddamn understatement. I grab my suit coat and follow Easton, my business partner, out the door of my temporary office. We’re headed to hell. Literal hell. Every moment I spend in this tiny fucking town seems like an eternity.

“You’re trying to soothe ruffled feathers,” he reminds me as we walk down the deserted hallway. “And the best way to do that is by attending the company-sponsored Christmas party. Even if it sucks.”

I hate to admit it, but he’s right. Fucking hell. The last thing I want to do is show up at the goddamn party, but I don’t have a choice. Closing this deal is going to drive me to drink.

My advisers really screwed the pooch on this deal. After Santa's Shoppe's owner died without an heir, the residents in Blue Spruce, Ohio, have worried about the future of the town's largest employer. My acquisition advisors assured me that buying Santa's Shoppe would stabilize the small town's economy while making me lots of money. The fuckers promised me an easy transaction. Unfortunately, they underestimated the small town's dislike of outsiders. My first meeting with the town council was a fucking nightmare. I walked into a goddamn ambush.

"There shouldn't be ruffled feathers," I growl, pissed off at the reception we've received. What should've been an easy in-and-out job turned into a constant fight with the locals. "We're saving the largest employer in town, not burning it to the ground."

An hour ago, I was sitting in my temporary office, looking forward to the end of the day from hell. Now, I'm about to attend this fucking Christmas party with a bunch of assholes who'd like to run me and my company out of town. God, I need a drink. A strong fucking drink.

The sound of Christmas carols hits us as we head down the back staircase. "Just smile and ignore the death threats," Easton teases, but the situation isn't funny. After announcing our plans for Santa's Shoppe, I expected a warm welcome. We're planning to keep all the employees and expand the business. I walked into a routine meeting with the city officials "It's hard to ignore it when the mayor threatens to hang you by your citified Scrooge private parts." I shudder to myself, remembering the meeting from hell.

"It could've been worse," Easton tells me as we walk into the company cafeteria. Holy shit. It looks like a fucking Christmas

tree exploded in here. I rub the back of my neck and paste a fake ass smile on my face.

“I don’t see how,” I grit out through my smile as one of the town’s most vocal assholes walks up to us.

“Mr. Woodward.” Bob Edwin, the nightshift factory manager and all-around fucking weasel, spits out my name like it’s a fucking curse before turning to Easton. “And Mr. Ritchie.” My partner doesn’t fair any better. The assholes in this town are nuts. “We’re so happy you could take time out of your insanely busy schedules to grace our little Christmas party.” This motherfucker looks anything but happy.

“We’re happy to be here,” Easton tells him, and the little bastard has the nerve to roll his goddamn eyes.

“Make sure to get a cup of our world-famous punch.” Bob points to the table set up in the corner. “And you can get your picture taken with our Santa,” the little fucker mumbles, but I tune him out. Easton taps me on the back and signals for us to move.

I glance around the crowded room, wondering how long we have to stay at this party when my eyes stop on her. The floor drops out beneath my feet while my heart stops in my chest. The room darkens around me as the music disappears, and I lock my knees. There’s a curvy little elf standing next to the massive Christmas tree. She’s fucking breathtaking. I immediately know her stunning body was made just for me and me alone.

I shake my head, wondering where these crazy thoughts are coming from as my eyes roam over her perfect body. I groan as my cock turns to stone.

“Are you okay?” Easton frowns at me, but I ignore my friend and concentrate on memorizing everything about her. Long, sleek caramel hair frames her delicate heart-shaped face, and I’m dying to watch her large doe eyes fill with passion as I fuck her. This shit is getting scary.

My eyes stop on the gaudy red and green velvet costume hugging her luscious curves like a second skin, and I suddenly want to hide her away from all the men in this room. Ignoring everything happening around us, I feel myself moving toward her. My heart rate accelerates scarily as I realize something life-changing is going on here. I’m pretty sure Santa’s helper just stole my heart.

The adorable little elf looks up and sees us heading across the room. Her eyes widen while her mouth makes a perfect zero. As I step closer, her delicate scent mixed with evergreen surrounds me. I ignore the burly man dressed as Santa Claus and look directly at her. “Hello.” I hold out my hand. “I’m Greyson Woodward, but please call me Grey.”

My little elf’s eyes narrow as she places her delicate hand in mine. “Noelle St. Nick,” she hisses. “Please call me Ms. St. Nick.” My urge to spank her luscious ass wars with my need to kiss her pouty lips as I stare down into her defiant eyes. “Or nothing at all.”

I think my little elf is trying to fight the overwhelming chemistry flowing between us. I bring her soft hand to my lips, barely resisting the urge to run my tongue along her soft skin. “Nice to meet you, Ms. St. Nick.” Her delicate scent puts my senses on high alert as my zipper digs ridges in my hard cock. I reluctantly release her hand to pull my jacket closed, hoping to hide my boner from everyone else in the room.

“This is my business partner, Easton Ritchie.” Manners dictate that I must introduce her to my friend, but I’ll break his goddamn hand if he dares to touch my curvy little elf.

“Meeting the two of you is the highlight of my life.” My sassy little elf smirks at Easton before turning to hold out a candy cane to me. “Want a candy cane?”

I already have a hard cane in my pants, little elf. For a second, I worry my mouth disconnected from my brain and I muttered the thought aloud. When neither my elf nor my best friend react, I breathe a sigh of relief.

“Or would you prefer a picture with Santa? We could probably get you both in the picture with him.” My cock urges me to throw my curvy little elf over my shoulder and take her somewhere to discuss her insolence. Or more accurately, I want to discuss what her insolence does to me.

“We’ll take a pass, but thank you for the lovely offer,” Easton tells her, easing some of the tension coursing around us. While I’m thankful for my friend’s diplomatic response, I hate the thought of another man talking to my girl. I’m not sure where this caveman attitude is coming from, but I can’t seem to control it. I had no idea snark coming from a curvy little elf would be my cock’s kryptonite.

“Noelle, the picture line is getting long.” The asshole manager comes up behind us. I barely resist the urge to drive my fist through Bob’s smug face when he steps way the fuck too close to my curvy little elf and whispers, “And Santa can’t take pictures without his beautiful elf.”

Oh, hell no. When the motherfucker reaches out to touch her shoulder, I see red as rage flows through my blood. Luckily, my best friend saves the day by interrupting the asshole. “Bob,

I need to talk to you really quick.” After the two men walk away, I turn back to Noelle.

“If you’re done with me, I have to get back to work.” My curvy little elf takes a step back, and I feel the urge to pull her close again.

“Can I take you to dinner after this party?” I surprise us both by asking. Her dark honey eyes widen comically while her cheeks turn bright red.

“Thanks, but no thanks.” She squares her shoulders. “I don’t go out with strangers.”

“If you have dinner with me, we can get to know each other,” I growl, barely able to negotiate as hunger for my little elf flows through me.

“Maybe I don’t want to get to know you, Mr. Scrooge.” Oh, little Ms. Noelle is begging for a spanking, but first, I need to convince her to give me a chance.

“Then I’ll have to find a way to change your mind.” Ever the tactician, I tell myself to step back and regroup. There’s no way I’ll let Noelle get away from me, but I need to plan my next move.

“Not happening,” she grumbles under her breath before heading back to the huge Christmas tree.

I allow my curvy little elf to walk away, but I’m not letting her get away for long. She owns me, heart and soul, and now she’s stuck with me.

“Have you lost your mind?” Easton steps next to me and follows my eyes.

“Yes,” I tell him simply. “Over her. I want to know everything about the little elf.”

Easton doesn't even blink at my statement. He knows me better than anyone. Since meeting as toddlers at nursery school, we've been inseparable. We attended the same high school and university. After college, we used our business degrees to start W & R Investments. Our company steadily grew to be one of the largest investment firms in the country.

"Miracles never cease." My best friend shakes his head, looking between Noelle and me. "I never thought I'd see the day that a woman could melt the ice running through your veins."

Exactly. Now, I need to convince my little elf to give me a chance.

The rest of the night, I keep an eye on my girl, making sure no other man gets too close. I originally planned to make a quick appearance at this party and then disappear, but meeting Noelle changed everything. I'm not willing to miss a moment with her.

It kills me to walk away at the end of the night, but I know I need time to think and make plans. Winning my curvy little elf just became the most important acquisition I've ever made, and I don't want to jump in blind.

On the way back to the hotel, I arrange for our in-house investigator to find out everything there is to know about my girl.

Chapter 2

Noelle



Oh my. Mr. Citified Scrooge is hot. Steaming, burn-you-if-you-look-too-long hot. Wow. “Are you okay?” Mr. Elkins glances over at me with a frown on his face. “Are you too hot?” He points at my heated cheeks. “Your cheeks are all red.”

I’ve been having the dirtiest thoughts ever since the two men walked in the door. If you looked up tall, dark, handsome, and full of himself in the dictionary, you’d find a picture of Grey Woodward. The flames glowing in his icy blue eyes send little sparks skittering along my nerves. His perfectly styled chocolate brown hair makes me want to run my fingers through it to mess it up. The tiny bit of stubble covering Mr. Citified Scrooge’s square jawline takes him from smoking hot to blazing.

I glance at Mr. Elkins and croak out, “I think I need something cold to drink. It’s awfully hot in here.” That’s an understatement. I reach up and run my palms over my stinging skin, hoping to soothe away some of the redness caused by the hottie.

While my boss holds down the fort, I race over to the refreshments table and grab a glass of punch. After downing the first glass, I pour another one and slowly make my way back to the large Christmas tree, feeling Grey Woodward’s eyes follow me the entire way.

Oh boy. I’m in trouble here. I’m used to dealing with demanding nine-year-old kids, not handsome men who think they’re God’s gift to women.

“I hope you’re not catching the cold going around school.” Mr. Elkins, my boss, shakes his head. “I’m running out of substitute teachers.”

“I never get sick,” I reassure him while a little voice in the back of my mind tells me I just jinxed myself.

I have taught fourth grade at Blue Spruce Elementary since graduating from college two years ago, and I’ve never called in sick. Hopefully, my good luck holds, and I can keep up my healthy streak.

“I can’t believe those jerks came to the party,” Mr. Elkins grumbles. “After they stole Santa’s Shoppe from the town.” Our small town has been in an uproar for weeks, ever since the large investment firm from Los Angeles announced their intention to buy the local business.

I’ve lived in Blue Spruce my entire life. Matter of fact, you can trace my family back to the early eighteen-hundreds, when my great-great-great-great grandfather moved here. The small

midwestern town is known for its love of holidays and its unwelcoming attitude toward outsiders. Everyone knows everyone, and all their business, too.

Late last year, Old Mr. Rudolph suddenly died, leaving the fate of the Santa's Shoppe factory up in the air. All the town residents pooled their funds, hoping to buy the factory and its Little Miss Suzy doll patents. Before they were able to complete the sale, a huge company from Los Angeles stepped in and snatched the toy factory right out from under the local investors. The entire situation caused an uproar in our normally boring town that I've been trying to avoid, but I couldn't find a way to get out of this freaking party.

Every year, Mr. Elkins, our principal, and his wife dress up as Santa and Mrs. Claus to attend all the local holiday parties. It's a town tradition. This year, a horrible cold is moving through town. The illness has Mrs. Elkins down for the count. My boss needed someone to assist him, which is how I ended up at this party in a hideous outfit. Since Mrs. Elkins refuses to let anyone else use her Mrs. Claus costume, my boss rented the only available elf costume in town—a hideous, nineteen-eighties red and green velvet disco elf get-up. I didn't have a ready excuse to get me out of helping Mr. Elkins, so here I am. Stuck at this party, wearing this awful costume, while the hottest man I've ever seen stares at me.

Luckily, our night is winding down because I'm not sure I'll last too much longer without embarrassing myself.

"I think the party is winding down," Mr. Elkins tells me, and I breathe a sigh of relief. Hopefully, we can wrap this up so I can get home in time to have a long soak in the tub and a huge glass of wine. Then, I'll work at trying to forget all about Mr. Tall, Dark, and Handsome Citified Scrooge. Lucky for me, it's

the weekend. I plan to wipe Greyson Woodward from my mind before I return to class on Monday morning.



I reach over and knock my phone off the nightstand, trying to silence my freaking alarm. My stuffy nose burns as coughing racks my body, and I realize I've caught the dreaded cold going around town. Groaning, I stare at the ceiling and debate calling in sick. Ugh. If it was Friday, I'd try to force myself to go in, but there's no way I'll survive a typical Monday feeling like this. I reach up and run my palms over my cheeks, realizing they're hot. Oh, man.

Snoopy, my black French Bulldog, grumbles when I push him to the side and lean over to search for my cell phone. "I don't want to hear it," I croak, realizing how horrible I sound. My pup snuggles back under the covers, ignoring my rapidly deteriorating condition.

"I can't believe you're not more concerned about me," I grumble and send a text to Mr. Elkins, letting him know I caught the plague and I'm not going to make it in today. Then I decide to text my mother and let her know I'm sick before the town grapevine does it for me. I send my message, letting her know I won't be bringing Snoopy over today, and immediately get a response from my mother.

MOM

What's wrong?????

I caught the bad cold going around school.

MOM

Do you need me to come and get Snoopy so you can rest?

You don't have to come. I'll be fine

MOM

I'm coming to get my little man.

Why did she even ask? I roll my eyes and glance over at Snoopy. “Wake up, sleepyhead. Grandma is coming to get you.” My pup’s large black ears twitch when I mention my mother. He loves spending workdays with my retired parents.

Five minutes later, I hear my mother’s key turning in the front door. “Where’s my poochie poo?”

Snoopy completely ignores me and takes off running for the front door. “Thanks, Mom,” I tell her as she sets a bag of medicine on my coffee table.

“Of course.” My mother feels my forehead and jumps into mothering mode. “You need to take something to get rid of that fever.”

“Okay.” It’s not worth my effort to fight her. I’ve spent the last seven years, since I turned eighteen, unsuccessfully trying to convince my parents that I’m an adult and perfectly capable of taking care of myself.

I know my mom isn’t going to leave until she watches me take the medication, so I reach into the bag and pull out the small

white bottle. I swallow two small blue pills and start choking as the cold water hits the back of my scratchy throat.

My mother pounds on my back a few times before pulling the covers tightly around me. “Call me if you need anything.” She gives Snoopy a little pat on the head. “Come on, sweet boy. Your mommy needs rest.”

“Have a good day with Grandma and Grandpa,” I tell my pup. Yes, I talk to him like he’s human. Sue me.

“Your dad will stop by later with lunch,” my mother tells me while hooking the leash to Snoopy’s collar. “Get some rest.” Too tired to fight her, I sit back and close my eyes as she heads for the door. “When you’re feeling better, I want to hear all about the two citified scrooges.” I’m not really surprised she’s already heard about the Christmas party. Gossip is the main source of exercise in Blue Spruce.

Once my mom and Snoopy leave, I drag myself off the sofa, figuring a shower might help clear my head. As the hot water runs down my body, my mind wanders into dangerous territory. Fantasies of Mr. Citified Scrooge doing all kinds of forbidden things to me assault my brain. No matter how hard I try, I can’t seem to wipe Gray Woodward from my mind. I attempt to blame these crazy feelings on the fever, but I can’t help worrying that I’m in trouble here.

After my hot shower, I only have enough energy left to stumble over and fall into bed with the soggy towel still wrapped around me. I don’t even bother covering myself as I fall asleep.

Loud knocking wakes me up sometime later, and I sit up and push my wild hair out of my face. Darn, my dad is impatient. I pull on my pink fuzzy robe before stumbling out to the living room. “I’m coming,” I croak out, sure he’ll never hear me

through the solid wood door. Why in the world didn't my dad use his key?

Chapter 3

Grey



After spending the weekend learning everything there is to know about my girl, I came up with a strategy to win her over. Unfortunately, all my plans went up in smoke when I discovered Noelle called in sick today. It took a tiny bit of lying and manipulation, but I managed to convince the school secretary to tell me why my girl isn't at school today.

On the way to her apartment, I stop by the local coffee shop, hoping sugar and caffeine can help me bribe my way into her home. After spending the entire weekend missing my little elf, I can't wait a second longer to see her again. Fuck. My curvy little elf wormed her way into my heart and soul, and I'll never be free of the hold she has over me.

I walk up the stairs to her second-floor apartment, juggling coffee cups and not paying attention to where I'm going. "Excuse me, but who are you?" I look up to find an elderly man standing at the top of the stairs.

"I'm here to see Noelle St. Nick," I tell him and watch his eyes narrow.

"What for?" Who is he? The hall monitor? I debate ignoring him and pushing my way past, but Easton's earlier warning about finding new ways to piss off the town residents runs through my mind.

"She's ill, and I want to check on her." I give him the condensed version and continue walking up the stairs.

"I'm going to be keeping an eye on you," he huffs and steps back for me to pass. "Sheriff Peterson can be here in four minutes." My girl's neighbor walks to the door at the end of the hall.

"Have a nice day," I tell him and knock on the door with 2A in gold letters across it. It takes three knocks before I hear movement from the other side of the door. I almost kick the door down when I hear her coughing loudly. My new caveman attitude is disconcerting, to say the least. Hopefully, I'll figure out how to control it within the next seventy years.

"The universe hates me." Noelle's gorgeous eyes widen as she throws the door open and frowns up at me. My eyes roam from the top of her messy head, down the pink fuzzy robe covering her body, and stops at her light pink polished toes. "What are you doing here, Mr. Woodward?" I can barely make out the words. Her scratchy, weak croak sends worry coursing through me.

“I heard you’re sick, and I wanted to come and check on you.” I stare into her shocked eyes and shrug. “And I told you to call me Grey.”

My curvy little elf steps back and grumbles, “I’m too sick to come up with an appropriate response.” Then she points at the cups in my hand. “I hope one of those cups of coffee is for me.”

“It sure is.” I follow her into the tiny apartment. “The cold going around town is a bitch.”

“I’m too sick to even wonder how you found that out.” She follows me over to the breakfast bar. “And I can’t turn down Sally’s world-famous coffee.”

“Here you go.” I hold out a barstool for Noelle and place one of the cups in front of her. “I’ll let you have a raincheck on giving me hell.”

“Good.” Noelle takes a sip of her coffee and groans, causing my cock to wake the fuck up. *She’s sick. Calm the fuck down*, I tell the impatient bastard before taking my little elf’s hand.

“Come on, little elf.” She doesn’t resist, shocking me. “Let’s get you settled on the sofa where you can be comfortable.”

“I’m too sick to argue.” Noelle lets me tuck a soft blanket around her curvy body. “But I’ll give you hell when I’m back to normal.”

“I’ll look forward to it.” I sit next to her and reach for the television remote.

“Just so you know,” she mumbles and lays her head back, “I’m not falling for whatever nefarious plan you have in mind. I just don’t have the energy to kick you out.”

We end up spending the day watching movies while my girl takes several naps. While this isn't the way I intended to get to know her, I'm almost grateful for fate's little helping hand.

I'm scrolling through my emails while Noelle naps next to me when I hear keys turning in the front door lock. My little elf snores on as I turn to watch an older man walk in holding a black French Bulldog in his arms.

When the other man looks up and notices me, his eyes narrow while the little dog growls at me as he asks, "Who are you?" He doesn't appear particularly shocked to find a man in Noelle's apartment.

The small dog's growling wakes up my girl. "Snoopy," Noelle grumbles. "Stop all that noise." Then she looks between the older man and me. "Dad, this is Grey Woodward. Grey, meet my dad, Daniel St. Nick." I watch the little dog run over and hop up on the sofa next to Noelle.

"What are you doing in my ill daughter's apartment, Mr. Woodward?" Noelle's dad glares at me.

"When I heard she was sick, I came by to check on her," I tell him, figuring he already knows. Feeling like a bug under a magnifying glass, I barely resist the urge to fidget while the other man stares at me silently for several minutes.

"As long as my daughter wants you here." He turns to Noelle. "If this man is bothering you, I'll kick him out on his rear end."

I wait for my little elf's response, wondering how to handle this situation. I'm not sure my future father-in-law will ever forgive me for kicking his ass, but I'm not willing to let him throw me out either.

“He’s been keeping me company.” Noelle’s eyes widen as the words leave her mouth. “I can’t believe I just said that.” I can’t believe it, either, little elf. I guess she can’t fight this insane pull any better than I can.

While Mr. St. Nick and Noelle discuss the little furball, I pull out my phone and look for a restaurant that will deliver. By the time he’s explained the freaking dog’s day, minute-by-minute, I have dinner ordered.

We spend the next two days doing the exact same thing. I keep Noelle company and make sure she’s taken care of her while the spoiled pooch spends the day with Noelle’s parents. It takes a little work and a box of treats and three dog toys, but I manage to win the little furball over to my side.

My business partner is giving me hell for cutting out on him during such important negotiations, but I can’t find the motivation to worry about a business deal. Not when I’m working on the most important merger of my life.

Chapter 4

Noelle



I spend all day Thursday and Friday catching up from my unexpected three-day vacation. Well, it wasn't really a vacation, but I ended up enjoying most of it, and I lost my desire to fight these feelings between us at some point over the three days he took care of me. I had no idea how much I'd miss Grey after spending several hours each day with him. In fact, the last two days without seeing him have felt like an eternity.

I'm locking up my classroom Friday afternoon when my cell phone rings. Glancing down, I see Grey's name and feel my heartbeat increase. "Hello," I answer, surprised to feel happiness flow through me. I'm already getting addicted to Mr. Citified Scrooge.

“How was your day, little elf?” His deep voice sends little sparks of electricity shooting down my spine.

“I survived,” I tell him honestly before I’m able to stop the words. “The kids were in rare form, so I didn’t get all my work done. I’ll have to spend part of the weekend catching up on my grading.”

“I missed you.” My heart melts at his words. “Can I come by and see you and Snoopy tonight? I’ll bring dinner and rub your feet while you grade your papers.” I can’t turn down the offer. Plus, my dog would probably kill me in my sleep if I didn’t let his new favorite human come over.

“Does seven work for you?” I ask Grey, realizing he’s already got a big hold on my heart. I can’t freaking resist him. I’ve honestly stopped even trying.

“I’ll be there,” he tells me and hangs up. It terrifies me how fast he worked his way into my heart.



I step into my apartment and find Grey throwing a dog toy across the living room for Snoopy to chase. I’m not sure what shocks me more: the citified executive wearing a plaid flannel shirt and jeans, or my lazy dog racing across the floor to grab the stuffed bear. Before I’m able to decide, Grey walks over and wraps his arms around my body. “I spent the entire day missing you, little elf.” He leans down and kisses me, turning my mind to mush.

“Wow,” is all I manage to mutter while attempting to gather my scattered thoughts. “How did you get in?” I blurt out the first thought I’m able to catch.

“That was a double wow.” Grey smiles down at me. “And to answer your question, your dad let me in when he dropped off Snoopy.” I’m not sure my mind can take this many shocks in one day. His eyes move slowly over my body as I lean over to pet Snoopy, and I feel my temperature rise to blazing-out-of-control.

“I’m going to run and change clothes before we eat,” I tell him, needing a little time to cool my jets and get my red cheeks under control.

Grey steps closer to me. I nearly expire on the spot when he leans over and whispers against my ear, “Get comfortable.” His words aren’t super steamy, but they send my heart into overdrive as fantasies of him doing all kinds of steamy things to me flash through my mind.

“I’ll be right back.” I turn tail and scurry to my bedroom before I do something that gets me in trouble. Like jumping his bones.

I take my time, deciding what to change into, then I slowly pull on a pair of light pink sweatpants and a matching sweatshirt. My heart rate is still elevated when I finish dressing, so I waste a little more time brushing my hair and putting on lip gloss. Eventually, I run out of ways to stall and take a deep breath before heading back out to the living room.

My heart melts when I find Grey and Snoopy cuddled up on the sofa, a Christmas movie playing on the TV. “I thought you might’ve fallen asleep on me.” He glances over at me and winks. Darn. I guess I took way longer than I realized.

“I was debating jumping out the window and escaping.”
Where did those words come from?

A smile teases the edge of Grey’s mouth. “I’m glad you didn’t.” He sets Snoopy on the sofa before walking over to me. “I would’ve chased you, and I’d hate to give this town more to gossip about.”

“Don’t worry.” I laugh. “They’ll just make something up.”

Grey wraps his palm around the side of my face as he smiles into my eyes. “I’m making friends with the residents in Blue Spruce. Before you know it, I’ll be their favorite outsider.” He’s not wrong. I’ve heard stories about him helping out all over town. I’m not sure where he finds the time to run a multi-million-dollar company while helping Mr. Lipton groom her roses and giving Mr. Francis a ride to the doctor when the bus was running late. Grey also helped my dad fix the loose middle step on my parents’ front porch and has started taking Snoopy for daily walks.

“I hope you’re hungry,” he tells me and points at the breakfast bar. My eyes widen as I stare at all the dishes he has spread out on it.

“Holy cow.” I can’t believe he managed to figure out my favorite meal. “Who told you I love Chinese food?”

“A little birdy was happy to help me out after I climbed up on his roof and fixed a loose shingle.” Grey winks at me, and I realize he fixed my parents’ roof.

“I’ll have to remember to thank the little birdy when I see him.” I’m not sure when I fell hopelessly in love with him, but I have no doubt the condition is permanent.

Chapter 5

Grey



It's Noelle's last day of school before the Christmas break, and I volunteered to dress up in Mr. Elkins' Santa suit and show up at the elementary school to hand out little gifts. The things I'm willing to do for love. Like forcing myself to leave her apartment every night with just the memory of our make-out sessions to hold me over. It's killing me to spend every available moment with my little elf without making a move, but I'll do whatever it takes to win her for life. Even suffer horribly in the meantime.

Mr. Elkins meets me at the door and hands me a black suit bag. "You can use the staff restroom to get dressed." He points at the last door at the end of the hall. "Then I'll take you to Noelle's classroom."

I hurry up and pull on the scratchy costume, then carefully arrange the white beard over my face to hide my identity. After pulling on the red hat, I stare at myself in the mirror, satisfied with my appearance.

“You look very Santa-like.” I guess that’s the biggest compliment I can expect from the principal. “Follow me.” He turns and heads down the main hallway. When we stop outside the door marked, “Ms. St. Nick,” he turns to me and holds out his hand. “Thank you very much for doing this. For the kids.”

“You’re welcome.” I’ve been busting my ass, trying to make friends with all the residents in this crazy little town, and I’m starting to see results from all my hard work. I haven’t been called Citified Scrooge in several days, and the town’s residents have stopped glaring at me as I walk by. My company will release a statement on Monday about my plans for Santa’s Shoppe, and I hope it will turn me into one of the town’s favorite residents.

Easton headed back to Los Angeles yesterday to put my ultimate plan into action. My best friend was skeptical when I started pursuing Noelle, but he finally had to admit this relationship is serious. Like forever-serious.

Once I let the town know my plans, I’ll move on to the next phase of my project. Talking my little elf into spending the rest of her life with me.

“Look, everyone.” Noelle glances up and smiles at me as we walk in her classroom door. “Santa Claus has come to visit us today.” After that, all hell breaks loose while I let twenty-nine fourth graders sit on my lap and tell me their Christmas wishes. I end up spending the rest of the afternoon moving from classroom to classroom, letting all the kids have their opportunity to sit on my lap.

After the last child leaves, Noelle walks up and places a soft kiss above the fake white beard that's been itching me for an hour. "Thank you."

"I'd do anything for you." I wrap my arms around her sweet body and pull her close. My cock wakes the fuck up as her luscious curves melt into mine.

"I'm so glad to hear that." Noelle glances up and stares into my eyes for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and blurting out, "Because the whole fuzzy red suit and white beard do something crazy to me." She steps back and fans herself. "I'm not sure I can control myself."

Holy shit. I feel like I've been waiting forever for this moment. "Who said you have to control yourself?" Of course, my girl would choose this moment to make her declaration. "I have to warn you. You're tempting a desperate man."

"Why don't we head back to my place and discuss our shared desperation?" She doesn't have to ask me twice.

As we head out to the parking lot, I hold her soft hand tight. "I'll stop by your parents' to pick up Snoopy on the way to your apartment." I've gotten into the habit of picking up the little pup so my girl can go home and change clothes after work.

"You don't have to." Noelle glances up at me. "He's having a sleepover at my parents' house tonight."

"Oh." I'm not sure, but I wonder if that tugging sensation in my chest means I'm going to miss the little shit.

"I thought we could have a relaxing grown-up night." *Oh.* I hope that means what my hungry cock thinks it means. Only I don't plan on letting my little elf rest at all. I'm going to spend the night exploring every inch of her luscious body.

I rush back into the bathroom and throw on my clothes before my little elf changes her mind. After hanging the Santa suit back in the black bag, I rush out and find Noelle leaning against the wall, waiting for me.

“I told Mr. Elkins I’d get this dry cleaned and send it back with you after the holidays.” I take her soft hand in mine and lead her down the deserted hallway. I’m pretty sure we’re the only two people left in the building. On the last day of school before the two-week break, no one hung around after the last bell rang.

“I’ll follow you to your apartment.” I walk Noelle to her car and lean in to buckle her seatbelt before rushing over to my car in the next spot.

When we get back to her place, I help her from the car and turn her in my arms. “I can’t wait another second to kiss you,” I tell her before covering her lips with mine. My mind goes blank as she returns my kiss, and I end up forgetting we’re making out like a couple of teenagers in her apartment complex parking lot. Noelle rubs her luscious tits against my chest, and my mind completely shuts down.

“Don’t toy with a desperate man,” I groan and lock my knees to stay on my feet when she reaches between us and runs her finger along the ridge of my hard cock. The stiff denim material doesn’t dull the sensation at all, and I almost come from her touch alone.

A voice clearing behind us causes my girl to stiffen in my arms. Noelle attempts to step back, but I hold her close, needing my little elf to hide the huge erection tenting the front of my jeans. God, I just got most of the town’s residents to give me a chance, and I don’t want to ruin it by causing a scandal.

“How dare you put on such a display?” What the fuck is Bob Edwin doing here in the parking lot? “In front of everyone,” he hisses, glaring at us.

I look around the deserted parking lot, wondering who the fuck he’s talking about. “It’s none of your goddamn business.” I notice the jealousy swimming in the motherfucker’s beady little eyes, and my inner caveman wakes the fuck up. “Stay away from my woman.” My voice has an animalistic quality I’ve never heard before.

“You’re going to pay.” He points between us. “Just wait and see.” He sounds like a goddamn idiot. My sixth sense kicks in as I watch the dickhead storm off. I hug my little elf close, making a mental note to have my investigator look into the factory’s night manager.

“What was all that about?” Noelle blinks several times as we walk up the stairs.

“I have no idea,” I tell her, even though I have a strong suspicion the other man wants my girl for himself. “Have you ever had any kind of relationship with him?” I ask, hoping she tells me no. I’m not sure my inner caveman could handle the thought of another man touching my girl.

“With Bob?” She stares at me like I’ve grown a second head. “No.” She drags the word out, and I easily see the dismay she’s feeling right now. “He’s like ten or fifteen years older than me, and I’ve probably only talked to him two or three times in my life.”

“Don’t worry about him.” I lead her into the dark apartment. “I want you to concentrate on me.”

“Well, then give me something to concentrate on,” she sasses and locks the door behind us.

Chapter 6

Noelle



I feel like I've stepped into the twilight zone. First, I got tired of waiting on Grey to make a move on me and decided to take matters into my own hands. Literally. Then, that weird guy followed us and caused a scene. My life is definitely no longer ordinary and boring.

I tell myself to worry about Bob Edwin later and concentrate on losing my virginity to the man who's stolen my heart. "Before we do this." I lean back against the hard door. "There's something you should know."

Grey crosses his arms across his chest and stares at me with a raised eyebrow. "I want to know everything about you."

"I haven't ever done this before," I blurt out, hoping my inexperience doesn't turn him off.

“That’s the best present I’ve ever gotten.” He wraps his arms around me. “But I really want your heart, too.” Grey leans his forehead against mine. “So, I’m willing to wait if you aren’t ready for this.”

“Oh, heck no.” I put down my foot. He isn’t making me wait any longer. “Get to work.”

“I thought you’d never ask.” Grey lifts me against his chest. “Hold on, little elf. I plan on blowing your mind.”

“You better.” I warn him as he lays me on my bed, “Or I’ll take back all the good things I’ve been saying about you.”

“We definitely can’t have that.” Grey steps back and starts to slowly remove his clothes. Holy moly. I didn’t think he could get any hotter, but I was so freaking wrong.

I lean back on my elbows and enjoy the show as he drops his sweater onto the floor before slowly unhooking his jeans. I bite my lip and watch as he slides the jeans over his hips. His tight black boxer briefs do little to hide his massive erection, and I start to worry this might not work.

Grey leans over and whispers against my ear, “Don’t look so terrified.” He read my mind. “I’ll make sure you’re ready for me.” I’m not sure it’s possible, but I take a deep breath, trusting him to make this good.

I don’t resist when he pulls my Christmas t-shirt over my head and stares down at my pink frilly bra. “Nice.” He runs a finger lightly around one of my hard nipples as it pokes through the silky material. “Very, very nice.”

“I’m glad you approve,” I whimper as he closes his lips around the hard bud and sucks. Fireworks burst behind my closed eyelids while I enjoy the sensations coursing through

me. I don't resist when he reaches behind me to unhook my bra.

"God, you're perfect." He places a soft kiss on each of my nipples before running his finger lightly around my skirt's waistband. I let him drag the skirt down my legs and toss it aside. "I'm one lucky motherfucker."

He takes his time driving me out of my mind. Grey leans over and sucks on my clit through my silky underwear, and my eyes cross as pleasure roars through me. Before I'm able to stop myself, I'm begging him to move faster.

"Lie back and let me work." He glances up into my eyes and winks.

"Work faster," I grumble while he slowly licks everywhere except the one part that's begging for his attention. "You're driving me insane."

"Good," Grey growls against my sensitive skin before tugging my legs apart. "I want you as crazy about me as I am about you."

He's already freaking accomplished that goal. My mind completely shuts down when he rips my underwear away and leans down to run his tongue up my slit. My eyes cross as pleasure overwhelms me.

Grey slides his finger around my opening a few times before closing his lips around my clit. My back arches as intense pleasure bombards me. My body lights up from the inside as he drives me higher.

A thought suddenly occurs to me. I've been dying to see if his cock is as hard as it looks. I reach between us and wrap my hand around his erection, memorizing the feel of it. I tighten my hand around it and stroke up and down, watching Grey's

reaction to my touch. When I run my finger over the head and smear the wetness around, a shiver runs through his massive body, telling me I'm succeeding at driving him insane, too.

"You're playing with fire, little elf," Grey warns me. God, I love hearing that silly nickname leaving his lips.

"No." I shake my head, disagreeing. "I'm playing with your huge..." I glance up and smirk at him, "equipment."

"Play away." Grey presses his finger deeper into my opening, stealing my ability to speak. Or even think.

I trust him to make this good, and boy does he excel at his task. As my inner muscles relax, my hips begin to follow Grey's movements, and I realize I'm about to come. His fingers move faster while his thumb slides across my clit. That's all it takes for me to fall into the most mind-blowing orgasm.

While my heart pounds away in my chest, Grey slides between my legs. When he presses his huge erection against my opening, I glance up and watch heat roar through his ocean-blue eyes.

As he slowly presses forward, I prepare myself for pain, but all I feel is extreme pleasure. I force my intimate muscles to relax while he slides deep in one firm thrust.

"I need all of you," he mutters and circles his hips, driving me higher than I thought possible.

"You already own me," slips out of my mouth. I'm unable to hold anything back from him. almost wonder if I heard him wrong.

My words seem to trigger something in Grey. He groans against my neck while his hips move faster. Impossibly fast. I dig my nails into his shoulders and hold on for the wild ride.

I'm not sure how it happens, but I end up nearly bent in half as he pounds away. With every deep thrust, his erection presses against a sensitive spot deep inside my core that drives me insane. Intense pleasure bursts through me as I come. Hard.



My eyes pop open as the unfamiliar throbbing in my lady parts reminds me how I spent last night. “Good morning, little elf.” Grey pulls me close and runs his nose across my cheek. “How did you sleep?”

“Like the dead.” I snuggle against his side, attempting to fall back asleep.

“I already know you’re not a morning person.” He laughs and rolls me onto my back.

“Who told you that?” I grumble, realizing I’m not going back to sleep.

“The same little birdy who’s been giving me such great advice all along,” Grey tells me.

I sit up and push my wild hair out of my face and stare into his eyes. “My dad told you about my sleeping patterns?” That really doesn’t sound like my overprotective father. At all.

“Inadvertently.” Grey rolls his eyes and crawls out of bed. “While I helped him fix the porch steps, we somehow got on the subject of your stubbornness. That conversation led to him explaining how hard it was to get you up on school mornings.”

“Should I be aware of anything else my traitorous dad told you?” I cringe, waiting for his answer.

“He didn’t mention much.” Relief flows through me until Grey adds, “Except,” he pauses, “he did tell me about the time you watched the Olympics on television and then dressed up in one of your mother’s swimsuits before trying to sled down the basement stairs in a plastic storage container.”

Oh my God. I feel my cheeks heat while I pray for the floor to open up and swallow me. I can’t believe my dad told Grey that embarrassing story.

“At least you didn’t hurt more than your pride when the container went through the wall at the bottom of the stairs.” He shrugs as my cheeks heat. “Don’t worry, little elf.” Grey kisses the side of my neck. “It will be our little secret. Now, get your lazy bones up so we can go Christmas shopping before the stores are too crowded.”

Chapter 7

Grey



My little elf is a champion shopper. In the last two hours, we've hit nearly every store in the mall. I juggle all the bags, attempting to keep up with her exuberance. "Oh." Noelle pulls on my hand, leading me toward the pet store. "I need to look at doggie sweaters." Make that every store in the mall.

While Noelle debates which ugly Christmas sweater to buy for Snoopy, I pick out several dog toys for my little furry friend. "What is all this?" My little elf walks over and points at the toys I'm throwing in the cart.

"Instruments of bribery." I wink at her. "A man needs all the help he can get."

Noelle laughs and adds a few more toys to my pile. "You're already becoming his favorite human. I need to remind him

that I came first.” A funny little sensation flows through my heart when she wraps her arm around my waist and hugs me tight.

“You’ll always come first.” I kiss the top of her head as we make our way through the crowded store.

“Can we stop at the coffee shop on the way home?” Noelle practically vibrates with excitement.

“How in the world can you drink so much caffeine and still sleep?” If my girl isn’t drinking coffee, she’s downing diet soda. I would worry about her health, except she also drinks enough water to float a ship.

“It’s a gift.” She winks adorably. In that moment, Noelle would’ve stolen my heart if it didn’t already belong to her.

When we get back to her place, we unload all our purchases before hurrying to wrap Snoopy’s gifts. “I told my parents we would pick Snoopy up in an hour, and I want to have all of these wrapped before he gets home so he’s surprised on Christmas,” my little elf tells me. What’s downright terrifying is that I totally understand. I don’t recognize myself as the cold-as-ice businessman anymore, and I couldn’t be happier. The family-oriented caveman that replaced him is a huge improvement.

We spend the rest of the weekend wrapping all the presents Noelle bought. By the time we finish, it looks like her living room puked presents, but my little elf couldn’t be happier.

I end up staring at the ceiling all night Sunday night, too wound up to sleep while my little elf snores softly at my side.

“Wake up, sleepyhead.” I’ve been up since before the sun rose. I showered, dressed, and ran down to the coffee shop to grab my girl’s favorite drink while she slept in.

“It’s vacation,” she grumbles adorably. “I get to sleep until noon.” My little elf pulls the pink frilly comforter over her head and snuggles back in.

“I’ll let you sleep until noon every other day.” I’d do just about anything to make her happy. “But not today. I have plans for today.”

Noelle’s head pops out from under the covers, and she pushes her hair off of her adorable face before glaring at me. “What plans?” I almost laugh at the slightly perturbed but intensely curious expression on her beautiful face.

“You’ll see.” I hold out my hand and pull her sweet body up against mine. “Get your lazy bones up and shower.” When she leans up and kisses me, I almost change my mind and hop back in the warm bed with her. “You’re not going to distract me with your gorgeous body,” I grumble as my cock urges me to forget about the announcement and instead show Noelle how much she means to me. “I got you an extra-large white chocolate mocha.” Ah-ha. I just found the magic words.

“Coffee?” Her eyes light up. “Why didn’t you say that first?” While my little elf showers, I check my emails, making sure everything is set.

As we drive through Blue Spruce, Noelle glances over at me. “Are you going to tell me what’s going on?”

I pull up in front of the courthouse and turn to my little elf. “I have an announcement for the town.” Fear fills her honey-brown eyes, and I remind myself that Noelle has no idea what I’ve been up to. Wanting to put her at ease, I hurry to add, “It’s a good announcement.”

“How good?” As she stares at me, I realize I have no hope of ever hiding anything from my girl. Her fear is my fear, and her

excitement is my excitement.

“I’m going to back the town’s efforts to buy Santa’s Shoppe.”
I give her the bare basics.

“I don’t understand.” Noelle turns in her seat, and I can feel her anxiety filling the truck cab. “Are you leaving?” Her voice gets louder with each word. “Going home before Christmas?” Outrage mixed with fear fills her eyes. I guess my explanation was a little too bare.

“I’m already home.” I reach for her soft hand and bring it to my lips. “I’m home wherever you are.”

“Explain it again. This time, slowly.” She points at the cup of coffee in the cup holder. “I haven’t had enough caffeine to understand the condensed version.”

“Okay.” I take a deep breath, trying to find the right words. I’ve taken part in hundreds of deals throughout my career, but none of them compare to this one. This one is for life.

“The town was several million dollars short in their bid to buy the factory,” I explain.

“I already knew that,” Noelle grumbles. “And your company is buying it.” She throws up her hand.

“My company withdrew its bid this morning, and the town is re-submitting a larger bid. Large enough that the sale should go through pretty quickly.”

“Where did they get the extra money?” she asks, and I realize I’m bungling this explanation badly.

“From me.” I shrug and notice the time. The town council meeting is scheduled to start soon, so I give her a quick explanation. “Since I’m staying in Blue Spruce permanently, I added myself to the pool of investors. We’re going to complete

the sale, and I'll stay on board to advise them until they have the factory back up and running smoothly. Then I'll have all the time in the world to dedicate to my real job. That job is making you happy for the rest of our lives."

"And what about your company? Are you selling out of it?" She grabs my arm and stares into my eyes anxiously.

"Don't worry, little elf." I place a soft kiss on the tip of her nose. "I've got it all worked out. I'll work full-time from our home while Easton takes over the LA office. We may have to fly out to Los Angeles a few times a year for meetings, but I plan to live in Blue Spruce with you."

"Okay." Noelle appears a little shell-shocked by my announcement.

Chapter 8

Noelle



“**Y**ou really found a great young man.” Mr. Elkins pats me on the back while Grey stands at the podium, answering the town council’s questions. We’re standing in the back of the packed room as Grey patiently explains his plans and answers questions.

“I know.” I’m not going to lie. I’m still a whole lot confused about the situation, but I trust Grey and my feelings for him. We’ll just wing all the rest.

Bob Edwin slinks up and blocks my view of Grey. “I can’t believe you’re letting that smooth-talking hooligan pull one over on you.”

Who does this guy think he is? I barely resist the urge to punch him right between his beady little eyes. “What business is it of

yours?” I’m not going to let this jerk rain on my happiness parade.

“I want to make you my business. I thought you and I could get to know each other.” Oh, heck to the no. Not in a million years. My skin crawls when Bob reaches over and runs a finger along my arm.

“I’d rather join a silent convent in Antarctica than get to know you better,” I tell the creep truthfully. His male chauvinistic, conceited, nineteen-fifties attitude is almost as big a turn-off as the fact that he still lives with his mother at forty-five. And the rumors going around town of him sexually harassing women on the night shift at Santa’s Shoppe just put his crazy ass over the top on my avoidance scale. “Even if I’d never met Grey, I wouldn’t give you the time of day.”

“You stuck-up bitch,” Bob hisses before Mr. Elkins steps between us.

“I think you’ve said enough, Bob.” I’ve never heard that tone from my boss before. “If you know what’s good for you, you’ll leave Noelle alone from now on. And a word of advice: get the hell out of this meeting before Grey Woodward finishes his talk, or he might kick your ass into next year.”

“Asshole.” Bob’s nose flares as his cheeks turn an ugly shade of red. I’m worried he’s about to make a huge scene when several men come over to us.

“Bob.” Jesse Heller, the mayor, takes on the irate jerk. “This town has had enough of your antics. I think it’s time for you to leave.” Bob stares between all the men for a few moments before the mayor adds, “And you might want to look for another job. The factory’s new owners aren’t going to turn a blind eye to your bullshit.”

“Fuck all of you.” Bob turns on his heel and rushes out like the hounds of hell are on his heels.

“I’ve put up with that asshole’s shenanigans for years since his mother is a wonderful woman, but I’m done turning the other way.” Mayor Heller sighs. “It’s time for that overgrown adolescent to grow up. Sheriff Duncan will keep an eye on him from now on. If Bob so much as drops a used Kleenex on the ground, he’ll find himself in deep shit.”

I’m relieved that the authorities plan on watching the big jerk.

Once Grey finishes up with the town council, we head back to my apartment. I spend the entire ride thinking hard. I have so many freaking questions that I don’t even know where to start.

“I saw that asshole talking to you.” Grey lifts my hand to his lips and runs his tongue between my fingers, sending my thoughts scattering.

“Huh?” I don’t even remember what we were talking about.

“Bob fucking Edwin.”

Oh yeah. That asshole. “He was trying to give me a hard time about falling for you, but Mr. Elkins and Mayor Heller put him in his place.” I don’t really want to talk about the jerk. I have much more important things to discuss with Grey. Like our future.

“I’ll put my foot up his ass if he ever comes near you again.” Grey’s growl fills the truck cab.

“Break his legs, too, while you’re at it.” I can’t help myself.

“I love you, my little blood-thirsty elf.” My heart nearly jumps out of my chest at his declaration. Before I’m able to respond, we arrive at my apartment. Grey helps me from the truck and

throws his arm around my shoulder, pulling me against his warm body before leading me inside.

“Okay,” I tell him the minute the door closes behind us. “Now, explain everything to me one more time.” Grey pulls me close and covers my lips with his. As the kiss turns steamy, I forget all about his big announcement and the hullabaloo with Bob. When we come up for air, I fan myself. “And no distracting me with your electrifying kisses.”

“I’m glad to hear you enjoy my kisses.” He leads me into the living room. “Since I plan to be the only man you ever kiss again.”

After I sit on the sofa, Grey kneels in front of me. “There were hundreds of romantic ways I could’ve done this, but I’m too impatient to take my time and plan something.” Oh my. My heart rate accelerates as he stares into my eyes. “I know this is fast, but I don’t care. I knew you were mine the first second I laid eyes on you.” I reach down and pinch myself to make sure I’m not dreaming. As the little sting runs through me, I realize I’m wide awake. “I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I already talked to your dad, and he told me to either marry you or he’d make sure they never find my body. So, you have to marry me if you want to save my life.”

I’m not sure I like the idea of him feeling like he has to marry me. “Is that the only reason you want to marry me?” I have to know. “Because you’re scared of my dad?”

“No.” Grey shakes his head and pulls a huge freaking diamond ring from his pocket. “I need to marry you for me. I love you more than life itself, and my happiness depends on having you in my life. I have a perfect track record when it comes to mergers, and this is going to be the most important one ever.”

“Since you put it that way.” I throw my arms around his neck and shrug. “I guess I don’t have a choice since I want you to continue your perfect streak.” I take a deep breath and jump in with both feet. “Oh, and I love you with all my heart and soul.”



After opening our presents on Christmas morning, I dress Snoopy in one of his new sweaters and we head over to my parents’ house for Christmas dinner. Even though I’ve had a few days to get used to our engagement, I still expect to wake up and find it’s all been a dream.

This morning, Grey gave me the diamond pendant and earrings that match my new engagement ring. I felt bad about only getting him the Christmas sweater that matches Snoopy’s sweater and a new wallet, but my fiancé—that word still makes my heart jump in my chest—assured me I’m the best present he’s ever gotten. I then thanked him for his sweet words, which led to us getting down and dirty in front of the Christmas tree. Which led to us almost being late for dinner at my parents’ house.

“My little man is so adorable.” My mother opens the door and bends down to pick up Snoopy, who’s still pouting about having to wear his red and green plaid sweater. “I love the sweater,” she gushes and steps back for us to follow her into the house. “Grey, why don’t you go put all those presents under the tree in the living room? Then you and Snoopy can watch the game with Daniel while we finish up with dinner.”

“Sounds great, Susan.” Grey kisses my mother’s cheek before walking away.

“I’m pretty sure I hear Dad snoring in there,” I tell my mother as we head to the kitchen. “Not watching television.”

“Same thing.” My mother shrugs. “I don’t care what they do if it keeps the three boys out of our hair.”

After dinner, we open presents with my parents. “It’s so freaking adorable. I can’t believe you bought him a brass doggie bed,” I tell my mother as Snoopy sniffs his new bed.

“You’re just sorry you didn’t buy it first.” My mother isn’t wrong. I’ve been eyeing the adorable bed every time I go to the pet store.

Grey shocks my parents with a cruise to Alaska for their combined Christmas present. “Oh my goodness.” My mother jumps up and hugs my fiancé. “I’ve always wanted to visit Alaska, but this is too much.”

“You and Daniel deserve this trip for raising my sweet, gorgeous little elf,” Grey tells her, and my dad rolls his eyes.

“Daniel,” my mother snaps at him. “Isn’t this the best present ever?”

“It’s very nice.” My dad stands and holds out his hand to my mother. “But I hope you like my present better.” He leads us outside, where we find a mini-camper parked.

“My mini-Winnie!” My mother jumps up and down, then launches herself at my dad. “Thank you so much.”

As she celebrates, my dad glances over her shoulder and smirks at Grey. “I couldn’t let you show me up.”

“How did you know about Grey’s present?” I ask my dad as we’re walking out the door to head home.

“After Grey used Wilton’s Travel Agency to book the cruise, Henry Wilton gave me a heads up about the present.” My dad shrugs. “It motivated me to get off my ass and buy your mother the travel camper she’s wanted since we retired.”

Oh, man. I see many years ahead with these two competing to see who can outdo the other.

That night, Snoopy sleeps in his new bed in the corner of our room. He isn’t happy that Grey took his spot in my bed, but my little pup will just have to get over it.

Chapter 9

Grey



I'm dozing off watching the girly Christmas movie when I feel Noelle run her soft hand up the inside of my thigh.

"I hope I'm not bothering you." She smirks, wrapping her hand around my cock and giving it a quick squeeze.

"You could never bother me," I manage to hiss out as she moves her hand up and down, sending pleasure streaking up my spine.

"I need you." Her words send my hunger into overdrive.

I squeeze my eyes shut and count to ten, attempting to resist the urge to rush this. Once I'm back in control, I wrap my hands in her long hair and cover her lips with mine.

“You don’t have to ask me twice.” I lift her curvy body against my chest and carry her to the bedroom. All the blood flowing straight to my cock makes me dizzy, but I ignore the discomfort. I lay her across the bed and step back to tear my clothes away. Her gorgeous eyes follow my movements, egging me on. My little elf bites her bottom lip and drags her long-sleeved shirt over her head before unsnapping her bra. She certainly has all my goddamn attention as her luscious tits come into view.

“Don’t stop,” I beg, needing to see all of her before I lose my mind. My little elf stares into my eyes while pushing her yoga pants down her luscious legs. As my eyes move over her delicious curves, my cock turns impossibly harder.

I close my eyes and count to ten, trying to gain control before I embarrass myself. Noelle leans back and reaches down to run her finger between her silky thighs. “Are you going to do this for me?”

“Fuck yes.” I drop to my knees and kiss the soft skin on the inside of her knee before running my tongue up the inside of her silky thigh. I blow a warm puff of air against her wet opening and then lick my way up the other side. Noelle squirms and digs her hand into my hair as I slide my tongue through her wet opening. Her taste flows through me as I push a finger deep into her tight pussy while my thumb toys with her back hole.

“Please,” she whimpers.

“Please what?” I ask and pull her sensitive clit between my lips. I bite down gently before sucking hard on the little nub.

“Make me come,” Noelle growls.

“Since you asked so nicely.” I smile against her soft skin before doubling my efforts. My hard work pays off within seconds when she comes screaming my name.

“I love to hear my name echoing around the room.” I nibble on her hipbone before kissing my way up her sweet curves. “I want to see how many times I can get you to scream my name tonight.”

As I run my tongue around one of her nipples, she tells me, “I like a man who has goals.”

“My most important goals pertain to you.” I run my tongue along the underside of one of her sweet tits while pinching her other nipple between my thumb and forefinger. “First, I’m going to knock you up, and then I’m going to knock you up several more times.”

Her mouth opens and closes a few times before she sputters, “Do I have any say in these plans?” My sassy little elf rears her head up.

I slide my cock through the wetness dripping from her opening and stare into my little elf’s eyes. “You have all the say. I love you more than anything in the world, and I want to see at least five little miniatures of you running around our house.”

“What if we get little miniatures of you?” She groans as I press a little deeper. Noelle just has to argue. My little elf is going to keep me on my toes.

“Then we’ll keep trying until we get a few mini-yous,” I promise her and shiver as her nails dig into my back.

Her tight inner muscles grip my cock tightly as I slide forward. “That sounds good to me.” She stares into my eyes and swallows. “Now, get to work knocking me up.”

“You’re so goddamn beautiful,” I hiss against her soft lips before sliding my tongue into her mouth. Noelle wraps her legs around me as I pick up speed. “And all mine.”

Noelle whimpers as I thrust deep. “We can discuss all our plans after you give me all those orgasms.”

“How many orgasms will it take for you to see things my way?” I circle my hips, making sure to rub hard against her clit with each rotation. Noelle digs her heels into the bed and lifts her hips up to meet my movements. “Cat got your tongue?” I suck the delicate skin below her ear.

“No. Your huge cock stole my ability to speak for a second. Now, shut up and get to work on those orgasms you promised me.” My sassy little elf sure knows how to get her way. I throw myself into the job of giving her multiple orgasms while ignoring my cock’s need to come.

I slide my hand under her and roll, pulling her over me. “Why don’t you do the work so I can make use of my hands,” I order her and reach up to pinch her nipples while she slowly gets the hang of riding me.

Reaching between our bodies, I press my thumb against her clit while lifting my hips to press deeper into her tight core.

“I really like this.” Noelle stares into my eyes. “Like, I really, really like this.”

“Me too,” is all I manage to growl as the orgasm I’ve been fighting since she climaxed a few times back comes barreling through me. “Now, give me one more.” I grip her hips and pull her down hard to meet my rapid thrusts.

Her expressive eyes fill with wonder as her inner muscles tremble around my cock. Noelle screams my name while my cock empties deep in her wet center. I almost pass out when

visions of little elves who look just like their mother run through my mind.

Epilogue One

NOELLE



FIVE YEARS LATER

Dr. Turner points to the ultrasound screen. “It looks like you’re finally getting your little girl.”

“Are you sure?” Grey asks him as shock runs across his face. This is try number three, and we were starting to think we’d never get a little girl after two boys. “Aren’t those little boy parts right there?” My husband points at the white blob on the screen, acting like he can actually make something out in all the squiggly lines.

Dr. Turner throws back his head and laughs. “That’s the umbilical cord, Grey. We should all be lucky enough to have boy parts that size.”

“Some of us are, Dr. Turner.” I’m proud of my husband’s quick reply.

“Lucky you,” my doctor tells Grey. Oh my. My face heats at the direction this conversation is going.

“That’s enough comparing private part sizes.” I smack Grey on the shoulder before grumbling, “It’s not nice to brag.”

“I’m going to leave you to get dressed.” Dr. Turner walks to the door and turns to smirk. “Once Grey realizes he’s never going to win this argument, come on out and Mel will set up your next appointment.”

“Thank you, Dr. Turner,” I tell him before turning to stick my tongue out at my husband.

“If we weren’t in a little room in Dr. Turner’s busy office, I’d show you what to do with that tongue.” My husband leans over and places a soft kiss on the sensitive spot right under my ear. He freaking knows these pregnancy hormones make it hard for me to resist him. Even in public.

“The kids are having dinner with my parents,” I remind him. “Why don’t you take me home and show me what you have in mind.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice.”



My husband blows through three stop signs on the way home. In his defense, there isn’t much traffic in Blue Spruce, and all the signs were out in the middle of nowhere. Unfortunately for my husband, Deputy Jones was parked in

the clump of trees behind the last one. It looks like we'll be "donating" more money to the sheriff's department.

Mayor Heller and Sheriff Duncan endeared themselves to my husband when they put the screws to Bob Elkins. Once Santa's Shoppe fired the disgraced night manager, several employees came forward to file restraining orders against him for harassment. Sheriff Duncan *strongly* recommend that Bob find a town to start over and the jerk took the sheriff's advice. Last we heard, he'd found trouble in Texas that he couldn't lie his way out of. And that was the end of us worrying about Bob.

We bought a huge piece of land on the outskirts of town and built our dream home, which was completed just a few weeks before I gave birth to Daniel, our oldest. I'm thankful that my husband insisted on a five-bedroom house. If we keep going at this rate, we're going to fill all the rooms.

"You know, Deputy Jones is going to mail another ticket to the house," I tell Grey as he turns down our long, tree-lined driveway.

"The sheriff's department needs the income." My husband doesn't seem too concerned about his unlawfulness. "And I need to fuck my wife." I love the way he thinks.

Before I'm able to blink, Grey has me upstairs in our bedroom. "I'm dying for you." He starts ripping away his clothes like a madman.

I actually really love this maternity dress, so I hurriedly pull it over my head before he has time to destroy it.

"God, you're beautiful." He drops to his knees in front of me and runs his tongue along my distended tummy. "I don't know what I did to deserve you."

“It must have been something really good,” I tease him and step away to tug off my maternity bra and granny panties.

“You’re so right.” Grey’s eyes turn stormy as he follows me to the bed.

“You said you would show me what to do with my tongue,” I remind him and watch his massive erection jump at my words. “I’m waiting.”

“Wrap that sweet tongue around my cock and suck.” I have to listen hard to make out the growled words.

“You don’t have to ask me twice.” I use his favorite line and crook my finger at him. “Come closer.”

Grey steps next to the bed, and I lean over to wrap my hand around his hard shaft. I run my thumb through the wetness seeping from the tip and rub it into his skin while closing my lips around the tip. “That’s it,” he praises my effort. “Suck harder.”

I gently cup his balls with my other hand and massage them while I run my tongue along the underside of his cock. He groans my name before telling me exactly how good I am at driving him crazy. I take pride in my ability to keep my husband on his toes. Grey grasps the back of my head and tugs me closer. I relax my throat, allowing his erection to slide a little deeper.

He circles his hips and starts to gently pump as I suck harder. Grey’s muscular thighs begin to tremble a moment before he pulls his hips back. “I need to feel your tight pussy wrapped around my cock.” He pushes me back on the bed and gently spins me around until I’m kneeling in front of him. I hold my breath, waiting for him to slide into my hungry pussy. My eyes cross as he presses deep in one thrust. I dig my fingers into the

soft comforter and hold on as he picks up speed. This isn't Grey's first rodeo. When my arms start getting tired from holding up all the extra pounds on my front, he reaches beneath me to hold up my huge pregnant belly.

Grey sits back on his heels and pulls me up against his chest. When his fingers pinch one of my sensitive nipples, I come. Hard. Really hard. I actually almost pass out from the pleasure overtaking me. I feel his cock jerking deep in my core as he comes with me.

While my heart rate and breathing return to normal, Grey gently lays me on my side and snuggles up behind me. "I love you, little elf," he whispers against the back of my neck.

I barely have the energy to mumble back, "I love you, too."

Grey rubs my back as my eyes drift closed.

Epilogue Two

GREY



FOUR MONTHS LATER

As I stare down at my wife's little mini-me, I feel my heart expand to nearly bursting. "Tabitha is gorgeous." My father-in-law leans over my shoulder to stare down at his newborn granddaughter. "You're going to need to get a big gun if you expect to keep all the boys away from her."

"I already have it all planned," I reassure him. "Ever since I found out we were having a girl, I've been training Daniel and Christopher to help me protect their little sister." My sons might only be four and two, but they're very smart.

"You still need to get a big gun," Daniel insists. "Wait until the first time Tabitha tells you she has a boyfriend; then you'll understand what I'm talking about."

“Hell to the no.” I break out in a cold sweat, thinking about my baby girl growing up. Right at this moment, I want to keep her young forever. “She isn’t allowed to date until she’s thirty-five,” I insist.

“Once upon a time, I said the same thing.” Daniel shakes his head sadly. “Then this Citified Scrooge came to town and stole my little girl right out from under my nose.” He glances over at me and winks. “It was the best day ever.”

I really couldn’t agree more. The factory deal didn’t turn out how I originally expected. No, it turned out way the fuck better. I found my little elf and true happiness for the first time in my life. It was the Merriest Elfing Christmas, and every day since has been a holiday.

THE END OF MERRY ELFING
XMAS

Thank you very much for reading Merry Elfing Xmas! I hope you enjoyed the story and will consider leaving a review.

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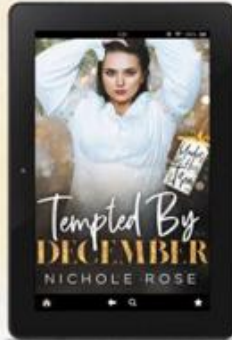
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About the Author



USA Today Bestselling Author

Loni Ree is a very busy mom of six who loves to read, and she finds that it helps her escape the chaos of everyday life. She likes quick reads that are red-hot and on the excessive side. Writing has also been a passion of hers, and Loni decided to share the stories floating around in her mind. Her short, steamy stories are a little over the top because she believes reading should be an escape from real life. She writes about hot heroes finding their beautiful soulmates and fighting for their happy endings!

Loni also has an alternate pen name L. Ree. If you like clean, sweet romance, check out her L. Ree books.

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