



DANGEROUS
DESIRES

Stalk
-N-
Stuff her

AUTUMN WILDS

Autumn Wilds

Stalk N Stuff her

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Credit for the book title goes to Autumn's marvelous husband who brainstorms sexy titles with her in bed in the middle of the night.

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About the Author

1

Julie

“He’s such an *ass*,” I whine into my sandwich, taking harsh bites to swallow my bitterness. “*Have the notes from today’s meeting to me by noon, Julie,*” I say, turning my voice nasally as I pretend to be Nicholas Armatti, the man who’s currently on ruling my life. “*I know we just met an hour ago, but you can make it happen, can’t you?*” Rolling my eyes, I shove another quarter of my sandwich in my mouth. “His expectations are unreal. He asks me to do so much!”

“Yeah, but,” my friend Lana breathes, eyeing the our unbelievably strict boss through the glass panel that separates my desk from his, “you get to *see* his hard ass every day. Isn’t that a blessing?”

I throw my crumpled napkin at her and she laugh. “You’d feel differently if you had him breathing down your neck every day.”

“No, I wouldn’t,” she says, shaking her head. “The man’s *hot*, babe. Like, *godly* hot. And *single*. You can’t tell me that

you haven't..." She slides her hand down the front of her body until she reaches her lap beneath the table and rolls her eyes back in a fake moan.

"Lana!" I hiss, frantically glancing over my shoulder to see if Nicholas is watching. Thankfully, he's pacing around while on some Bluetooth conference call and not paying us any attention. "I don't even have the time for that anymore. And it's not like I'm thinking of him naked or anything—"

Well, that's not exactly true. I *do* think of him while I'm in the shower, but that's only because he stresses me out so much. And thinking of him *naked* stresses me out even more, because how could I *ever* be attracted to the man who expects me to be at his beck and call every single hour of every single day?

But truth be told, the man has invaded my dreams. Telling me how good of a girl I've been, working my ass off to please him...

Not that I'll ever admit that dream Julie has a mind of her own.

Waking, conscious Julie has more dignity than that.

"That's impossible, babes," Lana chuckles, packing up her lunch now that our time is over. "I promise you, everyone in this building has pictured the man naked at least once. You have the rare opportunity to actually witness it, though."

"When would I ever—"

The sliding door connecting my space with Nicholas's opens, and the man himself steps through the doorway and takes two three steps straight to my desk. Likely coming to berate me for spending an extra minute chatting with my friend.

I snap my lunchbox closed and swivel my chair to face him. "I'm at lunch," I clip, folding my hands in my lap. "Is there something urgent, or can it wait five minutes?" I try really, really hard not to feel his presence, but like always, his crisp cologne swirls in the air and makes my head go fuzzy. My eyes start drifting from his cool blue eyes to the manly stubble dusting his chin, to the firm set of his shoulders in his pinstripe, tailored suit, down his torso until we reach his waist.

That's directly eye level with me.

Swallowing, I snap my eyes back up to his face, and the faint smirk on his lips sets my cheeks on fire. *Dammit*, I don't want him to think that I like looking at him—

But it's not a complete lie, is it?

His eyes travel from me and Lana, and he nods towards her in greeting. "Miss Morgan. I hear that Franco is pleased with your work."

Lana sits up straighter and gives my boss her best smile. "Mr. Nolan's easy to please," she laughs, "but thank you. He rarely gives out compliments, so I had no idea." Her boss, Franco Nolan, is another big-wig in the company who does something with PR.

I should assume that Nicholas knows everyone in the company, seeing as he handles a lot of the financials, but it surprises me that he engages in small talk with anyone.

Nicholas turns back to me and straightens one of his shirt cuffs in a way that's decidedly *attractive*, but that I'm determined not to let get to me. "I've got a new job for you this week," he says smoothly, not meeting my eyes. "Our annual charity is starting tonight, and I'm in need of an assistant who fits certain requirements."

"If you'll provide me a list, I'll recommend employees who fit the description."

"I already know who I intend to hire. She's perfect."

Lana gasps behind me, and I want to throw a glare in her direction to remind her that *no*, he's not dreamy, and *yes*, lunch is over and she should leave before she drools all over the hardwood and I have to clean it up.

"Okay, who is she? I'll call straight away." It's not like the woman has any choice. If Nicholas Armatti tells you he wants to hire you, there's no way you can turn that down. Clicking my pen and grabbing my notepad, I set it in my lap and look back up at Nicholas.

He's staring right back at me, an odd look settling on his features. "It's you, Miss James," he says, his blue eyes burning into mine. "You're perfect for this."

"I'm already your assistant," I remind him, the color draining from my face. Spending *more* time with Mr. Armatti?

What's next, sleeping with him?

I mentally smack my face against my palm, knowing that's exactly what Lana would be thinking.

"Which is why you're perfect for the job," Nicholas concedes. "We'll be spending our evenings together for the week, and I'd rather be with someone who knows how I think for the duration."

"Don't you have a spouse or something?" The question blurts its way into the air before I can think to stop myself.

He raises an eyebrow and crosses his arms over his chest. "Not currently." His eyes pinpoint onto my left hand and I shove it between my thighs so he can't spy my empty ring finger.

But then he's looking *between my thighs*, and that's more mortifying. My face flushes deeper and I look at the space behind his left shoulder to keep from looking him in the eye. "Well maybe you should," I stammer. "A wife would keep you from working so much."

"Concerned about me, Miss James?" He leans to his left to place himself in my direct line of sight again, a small smile curving on his lips. "I'm touched."

Lana clears her throat and stands quickly, tossing me a wink before she leaves me alone with my nemesis.

"You don't need me for this," I tell Nicholas, trying to convince him not to take my evenings away. "I'm sure there

are plenty of others available who will gladly help you with... whatever the task is.”

He tilts his head to the side as he continues staring at me. *Always staring.* “But I want *you*. No one else is suitable.”

My heart pounds loudly in my ears and I decidedly ignore the way it skips a beat at his words. *What harm will it do?* I mentally ask myself. I already think of the man all the time; actually being in the same space as him might make thinking about him more tolerable.

Plus, the *overtime*.

“Fine,” I concede finally, pursing my lips. “Email me the parameters and I’ll look them over.”

His smile broadens. He knows he’s won.

“Excellent. I’ve already sent them; the job description and purpose is in your inbox.” He turns back to his office and steps inside before turning back on his heel and looking at me from afar. “Oh, and Miss James? You can have the rest of this afternoon off to prepare for tonight. I look forward to seeing you there.”

He dismisses me by returning to his desk, and I swivel around to check my email as soon as he’s seated.

The latest email, sent while I was on break, has a red exclamation point for *priority*. Whatever the job is, it must be important.

Annual Holiday Wishes Charity Event: Information Enclosed

I skim the email to get to my new job descriptor and nearly fall out of my chair.

The designated employee shall dress appropriately for the season, wearing red and green holiday attire and/or an “elf” costume and greet children and their families as they approach Santa with their Holiday Wishes. The specifics go into detail about managing lines, dealing with families who cut in said line, or *individuals older than is appropriate requesting time with Santa.*

Why the hell would anyone sane want to sit in an old man’s lap and tell him their wish like they’re five years old? I shut my eyes and block out the reasons barraging my brain like bullets. I shouldn’t kink shame anybody, but it takes balls to hijack a family event for some alone time with Santa.

But what if Santa’s hot? I practically hear Lana ask.

“Santa won’t be hot,” I mutter, printing out the email so that I can read it on the go. “There’s no way Santa will be hot.” Once the paper prints and I shut down my computer for the day, I glance back at Nicholas through the glass pane, wondering what a finance guy has to do with a Santa-themed charity event—

His voice pierces my thoughts. *We’ll be spending evenings together for the week.*

There’s no way, *no way* that he could be—

An unbidden, *forbidden* image of Nicholas in a red Santa suit, the top robe open to reveal chiseled abs and a salt and

pepper happy trail leading down, down, down—

I crinkle the papers in my hands and high-tail it out of there, my entire body burning with desire for the confident, sexy, off-limits older man who drives me insane with his rules and his voice and his sinful smirk—

With a groan, I step into the cold December air and pray it cools me off.

If Nicholas is playing Santa tonight, I am totally, *royally* fucked.

2

Julie

The address in the email leads me to the local shopping mall, as expected, but instead of going inside where it's warm and standing by a makeshift stage, I follow the directions to the courtyard and expect to be briefed on my job.

I do *not* expect to see Nicholas already dressed in a form-fitting Santa suit, sans fluffy white beard, sitting atop a golden throne giving orders.

Not a *chair*. A *throne*. *His* throne. A sexy Santa throne.

From his perch, he directs photographers in where to achieve the best angle and waves to the crowd of onlookers and families already lining up to send their children off to sit in Santa's lap to make their holiday wishes. He's relaxed and completely at ease - so unlike the man I see on a daily basis.

He's a king in the office and commands respect, but here?
Among the general public?

He's everyone's favorite family man.

The conflicting images of him are giving me whiplash, and it's with trepidation that I make my way over to him.

All of the cute elf costumes at the department stores were for children or women sizes 0 - 14. For a woman sized 16 and up, like myself, I had to rely on my favorite plus size stores.

I was hoping for a cute outfit with a matching green elf hat, maybe even some elf ears and pointed shoes. But my favorite curvy store was out of everything PG. Instead, I found a red and white striped corset, complete with a large red bow across the bosom and criss-cross ribbon ties up the back. The matching panty set was sheer and totally inappropriate, so I found a pleated red skirt that matched well enough. Complete with red and white candy cane striped tights, I looked like Santa's Naughty Stripper rather than his helpful elf ushering children to see Santa.

As I approach, Nicholas's attention snaps towards me the moment my shoes - not heels by any means but somehow just as clickity across the sidewalk - hit the pavement. In the spotlight, he looks like a Christmas god waiting for me to either become his virginal sacrifice or lay myself down at his feet and pray for fertility this season.

Either way, *totally inappropriate*, and I bite my lip as I approach. "Um. Hi."

"Miss James," he greets, his voice a low purr that sends heat down my spine. "That's quite a... creative take on the dress code."

"If it won't work—"

“It’ll work,” he interrupts, gripping the armrests of his chair tightly. “Maybe too well.”

“What?” Blushing, I turn away from him and look at the towering Christmas tree twinkling behind him. I can’t stare at him while I’m dressed like this. I feel too *dirty*. “What does that mean?”

He sighs and rubs the back of his eyelids. “Every year, we always have donators who like to... push the envelope. They try and take advantage of their position and wedge themselves in line.”

“What’s wrong with that?” I ask, pressing my lips into a thin line. “If they’ve paid, aren’t they owed time with Santa?”

Nicholas taps his fingertips against his throne. “Donations do not guarantee time with *Santa*, no. We try to keep things family friendly since we’re in a public space and represent the company when we do this. Otherwise, we’d have a lot of... misunderstandings.” His eyes travel down my bodice, and I wrap my white peacoat tighter around myself. “Your outfit, Miss James, might construe the wrong meaning and attract the wrong kind of attention.”

Is he calling my outfit slutty?

Yeah, I had to repurpose the corset, but I didn’t have a lot of options with such last minute notice. “It’s not like I could find a reindeer outfit in time,” I grumble loud enough for him to hear. “I can only shop in certain stores, and this was all they had.” My cheeks burn hotly and I take a deep breath to keep my dignity in tact. Not many people know how difficult it can

be to find flattering clothes, let alone comfortable or fitting clothes, when you're a plus size woman.

Nicholas nods and clasps his hands together, resting his chin atop them. "I understand that, Miss James. I'm merely stating that you look very beautiful, and that may attract the attention of..." He pauses, searching for the right word. "... anyone with a pulse."

The compliment feels like a slap to the face. I'm not even sure that it *is* a compliment if you imply that *anyone* would come onto me.

"Right," I snap, rolling my eyes. "My outfit is inappropriate. I've got big boobs and an ass. I can't exactly help that." Waving a hand towards him to highlight *his* outfit, I scowl. "Like yours is any better, Mr. Sexy Santa. I'll have to bat off all the single ladies and gents all night long."

"That's your job," Nicholas says with a chuckle. "To help them keep their hands to themselves. But don't worry, if anyone comes after you, I've got your back."

"Are you gonna throw toys at them?" I scoff.

"No, I'm going to punch anyone who dares lay a finger on you. You're off limits, Miss James."

My mouth gapes at his words, and his eyes sparkle like diamonds as he watches me. "You'll what?" Sexy Santa brawling should not be such a turn on, but when it's *for me*, I can't help but feel my heart flutter and my core tighten.

A photographer calls for our attention and leads me to stand next to Nicholas's throne for a picture. The crowd has gotten larger, and more than one cell phone pops up to take their own pictures.

Sexy Santa and his Slutty Little Candy Cane.

"Get closer," the photographer directs, waving with her hand for me to scoot closer to Nicholas. "I need a close up."

Shit. This is the last thing I need. And I have to do this all week?

I stumble on a fake present and Nicholas's hand catches my wrist with lightning-fast reflexes. The heat from his palm scorches my skin, and a delicious shiver rolls down my spine.

"Remove your jacket, elf-girl-whatever you are," the photographer huffs. "You can set it on the ground just for a second."

"I'll help you." Nicholas helps me out of my coat before I can process what's happening. "We're not putting this anywhere near the ground," he clicks, like the idea offends him. He folds the garment with great care and places it on his thigh behind my back, out of the camera's sight.

"Thank you," I mumble, already feeling overwhelmed from the number of eyes on us. On *me* in this outfit. I feel exposed and uncomfortable and like a deer in headlights. The overhead lights are blinding white and the noise from the crowd grows louder the longer I stand here on the platform.

“Breathe, Jules,” Nicholas’s deep voice rumbles soothingly as he presses a palm against my lower back. “Just breathe. It’ll be over in a flash.”

I glance back at him and our eyes meet, his impossible blue to my boring brown, and a wave of calm washes over me. I know this man. I see him almost every single day. I’ve spent dozens of hours with him. I can spend a dozen more with him and still be OK, even if we’re both dressed in these ridiculous outfits.

For that split second, the rest of the world fades away and I’m able to focus only on him.

“Good,” he breathes, a small smile on his lips. “That’s perfect. Just focus on me.”

A few seconds pass and I barely hear the click of the camera or feel the cold breeze whispering against my arms. All I can see, all I can feel, is Nicholas’s body heat next to mine and his eyes on me.

“Got it!” The photographer calls, giving us a thumbs up. “Good job. That look back thing is so authentic. Did you guys rehearse that?”

“Natural talent,” Nicholas muses, removing his hand from my back and taking my arm to help me down the two steps to the ground. “Now, Miss James, do you remember your task for tonight?”

I blink out of my trance and turn to face the mile-long line. A table in front of “Santa’s Station” accepts donations for the

company's chosen charity, and each donation allows one family member time with Santa to make their holiday wish. "Yeah, I read the email a couple of times." A dozen, actually, but he doesn't need to know that.

"Okay. I'm going back to my spot. Just make sure that only one child at a time comes up and that no one gets into any fights."

"Fights?" I ask, my eyes widening. "The email didn't say anything about—"

His eyes sparkle with mischief, and I scoff aloud. "Right. Fights. Ha-ha."

"Remember," he calls from his throne once he's seated, "if anyone tries to touch you..." His eyes narrow and go cold, causing my breath to hitch at how *dangerous* he looks. I've seen his calculating cruelty in meetings, but out in the wild it makes him look feral.

Biting my lip, I clench my thighs together. I should *not* like the way that looks on him. Nope. Not at all.

"...I'll make them wish they hadn't ever laid eyes on you."

It's a strange threat, especially when coming from my boss, but I like how it makes me feel.

Treasured. Protected. Important.

The first donation goes through and a child and his mother jog over to us, smiles on the kid's face but a quizzical look on the parent's. I give them my biggest and most picturesque grin

and follow the email's instructions for greeting, giving directions for meeting with Santa, and surviving the night.

3

Julie

After two hours, the night comes to an end and donations are closed until the next day. We get through the remaining quarter-mile of line and then shut off the lights, the music, and the biodegradable fake snow.

My back aches as much as my feet, and I'd kill for a massage.

"Good job tonight," one of the managers says, smiling at me. "You're a natural. It's no wonder Mr. Armatti refused to hire anyone else but you."

"He what?" I miss the top button of my jacket and have to try again. But the manager has already moved on to locking up the display for the night, and I'm left wondering why on earth Nicholas would have done that.

I turn back to ask him, but he's chatting with Mr. Nolan who showed up for the last twenty minutes. With a sigh, I finish buttoning my jacket and head for the parking deck. The other manager tries to call me over for complimentary hot

chocolate, but I wave him off. After staring at and talking to people for two extra hours today, I'm ready for some peace and quiet back at my apartment.

I get to come back and do this all over again tomorrow, too, so there's always time for hot chocolate *tomorrow*.

The mall is closing and the stores have dropped their gates already, so I high-tail it out of the courtyard at lightning speed. When I make it up the one flight of stairs at the parking deck to get to my car, a trio of men whistle at me from across the lot.

"Saw you out there tonight, baby," one of them calls, pushing himself off the hood of their van - a large, black, scary-looking van - and heading in my direction. "You are drop-dead gorgeous. What's your name?"

This is the second time this has happened to me, but I've never been alone and vulnerable for it before. "Goodnight," I call out, scurrying faster. I jiggle my keys in my pocket to pull out the right one. One of the key rings gets caught on a thread in my pocket and I tug hard to try and free it, but the thread is too strong or I'm too weak or panicky to get it loose. "C'mon," I mutter, trying to tear the fabric if it'll get the damned keys out of my pocket. My fob's battery died a month ago and I never replaced it; I need the actual key inside the fob to open my car door.

I never imagined I would die because of a faulty key fob and an expensive jacket working in tandem to spell my doom.

It's not just one man approaching me, but two, and panic rises like bile in the back of my throat. "I'm not interested—"

A massive man dressed in red velvet and stupid, giant boots appears from practically nowhere and stands in between me and the approaching men. "Leave her alone."

One of the men clicks their tongue and scowls. "Hey, man, I'm just trying to have a conversation with the pretty lady."

"She's not interested. Go home."

I finally snag my keys free and pull them out of my pocket, only for my shaking hands to fumble unlocking the car key. The wad drops to the ground and I freeze, too terrified to dare bending over and picking them up.

The men start arguing with my rescuer, and he slams his palm on the hood of my car. I jump with a yelp, and the two men's eyes flicker from him back to me.

"You scared her," the other one says, smiling at me. "Why not let the lady talk for herself? Maybe you're the one who needs to—"

Crack.

I gasp as my rescuer comes into view and it's *Nicholas* delivering a perfect punch into the man's jaw. He stumbles backwards and curses loudly, looking raring to go, but his friend holds him back, saying something about how *it's not worth it*.

The two men retreat back to their van where the third is waiting, and they pile inside and screech their tires on the way

down the ramp and out onto the street.

My heart pumps a mile a minute, and I can't seem to catch my breath.

Oh, my god. Oh my god. Ohmygod.

"Julie," Nicholas says gently, stepping into my view. He's blurred until I blink back a few stray tears I hadn't realized were falling.

"N-Nick?" I sputter, taking a shallow breath. "Hey. What are you doing here?"

"I saw you walk off alone," he says, frowning. "It's not safe to do that on a normal night, and especially not tonight."

"Why not?" I ask, wiping away my tears with my coat sleeves. "I'm fine."

He purses his lips and fidgets, like he's not sure what to do with his hands. "You are *not* fine. You were definitely *not* going to be fine if they had made it over here."

"Yeah, thanks for that," I say, my voice tightening. "That was, um, very manly."

"Julie..." Sighing, he pinches the bridge of his nose. "I told you that I'd protect you. That doesn't mean that you can go off on your own like that."

"I was just walking to my car!"

"I know." His expression softens and he lifts my chin with his left hand. "I know, Jules. Next time, though, let me know before you leave, okay?"

“You’re gonna walk me to my car?” I ask, barking an awkward laugh. “So heroic.”

“Yes,” he states firmly. “Yes, I will walk you to your car. I’ll even take you home if you need it. Give me your keys.”

“What?”

He grips my chin tighter. “Give. Me. Your. Keys.”

I snort incredulously. “I’m not a child. I can drive myself home.”

“I don’t want you to when you’re crying.”

“I’m not—” My hands are still shaking, and I lift one to my face. Wet streaks paint my cheeks, and I hastily wipe them away. “I’m fine. I’ll be fine.”

Nicholas’s eyes narrow and he bends over to grab my keys the same moment I do. He snatches them first, giving me a first-hand look at the nasty bruise purpling his knuckles. I gasp, my hands flying to my lips. “Oh! Mr. Armatti! I’m so sorry!”

“Don’t be.” He stretches out his fingers as he tests their movement. “I’ll punch a hundred men if it means keeping you safe.”

“You’re a *businessman*,” I state plainly, my shock etched into my voice. “You *punched* someone. For *me*.”

It’s his turn to scoff as he tries the fob and it doesn’t work. “You need to replace this,” he grumbles, undoing the fob to place the manual key into the driver’s side door. “Get in.”

“You’re *not* driving.” I stand there baffled by the fact that Sexy, *Badass* Santa is now getting into my driver’s seat. “You’re *not* driving,” I repeat, opening the passenger side door to make sure he hears me. “You are *not driving me home!*”

“I’m not letting you drive, and I don’t trust a taxi.”

“No one uses a taxi anymore.” My eyes roll so far back that it hurts. “People *Uber* now, grandpa.”

“Regardless.” He leans over the console and grabs my hand, tugging me down until my front half is bent over the seat and my boobs are threatening to pop out. “Get in.”

Trying to reserve my dignity, I lay my arm over my chest and get into the car. “Fine. Do you know how to get to Victory Street?”

Nicholas’s right out of the parking garage and left at the next light, proving that he does, in fact, know how to get to Victory Street. We drive in silence as the lights pass in a blur, and my nerves finally start to settle. Nicholas’s cologne’s tinged with a hint of peppermint tonight, and it fills my lungs with that cool, crisp sensation that’s reminiscent of winter.

“You were a hit tonight,” I say when my apartment complex comes into view. I point at it and tell him the gate code to get in. The gate beeps but doesn’t call my phone - faulty mechanics - and we’re inside.

“That’s not safe,” he grumbles, frowning as he pulls up to my building. “You live a dangerous life, Miss James.”

I exhale harshly. “Says the man who punched someone like a pro. What are you hiding there, Nick?”

He glances over at me casually, despite the bruises I can clearly see from here. “You sure you want to know?”

The question hangs in the air as I lick my lips. *Do I want to know?*

Chuckling to himself, he turns off the engine and exits the car, coming around to my side to open the door and help me out.

“Thanks for driving me home,” I tell him, whole-heartedly meaning it. “And for, well, you know.”

Nodding like I just said *thanks for buying me lunch* instead of *thanks for punching some stranger who tried to harass me*, Nicholas hands me my keys. “Do I need to walk you up?”

“I’m the first door here. I think I can manage.”

We stand awkwardly for about ten seconds before I avert my gaze. His eyes are too intense, like they’re searching for my soul to lock up and keep safe in a gilded cage. “I’ll, uh, see you tomorrow.”

“Come in late tomorrow. Your boss won’t mind.”

I laugh as I walk up the sidewalk to my door. “Goodnight, Mr. Armatti.”

“Call me Nick.”

“You liked that, huh?” I tease, unlocking my door. Shaking my head, I hold my door open as I look at him one last time.

“How are you getting home?”

He holds up a cell phone. “I’m calling an *Uber*.”

My mind wars with my heart as I consider letting him wait inside my apartment. On the one hand, it’s the nice thing to do. But on the other, he looks like a Holiday Sex God that could pin me down and rip through these tights in a heartbeat.

My body warms at the image, and I bite my lip as heat pools in my lower belly. *Get a grip, Julie! You can invite him inside without it meaning anything!*

“Do you... want to come inside?”

“Do you want me to come inside?” he asks, holding the phone mic away from his face.

“Yes,” I say, surprised at my honesty. “You could be the one assaulted out here, dressed like that.”

He glances down at his outfit and back up at me. “I’ll be in in a minute.”

I smack my palm against the edge of the door and walk inside, shutting it behind me. I can’t believe I just invited my boss inside my apartment. And he wants me to call him *Nick*.

A shiver runs down my spine at the memory of him coming to my rescue, of his hand on my lower back at the event, and of the way his eyes roved my body when I first walked up.

It’s not appropriate to have my boss over, even for a minute.

But neither is fantasizing about him tonight, and if I'm going to commit one sin, I might as well commit another before morning.

4

Nicholas

I'm crossing so many boundaries tonight that I need to be fired. The CEO needs to bring down the hammer and crush my hands for what I want to do with them - for how I want to touch my assistant and undress her from that *fucking* corset and that *fucking* skirt.

She's been a distraction since we hired her in January, but I've been good. Santa would be proud that I haven't made a move on her in eleven months, despite the temptation.

But tonight, I'm not Nicholas Armatti. I'm *Saint Nick*, or as Jules has been affectionately calling me tonight, *Sexy Santa*.

I've always known that the annual charity event is popular because of who we assign to dress as Santa. We rotate the duty each year to one of the branch managers, and this year happens to be my turn. It's up to the branch manager to choose who their assistant is, and I've had my eye on Julie for months.

I just didn't want to cross the line. I'm a man of principle. I follow the rules.

But Julie makes me want to break every single one of them.

"Tea? Coffee? I'm out of the hard stuff," she jokes as I shut the front door behind me. Out of habit, I lock the deadbolt, then wonder if that will bother her.

Oh well. It'll help keep her safe from everyone but me.

If she notices the door lock, she doesn't comment.

"I'll have whichever is your favorite." Now that we're inside, the velvet coat and pants are too warm to be comfortable. While Julie's back is turned, I undo the front robe and take it off, hanging it on the back of her bar stool before taking a seat.

When she turns around with a tray of various tea flavors in hand, she nearly drops them all. "Oh! You're—"

"Hot," I murmur, resting my forearms on the bar top. "I hope you don't mind." I'm not naked, but the black tank top leaves little room for imagination if she ever wondered what I looked like shirtless.

She swallows thickly and shakes her head *no*, setting down the tray in front of me and silently gesturing for me to pick one. I want to try her favorite, so I pick the flavor that's nearly gone: a citrus white tea. To my delight, she chooses the same bag for herself and sets up two mugs while the electric kettle bubbles.

I've spent all night listening to children's holiday wishes. The new doll. A new smart phone. A puppy. Most of them chose a material thing to wish for, and part of our company's job when running the event is to match all donations given so that every single child who makes a wish receives what they asked for *and* we donate another gift of similar value to a family in need.

This isn't my first year playing Santa. But it's the first year I haven't focused on the children's wishes. Instead, I kept my eye on the dazzling blonde assistant giving everyone her best smile but me.

Throughout the night, one question kept repeating in my head. And now I have the chance to actually ask it.

"What do you want for Christmas, Julie?"

She flinches like I just asked her to choose between stepping on a bed of hot coals or kicking a puppy. "Why are you asking me that?"

Stretching my injured hand, I feel for any broken bones. "Because I want to know. I spent all night listening to children's wishes. Now I want to know yours. Indulge me."

Her hand hesitates as she grabs the popped kettle. After a second, she unfreezes and pours us each a cup of hot water over our tea bags.

"A family," she says softly, turning around to lean against the counter and wrap her arms around her chest in a self-given hug. "I've always wanted a family of my own, with two little

kids running around at Christmastime.” She smiles as though the idea is a fond memory, something she’s already dreamed countless times. “And a husband who adores us and makes me breakfast in bed. Kisses me awake every morning.” Her smile falters and faint tears start to well in her eyes, but she regains her composure almost immediately.

Just not fast enough for me not to notice.

She busies herself with our tea mugs, as though lifting the tea bags from the tag to steep them faster will erase what she just said.

“That’s a beautiful wish, Julie,” I say sincerely. “It’s the best I’ve heard all year.”

“You’ve only been Santa for one day,” she points out, already back to normal. “You could hear a better one before the week is over.”

“I won’t.”

She hands me my mug and I take a sip. The water’s warm but not scalding, and a delightful orange perfume fills my nose and covers my tongue.

I wonder if that’s what Julie would taste like if I kissed her.

Her eyes close as she enjoys her cup, and I steal a glance at her outfit. I never got a good look up close, and since she hasn’t changed yet, I can now see the intricate detailing. She mentioned that she has to shop at specific clothing stores, but wherever she shops has high taste. The red stripes running vertically across the corset are actually made of ribbons, and

the little accents I spied along the edges are white lace. The bow at the top hides some of her cleavage, but there's only so much she can hide when the top is made to boost her chest.

It's definitely not a work appropriate outfit, but I never want her to take it off. She's always been attractive, but tonight with the twinkling lights and her dazzling smile, she was radiant and drawing the attention of everyone in the room.

I'm not surprised at all that she was approached by those men. She should have had to bat away an entire army, not three rude imbeciles.

"What's your wish?" Julie asks, taking another blind sip of her tea.

Despite the charity, I've never made a wish of my own. I have everything I need since I make good money. I'm not bothered by family about getting together since my parents died years ago and I never had any siblings. I've always been able to procure what I want without incident.

But... This year has been trying with Julie James as my beautiful, untouchable assistant sitting twenty feet from my desk. Always visible. Never mine to touch.

"If I had one wish..."

It would be for you.

I think about her wish and take a sip of her favorite tea. It's delicate and flavorful, and I wonder why it's her favorite. Is it the citrus? The fact that it's not bitter? Or does she have a fond memory involving this tea?

Swallowing a hot mouthful, I wonder what she would taste like. How her skin would yield to my touch. How easily she flushes red. She's always been beautiful, yet I've never seen her with a significant other. I've not even caught her texting on the job, and all of my previous assistants were guilty of that.

I wonder, for the briefest moment, if she's single because of all the work she does. I understand that life; I don't have time for relationships unless they're work related, and women never seem to understand that. But Julie works just as much as I do. What's her goal?

"Earth to Nick," Julie says, snapping her fingers before my face. "Good thing you're not driving home, because you just zoned out for three minutes."

"Sorry," I apologize, rubbing the back of my neck. "It's been a long day."

She lifts her mug towards mine. "Here, here. I'll drink to that."

We clink glasses and while I sip my drink, Julie downs the rest of hers before making herself another cup.

My phone dings to notify me that my ride is here, and I stand and put on my velvet robe. "That's the taxi. I should go." I savor the last drops of my tea before setting the cup back down on the counter. Licking my lips, I can't help but think about Julie's again. What she would taste like. If she could become as addicted to me as I'm becoming to her.

"I'll walk you out."

She follows me outside despite my protests *since I don't want anyone laying eyes on her but me*, and stands in her doorway as I walk away.

“Hey,” she calls after me. “You never told me what your wish was.”

Turning on my heel, I gaze over at her. Hand covering her eyes from the glare of the taxi's headlights, she likely can't see me. But I can see her.

A woman who can keep up with me. Someone who's beautiful and intelligent and sexy as hell. Who isn't scared of taking on more work.

Someone who can match me. Maybe even push me to be more than I already am. Is that even possible?

Rubbing my chin, I consider her question, but the answer is easy.

My only wish is making yours come true.

With a wave, I pretend not to hear her and get inside the car. If she knew my wish, it would spoil hers.

If Julie James wants a family, I'll do everything in my power to give her one... after all, she's perfect for me.

5

Nicholas

The next few days pass in a blur of watching Julie through the glass panel that separates my office from her desk during the daytime and watching her in the evenings when she plays Santa's Sexy Assistant for me. I walk her to her car every night and we talk more about ourselves than we ever have before.

Past Julie was off limits, but present Julie I can't wait to unwrap.

After the fifth night of dress up, I almost wish those men would return just so that I have a reason to follow her home.

It won't matter, really - I've been following her home anyway. But having a reason for her to let me stay the night, rather than leave me standing outside her door like a crazy Stalker Santa, would make things easier for me.

On the fifth night, she catches me at her door when she tries to take the trash out.

“Nick?” she asks, surprise written all over her face. “What are you doing here? Did you follow me home?”

Yes.

“You lost this,” I tell her, reaching into my pocket to pull out the silver bracelet I unclasped from her wrist at lunch that afternoon. I was planning on keeping it, but now that I’m caught, sacrifices have to be made.

“My bracelet!” She takes it from me eagerly and holds the door open for me to come inside. “Thank you! I can’t believe you found it. I went crazy looking for it after work today.”

I follow her inside after she leaves the trash at her doorstep. “The initials,” I murmur. “I saw the initials and thought it might be yours.”

“It was actually my grandmother’s. We shared the same initials.”

“How lucky.”

“My grandfather gave it to her as a wedding gift. Every year they were married, he gave her another charm.” She clasps the chain on her wrist and gives it a shake. All the charms jingle together and shine in the light, bringing a smile to her lips.

I vow to give her a bracelet of her own once we’re married. And a new charm every year. Maybe two, just to make her happy. Or a charm for every child we have, until the bracelet is so full that not a single link is left bare.

The thought of Julie baring my children sends blood straight to my cock, and I clench my jaw to keep it under control. But being in her house, surrounded by her scent and thoughts of our future, makes the ache I have for her grow unbearable.

“Can I use your restroom?” I ask, hanging my robe on the back of her bar stool. I’ve wanted to check her conditioner since the night I brushed her hair behind her ear; I suspect its orange, just like her favorite tea, but I need to know for sure.

“Yeah, it’s through the bedroom.” Julie waves me in the general direction as she prepares two cups of her favorite tea for us.

The bedroom.

I step across the threshold and goosebumps cover my skin. The room not only smells like Julie, but it smells like *sex*. And I know for a fact that no one has been in here but me.

Someone’s been naughty tonight.

The image of Julie touching herself sends me into a frenzy, and I nearly come in my pants like a horny teenager. Grabbing my rock hard cock, I beeline for the bathroom and groan as soon as the door shuts behind me. *Fuck*, this is going to be the death of me.

Coming in my hand won’t be enough when I’m in her home. I want to come all over her. Inside her. Pump her full of my seed until she’s leaking all over the sheets.

“Fuuuuck,” I hiss through gritted teeth, gripping my cock so tightly that it purples at the tip. I don’t want to waste a single drop. I *have* to save this for her.

I *have* to make her holiday wish come true.

“Nick?” Julie knocks on the bathroom door when I don’t answer. “Are you okay? I thought I heard a groan. Are you in pain? I have meds—” She turns the door handle and pulls open the door before I can compose myself or at least get my dick back in my pants.

Her eyes widen and she gasps, but she doesn’t look away. “O-oh,” she stammers, her face turning deliciously red. “I’m sorry. I should have knocked.”

“You did,” I growl, my heart pumping wildly in my chest.

My woman is looking at me. She’s parting those gorgeous lips and her thighs are rubbing together and *fuck*—

“O-oh,” she repeats, biting her lip. “I didn’t know. I mean. I just thought. I thought you were in pain.”

“*I am*,” I hiss, clenching my eyes shut. I don’t move a single muscle. I can’t. If I move, I’ll either tear my own dick off or shove it inside her, and I never want to hurt her. I’ll take the pain if it means she’ll be safe. I’ll rip my own dick off if it means I won’t hurt her.

Because right now, *I could hurt her*.

“Is it... does it hurt?”

I can't answer out loud, so I nod. It hurts *a lot*. And part of that is my own doing from how hard I'm gripping it. But I can't let go, not even an inch. I don't trust myself to be gentle with her.

"Nick."

Julie whispers my name like it's a sin, like she's not supposed to, and it sends shivers down my spine.

"Don't," I beg, "don't say my name. Please. I can't— It sounds too good."

"Nick," she repeats, louder this time. More confident.

With a growl, I open my eyes to find my gorgeous girl kneeling in front of me, her eyes dilated and her mouth hanging open as she looks between my face and dick.

I groan at the sight, precome already leaking from my tip. "Fuck, baby, you look good on your knees," I rasp, tilting my hips forward to rub against her lips. The moment our bodies meet, I shudder and nearly fall to my knees. With my hands on the countertop, I manage to hold myself up by willpower alone.

Jules' eyelashes flutter as she looks into my eyes and wraps her lips around me at the same time, a picture of innocence in her white fucking corset and her pinned up, curled hair.

I gasp for air as she takes me whole, hollowing her cheeks and *sucking* like I'm her favorite flavor and she's been on a vegetarian diet for years.

My hands snap to the back of her head and I guide her down further, hearing the salacious sound of her choking on a mouth full of dick. *God, she's going to make me bust—*

By the grace of God, I let her decide the pace until she pops me out of her mouth and smiles, saliva and precome dripping down her chin.

“You like the taste of my cock?” I groan, knowing she does. She nods and I bring her head back down until I'm in her throat and hold her there. After a few seconds, I pull her off and grip her hair tight, holding her still as I hammer into her, finally spilling deep in her throat. I don't give her another option but to swallow me down, and once I'm completely spent I fall to my knees in front of her.

“Good girl,” I moan, wiping her mouth. “Such a good girl.”

She swallows again and wraps her arms around my shoulders. “Nick,” she repeats, scooting close enough to sit in my lap. “Will you stay with me tonight?”

The final nail pounds into the lid of my coffin, binding me here with her. “I'll never fucking leave,” I declare loudly, picking her up and carrying her to the bedroom.

She laughs like she thinks I'm joking, but I'm not. There's no way I'm ever, *ever* going to let her walk away from me again.

6

Julie

I can't believe I let my boss face fuck me before we even kissed. *I can't believe I liked it.*

And I can't believe that I asked him to *stay the night*.

But my vibrator can only do so much, and spending so much time with him has been driving me even more crazy than before.

He's not just strict at work - he's clear-cut and determined and cutthroat, yes, but for a purpose. When he's pretending to be Santa for the kids, he's handsome as hell and charming and loving.

In both situations, my panties end up soaked by the end of the first hour, and I'm running out of clean panties. If he's going to keep ruining them, he might as well ruin me too.

Before we even make it to the bed, he shoves me against a wall and crashes against my mouth, moaning against my tongue and claiming my mouth as his. I'm outmatched, and

when I whimper he lets up only to attack my neck and bite a trail down to my collarbone.

“You’re gorgeous, Jules,” he groans, nipping the topmost part of my breast that’s visible over the corset. “God, I’ve been dying to touch you.”

My core clenches and I start to pant. “Be careful,” I whine, hating myself for it. “We’ve still got two more charity nights. I can’t show up with a bunch of hickeys.”

“You can,” Nick growls, biting down hard enough to bruise, “and you *will*.”

Possessive Nick is hot as hell.

Moving us to the bed, he lays me down and crawls up my body, kissing every single inch of skin he passes on his way to my lips. When we meet, I wrap my legs around him and press his hard length to my entrance, shuddering from how hot he is even though my clothes.

“I’m gonna fuck you senseless, baby,” he growls, already thrusting against me. “In your pretty little corset, too. You’ve been naughty. And you know what happens to naughty girls.”

“I-I don’t,” I stutter, clawing at his back as he presses against my clit. “What happens to naughty girls?”

Nick grips my throat to tilt my head to the side and sucks on my neck, groaning against my skin. “Santa brings them a hard rod of coal to teach them a lesson.”

Blindly, he paws at my sex until he tears through my tights and feels how wet I am, delving two fingers inside my heat as

soon as he can. “So wet for me,” he groans into my ear, “you’ve been such a good girl for so long. How does it feel to be bad?”

“Fucking amazing,” I gasp as he starts to move his fingers. “So good. Don’t stop.”

“I’ll never stop.” His thumb finds my clit and presses down hard, making me see white. “I’m going to put a baby inside of you, Jules. Gonna make your wish come true.”

“Yes,” I cry, so close to coming. “Yes, Nick, *please!*”

His fingers are replaced with his cock, and in one swift motion he drives home, sealing our bodies together and making the pleasure coiling in my lower belly explode. A silent scream catches in my throat as he doesn’t stop moving, pounding in and out at breakneck speed, like he’s been dreaming of this for as long as I have.

“Once isn’t enough,” I hear him rasp, his teeth scraping my neck. “Twice isn’t enough. We’re not stopping until I’ve given you every last drop. Understand?”

He thrusts hard again and again, and when I come for the second time and clench around him, he spills his milk in hot spurts that leave me leaking around his length.

“Again,” he demands, kissing me senseless, ruining my sheets, and fulfilling his promise.

Before the night is over, I’m convinced that I’ll have a husband and baby for Christmas this year.

7

Epilogue

NICHOLAS

6 months later

“You both did so well with the holiday charity event last year. Don’t you want to do it again this year?”

Franco’s trying to get out of wearing the Santa suit, but I clap him on the shoulder and shake my head. “I already got what I wanted last year. It’s your turn. Man up.”

He rolls his neck with a sigh. “Yeah, Mr. Sexy and his gorgeous assistant. Who, by the way, was quite the scandal when she showed up with all those bite marks those last two nights. She looked like she’d been mauled by a bear.”

Julie had tried covering the aftereffects of our love making with makeup, but no amount of cover up was going to conceal my marks.

“A very horny bear,” I concede, unable to keep the grin off my face. “That’s my wife you’re talking about,” I remind him, glancing through the glass panel to see her.

Radiant, as always, but positively glowing now that she’s pregnant. Her friend Lana is dotting over her as we speak, and I turn back to Franco to give them some privacy.

“When did you know you loved her?” Franco asks suddenly, following my gaze towards our two assistants. “*How* did you know?”

I lean back on my desk and try not to shrug. Part of me always knew. It just took my brain a long time to catch up. “She got down on her knees for me,” I say honestly. It’s not the moment I fell in love with her, but it’s still a fond memory. “How could I not fall in love?”

Franco curses under his breath and runs a hand down his face. “I knew she was the one to propose,” he mutters to himself.

Ha. Yes. Proposal. That’s what I meant.

Jules looks at me through the glass and smiles, rubbing her palms over her baby bump. The charm bracelet on her wrist shines in the light, and I already know what charm I’ll be getting her for our one year anniversary.

A candy cane. For my naughty wife.

As Franco continues to stare at Lana and ask vague questions, I marvel at how quickly things have changed for me.

I fulfilled Julie’s dreams our first real night together. But I never realized that she fulfilled mine long before then.

“Excuse me,” I say, interrupting Franco. “Let’s continue this later.”

He exhales harshly, clearly unhappy, and throws his hands up. I ignore him as I walk through my office door and greet

my wife. “Hey, beautiful.” Getting down on my knees, I kiss the backs of her hands and our unborn child. “I missed you.”

“I’ve been here the whole time,” she giggles. “Honest.”

“I know. I still missed you.” Not a minute goes by that I don’t think of her, crave, her, love her. “You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me, you know that?”

Her smile grows and she takes my hand in hers. “Yeah, I actually get you to take breaks from working so much. I’d call that good for you.”

“We’re about to take a long break together,” I remind her. “I’m not letting you stay at home alone without me.”

“I know.” Jules rubs my knuckles with her palm. “You always want to keep me safe.”

“I won’t let anyone touch you but me.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Thank you so much for reading Stalk N Stuff her! If you enjoyed the book, please leave a review! Indie authors’ souls are fed by reviews. (It’s true - ask anyone.)

[Join my newsletter for a notification](#) on when my free, serial fiction on Wattpad becomes available in 2023! I’m super excited to bring you a mix of wolf shifter romance and mafia romance for FREE on Wattpad to ring in the new year. I hope to see you there!

*In other exciting news, the amazing [Nyla Lily](#) is joining us on *Dangerous Desires*; check out her book OBSESSED LANDLORD.*

About the Author

Autumn Wilds is taking a dip in the dark side of romance, reading favorites by authors such as Lilith Vincent and Penelope Douglas. If you have a book recommendation, send her an email - she's adding books to her Kindle Unlimited library all the time!

She lives in Georgia with her husband and two beautiful rescue dogs, all of whom pepper her with endless kisses and steal her chicken tenders when she's not looking. Binging steamy HBO shows and spending hours in the sun at her local lakeside beach are what makes this author a very happy woman.