



*She wants
to be on his
naughty list.*

ON *Santa's* LAP

C. M. STEELE

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Seven years later

Lola

Ten more years

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When things go awry just before Christmas Trent Nicholas has to step up and step into a Santa suit. What he didn't expect was to take one look at Mrs. Claus and decide one afternoon as his wife wouldn't be enough. He'd have to make her his forever.

Lola Sellers didn't mind playing Mrs. Claus because she loved kids, even if she had none of her own. By the end of the day, she only wanted to sit on Santa's lap and make a bunch of little ones.

This is a fast-paced holiday romance.

Chapter One

Trent

The sound of *Jingle Bells* plays through the town speakers as my assistant and I make our way to the mall in the back of my SUV. When I decided to purchase it and revamp the nearly one million square footage two-story mall in Holiday Hills, I never expected to see the growth so instantaneously.

It was as if the people in town wanted to make it happen, which meant the mall's failure was a management issue. The building nearly two years ago had been in total disrepair. Most stores had vacated the area, leaving a large rent for the remaining stores that were closing because they couldn't afford to keep their doors open.

With an influx of cash, I was able to repair the structure and bring back stores with the promise not to raise rents for the next five years. This is the fourth mall I have restored in the past two years, and soon I'll move on to my next corporate takeover and revitalization. It's a career I've loved all my life. At thirty-two, the only thing I've devoted myself to is revitalizing my state and helping rebuild the towns in them.

All the storefronts have opened up and are running just as the holiday season rolls in, and the revenue stream is flying in. In no time, the venture will have paid for itself.

“Mr. Nicholas, the mall manager, would like to speak with you urgently,” my assistant Dennis says, lifting his head up from his phone.

“Tell her I’ll meet with her the second I get some coffee and settle into my office.” My head’s pounding this morning, and I’m not ready to deal with her overly anxious concerns.

Marianne Sellers is incredibly brilliant and professional; however, she brings every issue to me while already having the solution in hand. It’s as if she’s waiting for my approval, which I find a waste of my valuable time.

“I’ll let her know.” He shoots a text back to her as we sit in the back of my SUV.

I check my phone because work is never done, and neither is family life. A set of texts from my mother hits my phone. She usually isn’t up this early, but she knows this is when she’ll likely get a quick response from me.

Good morning, darling. I hope I haven’t woken you up.

She knows she hasn’t, but she’s polite because the next

messages lead to what she wants.

Are you coming for Christmas dinner?

If she weren't hounding me for a wife, the answer would be a yes. *I can't say for certain. The new mall has me working all hours.*

Always work. You need to consider whom you're working to leave it all for.

I know. I know. Love you.

She wants the best for me, but I haven't found the woman I want to marry. Besides, she'll just have some heiresses to mention that are just the right kind of women for me to settle down with. I'm not interested in making a family anytime soon.

Thankfully, my mother stopped having those women just accidentally pop by to wish us a Merry Christmas because that became very annoying, and I had to tell her I'll stay single forever if she pulled that stunt again. It's been a quiet two years without any doorbells going off in the middle of dinner.

I take this long drive to work to handle other matters, including the many emails filling my inbox, making myself as efficient as possible. Still, it also puts me in a bad mood when

I step out of the vehicle. Many people want answers when they should be taking time off themselves for the holidays.

The mall doesn't open for another four hours, so we have time to handle any hiccups, and tomorrow we have a big to do, so as long as the problem isn't with our Santa's North Pole Village, we set up, I can manage it easily.

My temporary office is set up on the second floor of the building toward the front of the building, where I can observe everything that happens from the overhang in the middle.

Dennis hands me my coffee, and the door opens with the mall manager looking professionally frazzled. Her suit looks rumpled, and her face is missing its usual makeup. It's clear that whatever is on her mind is a big damn deal.

Marianne is waiting for me the second I have my coffee in hand and in my seat. "Okay, what is the major problem that couldn't wait for you to knock?"

"Our Santa is a registered sex offender." Her face pales as the words leave her lips.

"What the fuck?" I shoot out of my chair, sending my coffee cup tumbling onto the desk. Luckily, I spring forward, catching it before it ruins all the documents on my desk.

“Yes, I told you it was super important.” She brushes her curly loose strands back behind her ears.

“You should have led with that.”

“I had him pulled last night when Mrs. Claus alerted us quietly after the dress rehearsal, but apparently, the agency that sent him hadn’t done a background check, and he hadn’t revealed his status to the agency either. She quit as well.”

“I want my lawyer called on this now, Dennis.” Son of a bitch. This could get us in big trouble. I look back at Marianne and ask, “Please don’t tell me this sick fuck was a pedo.”

“Unfortunately.” I slam my eyes shut, wishing this was whiskey and not coffee right now.

At least we had the good grace to have a dress rehearsal yesterday, and this happened before the kids appeared. “God. We almost let him go around all those kids.”

“What are your ideas for a replacement?”

“We don’t have anyone to replace him. I’ve been looking while you’re talking, and there are only two companies in the area. All the Santas have been scooped up. It’s three days before Christmas,” my assistant says nervously.

“You have got to be kidding me. We’ve been marking it down, and promoting it for weeks, only to deal with this last-minute fail. What can we do?” I look at the brilliant manager to see if she’s got any rabbits in that hat of hers.

“We have a costume ready. We just need someone to fill it,” Marianne offers.

“Okay. Do you have anyone in mind?” I ask, hoping she has already worked out a plan of action to move forward. We’re in the middle of small town, USA, where almost everyone knows everyone.

“For Mrs. Claus, I was able to rope my younger sister into the role, but for Santa, we only have two options. For legal purposes, we need to know that they have a clean record, so it would have to be someone from security, but security is already stretched thin... or yourself.” We could add a lot of stuffing to make me Santa, but at six-three, I might be too tall for the suit.

“Those are the only two options. Then again, we could use your driver.” I think about Frank and he’s not a pleasant type to put up with kids. Dennis and I both shake our heads at that idea. “No, Frank won’t work.”

“How about I handle security, and Dennis goes as Santa?”
I offer. Dennis looks at us like I’ve just asked for his firstborn.
He pales and shakes his head.

“Um... I’m not good with kids.”

“You don’t have a choice. My sister has already agreed to be Mrs. Claus, and she’s a cutie, so maybe you can ask her out on a date. She’s a little young for you, but you’re pretty handsome.” She winks at him.

“Not interested,” he growls at her.

“We must get him suited up quickly to see if he fits. I want to do a trial run for tomorrow,” she huffs.

We all leave the office and head down to the staging area near the main village. Several crowds of people are working on last-minute additions to the design and fixing anything that got damaged in the past week that it’s been on display.

That’s when I see her, Mrs. Claus, and a low rumble comes from deep within my chest. Standing in the throng of people is a petite woman pinning up her long, dark hair. Her eyes are a grayish blue, catching me by surprise and pulling me in like a magnetic force.

“You look green, Dennis. I think Mr. Nicholas should take over as Santa,” Sellers says. Smart woman, because no one but me will be that close to her in that damn costume.

“You have a meeting tomorrow,” Dennis reminds me.

“I’ll do it. Reschedule it for this afternoon. If not, make it for next week. This is a bigger priority, and it’s only four hours,” I answer without hesitation. There will not be anyone else allowed to be playing her husband but me.

“Yes, boss.” I can see him on his phone out of the corner of my eye because I still haven’t taken my eyes off her. The beauty in the tight, tiny red suspender dress that barely goes to her knees and the white top that hugs her ample tits. If I had time, I’d make her change the costume, but I know damn well that’s not an option I have. Suddenly, she slips on a winter stole and I feel a thousand times better and don’t have to murder other men for looking at what’s mine.

Never in my life have I ever been possessive, greedy, lustful. Marianne’s little sister just changed that. “Is she even old enough to play my wife? Santa’s wife?” I questioned, tugging on my suddenly painfully tight tie.

“Yes, she’s twenty-one.” Good. Santa’s got a special package just for her after this is all over. It comes with a load

of seed to create our own little brood of kids.

“Time to suit up, Mr. Nicholas.”

A gasp comes from my beautiful wife for the next day and soon for the rest of our lives. The second I spotted her, I knew she’d be mine, and soon she’ll understand it as well. “Sis, this is my boss, Mr. Trent Nicholas.”

“And who are you?” I ask her, keeping eye contact with her. Hell, my attention hasn’t left her for a moment, just in case she magically disappeared.

“I’m... Lola.” I take her hand and bring it to my lips, stealing a taste of her soft skin and provoking another soft gasp from those light-pink lips. The urge to pull her into my arms and steal a proper kiss is strong.

I pull her in close and add, “Hello Lola. Let’s make kids... happy, shall we?”

“Yes,” she blushes.

I pull back before I do something stupid, like drag her out of here on my shoulder like a sack of presents. “Where’s the suit?”

“Oh, my goodness, go get him a cup from the sports store or we’ll have a problem on our hands,” I hear Sellers tell

Dennis.

“Already on it.” I keep my dick under control even if I have to sit on the fucker, but the second this thing is over, Mrs. Claus will enjoy a special ride on Santa’s lap. Luckily, we have a day to get it all straightened out.

“Right here, boss. You can change right here, but Dennis will be back in a minute.”

“While we wait for Dennis to return, what is the plan?” They run me through the basics of how the line will form and how Mrs. Claus will give the kids a candy cane after they tell me what they want. Their parents will have an exit as their kid reaches the front of the line that takes them to the other side to grab their little one.

Dennis finally returns with a cup, and I head into the changing area. I take a little longer because I’m in a full damn business suit that I probably should have started undoing before he came back.

Once I step out of the changing room, I ask, “How do I look?” I wink at Mrs. Claus, wanting to gauge her reaction the most. She’s frowning, and I’ve lost all the bravado I had a moment ago.

“Like so many women are going to want to sit on Santa’s lap instead,” Dennis says, chuckling and shaking his head.

“We need stuffing,” Lola hisses, staring at my flat stomach. That is blatantly obvious even in this wide suit.

“Come on, wife, isn’t it your job to get me fat before the holidays?” I tease, thinking about how insanely fat my cock is right now and if it wasn’t for the cup, my dick would be a full wooden bat right now.

“I hope that cup works,” Marianne huffs, wiping imaginary sweat from her brow.

“There’s only one way to find out.” I take a seat on the nearest seat in the prep area and then bring Lola down on my lap. “Can you feel me?” I ask boldly.

“Um... how about we put the stuffing in first, and then we’ll find out? Right now, there’s room for them to fit on your entire lap.”

“Oh.” She opens my Santa jacket and grabs the pillow and slides it under the suspenders, bringing her tits bouncing in my line of sight. My entire body is fighting off the desire to carry her out of here. The added padding pushes her a little closer to

my knees and away from my cock, which is covered by the baseball cup.

“Better?” I ask, knowing it doesn’t work where she’s concerned, but it’s not about us. We’ll rectify that problem later.

“It will do for the kids.” That’s an excellent answer.

“Showtime at the North Pole,” Marianne says.

Chapter Two

Lola

When my sister begged me to take this job, I had no idea that I'd be working alongside her insanely gorgeous boss, who has obviously been flirting with me. I can't tell if he's just a natural flirt or if he's interested in me, but the blush on my face won't go away.

How am I supposed to behave naturally in front of all these kids when my panties are soaked? I know it's tomorrow, but I doubt I won't be just as aroused by him then as well.

Will anyone notice with my short costume? How come Mrs. Claus's costume is so provocative, anyway? I remember Mrs. Claus being a granny, but I'm like the Kris Kardashian grandma.

Well, it doesn't help that my pretend husband looks like a superman under the suit. Seriously, I couldn't get that padding in there fast enough, but I'm sure it's not going to help with all these thirsty women going to be out there.

"What's wrong, wife?" he asks me, sliding up behind me before we reach the exit.

“Nothing’s wrong, husband,” I tease, purring out the word husband.

“Be careful, Ms. Sellers. I don’t know how well this cup will hold.” The grunt sound that comes from his voice does things to me that aren’t fair. Why is that sound so damn hot? He’s in a Santa suit and that’s not sexy, but this man makes it look sensual, dirty.

“Luckily, this is a dry run before tomorrow.”

“Still, four hours is already feeling like my breaking point.”

“Do you flirt with all your employees, Mr. Nicholas?” I question, flirting in return.

His hand comes up to caress my chin. “Only you. The one who’s going to be mine.”

“What if I said I was taken?” I challenge.

“I’d say I’d have to kill him, put you on my naughty list, and take you over my knee.” I flood with desire, soaking my panties instantly, and I’m grateful I’m wearing tights.

“Let’s welcome Santa and Mrs. Claus,” Marianne announces on the microphone. We run-through what will

happen, and then after, we figure out what works best, then Mr. Nicholas calls an end to the run-through.

His assistant, whom my sister seems to keep looking at every few minutes, says, “Trent, the investors say that they can meet in the next hour.”

He frowns and then says, “Good. I’ll be there.”

Well, I guess that’s the end of our meeting, which is fine because I have to go babysit in about two hours for most of the afternoon and into the late evening.

“It’s been really nice to meet you, Mr. Nicholas.”

“Where are you going?”

“I have to go to work, but I’ll be back for tomorrow’s duties. Unfortunately, I have a prior obligation. Don’t worry, I’ll change first and leave the costume safely here, of course.”

“Call me Trent and give me your number, just in case.”

“I don’t give my number to strangers, but since you’re my husband, I guess I can make an exception.” He pulls out his phone from the Santa suit. Obviously, he’s a very busy man and can’t be without his device for a minute. I’m mentally taking a point off, but I still give him my number. “Now, if

you'll excuse me, we both have somewhere we're supposed to be."

"You're sassy. I think you're going to be on Santa's naughty list, and you might like it." I wink and walk past him and into the changing room. He does not know how much I want to be on his naughty list. I've never been a bad girl, but I'd change my ways for him.

I strip out of the mini costume, which is a size too small for my chest, but unfortunately, that's all they had available so late in the season. Sliding on my jeans, I feel the stickiness of my panties and know that I better be careful and change them when I get home, so I don't get a rash. *Damn hot boss.*

I'm going to kill my sister for never telling me that her boss was a damn sexy Greek god in a suit with eyes that stare into my soul and demand I surrender.

When I get out of the room, my sister's waiting there with her clipboard and a grin on her pretty, less freaked-out face. When she pounded on my door this morning, waking me up at five, I thought something terrible had happened to my parents.

"So girl, I know my boss has lost his mind over you, but I never expected you to just turn into the queen of seduction. Holy cow. It was insane."

“I don’t know what came over me, but he’s hot as hell. You should have warned me about that or that he’d be filling in.”

“I didn’t know who was going to be Santa. In fact, his assistant was supposed to be Santa until the boss caught sight of you. I thought he would brand his name on your ass the way he was so damn territorial. Tomorrow is going to be brutal.”

“Well, maybe the thrill will wear off by tomorrow. I’ll be old news by then, and he’ll find another pretty thing to flirt with.”

“The boss doesn’t flirt. Here he comes,” she whispers the last part.

“Do you need a ride home?”

“Actually, I brought my car.”

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow, wife.” He winks and then walks off with Dennis while I attempt to catch my breath. I wanted to scream at him, “Is that how he’s supposed to say goodbye to his wife?” but then I remembered we’re not really a couple and that would be foolish.

“I’ve got to go, Marianne. I’ll be here early to get ready and everything. I have to head over to Ryan’s after I stop at the

house.”

“And change your panties.”

“Bitch.” I flip her off and turn around and add, “Yes.” I can’t believe the man has made a mess of me, turning me into a woman I don’t know or recognize. It’s amazing and I feel so free. Marianne and I were both antisocial in school and when it came to the boys but whereas she was too bossy and business-driven, I’d been too shy to speak to people. Trent just came and uprooted my whole damn personality in a heartbeat. I know that it’s only because of him, but still, I like this side of myself.

It takes me ten minutes from the mall to my house, so I go home and shower, changing into more relaxed clothes, pinning my hair up in a messy bun, and joggers. When I hang out with Max, it’s a lot of fun, but he’s almost a teenager and I see the way the preteen looks at me.

His temperament has gone from the sweet little boy to a bit of hormonal interest in my figure, which makes me uncomfortable. I haven’t spoken to his father about it because I could be wrong, but I’m ending my babysitting duties soon when the next semester starts because I have an internship that begins and Mr. Samuels is already aware of it.

When I pull up to the house, his ex-wife is just arriving and parks alongside my car. I'm surprised because he told me that Max needed a sitter and was already home, but I see him in the backseat.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Daniels." She remarried two years ago and they share custody. She never drops or picks up Max without Mr. Daniels. I wonder if he's jealous of the ex. I can't imagine being in their situation, but it's not my business.

"Hello, Lola. How's school coming along?"

"The semester ended, so I'm waiting to start my last semester in January."

Max pops out of the backseat with a smile.

"Hey, Lola," he greets me. "So you're hanging with me today?" I nod. "Score. I thought Dad was off today." I fix my expression before someone notices that I'm confused as to why it's a surprise. Ryan told me he had to work, so I would have to watch Max all day.

"Ryan made it clear he wanted Max for the next two days because he was home." A scowl crosses Mr. Daniels' face, but he swiftly takes my path and masks it. A chill runs through me, so I zipper up my coat all the way.

“Lola, is everything okay?” Mrs. Daniels asks.

“Yes, but if I’m not needed, I can go home. There’s a lot for me to do today.”

“Sure. I’ll tell my ex-husband we sent you home because if you are sitting for Max, then we’ll take him back with us to go see my family.”

“Oh. Okay. Sure. Have a happy holiday.”

She gives me a hug. “Be careful and have a safe holiday.”

I nod and walk up to Max. “Merry Christmas, Max.” I give him a hug and then go back to my car that is parked beside theirs. Just as I drive off, Ryan comes outside, slipping on his coat.

My house is only two miles away, but it feels like an eternity as I drive away. Whatever that was, it was weird. Custody issues can be combative, and I just think I witnessed Ryan being petty about Max going to her side. That’s not kind at all.

I park my car in my small garage and go inside the little house I bought with my hard-earned paychecks and my parents’ high school graduation present. It’s a small one

bedroom eight-hundred-foot home, but it's mine and it's paid off.

All throughout high school I worked and, in the summer, I worked two jobs. Luckily, the older lady that I bought the house from was going into a retirement home and sold it to me for twenty percent less than its market value.

It's too early to put on my Christmas lights, so I pop onto my sofa and take a much-needed break from the stress of the day. Jinx, my black cat, climbs up onto my lap. "Hey, buddy. Did you have a great time being lazy?"

He meows with attitude before curling up on me, flicking his tail a couple of times before he's nice and comfortable. "Just enjoy yourself." I pet his head and relax, listening to his purr. As I chill there, I think about someone else's lap, and the image of Trent Nicholas slides into my brain and the way he stared at me. The sound of my phone's notification goes off, causing it to vibrate on the coffee table. Reaching out, I scoop it up and check it.

Wife, I hope you don't work too hard.

I won't, husband. I have a busy day tomorrow.

Yes, you do. I'll pick you up for breakfast before we head into the mall.

I hesitate, not sure how to respond exactly, so he responds. *I promise I'm not some crazy bastard.*

Isn't that what a crazy person would say?

That's fair, but just ask your sister.

I don't need to. She already vouched for you. Aren't you supposed to be in a meeting?

I'm waiting for one other member to arrive. About ten seconds later, another message comes in. *They're here. Have a good day, beautiful.*

I set my phone down on the table and close my eyes. I'm not sure how to handle that man. He's insanely attractive, wealthy, hardworking, successful, and everything that a woman could ask for.

My phone pings again and I quickly pick it up, eager to see what he says, but it's Ryan.

Sorry about the ex-wife and wasting your time. She's being difficult for no reason.

It's not a big deal. I have a lot to do today and tomorrow, so it's fine.

We hoped to see you before Christmas.

I did see Max, though. I include a smiley face and a Christmas tree emoji.

A strange feeling washes over me and I nudge the kitty off me before getting up and checking the locks on my doors. It's stupid since I've been going to their house for two years, but with their custody issues, I don't want to be in the middle of it.

My stomach rumbles, so I head into my small kitchen nook and heat up some homemade soup and toast up some bread I bought at the market yesterday. My kitty meows at my feet, rubbing up against them, wanting to sneak outside even though it's starting to snow.

"Fine, but you're going to want to come right back in," I explain to him, as if he understands me. Standing, I open the back door and let him out, closing the door behind him. Taking a seat, I get in one bite before I hear him meowing to be let in. Of course he is, and I shake my head and take a bite of my bread before standing to let him back into the house.

"I told you it was too wet and cold out there." He wails and meows before rubbing up against me again and then back to his bed in the living room. I shake my head because I don't know who is crazier, me or him.

Ignoring the finicky cat, I go back to my food and enjoy the tasty meal while it's still hot. With the cold weather, it really hits the spot.

My phone rings this time, but I let it go to voicemail because I don't have any interest in speaking to Ryan and I'm afraid that it'll be him. It rings again, so I let it go until I finish my food. Once I get done with my meal, I find I was right. It was Ryan calling and obviously a very pointless call because there's nothing that needs to be said after our texts.

My phone rings in my hand and I lose it, answering it with an angry "What?"

"Sorry, chickee. I was just seeing how you were doing after your busy day."

"My busy day? You're the one working in the mall of madness right now."

"Yes, but you had a run-in with the boss and then you're babysitting."

"Actually, I'm home with Jinx, being absolutely lazy. I didn't have to babysit after all."

"Well then, I'm sorry for bothering you. Get some rest because I have a feeling Mr. Nicholas isn't going to give you

any rest once he gets his hands on you.”

“Whatever. I’ve got some cleaning to do now that I have some free time.”

“No, you need to relax. Do you know how to do that?”

“Like you’re one to talk.” I hear commotion in the background.

“Sorry. I’ve got to let you go. Issues as always. See you tomorrow.” I ended the call with my sister and then let out a massive sigh. All I can think about is seeing Trent tomorrow, so instead of wasting my time watching the clock, I get to cleaning my house.

It takes until seven to get it spotless and then I collapse on my sofa, feeling exhausted. “Jinx, why didn’t you tell me to stop before my arms were noodles?” I ask my cat, who barely lifts his head from his perch on the arm of the sofa.

My front window shines brightly with my Christmas tree and lights, but I can see that the snow has fallen. With a sigh, I get up and head into the kitchen to make something small for dinner. After cooking a quick one-pan chicken and rice dish, I plop down on my couch with my legs crossed and turn on the

television. I select one of my Christmas favorites and then sit back and enjoy my food.

My dinner makes me sleepy, so I set my plate on the coffee table and cover myself with the blanket on the back of the sofa. Slowly, I fall asleep, missing the rest of *It's a Wonderful Life*.

My phone rings in the silence, shocking me to sit up straight. Picking it up because it's probably my sister or mother at this hour, but it's neither. Smiling like a fool, I answered it. "Hello."

"Hello, beautiful. I hope I'm not bothering you so late."

"You're not," I answer with a yawn.

"I'm sorry I woke you up, baby, but I'll have to cancel our morning breakfast."

"It's okay."

"No, it's not, Lola. The thought of missing out on time with you actually pisses me off, but today's meeting didn't go as planned and the only way I can make it work is going to a morning meeting to follow up."

"I understand. We'll see each other tomorrow, and then you can take me to dinner to make it up to me."

“That is perfect, my love.”

“Good. Now go back to bed, my sweet Lola and I’ll see you tomorrow.” We hang up and I fall back asleep, enjoying dreams of Trent until my alarm goes off.

Chapter Three

Trent

I've thought about her all day and it killed me to not call her again, but restraint was a must. Dennis reminded me of my obligations to the town and the mall. I had to consider the event tomorrow, and the ramifications if I ruined the visit with Santa by pushing Lola too soon, too fast. The change in plans gave me a brief chance to call her, even though it took away from our morning together. After it's over, I won't stop until she comes with my name on her lips.

Lola's reaction to my attention had matched mine, so I know she feels the hunger. All I need to do is make her realize that it's not just driving me and that I want more than to be inside her tight, young body. I want to possess her for the rest of our days. She's a Christmas gift I'll cherish forever.

"Are you ready to head to the mall?" Dennis asks, smiling from ear to ear as I slide into the back of my SUV.

"Stop that. You look like a mental patient."

"At least I'm not behaving like one. I'm glad the investors understood we had an issue at the mall that had your mind

preoccupied.”

“A lot of things are going to change, so you’re going to see a new side of me.”

“I can see.” He chuckles and goes through his phone and notes. The meeting finished just in time for us to make it to the mall to get dressed and for a few minutes to see my woman. It’s been a messy morning, but at least it’s all squared away and I have time to focus on my happiness, which includes Lola.

“So are you going to propose to her on Christmas?”

“I’ll see how it goes. At the latest she’ll be my fiancée by New Year’s Day.” I spent the time away from her, purchasing the ring I’ll be giving to her along with a dozen other gifts for Christmas.

“I’m surprised if you make it that long. One look at her and you seem so different.”

“The right woman can do that to you.” I checked my messages, and she hasn’t replied to the one I sent her this morning. Marianne has already spoken to Dennis to say that Lola’s there, so I know she’s safe, but it doesn’t explain why she didn’t respond to me.

The drive takes almost an hour, cutting my time extremely close. The snow and an accident on the expressway slowed travel to a near crawl. I dash into the mall like a bat out of hell while Dennis tries to keep up behind me.

When I make it to the secured dressing area, I see her, stopping my heart instantly. God, she's perfection. "I'm so sorry." I close the distance between us and pull her into my arms. "Good morning, wife." My mouth slants over hers, pressing our lips together in our first kiss. I pull back and stare into her light brown eyes. "How come you didn't answer my messages or calls this morning?"

"I forgot my phone at the house." I don't like that she forgot it because anything could have happened to her on the way to the mall, including an accident like the one we saw on the way in.

"Well, I messaged to say I was running behind. I hope you weren't waiting too long for me." She blushes, but before she can respond, Marianne approaches.

"Good morning, Santa. You better get dressed," Marianne says, stepping between us with my suit in her hands before stuffing them against my chest.

"We don't have much time before we get started."

“I promise I won’t be too long.” I dash into the dressing area and change like lightning, leaving my Santa jacket open because Mrs. Claus has to stuff me up. “Time to fill me in,” I tell her.

“Isn’t that my line?” she teases and I’m grateful that I’m wearing a cup. She’s lucky that we’re surrounded by a bunch of staff members and the lines of kids and parents are filling up outside.

“Lola, you’re asking for a special visit on Santa’s lap.”

“Maybe I am, but right now we don’t have time for that.”

“What about my stuffing?”

“Oh yes.” She grabs the pillows and starts sliding them under my suspenders, taking her time, caressing my chest in the process.

“Are you two having fun? I hate to break up this love fest, but it’s almost time for Santa to greet the kids.” I step back from the woman who will one day be my wife and say. “I need a moment.” Stepping into the dressing room, I check my cup and adjust my cock before fixing my suit. Once I return, I have all the eyes of the staff on me. “I’m ready.”

Chapter Four

Lola

The door opens, and we step out to a large crowd waiting for us. Santa Trent waves with one hand and presents me, twirling me before we take the steps to his seat. I stand to his right, and then we get started with the many anxious and excited kiddos.

The elves open the red and white rope barrier. The first child in line is with his father, who leads the boy up the three steps and then moves off to the side as Santa asks the little boy, “Have you been a good boy this year?”

“I try.” The look of honest concern in the little boy’s eyes tells me he’s not as good as he wants Santa to believe.

With a chuckle that hits me in the core, sexy Santa Trent replies, “I suppose that’s about as good as I can ask for. What would you like for Christmas?”

“A new bike.”

“Well, we’ll try.” The kid’s eyes light up and he grins sweetly. My womb is begging to be filled and I look right at Trent to doing the stuffing.

“Okay. Thank you, Santa.” The boy pops off and looks at me, smiling, grabbing a candy cane as he crosses the walkway before exiting the stairs to his waiting father.

Kid after kid and picture after picture, we make it through the four hours, smiling with a few hiccups. Several of the mothers do give Santa extra-long stares, which I try to let go of, but a hint of jealousy flares in my belly.

Although any time a man appeared in line, Santa Trent made it clear to take my hand and squeeze it. It looked like we were playing a role to the audience, but I sensed Trent was marking his territory. Even if this thing between us was momentary lust fueled by the holiday or something in the air, I didn't mind his need to touch me. I enjoyed it a little too much.

Although now we were on the last kid, and I have to hold back my surprise because I knew him and his dad well. Although I'm hard pressed to call him a kid anymore “Hi, Ms. Lola,” Max cheers as he comes up to me, skipping Santa's lap altogether and wrapping his arms around me for a big hug.

“That's Mrs. Claus,” Santa tells him, acting a bit too territorial to a minor.

I start to giggle and shake my head at Trent until the next words leave his lips. “That’s my Dad’s girlfriend.”

My eyes shoot open wide in shock at his comment. I hadn’t heard that one before, and of all the times for someone to make that claim, now wasn’t it.

“Really?” Santa’s voice deepens before he glares at me with a warning and then turns to Ryan, giving him a look that would make any man cower if it weren’t for the white beard and red suit. The men faced off in a staring contest, and I’m worried there’s going to be an incident over nothing since, technically, I’m nothing but a sitter to Max.

“Yes. He says he wants her to marry him for Christmas.” Max continues digging a hole for his father and me. There has never been a single thing between us. Although, now that I’m thinking back to our encounters, he has lingered as he passed me in the kitchen, brushing up against me and quickly apologizing, giving me hugs goodbye, and then the incident yesterday. Was he trying to get me alone and his ex-wife ruined it?

“What does your mommy say about that?” Santa asks him. Ryan has been divorced for several years, but I’m not sure why exactly.

“My mother doesn’t live with us anymore.” He’s still pretty heartbroken about it even though his mom is remarried. Although who knows what’s going through his head these days. I don’t feel like I know either of them right now.

“Oh, well, what do you want for Christmas?”

“Ms. Lola as a mother. She’s a great babysitter.”

“Sorry, but Ms. Lola belongs to Santa. Maybe your Dad could go hunting for a wife somewhere else. Have a great Christmas, kid.” Trent scoots him away, but his dad Ryan calls out to me, stepping onto the platform, which I’m sure will not be a smart move.

I move toward Ryan before he comes closer. “Lola, sorry about that. You know how Max can get when an idea gets in his head. Maybe I could make it up to you by taking you to dinner tomorrow.”

“It’s Christmas Eve, Ryan,” I tell him. He’s a great guy, but I’ve never been interested in him like that, and I’m surprised he came here since Max is almost twelve and doesn’t believe in Santa.

“I could make you dinner; Max will be with his mother, so we’ll have time to talk privately.” So Max isn’t quite

imagining things like I just assumed. My body shivers with pleasure and concern as I feel Trent Nicholas before I hear him. I shouldn't get excited at Trent's possessiveness, but I love the way he's staked his claim all day.

"She'll be busy. Get lost." Trent slides his arm around my waist and pulls me to his side. "Mrs. Claus will be helping Santa. All. Night. Long." The boy might not understand, but the innuendo was clear as day for Ryan.

"Let's go, Max." Ryan looks pissed at me and leaves.

"So, you weren't teasing about the boyfriend," he growls against my ear, his hand gripping my waist firmly. Without missing a beat, I lean back into his arms as if it's the most natural thing in the world.

"He's not my boyfriend. I babysit sometimes; that's it." I leave out that it's where I was supposed to be yesterday until something strange happened.

"You two were perfect. If anyone didn't know better, people would have believed you were really a happy couple," Dennis says, stepping up to us with a clipboard and a grin a mile wide.

"That's because we are," Trent says.

“We are?” I’m partially serious because even though I’m totally into him. I wonder what he truthfully wants with me and where this is going to lead. Just sex... or maybe something wonderful.

“We sure the fuck are, now. Go get changed and meet me in my office. There’s something we need to discuss in a bit. Don’t keep me waiting because I’ll come looking for you, and if I do—” he leans in and adds, “—trust me, you’ll be on my lap but face down.”

“Don’t make it sound like fun.” I skip away from him and into the changing area, pretending to be unaffected when my heart hasn’t stopped beating out of control.

My sister’s in there a minute later. “Oh my God. What is going on with you two?”

“I have no idea. Does he usually have other women around all the time?”

“Never. I was just talking to Dennis, and he’s shocked. Mr. Nicholas is all work. Like all work from sunup to sundown. In fact, his mother was just bugging him this morning about finding a wife.”

“Are you serious? Maybe that’s why he’s all anxious to get to know me. He’s probably looking to get his mom off his back.”

“I doubt it.”

“Well, it’s okay. I won’t let him run all over me. I need to get out of this outfit. It’s itchy and annoyingly tight.” Right on my stiff nipples that have been aching for Trent’s touch.

“Tell me about it. I could never get away with wearing that. Is that why you wanted me to do it, so you didn’t have to be the unlucky one to wear it?”

“Yes, but at least you got the attention of the big boss.”

“Tell me about it. Although, I’m not sure for how long. Didn’t you say he’s not from around here and he works on one company and moves onto the next?”

“Yes, but who cares? Aren’t you sick of living here in this small town, anyway?”

“I’m not going to run off with the man. He thinks I’m hot, nothing more.”

“We’ll see.”

I leave her and head into the shower area, changing out of my clothes and rinsing off the sweat and grime of the day off

me. The little kids were eager to hug me as well as Santa. As cute as it was, several of them were sniffing with their noses running.

Once I feel clean, I dry off and put on the clothes I came in with. Looking down at my outfit, I'm slightly disappointed in what I chose because it's pretty plain compared to the killer suit he had on this morning when he stormed toward me and crushed his mouth to mine.

I put on some makeup and brush my hair into a ponytail to hopefully not look too bad when I head up to his office on the second floor. Nervously, I make my way to his office and see Dennis just leaving. "Good, he was getting anxious waiting for you. I told him it might take you longer to get ready. Sorry. He's not normally like this."

"Well, that's good to know." I'm glad he's not hunting down women like this.

"Good luck."

"Thanks."

I knock on the door, but Dennis says, "Just go in."

I nod as he walks off. Taking a deep breath, I turn the knob and walk in. "There you are," Trent says with a deep

growl from behind his desk.

Chapter Five

Trent

“Come sit on Santa’s lap, Lola,” I commanded. I might have lost the Santa suit, but I still have the hat. We both showered in the mall locker rooms, and then I went up to my office to calm the fuck down before I flipped her over the bench in the setup room and drilled her for everyone to see that she belongs to me.

All the other employees went about their business as the mall filled with customers for the last two days before Christmas. It’s a super busy time, and I might be needed, but what I need right now is her.

“We’re in the middle of your office, Mr. Nicholas,” Lola says.

“I don’t give a fuck. Come here right now before I take you over my knee and spank you for being a naughty girl.”

“I thought I was a pretty good girl.” She gives me the sexiest pout, and I want her so badly that I can’t breathe. I loosened the buttons on my shirt, not even having bothered putting on my tie, which was smart.

“You’re not following orders. I’d say that’s being a bad girl.” She slowly moves around my desk and then sits down on my lap. “Very good.” My hand slides up her throat and into her hair. “I’m going to kiss you like I’ve wanted to do all day. One taste will never be enough.”

“Please,” she pleads.

My mouth closes on hers, and she immediately surrenders, moaning and parting her lips to give me space to delve my tongue inside. Our kiss is slow and passionate, heads turning back and forth as we move for more, tongues mating.

I pull my lips away from her mouth to slide them down her silky throat, kissing her pulse, nipping at that rapidly beating artery as it picks up speed with every second that passes between us. As much as I want to fuck her right on this desk and fill her with my kids, I won’t let our first time be in the middle of a damn mall when we could be rushed or interrupted.

Her phone rings just as I slide my hand under her top, squeezing her ample breast. “Don’t answer it.”

She doesn’t reach for the device like a good girl, but the piece of shit thing won’t stop ringing. “Son of a bitch,” I snarl.

I snatch it from her back pocket and find it's that asshole from earlier. Messaging her like crazy. *Hey, are you okay?*

Is that guy harassing you?

I could call the cops.

Just because you work there doesn't mean he can tell you what to do with your free time.

I have a Christmas present for you and I was planning to give it to you yesterday before you left.

She must have seen that bastard yesterday after she left me. I'm tempted to kill this fucker for getting anywhere near her, but then his supposed concern and gifts make me furious enough to slam his head into a wall. "He's got a problem," I snarl, biting on her earlobe.

"I thought you said not to answer it."

My phone takes that time to ring, and I see it's Dennis who knows better than to interrupt me which means it must be deadly important.

"What is it that you felt the need to call?" I ask while licking her throat.

"Someone called the cops saying that the mall Santa abducted a woman from here."

“What the fuck?”

“Yes, they’re here to speak with the store manager, but the news happened to show up as well. She’s dealing with them now.”

“Oh my God.” With Lola so close, she can hear everything Dennis is saying on the other end. “Ryan’s a reporter.”

“The fucking bastard,” I snarl to myself. Returning my attention to Dennis, I give my command, “Cue the footage of the Santa village before Lola and I left, bring it to me, and send the cops to my office now.”

“Yes, Trent.”

“Baby girl, our discussion is going to have to wait.”

“Yes, Santa,” she purrs and then kisses my throat before lifting off me. I groan as her warm pussy brushes against my stiff cock when she stands. There’s a knock at the door and I call out for them to come in.

“Hello officers. I’m afraid that you came all the way here for some false accusations.”

“What do you mean?”

A knock at the open doorway behind them brings in Dennis. “I’m assuming that you were called because of Ms. Sellers and me. As you can see she hasn’t been kidnapped.”

Addressing her, the lead female officer says, “We were told that you were taken against your will.”

“I’m an adult,” Lola hisses.

Dennis hands over the tablet to me. “Here is the footage for the last few minutes before I came to my office.” I transfer it to the big screen and play the encounter with Ryan and the way Lola leans into me when I wrap my arm around her waist, and how we part ways.

“So as you see, I clearly haven’t kidnapped her.”

There’s a collective, “Oh.”

“I see. So you’re not in duress, ma’am?”

“Not the kind that needs the police,” she huffs. “I’m embarrassed and saddened that Ryan would go through all this trouble because I wouldn’t accept his date.”

“Would you like to press charges?”

I look at Lola who clearly doesn’t have a cruel bone in her body unlike myself who’d enjoy sending the prick to prison, so I respond, “No. It’s Christmas time, and I’d hate for his son

to be devastated, but we'd like to speak with the reporters outside. We'll address them in about half an hour with a full story."

Half an hour later Lola and I are dressed in our holiday outfits again, ready to greet the media in my office. Yes, the town is small, but the neighboring city where I live is enormous and the news channels are all looking forward to the massive holiday caper to tell. We'll give them a story though.

I sit in my office chair with my Mrs. Claus in my lap while my desk has been transformed into a mini banquet. "Santa, it seems you have been put on the naughty list, but it looks like we might have been mistaken," Jillian Espinosa from Channel Two says with her newsy smile she probably has perfected for years.

I chuckle and give the camera a wink, giving Lola's waist a squeeze for good measure. "Yes, Mrs. Claus and I snuck away from the crowds to enjoy our feast before I visit children's homes around the world, tonight."

"I love feeding Santa my cookies," Lola adds, holding a tray from the craft table we had set up downstairs.

"Well, it looks like we have a case of love in the North Pole with Santa and Mrs. Claus."

They cut the cameras and thank us for not filing charges on the false report from their now fired reporter Ryan Samuels. Dennis and Marianne see them out, flipping the lock as they go. "I'll see you at Mom's," Marianne calls out as the door shuts.

"Yes, you will," I answer for the both of us even though it was meant for Lola. Once they're gone, Lola yanks down my fake white beard and crushes her mouth to mine.

I whip off the Santa jacket, stuffing, and the beard that kept her at a distance, tossing them onto the floor because I don't want anything in the way. Frustration and impatience are getting to me. I throw her onto the desk and lift her skirt. These tights have to go. I rip them off her body because I can't wait a moment more to get a taste of my woman. Her panties are soaked under the torn material.

"Uh oh. I hope we don't have to return the costume."

"I don't give a fuck. I'll pay for you to keep it, baby girl." I grip her hips and drag her to the edge to get her sweet slit in my mouth. My first taste of her silky hole drives me insane with lust and greed fills me up. Dipping my tongue past her folds into her sticky cunt, I lick her pussy juices like a thirsty

beast. Her hands grip the edge of the desk as I feast on her wetness, eating her until she screams my name.

“Trent,” she cries out, hands moving into my hair, digging into my scalp, and pushing my face into her mound.

Claiming her right here and now is the only thing on my mind after what has happened. Pumping a finger into her tight pussy, I stretch out her hole, getting her ready for Santa to fit himself down her chimney.

“It’s time for Santa to unload his sack,” I growl, freeing my cock from the suit and letting the pants and boxers slide down to my knees.

“I’ve been a very good girl.”

“I know. That’s why you’re the only one to get any presents from Santa.” Rubbing the tip up and down her seam a couple of times before I line up my cock with her entrance, I push my way through her tight walls, claiming my woman and taking her virginity for my own.

A little whimper and gasp escape her as I stretch her pussy to the max. “Sorry, Lola.”

“It’s okay. I’ll be able to take it, big guy. Just give it to me.”

“That’s what I want to hear,” I growl. With a grunt, I drop down and slam my mouth onto hers, absorbing her cries as I piston in and out of her. The desk rocks off the floor, moving with every pump of my hips, but I don’t give a shit if we end up pinned to the door by the time I’m done stuffing her.

“You’re mine, Lola. We’re leaving here and heading back to my place in the city to have dinner and talk. Understood?”

“Yes,” she says with a hiss. My hands grip her ass and lift it off the desk to drill her hole.

“I’m about to come again,” she says, throwing her head over the edge of the desk, sending the wig off her head, and crying out as her walls convulse around my length.

I roar, letting go and flooding her womb with jets of cum. I close my eyes and pull her up in my arms. Holding her close to my chest, I breathe her in and listen to her heartbeat that’s speeding out of control. It matches mine, that hasn’t gone back to normal since I saw her this morning. Has it only been less than half a day since we met?

Everything about today has come as a shock, yet I’m only looking forward to what the rest of my life will bring with Lola. None of this between us makes any sense, but from the moment I saw her, I knew she was meant to be with me.

Slowly she moves out of my hold. “We’re a mess.” I let myself fall out of her wet slit and see the hint of her innocence mixed with our release.

“That we are. Fuck, Lola. I’m sorry that I couldn’t wait until we got home and did this right.”

“I thought it was pretty right.” She clenches her thighs together and rolls her hips, stiffening my cock to full staff again.

I cup her face and kiss her lips gently. “I mean it was our first time. It should have been special.” I pull back before I go back for more.

“It’s definitely memorable.” She blushes and giggles, hopping off the desk without making eye contact with me. “I need to change back into my street clothes and go home.”

I freeze, turn to Lola, and drag her back to me. With swift movements, I grip the back of her neck and tilt her head to look up at me. “No you don’t. Didn’t I tell you what the plan was?”

She bites her bottom lip nervously. “I thought it was something guys said during sex.”

“I wouldn’t fucking know. Today was my first time too.”

She looks at me like I have two heads. Well, I suppose I do, and I had both between her legs. “It’s hard to believe, but it’s the truth. I work non-stop, and my mother only wants to introduce me to women interested in getting into my bank account. I’ve been on several dates over the years, but they never panned out for a second.”

“That I can understand.”

“You’re twenty-one and held onto it this long. Any reason?”

“Same. I suppose I just didn’t meet someone I wanted to give it to until now. Lust is one hell of a motivator.”

“I’m thinking you have a crush on Santa.”

She winks at me with a giggle. “Yeah, you got me there. Red is really your color.”

I let her change in my office bathroom while I change in my office and then clean up my desk a little. Fuck, I’m hard again just looking at the damn thing. It’s only supposed to be a temporary office, but at least this bad boy will be coming with me when I move onto the next project.

Chapter Six

Lola

I sit in the back of the SUV while a big buff older man drives and doesn't say a word. It's a bit unsettling how calm and quiet he is, but I guess I'm used to the chaos around me at my job. Or maybe it's the fact that I'm sitting next the only man I let get close to me and I want to climb into his lap again.

“So, when you're not volunteering to be my wife and babysitting for assholes, what do you do with your time?”

“I'm actually in my final year in college. I'll have a degree in child development to become a grade school teacher.”

“That's great.” He looks like it's not such a great idea, but I don't say anything about it because the man is rich and being a teacher probably doesn't pay enough even to meet his standards.

“Do you have a school you'd like to teach at? A city you plan to live in while you teach?”

“No. I haven't figured that out yet. I have until May before I graduate, but I figured it would either be here or in the

city.” He nods and then smiles.

“What are we doing for Christmas?”

“We? I was supposed to go to my parents.”

“Do you think they won’t want to meet their future son-in-law?”

“I think we’re moving fast, and they’re going to be questioning it.”

“That’s fine because I’m not going anywhere, so they can grill me all they want, but I don’t want to miss out on our first holiday together.”

A smile spreads over my face. “Okay.”

“Good.” He kisses the back of my hand and takes it into his, holding it until we arrive at his apartment.

“Son of a bitch,” he blurts out.

Standing in front of the enormous building is a woman dressed in the finest, expensive clothes. Everything about her screams wealth, but that’s not what’s silently screaming at me. It’s the tension rolling off Trent.

“My mother’s here.”

“Oh.”

“It will be fine.”

He steps out first and then takes my hand in his, helping me out. Before he can even introduce us, she throws her arms around me and squeals, “About time.”

“Mother.”

She releases her hold on me only to stare at her son with an icy glare that he must have adopted. “Don’t you mother me, Trenton. I’ve been waiting for you to find a woman finally, and you just went and scooped her up. I might actually have to believe in Santa after all these years because this is one Christmas miracle.”

“So tell me all about you, my dear.”

“Mother, we were just about to have dinner.”

“Good, I’m starving. After I saw the news, I just couldn’t wait to get over here and meet this precious thing. Can I say just how adorable you both look as Santa and Mrs. Claus? Too perfect.”

“Okay. Let’s take this to the condo.” We head upstairs, and she’s clinging to me, asking every basic question in the world, while Trent looks on with a grumpy huff, arms crossed, and it’s totally sexy. I want to throw my arms around him and

kiss away the frown. Although nothing but his mother leaving and quitting monopolizing my time will please him.

Dinner is ordered from the local Italian restaurant and as we wait, Trent gives me a quick tour of his very large condo. It's a four-bedroom place he keeps ready for his family when they come over, or if Dennis and he are working late, he will have a place to crash for the night. I think that's pretty badass and makes me fall more for Trent than I should. Everything about him is too good to be true, and after one day, I'm scared that we're going too fast.

“While he's getting the food, I have to ask you something.”

“Yes?”

“Are you okay? You are ready to run out of here if given a chance.”

“Is it that obvious?”

“Yes. I know you two look adorable together, but he didn't bulldoze you into this, did he?”

“Kind of, but that's not... It's just the more I see of him, the more I see he's pretty amazing, and I'm afraid that perfect

façade will fall away, and I'll be already too in love with him to pull away."

"With Trent, what you see is what you get. The only thing you have to worry about is how much he works. Although, given that he ditched his workday during the busiest time of year for retail, I'd say you could control how many hours he works."

"Thank you."

"Thank you. Your honesty is extremely refreshing. Women come to me just to meet my son, and they'd lie straight to my face if I asked them the same question."

"Ladies, dinner's here," Trent says, ducking his head in the kitchen.

"We're getting the drinks. Set it up, please."

"Yes, mother." He rolls his eyes and disappears, looking absolutely adorable and nothing like the tough businessman I met this morning. I'm falling hard and fast for him.

We sat down and enjoyed a nice dinner in the living room with a glass of wine, getting to know each other. They're both shocked that I own my home at my age and paid for it myself,

but I see the respect in their eyes. “I’ll have my driver take Lola home.”

“I don’t want to put you through so much trouble.”

“She doesn’t need to leave.”

“Actually, I should go. It’s Christmas Eve tomorrow, and I still have some things to handle before going to my parents on Christmas Day.”

“I can drive you home,” Trent says.

“It’s a long drive back.”

“I’ll drive you.” His firm tone told both of us there was no point in arguing. Not that I don’t prefer if he’s the one who takes me home because I want to steal a few more minutes with him.

“Well, then. I’ll see my way out. Thank you for spending time with me and letting me get to know you.” She kisses my cheek and then leans in to whisper, “You two are perfect together. Just remember that you don’t have to take his shit.”

I smile and nod. “Thank you. I’ll make sure. I have a very demanding sister that I swear was cut from the same cloth.”

“Yes, I’ve heard about her. She needs to find a husband too. Maybe we can find her one.”

“Sounds like an interesting plan.”

“So you want to leave me so soon. I’m pushing too hard, aren’t I?”

“A little, but it’s not just that, Trent. I really do have things that need to be done. I have presents to wrap, which I still have to get done by tomorrow night. Showering and changing is a thing, plus I’m supposed to go get my nails done tomorrow at the mall. Do you have to be there tomorrow?”

“I do.”

“Do you want to stay at my apartment? I mean, it’s not as nice as this kickass place, but it has a bed we could share.”

He pulls me in for a deep kiss and then steps back with a grin. “I’ll pack a change of clothes.” With a wink, he disappears into his bedroom and gets his things packed. My phone buzzes in my pocket, and it’s a message from my sister.

Mom and Dad know about you and my boss. They can’t wait to meet him.

He can’t wait, either. I’ll bring him for Christmas.

You better, or mom’s never going to stop. Are we still on for tomorrow?

Yes. I need my nails done.

“Everything okay?”

“Yes, just my sister checking in on me.”

“She’s talented and bright. She needs to trust her gut more, and she’ll be tremendously successful.”

“I tell her that all the time.”

“Good. She’s a valuable asset; I’m glad to have her working for me, especially because she brought you into my sights.”

“How are you feeling after this afternoon?”

“Horny,” I answered, pressing my hand against his chest.

“That’s a great answer.” He throws me over his shoulder and carries me back to his bedroom.

“We’ve got to go,” I complain, giggling all the way there.

“No, we don’t, woman. We’ve got plenty of time before we need to head out. Let me work that sweet pussy of yours until you’re screaming my name, and I’m filling you with so much cum we’ll have our own kids by next Christmas.” My pussy twitches and my belly clenches at the idea of Trent breeding me. A moan pours from my body like the liquid seeping from between my thighs.

“That’s what I want to hear.” He flips me over and plops me onto the massive bed, tugging free the top button on his shirt before working the rest of them down as he crawls his way toward me on the mattress.

“Lola.” My name comes from his lips, full of desire, causing my body to shiver. I lift my top off, needing to get naked faster. “Good girl. You are definitely working your way off the naughty list.”

“I like being on your naughty list.”

“I have a feeling you won’t ever make your way off it completely.” He spans my mound, sending my hips pumping upward and my ass cheeks clenching. Trent grabs my leggings and yanks them down, pulling my panties with them. His clothes are next, plummeting to the floor before he’s back into position between my thighs. Massive dick prodding my pussy lips and forgoing any foreplay because all games are over. The dark look in his eyes, hunger with every firm grasp of his fingers digging into the flesh of my hips, tells me that my lover needs me now as much as I need him.

“I can’t wait anymore.”

“Take me again. I’m ready for that huge cock to fill me, breed me.”

“Fuck, you’re going to make me nut before I get inside that tight hole,” he grunts, pushing into me as the vein on his neck bulges and sweat beads down his broad chest.

I feel stretched to the max, and yet I want more of him until our bodies are melded together, fused as one. Rising up, my hands wrap around his forearms for purchase. I grip onto him as he fucks me hard, owning my body. Our mouths meet, kissing as our mating intensifies. “Fuck me,” I beg between breaths.

“Ride me.” I move onto his thighs and pump my ass up and down as he bounces me on him. From this angle, my tits are in his face, and only my feet are on the bed, protected only by his strength, and I love it. I hold onto him and ride his thighs and enormous cock, squeezing down with every thrust of his hips until I feel my pussy flutter and give way.

“I’m coming, Trent.” I freeze on him, clinging to his powerful body as I let the wave of pleasure wash over me. His teeth snag onto my breast, biting and sucking on my nipple, deepening my orgasm, sending my head back, and then I feel his release flood me.

He releases my nipple, glides his lips up my throat until he grazes my ear, and then growls, “That’s my girl. Take it all

from me.” I feel my body give him one more spasm before I throw my arms around his neck and collapse in his embrace.

Chapter Seven

Trent

We made it to her home in Holiday Hills before midnight, but my little pretend bride passed out from her long day. I park in her driveway, dig for her keys in her purse, and then scoop her up into my arms to take her into the house. It's an adorable little space that makes me swell up with pride.

At her age, most people aren't homeowners or thinking of those plans, but my woman has already started her future and mapped it out. As I get her inside, I nearly trip over her dark-as-night feline, who goes straight for my feet. "Shit."

As I bobble her in my arms, she wakes with a start. "Ah."

"Relax. I'm not going to let you fall. Your cat nearly got stepped on."

"Jinx, bad kitty."

"Perfect name. Now, let me get you in bed. You're exhausted, and I have an early start tomorrow."

"Okay," she yawns. I tuck her under the covers and head into her bathroom for a quick shower, so I don't have to take one early in the morning. Once I'm out, I curl up with Lola in

my arms. Of course, the cat tries to get in between us, but I scoot him from the room and close the door.

“Not while I’m around,” I growl. He just curls up on the floor outside the door as if he doesn’t care. Good, because I need my woman to get her rest. Sliding in bed beside her, I attempt to fall asleep, but my mind is still on today. I hadn’t missed Lola’s response to my mother’s question earlier. She’s afraid that I’m too good to be true, and I’m afraid that I’ll lose her because I can’t measure up.

Neither will happen, as far as I’m concerned. My future was decided the second she entered my world, and my ring would be on her finger before the new year was here. I’d ask her on Christmas, but she’d think I was insane. With that positive thought in my head, I let the exhaustion of the day win over and fell asleep.

Morning comes, and I slip out of bed and get dressed, trying not to wake my beautiful woman because it’s too damn early, but it’s too late because she’s stretching with an adorable smile on her face. “Good morning.”

“Good morning, sexy.”

“Trying to give me the slip?”

“Never. I just didn’t want to wake you up so early.”

“I don’t sleep in most days, but I will say I’m still a bit sleepy. I’m going to make some coffee. Do you want to take some to go? I have a basic black travel mug that I got as a White Elephant gift last year.”

“Sounds good to me.” I bend down with my knee on the bed and kiss her lips.

“I could get used to morning kisses.” She says, smiling so sweetly.

“Just morning?” I question intentionally being obtuse.

“All kinds of kisses.”

“Good, because that’s what you’ll be getting.” I slide back off the bed and stand, only to hear scratching at the door.

“Someone needs attention.”

“Greedy bastard,” I grumble. She giggles and climbs off the bed, meeting the kitten who loves the sweet attention she gives him. God, she’s perfect. My phone goes off, and I know I’ve got to get moving before I run late.

It's Dennis, so I answer before he panics even though he knows I'm only five minutes from the mall. "Boss, I'll be at the mall in twenty minutes."

"Good. I'll be taking a walk around before meeting with Sellers."

"Do you have your coffee, or do you need me to grab it?"

"I've got one already. Thanks though. I'll see you soon." I end the call and then look for Lola, who's playing with her black kitten, Jinx. The little shit meows and rubs all over Lola's legs every time I pull her into my arms. He's lucky he's adorable; I'd toss him into the snow. I can't believe how jealous I am of a cat.

"What time are you coming to the mall? I'll take a lunch break." I stare right between her thighs.

"I'll be there at two, but since I'm sure you'll be starving by then, how about I arrive at, say... twelve?"

"Make it eleven... I want to get my fill."

"Eleven it is." I grab her around the waist and pull her in for a brief kiss before rushing out and kissing her harder because I won't want to leave.

The drive to the mall is a short one, and by the time I get there, my aching erection has finally softened enough to allow me to walk without looking like a sick fuck all day. The mall opens early today, so the crowds are already in line when I arrive, and I enter through the employee door, giving myself a head start before they flood the entrance.

“Good morning, Mr. Nicholas.”

“Call me, Trent. After all, we’re going to be brother and sister soon, Marianne.”

“Okay, Trent, are you ready for a rundown of the numbers this morning?”

“Give it to me.” She goes over yesterday’s figures as we walk through the mall. Everything turned out successful.

“Yesterday’s Santa visit went well, including the second televised one. We have been asked if we’ll be hosting Santa next year.”

“The mall will be doing a Santa as long as it remains successful, but that’s up to the management to keep it up and running.” I give her a pointed look. She’s got the job in the bag, and I know she’s capable of making this place run like a

well-oiled machine, so there's no issue as long as she keeps her confidence up.

“We can make it happen, but what is going to happen when you leave? And I'm not talking about the mall. I'm talking about my sister.”

“The city is less than a half hour away. It's not like we'll live far. If she wants to still live here, we will.”

“You'd move for her.”

“I'd do anything for her.”

“I wish I had a man like you.” A growl comes from behind us, and I turn to see Dennis. I do my best not to laugh because I've noticed the two of them have been dancing around each other for months.

“Maybe you'll find someone who knows what they want and takes it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a lot to deal with before I have lunch with Lola.” I walk toward my office and close the door, ignoring Dennis, who pulls Marianne into the janitor's closet.

Dropping into my chair, I smile and think of what I have planned for my sweet Lola when she arrives soon. Pushing her into the office and taking her again is all I can think about. In

order to get that done, I have to manage some actual work, so I get my ass moving and act like the damn owner of this mall.

It's ten after eleven, and she's not at the mall. I call her phone, and it goes straight to voicemail. Dialing Marianne, she picks up on the first ring. "Where's Lola?"

"I don't know. She wasn't supposed to be here until two."

"She was supposed to meet me at eleven, and her phone is going to voicemail."

"That's not like her, but it's only twelve after." I can hear the panic in her voice matching mine. "The Holiday Hills police are on the other line."

She hangs up on me, and I'm out of my office, searching for her. When I see Dennis, I shout, "Where's Marianne?"

"Food Court."

I dash that way and see her mouth wide open, tears falling. I'm at her side with Dennis behind me. "What's going on?"

"Lola's in the hospital," she chokes out between sobs.

"What? Let's go."

“Dennis, please stay here and handle everything,”

Marianne says.

“Of course, love.”

Chapter Eight

Lola

Stepping out of the shower, my heart is practically singing. Trent has opened up my heart in a new way. I've people and children, but I never loved a man before, and I know that in such a short time, I've fallen in love even if I'm not ready to admit it aloud because everyone will think I'm nuts.

My mother called me this morning after Trent left to grill me about our relationship, and I told her he's coming to Christmas tomorrow. My dad's ready to grill him, which I doubt will bother Trent. There's something in his confidence that makes me believe nothing can rattle Trent Nicholas.

I quickly dry my hair and get dressed, checking the clock. It's ten which gives me enough time to get prettied up, feed, and play with Jinx before meeting Trent. Smiling like a lovesick puppy, I hurry up and head into the kitchen to get Jinx's favorite pate ready.

"Here's your food, kitty," I call Jinx. I can't find him, which is strange. Normally, he's eager for the wet bites that I get him before I leave for the day. "Jinx, kitty. Where are you?"

Come on; I've got to get out of here and meet Trent now." I head into the living room with the open, smelly container in my hand and gasp. Ryan is standing there with my cat in his arms, holding a gun aimed at me.

"What are you doing here?"

"You betrayed me, Lola. I watched for hours in line as you let that bastard flirt with you. I thought maybe it was for show, but no... you let him touch you, kiss you, fuck you." His eyes are wild. Having to make my escape, the only thing I can think of is Jinx.

I stick out my arms and plead while waving the kitty food. Instantly, he reacts, clawing at Ryan's face and arms to escape and go for his food. It works, and he lets the cat go, grabbing at his face in pain, and allowing me to run. I dash toward the back door, but I'm not that fast, and my house is a little too cluttered; I bang into my kitchen chair. I reach the back door, which is locked. I get it open and a foot out into the snow when Ryan reaches me. He slams my face on the edge of the door. I feel the blood in my mouth, and then he drags me back into the house, slamming the door shut.

He licks the blood that drips down my neck, and I try not to shiver with revulsion. "Nice move, but you're never getting

away from me. Your boyfriend ruined my life, and I will enjoy taking you away where we will live happily.” His voice is darker and creepier than I could have ever imagined.

“What about Max?” I ask. I hope he didn’t hurt him before he came here.

He huffs in disgust. “He can stay with that bitch mother who wants him so badly. He couldn’t even do his job right when it came to you. He’s useless.”

I hear movement behind us. I hope it’s Trent, but then again, I don’t, and then a meow comes. “That fucking cat is going to die.”

“You shouldn’t pick up cats when they don’t want to be held. It’s like rule number one. It’s not his fault.” I catch a reflection in my toaster and see it’s Mr. Daniels. Thank God. “It’s the same with women too.” I elbow him in the throat and run. He turns around only to be confronted by the burly Mr. Daniels. Quickly, two gunshots go off.

I scream and run into my living room as Mrs. Daniels runs in. “I told you to wait outside. It wasn’t safe in here,” Mr. Daniels snarls at his wife, pulling her in for a kiss. “He’s dead,” he whispers.

My body shakes as I drop to the floor. “I need... I need to call....”

Trent. The words don’t come out before Mrs. Daniels answers, “Lola. The police are on their way.”

“Eric, what happened?” Mrs. Daniels says, pulling a blanket over my shoulders and rubbing my arms while looking up at her husband.

“As soon as she ran, he aimed the gun, and I took my shot. His went wide because I landed my shot first.” I hear the sirens in the distance, and the voices go in and out, but I can’t hear anything.

“Lola, Lola.” My attention is grabbed by Mrs. Daniels, but I’m not in my living room anymore. Instead, I’m sitting in the back of an ambulance.

“What’s going on?”

“They’re taking you to the hospital.”

“I need my phone. It has a pretty pink and black case.”

“Sweetie, I’m sorry, but your phone is broken. It was on the living room floor crushed.”

“Oh no. I’m supposed to meet....”

“We’ll call your sister. I have her number, and I’ll call her.”

“Thank you.” They load me into the ambulance, and the movement makes my head spin. Suddenly I’m nauseous, gagging a couple of times before I throw up. The medics are quick to react and prevent a mess. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, Miss. Sellers. You have a concussion. We need you to get in and have some tests done.” I close my eyes and do my best to fight the spins, and then I pass out.

When I came to, I was no longer in the ambulance but in a bed. “I’m sorry.” Trent is standing over me, holding my hand, brushing my hair out of my face. “I’m going to kill him.”

“He’s dead,” I croak out.

“What?”

“Mr. Daniels shot him. I think.” I’m still feeling a bit fuzzy.

“You’re awake,” Marianne sobs.

“I just need you, Trent.” I cling to his arm, pulling him closer to the bed.

“I shouldn’t have left you this morning.”

“No. I should have let you press charges when you wanted to. Either way, it’s over and thankfully all I have is a few bruises, a messy house, and a cat with a newfound taste for human blood.”

“Oh? What did Jinx do?”

“He clawed Ryan in the face.”

“Good cat. I’m going to buy him the biggest cat house I can find and all the gourmet kitty food I can find.”

“I think I’m falling in love with you, crazy man.”

“That’s good because I know I’m in love with you. Two days and I know you’re mine forever. I knew it the first second our eyes met. You hit me right in the soul.” He bends down to the edge of the bed and then holds me close but does avoid squeezing me too hard.

The doctor interrupts our moment to come in and say that I’ll be staying in the hospital until tomorrow. “Christmas Day?”

“Yes, I’m afraid so, but if you’re doing well, we can get you out of here by the morning time to enjoy the rest of the holiday. Unfortunately, we get a lot of patients here on Christmas including little ones.”

“We understand. Thank you for everything,” Trent says.
“We’ll be hoping for an early morning release.”

“We all will. Now, get some rest.” He pats my hand and then exits the room.

My parents are quick to enter following the doctor’s departure. “Sweetie, we got the call and rushed over.” They go to throw their arms around me when they see I’m holding onto Trent who is sitting on the edge of my bed.

“So you’re Mr. Nicholas, the new boyfriend.”

“Dad, don’t be rude. Lola, needs her rest and no stress. Besides, I’m sure Trent’s her only boyfriend.” She winks at Trent who grins at that bit of information.

“Girl, I wouldn’t talk if I were you. Anyway, I’m crazy about this man here and he’s wonderful.” I come to Trent’s defense because he means everything to me and I’d hate for there to be conflict for no reason.

“We’ll be the judge of that.”

“Very well. You will see in time and I understand your concern as Lola’s parents. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to make a call really quick. I have an idea since you’re here for the night.” He kisses my cheek and steps out of the room.

The next morning as I'm getting ready to be released, I hear a loud booming voice bellow, "Ho. Ho. Ho. Merry Christmas!" The nurse wheels me out and in the middle of lobby area is Santa Trent with a bunch of toys for all the children in the hospital. Smiling, I know that it doesn't matter how long we've known each other. I'm certain down to my core that I've picked the right one for sure.

Epilogue

Lola

“Mom, I’m fine. I swear I am.” I roll my eyes for the hundredth time, feeling dizzy every time I do. My blood pressure’s a little too low, but the doctor says I’m fine.

“She says that all the time, Brenda. I don’t buy it.”

“I know, Trent. She’s a tough cookie, but this baby is giving her a rough go. He’s a big boy and wants to come out much sooner than expected.” My mother-in-law has been a gem. It was my parents that weren’t too happy about our instant relationship, but after they watched the newscast of us as Santa and Mrs. Claus and saw our feelings were genuine they understood.

“Yes, she needs her rest. Come on, Lola. It’s time to lay down before our son comes out too soon.” Trent scoops me up in his strong arms, carrying me upstairs to our bed.

“I’m fine, Trent and so is this little one.”

“We only have a week left. If she goes into labor, it’s okay.”

“It’s not that I’m worried she’ll go into labor. If she has an accident when she’s working that I’m worried about.” He kisses my temple and says, “If you faint and hurt yourself, I’ll be devastated.”

“Okay. I suppose you have a point. I’ll behave, but I think I have to go to the bathroom.” Suddenly I feel a tightness in my stomach and I want some privacy before I can ask for it, Trent picks me back up. As he sets me down in our bathroom, my water breaks. “No bed rest. Our baby’s coming,” I cry out.

“Get the car ready,” Trent hollers, picking me back up in his arms.

“Let me change. I’m soaking wet and I’m getting you wet.”

“Sorry. We have to move before the pain kicks in.” My normally calm husband turns into a mess and I do my best not to laugh, which is easy because the first contract hits as I finish changing my clothes. We made it to the hospital just in time for our first child to be born, Malcolm Trent Nicholas.

Trent

Seven years later

“The kids could see us,” Lola hisses, trying to look over my shoulder toward the staircase which is out of view from where we are by the tree and sofa.

“They aren’t old enough to know what Daddy’s doing to Mommy,” I growl in her ear.

“Yes, but Mommy’s sitting on Daddy’s lap.”

“Well, what are you doing out of your costume?”

“You stripped me naked, remember?”

“Good point, so what are you doing wasting time talking when you should be bouncing on Santa’s lap?” Slides down my length as we fuck in front of the Christmas tree, taking our pleasure over and over every year. For the past seven years, I’ve worshiped my wife next to the Christmas tree as we set up the presents for the kids.

“Hurry up, Mrs. Claus. Santa has to unload his sack,” I growl in her ear, spanking her bare ass, knowing she’s ready to get pregnant again. “I want another baby inside you.”

“Yes, give it to me.” She cries out throwing her head back and rolling her hips as her cunt clenches my length, pulling my seed from me.

I lift her up and pin her to the floor and drill my seed into her while I wrap her legs around my waist, filling her womb and leaving my gift to be opened in nine months. Kissing her until we’re breathless, I hear the faint sounds of wood creaking.

“There better not be little butts out of bed,” I bark out from behind the sofa, so they can’t see me, but they can’t miss my voice roaring through our large home.

“We thought we heard Mommy crying,” my oldest answered.

“Mommy was making Santa a snack and stubbed her toe. Go to bed now, or Santa won’t bring you anything now.”

“We’re going back to bed.”

“Someone’s going on Santa’s naughty list.”

“They’re just worried about their Mommy.”

“I’m talking about you.”

“I thought I was always on Santa’s naughty list.”

“That’s right. You are... now, let’s take this to our room for your punishment, wife.” I crush my mouth to hers for a kiss before I wrap her up in a blanket and sneak us through the kitchen and up the back stairs that leads directly to our bedroom.

Lola

Ten more years

I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus comes on the car as we drive to the mall and my oldest Malcolm complains from the backseat. “Ah no, please change this one.”

“I like this one,” Sadie, our youngest, says.

“Yeah well that’s because you never had to walk in on the explicit version of this song,” he grumbles.

“Well that teaches you to go creeping down the stairs to peek at presents.”

“Seriously, it’s pretty gross. You know we open presents there the next day.”

“You also do a lot of things all over the house too,” Trent answers with a chuckle, further grossing out our seventeen-year-old. Soon, his tune will be different when he’s married and doing his thing, but right now, it’s terrible.

“God, I can’t wait to move out.”

“Soon, you’ll be going off to college, learning to take over for me if that’s what you want and then on your own. It will

come faster than you know. Hopefully, you find a woman that will make you as happy as your mother has made me.”

“So I’m going to hang out at Aunt Marianne’s house this weekend.”

“Any reason?”

“Yeah, Aunt Marianne’s got a new neighbor, and she has a daughter. She’s so pretty. Cousin April says the girl looks like a snow fairy or something, and Malcolm can’t stop looking at her.”

“Hmm...” I wonder how grossed out he really is now. Trent’s going to have to have a talk with him. We pull into his personal spot and enter the Holiday Hills Mall. After all these years, Trent decided to focus on just a few malls and limited his time to us and small investments since he had plenty of money.

“Son, join me in my office. Wife, go take the kids around a bit.”

“Sounds like a good idea,” I say, kissing his cheek. “We don’t need any grandbabies too soon.”

“Not when I’m still trying to put babies in you. Santa plans to unload his sack tonight.”

“Ew... gross.” We both laugh as our son sticks his finger in his mouth to gag. Good. Hopefully, Malcolm continues to think like that for a little while longer.

THE END

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A Best Friends Duet:

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The Caught Series:

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Caught Off Guard

Caught in A Lie

Caught Crossing the Line

Caught Breaking the Law

Caught Red Handed

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Securing Blake

The Cline Brothers of Colorado:

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Taking Whatever he Wants

Finding Paradise

Dark Hearts Series:

Intense

Dirty Boss Series:

My Pet

My Cookie

The Falling Series:

Falling for the Boss

Falling for the Enemy

Falling Hard

The Fiore Family:

Christmas with the Beast

Christmas with the Boss

Christmas with the Sheriff

Gimme Series:

Sugar

Luck

Rain

Cream

Heat

The James Family:

No Choice

No Way Out

No More Waiting

The Kane Family:

His Christmas Rose

Her Christmas Surprise

His Candy Kane

Christmas in July

Keepsakes:

Keeping Blossom

Keep in Mind

The Lamian Wars:

Bound

Reveal

Release

All Hallows Eve

Love Bites Series:

Love Bites

Once Bitten

The Middleton Hotels:

Built for Me

Built to Last

Built Strong

Built Over Time

Built Overnight

Nothing but Trouble Series:

Taking the Bait

Taking the Mafia Princess

The O'Connell Family:

Claiming Red

Burning for Claire

Claiming Abby

Reminding Red

Obsessed Alpha Series:

Stone

Cole

Graham

Theo

Maddox

Alessandro

Tony

Cormack

Reynolds Ranch Series:

Lara

Tobias

A Rocky Start Series:

Rocky Waters

Her Rock

Rocky Start

A Rough Hands Novella:

My Miracle

Nailing my Wife

Say Something Series:

Say Uncle

Say Please

Say Uncle: Doggy Style

Second Generation:

Say Yes

Sister Switch:

Testing Her Professor

Assisting Her Boss

Special Forces: Operation Alpha (Susan Stoker's World):

Guarding Hope

Guarding Forever

A Steele Christmas:

Mason's Winter

Perfectly Wrapped

The Company You Keep

A Steele Fairy Tale:

My Gold

My Forever

My Property

My Prince Charming

A Steele Riders Family Novella Series:

Holiday Knockout

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Steele Riders MC Series:

Boomer

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Sinful Intent

White Wolf Ridge Series:

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Wolfe's Den

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Raging Kane

Written in History

Standalones:

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Christmas in Camden

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