



Unwrapping
FOR THE CEO

UNWRAPPING FOR THE CEO

OLIVIA T. TURNER



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Working remotely has its advantages.

I can wear my Christmas pajamas and listen to Holiday music all day long.

I can also crush on my gorgeous boss in peace, staring at him over Zoom while I hide behind my 'broken' camera.

I've been in love with Mr. King for months.

Yeah, he's older and more experienced than me, but it doesn't matter.

It's all just a fantasy in my head anyway.

Until he makes attendance at the office Christmas party mandatory.

I find the perfect dress and like a Christmas miracle, it works magically.

It catches his dominant and possessive eyes.

Now, all my obsessed boss wants for Christmas is me...

In his room...

Unwrapped like a present.

With all that dirty-talking, Mr. King is going to be put on the naughty list if he's not careful. He's one possessive alpha who always gets what he wants and what he wants is his shy inexperienced employee on her knees with a candy cane in her mouth.

SAFE, no cheating, and a magical Christmasy HEA that will make you wish that X-Mas was every day!

Enjoy and have a safe and happy Holiday!

- *OTT*

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*To all of my wonderful readers,
Wishing you a wonderful Holiday season full of love and
happiness!*



CHAPTER ONE

Colleen

I'M SURROUNDED BY CHRISTMAS.

My apartment looks like Santa's village with all of the handcrafted ornaments I made, the festive decorations hung on every available square inch, and my *two* lit-up Christmas trees. Yes, two. Don't judge. I just adore Christmas.

I have my Evergreen Fir scented candle burning mixed with the gingerbread cookies that just came out of the oven. Bing Crosby is singing White Christmas through my speakers and I'm wearing my cozy flannel pajamas with the drunk elves on them that say *Let's Get Elfed Up*.

Never mind that it's only December eighth. Or a Tuesday. Or that technically I'm at work right now.

"Colleen," Andrea the office administrator says through my laptop. "Are you there?"

I roll my eyes as I finish painting a happy little face on the marshmallow for the hot cocoa ornament I'm making. I love making these cute tree ornaments. I make them for fun, but I end up with so many different ornaments every Christmas that

I end up selling them at the various craft fairs around town. I could get a *third* Christmas tree for my small apartment (honestly, it's something I've considered) but that would be crazy. And I'm not crazy. I'm just obsessed with Christmas.

I have two obsessions in life—Christmas and, well, let's just leave it there for now.

“I'm here,” I say as I click on the microphone.

There are fourteen little squares on my laptop screen, each one with a bored coworker staring back at me. My square is black as usual.

“Turn your camera on please,” Andrea says in an annoyed voice.

“The one on my laptop is still broken,” I say as my heart starts racing.

She rolls her eyes. “What about the one I sent you *three* weeks ago?” Andrea asks, nearing the end of her patience.

I grimace as I turn and see it on my kitchen counter, still in the box, still with the plastic wrap around it.

“I think it got lost in the mail or something,” I say as my cheeks heat up. “You know the post office with Christmas. It must be crazy over there. Maybe it fell behind a machine or something. Or, maybe somebody stole it.”

“Somebody stole my present for Jeffrey!” Madelyn says, butting in. I can always count on Madelyn to hijack the conversation. “Just walked right onto my porch after it was delivered and took it! Can you believe that? The nerve of some people.”

More people start butting in, telling their package theft stories and I breathe a sigh of relief. Andrea seems to be off

my back. For now.

I sit back and paint a little bow tie on my marshmallow man as everyone tries to one-up each other with their stories.

There's no way I'm ever setting that camera up. Not only will everyone I work with see my fanatical obsession with everything Christmas behind me, but the owner, Marshall King, will be on the call and I just can't bring myself to show my face.

He's my other obsession.

If I had to choose between my love for Christmas and my addiction to that hot sexy man, I'd pick him in a heartbeat. And that's saying a lot. If you could see my apartment, you'd understand. I mean, I even have a Christmas toilet brush that I bring out on December first. I'm that serious about it.

Yet, Christmas is nothing compared to him.

I've been in love with Marshall for the past ten months and he doesn't even know I'm alive. He's never even seen my face.

I work remotely and he lives in Chicago, which is over two hours away. I haven't met any of my other coworkers either, except over the internet.

Sometimes it gets lonely working alone all day, but my best friend lives next door and she's always dropping in, so it's not too bad. I also get to work on my side hustle during company hours, making these ceramic ornaments and painting them when it's not too busy.

"Mr. King is coming on the line," Andrea says in a tight voice. "Gary, will you get out of the bathroom!"

I chuckle as I look at Gary's little square.

“I’m just brushing my teeth!” he says with his toothbrush shoved into his foamy mouth.

“It’s inappropriate,” Andrea snaps. “You’re on work hours, remember.”

He spits into the sink and then turns to the camera with a frown. “I just ate expired yogurt, what do you want me to do?”

“He’s coming on now,” Andrea barks as she looks at her phone. “Everyone act professional for fuck’s sake!”

I gasp as Mr. King’s square appears on my screen, shifting all the others around. I immediately make his expand until it takes up the entire screen.

“*Wow*,” I whisper as my heart flutters in my chest. It’s like he’s staring right at me with those warm brown eyes. They’re piercing through me, feeling like they’re gazing into my soul, but in reality, I know he can’t see me. He doesn’t even know I’m alive. I’m just a tiny black square in the corner to him.

I take a screenshot of him to add to my hundreds of others.

He’s unbelievably gorgeous. I don’t know what this man did to obtain every one of his perfect features, but I imagine it must have involved a pact with the devil. It’s the only thing that could explain his insane level of hotness.

He’s a bit older than me. Thirty-seven—I Internet stalked him—and I’m only twenty-two, but that just makes him even hotter in my eyes. He’s accomplished so much and is so mature. How can any woman not prefer an older man?

I sigh as I sink into my chair, watching him with hearts in my eyes as Andrea rambles on about the agenda for the meeting.

One of my favorite Christmas songs, *Baby, It's Cold Outside*, comes on and I imagine him singing it to me. I can picture it perfectly—the fire roaring, snow coming down in sheets of white, Christmas tree lit up, warm woolen sweaters, both of us looking hot, cheeks rosy from the wine, him asking me to stay the night, me pretending I don't want to...

My hand slides down to the heat pulsing between my legs and I let out a little moan as I touch myself.

He's watching me do it, completely oblivious to the effect he's having on my body. If only he knew what he did to me. If only he knew how much I needed him.

"So, with that said," Andrea says, ruining my little fantasy. "I'll pass it over to Mr. King."

My mouth becomes moist as I hear that deep sexy voice. It sends tingles running down my body.

He's wearing his light grey suit, my favorite. No tie. Top few buttons undone, showing off the top of his beautiful chest. My fingertips tingle as I wonder what it would be like to unbutton that white shirt and slowly open it up, revealing his muscular chest and hard chiseled stomach.

I'd work my way down, slowly unbuttoning each one, knowing his long thick cock is getting hard as a rock for me.

He's talking about quarterly numbers, but all I'm hearing is how much he wants me, how much he needs me.

"I want you to take off those sexy elf pajamas," I picture him saying in that deep rich voice as my mischievous hand makes me moan. I'm rubbing myself as I fantasize about him watching me. "You're my employee and that means I'm in charge of *all* of you. Even that wet little pussy of yours."

I moan as I watch my gorgeous domineering boss speaking. He's talking about the quarterly report, but that's not what I'm hearing at all.

"Show me how wet you are," he growls as his dark eyes bore into me. "Spread that soaked pussy for your boss."

"Yes, sir," I whisper as I rub myself harder, delving into the fantasy.

I double-check that my microphone is on mute and then I slide my pants down and put my feet on the desk, spreading myself right in front of Mr. King. He has no idea what he could be looking at. What I want him to see.

I shiver at the naughty feeling of it all, imagining it was real, imagining the dominating, commanding presence of my boss was actually in front of me, laying those possessive eyes on me in person.

"You're soaked on company time, Miss Campbell," he says with his sexy voice getting even deeper as he watches me rub my clit. "That is unacceptable, dirty girl. You must be punished."

I drop my head back and moan as I find the right spot inside me that sends heat shooting from head to toe.

"Miss Campbell," he says again. "Miss Campbell are you there?"

"She refuses to turn her camera on," Andrea says.

"Shit!" I shout as I jump up, knocking a bottle of paint over onto my papers.

I yank my pants up as I fumble with my headset, panicking as I pick up the bottle and unmute myself.

"I'm here!" I say in a breathless voice. "I'm here!"

“Where were you?” Andrea asks in a tight voice. “What were you doing?”

All of the sixteen other boxes pop back onto my screen and they’re all staring at my little black box, wondering what is going on behind the darkness.

If they could see me, they’d see my hair in a wild mess, cheeks flaming red, black paint all over my hand, and a guilty shamed look on my face.

“What was the question again?” I ask in a shaky voice.

“This is why it’s company policy to have your camera on,” Andrea snaps. “You could be doing *anything* back there and we’d have no idea.”

“I’m sure Miss Campbell isn’t doing anything worth punishing,” Mr. King says with a sly grin.

My heart beats even harder at hearing my name on those sexy lips.

“Sorry again,” I say, trying to keep the breathlessness out of my voice. “My... dog was barking at the door.”

Shit, I don’t even have a dog!

“I was just asking for the November social media ad figures,” he says. “Do you have them on hand?”

“I do!” I say as I perk up in my seat. Shit! There’s paint all over them. “I mean... I did. My dog... ate them.”

I close my eyes, wishing I was dead.

“I can email you a copy immediately,” I say as I rush to open my email.

“By the end of the day would be fine,” he says. “We’re going to go ahead and conclude the meeting, but before I do, I

have an announcement.”

Oh god, what a disaster. I still have that shaky panicky feeling all over as I click back onto Mr. King’s gorgeous face.

“It’s about the Christmas party.”

I sigh, wondering what it would be like to see this beautiful man in person, dressed up in his finest suit in front of a gorgeously lit-up Christmas tree. I’d die...

Apparently, the last two Christmas parties took place over Zoom, so they were quite lame and uneventful. No sneaking off to dark corners with the domineering boss in my future...

“This year, we’re throwing an in-person party,” he says, making my heart stop. “And you’re all expected to be in attendance.”

I gasp as I stare at the screen, wondering if I heard that right. In-person?

“We’ll pay the travel expenses and accommodations for our out-of-town employees, so there’s no excuse. I want to see you all there on December fourteenth.”

My heart is racing as it sinks in. I’ll be meeting him for real this time. In the flesh. Mr. King. And me. Together. In the same room. I can’t!

“That’s very generous of you, Mr. King,” Andrea butts in with a fake smile. God, she’s such a brown noser. “I for one, cannot wait.”

“Great,” he says with a lick of his lips. “I can’t wait to meet each one of you. Miss Campbell?”

Oh shit, he’s talking to me! Why is he talking to me?

“Yes?” I squeak out.

“I trust you’ll be there?”

I swallow hard. “Yup! I’ll be there! Wouldn’t miss it!”

“Good,” he says as those dark eyes bore into me, making my body flush with heat. “I look forward to meeting you in person.”

In person... Oh my god, this is too much...

No more hiding behind my little black square. Not this time.

I’m actually going to have to meet my naughty obsession.

In the flesh.

Oh shit, what the heck am I going to wear?!

CHAPTER TWO

Colleen

“WHY DO YOU HAVE SO MANY PAJAMAS?” BRIANNA ASKS WITH her nose turned up as she goes through my closet. “Don’t you have any going-out clothes?”

I’m sitting on the bed, still freaking out.

“I have a few,” I say defensively. “What about that black dress?”

She pushes all of my neatly hung pajama outfits to the side and grabs the dusty old dress that’s crammed up against the wall.

She gives a look of blah as she holds it up. “This?”

“Yeah. It’s my sexy dress.”

She rolls her eyes as she launches it across the room onto my desk chair. “Explains why you’re still a virgin.”

I sigh as I fall onto the bed, covering my eyes. This is a disaster. I like keeping Mr. Marshall King in my head where he can act out every one of my naughty fantasies.

“How much you got for a new dress?” she asks as she turns away from my closet in disgust.

“A hundred bucks?” I say, not even knowing what’s in my bank account. I try to look in my banking app as infrequently as possible. It’s like Pandora’s box—once I open it, all kinds of feelings rush out—shame, despair, panic, anxiety. Best to keep it tucked away in my phone and in the back of my mind where it’s only a problem for future me.

“You’re not going to get much for that,” she says with a sigh. “Let me see what I have.”

I stay here with my mind swirling as Brianna goes to her place next door.

Maybe I should just call in sick, or say that the bus crashed, or that my imaginary dog died. Yes! That would take care of my other lie too. Killing two lies with one stone, I’m a genius.

I’m making up the story in my head—poor Cheeto choked on a Cheeto and died. I can say “What are the odds of that happening?!” and everyone is going to believe it because who would make up such a ridiculous story?

“You should wear *this*,” Brianna says as she walks back in holding a sleek red dress.

My mouth drops. “That?!”

She grins as my cheeks heat up. Just looking at it is making me blush.

It’s a dark red dress, low-cut (and I mean, *low-cut*), a slit up *both* legs, and spaghetti straps over the shoulders. The back flares out and flows to the ground, which must make it look magical when the woman wearing it walks.

“You want me to dress up like an anime manga character?” I ask, staring at her in shock. “To my office Christmas party?”

Brianna laughs as she hands it to me. “Try it on.”

“No!” I say as I recoil away from the dress like it’s going to bite me or something.

“Why not?” she taunts. “Are you afraid?”

“Yes! Actually, I’m terrified!”

I don’t have a body like Brianna. Or the confidence. We’re roughly the same height, but she’s all athletic and hard and toned from playing volleyball in college. I’m soft and squishy from eating too many Christmas cookies.

“It’s just me,” she says as she throws the dress at me.

I cower away, but it lands on my head. Wow, it is really soft. It’s a gorgeous material and I *love* the color. It’s Christmasy, yet classy and elegant at the same time.

“That dress has magical powers,” she says as she sits on my desk chair and spins around. “You’re going to hypnotize Mr. Prince in it.”

“Mr. *King*.”

“Prince, King,” she says with a shrug. “You’ll have the whole damn kingdom eating out of the palm of your hand if you wear that dress to the party.”

I’m thinking about it as she grins at me.

“Just try it on.”

I roll my eyes. “Fine. But I’m *not* wearing it.”

My heart is racing as I bring it into the bathroom and try it on. It fits well at least. A lot more revealing than my elf

pajamas, but I'm not going to be able to seduce Mr. King in those. I fix up my hair and, wow. I look kinda hot.

Brianna is cycling through my screenshots of Mr. King when I strut back into the room with the gorgeous red dress flowing behind me.

Her mouth drops when she sees me. "Yes! One gazillion times yes! You're wearing that!"

"No, I'm not."

"Bitch, I'll never talk to you again if you don't."

I laugh. "Then, who are you going to steal food from?"

"I said I wouldn't talk to you, but I'll still come over and steal your food."

I step in front of the full-length mirror and we both stare at it in silence as I move around.

This dress will certainly be making an appearance in my next Mr. King fantasy, but it will not be making an appearance at the Christmas party.

"It's too much," I finally say.

"If you want a guy like *this*," she says as she points at the screenshot of Mr. King, "then you need to wear a dress like *that*."

I sigh as I turn back to the mirror. My boobs do look great. Although, you can see a bit too much of them for my liking.

"You need to wow this guy. You need to blow his fucking brains out with your hotness and that dress is how you're going to do it."

"It's not just him there," I say as I wonder if I can pin the slits on the legs so they're not *so* high. "All of my coworkers

will be there too. There's this judgy girl, Andrea, and this weird guy, Gary."

"There's always a judgy girl," Brianna says with an eye roll. "Fuck those bitches."

Just the thought of walking into the hall wearing this is giving me butterflies.

"You want that man for Christmas," she says as she points at my computer screen. "Give him an irresistible present to unwrap."

My heart beats faster as I stare at the photo of Marshall. He's staring back at me with the slightest grin on his face. I remember when I took that screenshot. It was four months ago. I don't know what the meeting was about, but I remember that he had a piece of lint on his shoulder that starred in my fantasy.

I stepped on my toes and leaned in close to pluck it off. He commented on my perfume as I lingered too long. Then, those big hands were on me and he fucked me hard on his desk. It's one of my favorites.

"You want him?" Brianna asks, already knowing the answer. I haven't shut up about him since she moved in.

I take a deep breath as I stare at those dark sexy eyes. Those irresistible lips. That strong jaw. Those hands... God, I love those hands.

"Yes," I say, a bit more firmly. "I want him."

She points at my dress with a fierce look. "Then, *that's* how you're going to get him. Remember. It's magical."

I take a deep breath as I turn back to the mirror.

I hope she's right...



Well, this dress is certainly garnering a lot of attention. *Everyone* is looking at me.

I hold my coat around my body as I wait for the bus.

The homeless guy on the bench keeps staring at my exposed (and freezing) legs. Let's hope that Marshall has the same tastes as that creepy guy.

The bus arrives and I get on, holding the train of my dress up so it doesn't get full of that gross gray sludge that is synonymous with winter.

Mr. King generously paid everyone's way so they could come to the Christmas party. Martha in accounting got a plane ticket since she lives in Austin and everyone else got limousines.

Andrea, the office bitch, booked me a seat on a discount bus. She wouldn't even let me get a hotel, since I only lived two hours away, which was close enough in her opinion to travel back and forth in one night.

It doesn't matter. Shake it off. This night is going to be amazing and I'll use the two hours to come up with all kinds of clever and witty things to say to make Mr. King fall in love with me. Positive vibes only.

I need them.

Two long hours later, I arrive at the bus station and I haven't come up with anything clever to say. I'm also more nervous than ever. My stomach is in knots and I have a bad feeling about everything—the extravagant dress, my hair, my shoes that Brianna also lent me. I'm not used to high heels and

these things are crazy high. I felt like I was walking on stilts around my apartment.

Maybe I'll just keep these winter boots on and say that I left my shoes on the bus... That could work...

Stop. Be bold. Be the woman you want to be. Be the type of woman who would seduce a man like Marshall and make him drop to his knees.

I suck in a chilly breath, gather the bottom of my dress, and shuffle through the snow toward the hall, determined to try.

Christmas is the time to try new things after all. It's also the time for miracles.

Maybe I'll get lucky and get one.

And if this doesn't work, I can hide back in my little apartment, painting tree ornaments and nursing my bruised ego while I try to get over my secret crush. But at least, I'll have known that I tried.

It's all I can do.

I'm really nervous by the time I get to the hall, but I push it all down and act confident as I sneak into the ladies' room in the lobby. I put the shoes on, fix up my hair, spruce up my dress, touch up my makeup, and take one final look. *Geez, was there really this much cleavage back at my apartment? Good god!*

There's no backing out now. It's going to take more than a winter jacket to seduce my crush. I'm going.

I take a deep breath and strut out, hoping this isn't going to end in disaster.

CHAPTER THREE

Marshall

“ARE THERE GOING TO BE ANY HOT GIRLS THERE TONIGHT?” Shawn asks as he sits on my desk and picks up my glass trophy. “What the fuck is this? A glass sword?”

“It’s an award,” I say as I change my shirt. I want to look good tonight. I’m wearing my nicest suit—black, hand-tailored by the best tailor in the state. It cost a fucking fortune, but hopefully, it will be worth it.

Shawn laughs as he reads it. “Best Entrepreneur of 2022. Who did you have to blow to get this fucking thing?”

I shake my head and chuckle as I do my buttons. “Keep me out of your fantasies you sick fuck.”

All of the productivity and business books (and I’ve read them all) say to ditch the old friends who don’t share your commitment or goals. They say they’ll be a weight dragging you down while you’re trying to ascend to your highest self.

Shawn is one weight who refuses to shake off from around my neck. That’s okay. I don’t know what I’d do without him.

Sure he always distracts me, but when you're laser-focused like I am, a little distraction is not always a bad thing.

We've been best friends since grade three when he walked up to me and asked if I wanted to light some firecrackers in the forest. After he came back to my place and tasted my mother's homemade chocolate chip cookies, it was over. He decided he was in my life for good.

"So," he says as he hops off the desk and wanders over to the huge windows overlooking Chicago. The view from my office is sick. I love watching the boats on the Chicago River. "Girl situation. Give me the low down."

"The low down is," I say as I slide in my cufflinks, "all of the women there are either going to be my employees or the wives and girlfriends of my employees."

"So?" Shawn says with a huff. "Pussy is pussy. It doesn't matter who it's attached to."

"It's shocking that you're still single."

"I know, right?" He looks himself up and down from his rundown scuffed-up shoes, baggy jeans, and oversized hoodie. "I'm having a rough year when it comes to the ladies."

"You mean a rough decade?"

"Yeah," he says with a laugh. "What's shocking is that you're still single. If I looked like you and had your money, I'd be swimming in pussy."

"Nah, you'd still fuck it up."

He laughs. "Yeah, probably."

I put on my black tie and smooth it out in the mirror as Shawn sits on the leather couch and watches me.

“There’s gotta be someone,” he says. “What about that Andrea chick? She’s a little uptight, but she’s got a great ass.”

I give him a look that says you can’t be serious.

He rolls his eyes. “Fine, dude. Enjoy all of your success and money and awards and all that hard work, for what? You’re not even going to cash in on the booty.”

“Don’t you have somewhere to be?”

“Nope,” he says with a big smile as he lays down on the couch, hands behind his head, dirty shoes on the armrest. “That’s the benefit of only working eighteen hours a week.”

Shawn works the cash at a video rental store. Apparently, there’s still one left in the world, and Shawn works at it. Leave it to him to pick the deadest of the dead industries to make a career in. I’d make fun of him, but he does get paid to watch movies all day. Maybe he does have it all figured out after all.

“There’s got to be someone,” he says as he looks up at my high ceiling.

My mind drifts over to the little black square.

Colleen Campbell.

I’ve never seen her face, but there’s something about that voice. It’s sugary-sweet. It grips my core whenever I hear it.

Sometimes, at the end of a long day when the sound of vacuum cleaners can be heard in the hallway and all of my workers are at home in bed, I open my tie, close my heavy eyes, and think about that soft innocent voice. There’s just something about it that always gets me.

I know she’ll be there tonight. That’s why I made this party mandatory. I wanted to see her. I needed to see her.

It's probably just my imagination going crazy, but tonight, I'll finally have a face to put to that intoxicating voice.

I slip on my jacket, touch up my hair, and take one last look. Pretty good. That outlandishly expensive tailor was worth every penny.

"Let me come to this thing," Shawn says as he jumps up. "I'll be your wingman. You'll get laid for sure."

"Sorry, dude. Work function. Only employees and significant others allowed."

He wraps his arm around mine and bats his eyes at our reflection in the mirror. "We can say we're dating."

I yank my arm away with a laugh. "I don't think so."

"Yeah," he says with a sigh. "No one is going to believe that. I'm way out of your league."

"Exactly."

I close up shop, ready to head over to the party. It's already a bit late, but the boss should make a grand entrance, right?

"Hey, can you give me a ride to Elgin?" Shawn asks as I turn off the light.

I snort out a laugh. "Not a chance. Take a cab."

"Yeah, good idea. Hey, can I borrow fifty bucks?"

I shake my head as I grab a fifty out of my pocket and hand it over. I wonder what the business books would say about that.

I don't care. As hopeless as he is, he's my best friend and I take care of him. He took care of me in grade seven when some older kids were bullying me. I'll never forget it. He cracked his skateboard over Kyle Johnson's big thick head.

And what's the point of earning all this money if you can't take care of the ones you love with it?

He steps into the hallway and I turn back to the mirror for one last look.

Yes, Mr. King.

I shiver as I hear that warm sugary voice in my head once again.

Colleen Campbell... Here I come.

CHAPTER FOUR

Colleen

I'M TRYING TO CHANNEL MY INNER GODDESS AS I STRUT INTO the hall with my chin in the air.

“Uh, who are you?” a snotty voice asks from behind me. I know immediately who it is, even before I turn around and see Andrea’s stuck-up face. “This is a private party for employees only.”

“Hi Andrea,” I say with my cheeks heating up, all of the confidence and determination flowing out of me like a deflating balloon. “It’s me, Colleen Campbell.”

“Oh, you.” She keeps her severe eyes locked on me as she crosses her arms. “I didn’t recognize you since you refuse to turn on your camera.”

“It’s broken,” I say with an awkward laugh. “Remember?”

She forces out a tight smile and then hands me two green tickets. “You get two free drinks tonight. Try not to go overboard, this is a company party after all, not a keg party.”

“Thanks,” I say with a fake smile as I grab them and keep walking.

Wow. This place looks *amazing*. I love the white and blue Christmas decor. There's a huge tree at the end of the dance floor and a cool bar along the wall with stylish bartenders in Santa hats serving red and green martinis with candy canes in them. There's a DJ playing upbeat music and people are already drinking and dancing. This is so cool.

Everyone looks so good. I recognize everyone, but no one recognizes me. They all either smile politely as they pass or ignore me completely. Maybe never turning my camera on and shutting myself off from them wasn't the best idea in the world. I'm kind of regretting it now.

Gary walks right up to me wearing *extremely* tight brown pants and a black Polo shirt that's seen better days. "Are you going to use those tickets?"

"Hi, Gary," I say. "I'm Colleen."

"Oh, black square girl," he says with a nod when it clicks.

"Yup, that's me," I say awkwardly. "It's nice to finally meet you."

He looks at the tickets in my hand again. "So, are you going to use those?"

"Yes," I say as I clutch them protectively.

He sighs and keeps moving. Shockingly, he's even weirder in person than over Zoom.

I'm trying to fake some confidence as I walk over to the bar. I keep looking around for Mr. King, but he doesn't seem to be here yet.

I'm so nervous. *Is this dress too much? It's too much.*

I order a green martini from the bartender, surrender one of my tickets, and down half of it in one gulp. It tastes like minty

Christmas. Love it!

A stir ripples through the crowd of about two hundred people made up of employees and significant others. I can feel the electricity change in the air.

Immediately, I know it's him. I can almost sense his presence.

With my whole body tingling, I turn and watch Mr. Marshall King, CEO of King Tech and owner of my heart, walk into the hall looking like a dream come true.

He's... He's perfect. There's no other word to describe him.

That black suit... It's my new favorite.

I can't take my eyes off him. I'm standing here, watching him in awe, watching him with my mouth hanging open as he shakes hands with his employees and introduces himself to their husbands and wives.

His light brown hair is shaved on the sides and a bit longer on top, perfectly styled. I wonder what it feels like. I wonder what it looks like in the morning as he wakes up with a groggy look on his face and a yawn on his lips. I wonder what it looks like when he's walking out of the shower, although if I were ever in the lucky position to witness that, I don't think I'd be looking at his hair.

He's so hot. Broad shoulders filling out that stylish fitted black coat. White shirt. Black tie. He looks like he could be the next James Bond. He looks like a movie star.

My eyes are following him as he works the room, smiling widely as he says hello to everyone, thanking them for coming, wishing them a good night.

I study his round muscular arms pushing against his coat sleeves and his big hands with the strong grip he gives. I wonder what those hands would feel like on my hips, guiding me back and forth as he drives into me.

“*Mmmmm*,” I moan as I undress him with my lustful eyes.

“Sorry, did you say something?” the guy beside me asks.

“What?” I say with a gasp. “No! I was just... this drink is soooo good! *Mmmmmmm!*”

“I know, right.”

I take another sip with a forced smile as the guy grabs his drink and keeps moving.

Once I’m alone again, my eyes dart back to my crush.

He’s heading this way! Oh my god, he’s heading right toward me!

Panic and excitement, but mostly panic, rushes through me as he makes his way down the bar, slapping shoulders, shaking hands, and saying hello to everyone.

He spots me and freezes for a second. His eyes widen as he stares.

Someone says something to him, but he ignores them completely, continuing to stare at me instead.

I smile shyly and then take a sip of my drink, suddenly worrying that I have a green moustache from this martini. Maybe that’s why he’s staring at me? Oh crap, that would be so me.

He suddenly comes to and walks straight at me with a blazing fire in those sexy brown eyes.

Come on confidence. Be bold, girl.

“Hello, Mr. King,” I say in a smooth calm voice when he arrives. “I’m Colleen Campbell.”

I offer my hand.

Recognition dawns in his eyes as he takes it. “The little black square.”

“That’s me,” I say as we shake, neither of us wanting to let go.

I’m acting all cool and calm, but inwardly, I’m freaking out. I’m actually touching Marshall King. His hand is so big and strong. Just the feeling of it is making all of the tiny hairs on my arms stand up straight.

“I’ve been looking forward to meeting you,” he says as we gaze into each other’s eyes. He’s even taller than I thought he was, but not *too* tall. He’s the perfect height if I was to suddenly lean in and rest my cheek on his chest, listening to the sound of his heart as he wrapped his arms around me.

“Really?” I ask, shaking the fantasy out of my head. “Well, here I am.”

“Yes,” he says with that deep rich voice that’s like melted chocolate. “You’re finally here.”

The air fills with something electric as our bodies drift toward one another like they can’t seem to stay apart. Something is happening here... I’m not sure what, but I know it’s something special.

“Mr. King,” Andrea says, butting her big stupid head in and ruining the moment. “Is everything to your liking?”

“Everything is wonderful,” he says as he turns to her with a forced smile. “The place looks beautiful.”

His eyes dart back to me as he says that last word.

“Everyone has two free drinks,” she says, “but I let all of the bartenders know that it’s open bar for you.”

“Two free drinks?” he says with his forehead creasing. “No. Make it open bar for everyone.”

“Sir, I don’t think that’s wise for a work function. It would increase the alcohol intake, which could—“

“Open bar, Andrea. Non-negotiable.”

She huffs out a breath as her back stiffens. “Fine. I’ll let everyone know.”

Our eyes are back on each other as she marches away with her hands squeezed into fists. I crack a smile and then he does too.

“I don’t think she likes me very much,” I whisper.

He laughs. “I don’t think she likes anyone.”

My head is swimming and my heart is pounding. I just made Marshall King laugh. I can’t stop smiling.

“So, Miss Campbell,” he says. “Are you here alone?”

He suddenly looks so serious as he waits for my answer.

Is that... *jealousy* in his eyes?

It can’t be, but... it kind of looks like he’s giving off a jealous vibe.

“I am,” I say with a nod and a flirty smile. “I’m single this Christmas.”

He relaxes and it confirms my suspicions. Yup, he was jealous. No. Freaking. Way.

“Maybe we’ll have to do something about that,” he says with a sly grin.

Hopefully, he's talking about filling that role himself and he's not planning on setting me up with Gary or something. I'm not that desperate. Yet.

"That would be nice," I say with a flirty smile. "It would mean more presents under the tree and I'd love to have a big package to unwrap."

Oh no. That sounded way dirtier coming out of my mouth than it did in my head.

He swallows hard as he watches me with those intense brown eyes. They're even more mesmerizing up close in person. "You like... big packages?"

I gulp, realizing that we're no longer talking about Christmas presents. "I've never had one before, but... I think I'd like it. If it was from the right man of course."

He holds my eyes with his and I shiver. This man has some kind of hold on me. I've never reacted to a man like this before. It's exciting and scary. I don't really know what to do.

But Mr. King does.

He leans in close and whispers in my ear. "I hope you get everything you're longing for. Hopefully, you won't have to wait until Christmas. Tonight is as good a night as any to unwrap a big, thick, package."

I gulp as I feel his hand brushing against my hip.

"You are stunning, Miss Campbell," he whispers in a throaty growl. "If I knew what was hiding behind that black square, I would have made you come into the office and work at my desk. I've been missing out."

"I'm here now," I say, feeling my voice getting a huskiness to it that I've never felt before. "Ready to follow the boss' "

orders.”

He looks me up and down and makes a little grumbling sound. “Don’t tempt me. I’m the kind of man who takes what he wants.”

“And what do you want... Mr. King?”

He’s about to tell me when Craig from Marketing taps him on the shoulder with his fiancée by his side.

Nooooooooooo! Come on, Craig!

“Mr. King,” Craig says with a nervous smile. “I’d like to introduce you to my fiancée.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir,” she says as she thrusts out her hand.

Marshall takes a huff of breath as he turns to them.

It hits me what just happened, what almost happened, and I quickly hurry away with my cheeks burning.

But as soon as I’m on the other side of the hall, pretending to check out the Christmas tree ornaments—but really looking at Mr. King through the reflection in the big glass bulb—I’m wishing I didn’t run away. I’m wishing I was a little bit bolder. A bit more direct.

And then maybe I could have gotten that big package I’ve been craving for so long.

CHAPTER FIVE

Marshall

MY HEAD OF BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT IS YAPPING MY EAR OFF, but all I can think about is that stunning red dress, that shy smile, those innocent hazel eyes. The image of her is killing me.

Ever since she left, one word has been repeating in my head over and over again—*mine*.

She's mine.

I'm taking her. Tonight, for Christmas, forever. She's the one for me.

“So, what do you think?” Mason asks.

“What?”

“About moving into the European market?”

I shake my head as my mind spins. I can't fucking think straight.

I'm looking around the hall for my girl, but I can't see her anywhere.

Every time I try to find her, some fucker comes up to me and starts talking. I want to scream at them that I have more important things to do right now, like finding my soul mate but I bite my tongue. Now that I know she's here, I don't want to waste another second without her.

"I don't know," I snap a little too harshly. I take a deep breath when I see that he looks hurt. "I'm sorry, Mason. I'm just... a little on edge. Come talk to me on Monday about it. No work talk at the Christmas party."

"Understood," he says with a nod before he backs away.

"Hey, Mason," I call out before he disappears.

"Yeah?"

"Have you seen Colleen Campbell anywhere? The girl in the red dress."

"No, sorry, boss. You can probably find her from the stage."

My pulse races as I look at the stage with the band on it. I rush over, ignoring all of the people trying to speak to me. I hurry past all of them and race up the steps.

The band finishes their song as I'm scanning the crowd of familiar faces, looking for the most gorgeous one of them all.

I'm so focused on trying to find her that I don't notice the band isn't starting a new song. Everyone starts turning toward me, stopping their conversations as they look at me expectantly.

When I finally spot her by the Christmas tree, looking even better than I remembered, the whole place is silent.

"Speech!" Gary shouts out. "Speech!"

Shit.

The singer walks over and hands me the microphone.

“Good evening, everyone.” I take a deep breath as I keep one eye on my girl. She’s watching me with those doe-like eyes, looking like a devilish angel in that red dress. I’m trying not to think about all of the stuff I want to do to her—dirty things that would leave that dress in tattered strips on the floor.

I can’t do this while looking at her. My mind keeps going to the filthiest places.

“This company wouldn’t be possible without all of your hard work,” I say, rambling on while I try to keep my eyes off her. That proves to be an impossible task. My eyes keep darting over to her sensual body. This woman was made to stand in front of a Christmas tree. I want to wake up with her every Christmas morning for the rest of my life. I want to hang stockings over the roaring fire and then fuck her all night long under them until the fire burns out. I want to make gingerbread cookies with her and then eat her pussy out while they’re baking in the oven.

“And a big thank you to all of the families of my wonderful employees,” I continue, barely registering what I’m saying. “Your support means the world to all of us.”

They all start clapping, including Colleen. I swallow hard as I watch her big round breasts jiggling with the movement. I look away before I get hard as a rock in front of all of these people.

“Enjoy the night,” I say, wrapping it up. “It’s open bar from now on.”

Everyone cheers, except for Andrea. She’s frowning at me.

“Happy Holidays,” I say and then I hand the microphone back to the singer.

He starts a new song as I leap off the stage and head right for my girl. The crowd parts when they see the intensity in my eyes as I barrel through the room to get to her.

She’s looking right at me with a shy little smile as I emerge from the crowd with my heart fucking pounding.

I’m probably too old for her. I’m thirty-seven with a bit of gray hair starting to come out. This girl must be around twenty-two. She looks ripe and supple and ready for an older man to teach her a few things about her beautiful body.

People might care about our age difference, but I don’t. It doesn’t bother me in the least that there’s a gap.

Nothing is going to stop me from making her mine. Especially not society’s expectations. I don’t care what people have to say about it. Age isn’t going to matter at all when I get her alone and out of that dress.

“Nice speech,” she says in that sugary-sweet voice.

“I wasn’t trying to make a speech,” I say with my skin tingling. “I was looking for you.”

“For me?” she says as she looks at me under those long lush eyelashes. “What did you want with me?”

I take a deep breath, deciding to lay it all on the line. I’m not the kind of man who tiptoes around getting what he wants. I’m the kind of man who kicks the fucking door down and takes it.

“What do I want with you?” I say as I stare into her gorgeous eyes. “Everything. I want you so bad it hurts,

Colleen. I want you in every way. I want you to be mine. I want to be yours.”

Those adorable cheeks are blushing as she watches me breathlessly.

“I hope you don’t think this is a game I’m playing,” I say with a ferocity in my voice. “It’s not. I’ve never felt this way about anyone before. No woman has grabbed my attention like you have. I feel like I’m losing all control.”

She stares at me in silence. My stomach drops. It sinks in that I went too far, too fast. I was too aggressive. That strategy works great in business, but not in love. She’ll probably quit her job now. I might even have a lawsuit on my hands.

I don’t care about a lawsuit. I’ll give her every penny I have to make up for making her feel uncomfortable for even a second.

She takes my hand and my legs nearly give out from relief. “Dance with me.”

I squeeze her soft hand and guide her to the dance floor. There are couples all around it, holding each other and swaying to the soft Christmas music. I wind my way into the middle, holding my girl like I’m never going to let her go.

People are watching as I turn around and take her into my arms, but I don’t focus on anything but the incredible girl in front of me.

She’s stunning. She smells so good—like vanilla candy. My mouth waters as I imagine getting a taste.

She smiles shyly as she looks up at me, one hand on my bicep, the other in my hand. We fit so perfectly together. It makes me eager to see how well we fit in other ways.

“People are watching us,” she whispers with a shy smile.

“I’m the boss,” I tell her in a firm voice. “I can do whatever I want.”

“And... what do you want to do?”

I lick my lips as I gaze down at her with hungry eyes. “Stick with me tonight and you’ll find out.”

Those adorable cheeks start blushing again. I love making them do that.

“Maybe I will,” she says with a flirty grin.

I hold her even tighter as we sway to the music, gazing into each other’s eyes, and falling in love.

It’s over. I’m obsessed. Officially obsessed.

And there’s no going back.

CHAPTER SIX

Colleen

MARSHALL KEEPS HIS EYES ON ME THE ENTIRE NIGHT. I LOVE that I've stolen his attention. Even when he's forced to talk to other people, he never looks away from me.

It's such a possessive, territorial look. It gives me warm shivers to see him watching me like I'm his. Like I'm his to protect. Like I'm his to have.

We danced three times throughout the night and kept sneaking off into corners to talk and flirt. I told him about my obsession with Christmas and he told me how he started the company when he was my age.

He's done so much. He's so accomplished. It's incredibly impressive and it makes me feel like I haven't done anything with my life. But with that amazing man by my side, I know I can do anything I can dream of.

The staff is cleaning up and people are starting to leave. Marshall says goodbye to everyone, but he keeps his possessive eyes on me the entire time, making sure I'm not leaving without him. I wouldn't dream of it. I know this incredible night is far from over and the best is yet to come.

He walks over to me, prowling like a panther with those heated eyes locked on my body. My skin tingles as he arrives. He looks so good in that black suit. I wish I could take a picture.

“I don’t like being so far from you,” he says. “I get all tight and on edge without you by my side.”

I smile as happiness balloons in my chest, making me feel so light and airy like I’m about to float off the ground. This night is going better than I ever could have hoped for.

“I have to get going,” I say, hoping he won’t let me. “My bus leaves in twenty minutes and it’s the last one for the night.”

“Bus?” His face looks so horrified that I chuckle. “You took the *bus*?! I paid for limousines.”

“Andrea said that I had to take the bus back and forth.”

He looks around with rage in his eyes. Luckily for her, she already left. He probably would have fired her on the spot.

“It’s okay,” I say as I touch his arm, calming him instantly. He’s still breathing heavily, but he no longer looks like he’s about to snap. “Don’t worry about it, please.”

I hate Andrea, but I don’t want her to get fired at Christmas.

“You’re not taking the bus home,” he says. “You’re staying at my place.”

I gulp. I’ve always wondered what Mr. King’s place looked like. It’s appeared in many of my fantasies and it’s always different—a luxurious condo, a small quaint house, a huge mansion, a cozy cabin in the woods—I’ve pictured it all. I can’t believe I’m actually going to get to see it in person.

“You’re my girl now,” he says like it’s a fact that I can no longer deny. “You’re going to come back to my place, right where you belong.”

I nod my head as I look up at him. How can I say no to that?

“Okay,” I say. “I’ll come back with you.”

We quickly get our coats and sneak down to the parking lot in the basement. Marshall holds my hand tightly as we walk to his car.

It’s a sleek black car and the leather seats are already warm when he opens the door for me and I slip inside.

“Wow,” I whisper as I look around the interior of the luxurious car. It must have cost a fortune. I’ve never been in a car like this before, but it’s something I could get used to.

He opens the door and sits behind the wheel. We make eye contact and the inside of the car heats up as we gaze into each other’s eyes.

His hungry eyes drift down to my lips and my body leans toward him, like it’s no longer under my control. He leans in as well and our mouths connect in a soft warm kiss. I melt as I taste him.

His big strong hand cups my cheek and he pulls me closer, sliding his tongue into my mouth. He groans as I glide my tongue over his, my heart pounding in my chest, the butterflies out of control.

Heat *throbs* between my legs. I lean into him, adding more pressure to his mouth and thrusting my tongue in deeper. He tastes so masculine, so sexy, so dreamy. I can’t get enough.

His lips are softer than they were in my fantasies, but I like them better this way.

I never thought that my first kiss would be with a rich older man like Marshall. But when I feel his strong hand sliding down my arm, I realize that sometimes reality can be better than any scenarios we can dream up.

My head is swimming when we finally pull away. I rest it on the soft leather seat as I gaze at Marshall through half-closed eyes.

He's so beautiful. If I could live in this moment forever, I would. The way he's looking at me with those seductive eyes, his tie loose, hair a bit messy from my hands—I've never seen him look so good. I've never seen anyone look so good.

“Let's get you back to my place and into something a little more comfortable.”

My heart is hammering in my chest and the heated throbbing between my legs only increases when he turns in his seat and starts the car.

We drive out of the parking lot and I gasp in delight when I see that it's snowing. It's the gorgeous kind—big fat snowflakes slowly drifting down on the windshield.

The soft blue lights of the dashboard are lighting Marshall up as he turns on some soft music by The National.

I sink into the seat, watching him with a permanent smile on my face. This is where I belong. Right here with this man is where I always want to be.

He glances at me and smiles.

“What?” I ask, just wanting to hear his voice.

“I just... wasn't expecting this.”

“Expecting what?”

He looks at me again and a new wave of butterflies enters my stomach.

“This was just going to be another boring office party,” he says with a huskiness in his voice. “I wasn’t expecting to find my soul mate.”

“Soul mate?” I repeat, making sure I heard that right.

He nods as he looks at me with those heated brown eyes. “Soul mate.”

I lick my lips as they curl up into a smile. “You know, I’ve had a crush on you for a long time.”

He whips his head to the side and looks at me. “Oh, really?”

“Really,” I say with a nod. “There are so many things I’ve wanted to say to you, that I’ve wanted to hear from you, that I’ve wanted to do to you.”

That big chest rises as he holds in a breath. “What have you wanted to do to me?”

My mouth waters as my eyes drift down his body. The shy part of me wants to hold back, but the new confident part that’s been blossoming all night is taking over. I lean over and slide my hand up his muscular thigh.

“I’ve wanted to do this,” I whisper as I slide my palm up his thigh and onto his cock. My pussy pulses as I feel his shaft hardening under my hand.

“*Fuck,*” he groans as his head drops back. I slide my hand along his erection a few times before I grab a hold of his belt and yank it out of the buckle.

I lick my lips as I unzip his pants and reach into his underwear. He groans deeper this time as I wrap my hand around his big thick cock. It's *huge*. So powerful. So intense.

He lifts his hips off the seat and tugs his pants down to give me better access. I gulp as I pull it out, seeing the full impressive size of it in front of my shocked face.

It's a beautiful cock—way longer and thicker than I thought a cock would be. I should have known that Mr. King would be packing some serious heat with the confident way he carries himself.

I slowly stroke him up and down, marveling at the pearls of cum that squeeze out when I get to his big swollen head. A bead of pre-cum rolls over his head and travels down his shaft. My mouth waters when it touches my finger.

“That’s my girl,” he growls as he sinks his strong hand into my hair and lightly grips the back of my head. “Look how fucking hard you make me. You’ve been driving me wild all night with that sexy red dress. Your body is the best gift of all and I can’t wait to get you home and unwrap you.”

The thought of getting naked in front of this powerful man and seeing his eyes light up as he looks at my most intimate areas is making me so wet. Lustful warmth flows through me as I picture it.

“I never thought I’d fall for an employee, but you’re so fucking perfect, I couldn’t help it. One look and I knew you were mine. I’m not just your boss anymore, beautiful girl. I’m your man now.”

The tingling inside my body morphs into a deep sexual throbbing at hearing him say I’m all his. I have been for a long time, I’m just glad he’s finally realized it.

I open up wide and take him into my mouth. He stretches my jaw so far down with his big dick that I choke and pull him back out with my eyes watering.

I look up at him with my heart pounding. He's driving slowly through the snowy streets, his hand gripping the steering wheel tight.

"Nice and slow, baby," he says as he gently guides my head back down. "You can do it. Just breathe, and slide that cock in as deep as it will go."

I lower my head back down, but this time, I slide my tongue along the side of his cock, moaning as I taste the salty flavor of his pre-cum. *Mmmmm*. He tastes good.

"That's my good girl," he growls, his voice getting deeper and heavier as I slide my tongue back up his firm shaft. "Now open those lips wide for me."

I slide him back into my mouth, a little slower this time, and clench my lips around him.

"Oh fuck," he groans as I take him in deeper. I start to get the hang of it, sucking him off in a steady rhythm as I grip the thick base of his dick.

He's still making my jaw ache and my eyes water, but that's just something I'll have to get used to with a man of this size.

I taste more of his delicious pre-cum as his cock slides over my tongue. He groans as I push him in deeper, the pressure filling up the back of my throat. My eyes water, but I don't stop. I plunge him in deeper and harder with every bob of my head.

"Yes," he growls as he grips my head tighter. "Keep it in your mouth or I'm going to unload all over that pretty little

face.”

With my lips clenched tightly around him, I twist my hand on his shaft until he’s jerking and shuddering in his seat, deep groans and grumbles rumbling out of his throat.

“*Fuck!*” he hollers as his back straightens and his cock pulses against my tongue. My body jolts when I feel his hot cum surging into my mouth. I moan hungrily as I swallow it all down, loving the taste, loving that I’m pleasuring this man, loving that an intimate part of Marshall is now inside me.

He breathes heavily as he drops his head onto the leather headrest, his hooded eyes gazing down at me as I slowly stroke him with my hand.

After a long moment, I surrender his beautiful cock and sit back in my seat, watching him with my cheeks blushing.

He looks so gorgeous sitting there—gripping the wheel, eyes half-closed, big cock still out, look of pure satisfaction on his face. The snow is falling outside, but we’re nice and cozy warm in here.

“We’re almost there,” he says as he turns onto a side street. “Then, it will be your turn.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Colleen

“WOW,” I WHISPER AS I WALK AROUND MARSHALL’S PLACE, staring at everything in awe. It’s even more luxurious than I imagined. It’s like out of a movie.

He lives in the penthouse suite of a tall skyscraper overlooking Chicago. The view is incredible at night with all of the soft lights and the snow falling down. There are no outer walls—just floor-to-ceiling windows, so no matter where you are in the suite, there’s an amazing view waiting for you.

He puts his key on the shelf by the door and flicks a switch which turns on the fireplace. Everything is so perfect—the couches, the art on the walls, the roaring fire. The only thing missing is a Christmas tree.

“You don’t have any Christmas decorations,” I say with a gasp.

He chuckles when he sees the horrified look on my face. “If you want a tree, I’ll happily get one.”

“Oh, we’re going to need more than a tree,” I say with a grin. “This whole place needs an emergency Christmas

makeover. I'm thinking stockings over that fireplace, garland wrapped around that column, Santa figurines on those shelves, and a big tall Christmas tree there... and there."

"*Two* trees?"

"I have two trees and my whole apartment can fit in your foyer. You have no excuse, Mr. King."

He grins as he starts walking over to me, that heated look back in his sexy brown eyes. "If it keeps you here with me over the Holidays, I'll turn this place into the North Pole."

"I'd like to see you dressed as Santa," I say with a flirty smile. "I bet you look great in red."

"And I bet you look great naked." His strong hands grip my hips and I whimper as he pulls me against his hard body.

He smells so good—like all of my dirtiest fantasies come to life.

My lips part as I melt against him, my chin tilting up as I crave that warm mouth. I want him to kiss me. I want him to do so much more than kissing.

"Do you know what I'd like?" he says as those soft lips hover over mine.

"I'll do whatever you like, Mr. King."

Again, that sounded dirtier coming out of my mouth than it did in my head.

He lets out a low rumbling growl as his hands tighten on my hips. Feeling his strength on my skin sends a pulse of heat flowing between my legs. I'm so wet for him. I'm so ready for whatever he has planned.

“Good,” he says as he lets me go and walks over to the sleek bar area and pours himself a scotch. He pulls out his phone and turns some music on. It fills the penthouse with a sensual rhythm. It’s a sexy song—*Love Is a Bitch* by Two Feet.

I watch with my skin tingling as he takes a sip of his drink. He’s taking his time, torturing me, amping up the sexual tension as he slowly takes off his tie. He drapes it on the bar and then walks over to the chair beside the fire.

My heart pounds as he sits down and watches me with those dark ravenous eyes.

“Miss Campbell,” he says in a rich sexy voice. “I want you to dance for me.”

I gulp as I watch him sitting there, looking so powerful and dominant beside the roaring fire—tailored suit, perfect face, strong hand wrapped around his glass of expensive scotch. How could I ever resist him? How could I say no to any of his demands?

All I want is to please him. All I want is to make him obsessed with me.

“By the time the song is finished,” he says in a low controlled voice, “I want you on my lap. Naked.”

I swallow hard as he watches me, the shadows and orange glow of the fire dancing on the side of his face.

This is what you wanted. Make your man happy.

If I think too much, I’ll freeze up. So instead, I just start swaying my hips to the sensual beat. He sucks in a breath, that big massive chest moving up and down.

I close my eyes and lift my arms over my head, taking my hair up with it as I sway my hips, hypnotizing him with the sensual movement. He watches as I lick my lips and let my hair tumble down.

The room heats up as I grind my hips to the sexy carnal song. His eyes are locked on me, the hunger in them increasing with every movement I make.

“Very good, Miss Campbell,” he says in a deep throaty voice. “Now turn around.”

I slowly, sensually, turn around while swaying to the music. I arch my back and thrust my ass in the air while I bend in half, giving my boss an erotic show. I hear him moan as I grab the bottom of my dress and slowly pull it up my legs.

I dip my hands under my silky dress and slide my fingers under the elastic of my panties. I can feel the heat pulsing as I pull them down, letting the dress cover my x-rated parts.

I turn back around, wanting to see the look on his face as my wet panties slide down my legs. He doesn't seem to be breathing as I grind my hips, letting my panties fall past my knees. They tumble down to my ankles and I step out of them with a sensual look on my face.

This is the most erotic thing I've ever done. Even in my dirtiest fantasies, I was never stripping for my boss.

He takes a sip of his scotch, his lust-filled eyes never leaving me for a second.

“Good,” he says with a slow nod. “Now the straps. Slide them down. Slowly.”

The fire crackles and roars as I grind to the erotic song, slipping my fingers under the straps on my shoulders.

He sucks in a breath as I slowly drag them down my arms, my breasts loosening without the support holding them in place. I lick my lips when I see the long hard rod in his pants. The sight of his hardness sends a flood of heat rushing through me. I move with more confidence now that I know he's enjoying the show.

"That's a good girl," he says, the huskiness in his voice increasing. "Now show me your tits."

My eyes are locked on him as I let the top of my dress fall down. He shifts in his seat, his eyes never leaving my chest as my breasts tumble free. My nipples are so hard. My whole body is aching for him. I love having his eyes on me, but I want his hands and mouth, and everything else on me too.

I'm burning all over. I'm craving him badly.

"Beautiful," he whispers as he takes a sip while watching me. "Simply exquisite."

I turn back around, rolling my hips to the sensual beat as I tease him by tugging the dress down so he can see the top of my ass.

His breaths turn shallow. I can hear them as he watches the erotic show.

"That's enough teasing," he says as I grind my hips to the music. "Pull it all the way down."

I suck in a breath and do as he commands, pulling the dress down my ass and letting it fall to the floor.

"*Goddamn*," he whispers under his breath as I arch my back and stand back up.

I slowly turn around, completely naked now with the air feeling cool on the wetness between my legs.

“Come here,” he growls as I sway to the sexy beat.

My body moves toward him like I’m under his control. His ravenous eyes are roaming all over my naked body from my tingling breasts to my throbbing pussy. We make eye contact as I approach and I can see the restraint in his eyes. He’s holding himself back and looks like he’s barely hanging on.

I stand in front of him and continue dancing, loving the way he’s watching me with those hungry eyes. I’m teasing the beast. I’m teasing my boss. This is more erotic and hotter than anything I ever could have dreamed up.

His cock looks so tempting. It’s as hard as concrete and begging to get out of those pants.

When I turn around and sway my ass in front of his face, his restraint cracks and he touches me, sliding his big palms up my thighs. I whimper when I feel his strong hands on my ass.

“Bend over for me,” he commands in a deep voice. I do as he says, bending at the waist and showing him everything. He spreads my cheeks with those powerful hands. He groans as he stares at my spread pussy. I’m so wet. I wonder if he can see it.

He leans forward and I gasp when I feel his hot breath on my wetness. His mouth connects and I cry out, his tongue feeling like lightning jolting through my body. He devours me. Everywhere.

The sensation is overwhelming. It’s all-consuming. It’s the only thing I can think about or focus on. I can’t even process that I’m naked in my boss’ penthouse suite right now. His hot wet tongue is stealing all of my attention. It’s taking over my body as he glides it through my folds and licks my sensitive skin.

I moan and push back against him, loving the firm way he's gripping my ass and holding me against his ravenous mouth. He licks me everywhere—up, down, front to back—over and over again as I melt against him. It's so fucking good. Better than I ever imagined.

His hot tongue glides over my aching clit and then slides into my tight wet hole, swirling and pushing deep inside my pussy. I'm crying out and whimpering as my legs nearly give out. He holds me up with those strong hands as I start trembling all over.

“Sit,” he growls as he suddenly stands up and turns me around. “Lay down on the chair and spread those legs wide for me.”

I drop into his chair and open my legs as wide as they'll go as he kneels in front of me. His dark eyes are locked on my bare pussy as he lowers his head and licks my slit slowly from the bottom to the top. I cry out when he arrives at my clit. This time he doesn't move on. He wraps his lips around it and sucks me with a steady rhythm.

I cry out as my back arches. My breasts are heaving up and down with every heavy breath I'm taking. It feels incredible. It feels out of this world. I love his hot messy tongue. I love everything about this man.

He swirls his tongue inside me and I grab a fistful of his hair when he hits the right spot.

“Yes,” I moan as the pressure starts to build. “*Oh god, yes!*”

Mr. King pulls my pussy against his face, amping up the pressure now that he knows I'm close. He licks me hard and fast, focusing on my clit as he touches me with his fingers. He

pushes one inside my wet opening as he laps my pearl, the tightness inside increasing with every erotic moment that passes. He adds another finger and I cry out as he curls them inside of me and starts stroking my G-spot while his hot tongue continues to massage my throbbing clit.

It's too much. The tightness becomes unbearable. When he grabs my legs, lifts them up and open, and slowly laps his flat tongue up my pussy, I cum *hard*.

I scream out as I cum all over his ravenous mouth. My eyes squeeze shut as the orgasm sweeps through me in a blaze of blissful heat.

Marshall doesn't stop. He keeps licking my pussy and teasing me until another orgasm hits even harder than the first, shaking my body and turning it to jelly.

I collapse on the seat, gasping and whimpering as his tongue continues to move on my soaked folds.

I watch him with adoring eyes as he leans back with a satisfied look. The lower half of his face is covered in my juices. His lips are glistening as he stares down at my pussy.

"You're coming with me," he says as he scoops me up in his big strong arms. He lifts me as if I weigh nothing and carries me out of the room.

My heart pounds as he takes me to the one place I've always dreamed of going.

To Mr. King's bedroom.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Marshall

MY COCK IS THROBBING AS I CLUTCH THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN to my chest and carry her to my bedroom. She's looking up at me under her long eyelashes, her brown eyes looking so damn innocent in contrast to her naked body.

She's unbelievable. I can't get over her. I don't think I ever will.

Every time we're together, I know it will be like this—complete and utter awe at being next to this goddess.

“Marshall,” she whispers in a shy voice. I stop in the hallway and stare down at her.

“What is it, my love?”

“I just want you to know... This is going to be my first time. I'm a virgin.”

A growl of delight rumbles up my throat. I was hoping she was untouched, but I didn't want to ask in case she wasn't. I didn't know if I would have been able to handle that. Just thinking about another man touching what's for my hands only is enough to make me crazy.

“That’s my good girl,” I whisper as I kiss her soft lips. “I’m going to make you happy you waited.”

“I’m already happy,” she says with a shy smile. “This whole night with you has been amazing. I’ve dreamed about it, but I’ve never done anything like this before. Tonight was also my first kiss.”

I growl as I lean down and taste her lips again, loving that I’ll be her first and her last. No one will ever touch these sweet lips but me. I’m filled with pride and relief as I continue carrying her into the bedroom.

I lower her onto the bed and kiss a trail down her neck. She moans under me as I reach her beautiful tits, licking and sucking them one at a time. I grab them in my hands and roll my tongue over her perfect little nipples.

With my hands still gripping her breasts, I continue kissing a trail down her stomach while she opens her legs for me.

My cock is aching as I lay kisses along her pubic hair and then finally onto her engorged clit. I massage her breasts as I lick her pussy again, digging my tongue into her soft wet hole, which I’m now certain is virgin-tight.

I want to take her cherry, but it’s hard to pull away. She’s so damn delicious that I could devour this ripe cunt for *hours*.

I spread her lips with my fingers and lean back, marveling at the gorgeous shade of pink inside her tight hole. It will never be so flawless again. I suck in a breath as I take a moment to enjoy the stunning view before diving back down and making her cry out.

Her pussy is so wet that it covers the lower half of my face in her warm juices. I fucking love being covered in her. I’ll

still be tasting and smelling this sweet cunt while I fuck her hard.

“That’s my girl,” I say as I grab her legs and separate them while pushing them back toward her. She’s fully bared to me now, her pussy and her puckered little asshole too. I give her asshole a few licks and then stand up while I stroke my aching cock.

“Tell me what you want,” I growl as I drag the big head of my dick up her slit. I’m leaning over her, our mouths inches apart. She shudders as I drag my cock over her clit.

“I want your big cock,” she says in a moan. Her eyes are on fire. They’re burning with lust. I’ve turned my innocent little virgin into a crazed sex goddess.

“Where do you want it?”

Her eyes fall closed as she writhes on the bed. Her back arches, which presses her tits into my chest. “In me. *Deep* in me.”

“More specific,” I say as I press my hard shaft against her. “I want to hear you say the dirty words.”

“I want you in my pussy,” she begs. “I want to feel your hard cock sliding into my virgin cunt. *Please*, Marshall. *Please*, Mr. King, stop teasing and give it to me.”

I grin as I slide my head down her slit and press it up against her tight opening. She gasps as she grabs my arm and sinks her nails into my flesh. Her back is arched, mouth open, sexy eyes begging me for it.

Her body is writhing on the bed under me as I torture her, making her wait for a few more seconds.

“It’s all yours, baby,” I whisper as I start pushing in. “Every, thick, inch.”

She cries out as I drive my hips forward, slowly sliding inside. I grit my teeth when I feel her insane tightness squeezing me. Her pussy clamps down on every thick inch I give her, squeezing my cock impossibly tight as I hold my breath.

She shudders when I arrive at her cherry. I’m tempted to keep this sweet pussy intact a little longer, but the need to breed her starts overtaking my mind. I clench my jaw and thrust through it, breaking her cherry and making her mine forever.

I wrap my arms around her as I thrust all the way in, holding her as she whimpers and moans my name.

“Oh, Marshall,” she cries in my ear. “Oh, you’re so big!”

I’m rocking my hips, trying to loosen this virgin-tight pussy up as I whisper soft words into her ear. “That’s my good girl. Taking my big cock. You’re doing so well, baby. It won’t hurt for long.”

She’s clinging to me as her hot little pussy milks my hard dick. Being inside her is the most incredible feeling I’ve ever had. I never want to leave this heavenly place.

I kiss her neck until she turns her head with her mouth open. I lunge on her lips, crushing her mouth with mine as I pull my hips back and then slide back into her tight warmth.

She moans on my tongue as I thrust in hard, pressing the thick root of my cock against her clit.

I can feel my obsession growing stronger with every second I’m inside her. I’m a caveman when it comes to this angel. There’s nothing I won’t do to keep her safe. No one I

won't hurt to protect her. There are absolutely no limits when it comes to her.

Some of her insane tightness eases up, so I start driving into her with longer, smoother strokes. Her whimpers turn into moans as she gets into it, pulling my body into her. Her back arches with each deep thrust.

“Your pussy feels so good,” I growl as I thrust in harder and faster. “I can't wait to feel it cumming on a cock for the first time.”

She opens her mouth and gasps when I hit a sensitive spot. “Oh fuck, Marshall...”

“You want it harder?”

She nods as those sexy hazel eyes look up at me. “*Yes.*”

“You make me so fucking crazy,” I say as I drive my hips into her harder and deeper, making her cry out as the headboard starts slamming into the wall. “I love your pretty little pussy. I'm going to make a fucking mess in it with my big load.”

“*Oh fuck,*” she moans as she squeezes her eyes closed, clinging to me as I fuck her with a hard steady pace.

“Do you want to feel me cumming deep inside you?”

“Yes,” she gasps.

“Say it.”

“I want to feel you... I want to feel your big cock cumming in my pussy.”

The hunger increases inside as I hear those filthy words on her sweet lips. I need to *breed* her cunt. I want her womb *dripping* with my seed.

“You cum first, baby,” I say as I lift her hip, so I can drive in deeper. “Milk the hot cum out of my cock. Show me how badly you want it.”

I slam my hard dick into her over and over as she cries and screams out. Her body begins to shake violently, but I don't slow down. I amp up the pace even more.

“*Yes!*” she screams out. “I'm cumming! *I'm cumming!*”

She trembles under me as her pussy erupts on my cock, cumming all over it for the first time.

I fuck her through her orgasm, thrusting in deep at a merciless pace. She clings to me while her writhing body fills with heat.

Her pussy constricts, getting tighter on my thrusting cock, and it's too much to take. I thrust in as close to her womb as I can get and release, cumming *deep* in her cunt.

A primal roar rips out of me as my big load enters her, filling her virgin pussy with my virile seed. I hope it gets to where it needs to go. If it doesn't, we'll do it again until we're successful. Until she's pregnant with my child.

I watch her as the orgasm rips through my body, filling me with heat until I'm shaking and can barely hold myself up.

Her eyes fall closed, exhausted and spent, as I pull out and drop onto the bed beside her.

We're both spread out on the mattress, breathing heavily as we stare at the ceiling. I look at her and she looks at me.

Our lips curl up into smiles as we watch each other.

That was amazing.

And as soon as I catch my breath, we're doing it again.

CHAPTER NINE

Colleen

I'M STILL IN SHOCK WHEN I WAKE UP BESIDE MARSHALL. Before last night, I'd only ever seen him on Zoom, almost always in a suit. Right now, he's sound asleep, spread out on the bed with the sheets wrapped around his waist.

I try to be very quiet as I lean up on my elbow for a better look. I don't want to wake him. It would ruin this valuable opportunity I have to stare at my shirtless crush for as long as I can.

He's so freaking hot. His abs are always flexed into a six-pack, even while sleeping. I mean, how is that even possible? It can't be real. His big perfect muscular chest is slowly moving up and down with every peaceful breath he takes. Even his nipples are beautiful. They're perfect pink circles.

I swallow hard as I roam my eyes up to his flawless face. He has a bit of stubble on his cheeks and jaw, which makes me smile. I want to run my hands over his face to see if it's as prickly as it looks. His hair is a wild mess, but it makes him look adorable. As soon as he wakes up, I'm running my hand through it.

My mischievous eyes slide back down his body to his big package that's hidden in the sheets. He's so large. I start to blush just from thinking about last night. My whole lower half is sore from being stretched out by his thick size.

I'm sore, but I'd do it again in a second if he's up for it. I'm up for anything with this man.

Eventually, he begins to stir and he opens his soft brown eyes. I'm happy he's awake even though I'm a tiny bit wishing I had more time to stare shamelessly at him up close. Maybe I can set my alarm early the next time I wake up in his bed, so I'll have a full hour to ogle him.

"Hey," he says in a groggy voice, those luscious lips curling up into a smile when he sees me. "You're a beautiful sight to wake up to."

"You're not so bad yourself," I say with a grin.

He reaches up and slides his hand around the back of my neck. I moan as he pulls me down until our lips connect in a closed-mouth kiss. It's so tender and sweet that it makes my heart ache.

"I want to wake up like this every morning," he says when I pull away. "I want to start every day with you."

I'm holding the soft sheets over my breasts, but I realize I don't have to. I have nothing to hide from this amazing man and deep down, I realize that I want him to see. I want him to pick up where we left off last night.

His eyes drop to my chest as I release the sheets and let them tumble down. My nipples tingle and harden under that heated gaze.

Exposing my bare breasts has the exact reaction I was hoping for.

He takes me in his big arms and pulls me on top of him, pulling the sheets out of the way as I straddle him. I whimper when my spread pussy lands on his hard shaft.

I know how big he is, but it's still shocking to feel. I don't know if I'll ever get used to his gargantuan size.

"Slide me into your pussy, baby," he grumbles in that groggy voice as he grips my hips.

I'm already soaked as I reach down and wrap my hand around his hard cock. I lift my hips and slide him into my wet opening, moaning and whimpering when I feel him stretching me out.

My eyes fall closed as I sink down his length, taking every inch of him inside my body. He feels so damn good. *This* is how I want to wake up every morning.

"That's my girl," he whispers as he plays with my breasts, those big hands massaging and squeezing as I grind my aching clit on the thick root of his cock. "Your pussy is heavenly. It's better than Christmas."

"I don't know about that," I answer with a laugh. "Nothing is better than Christmas."

I take that back. Marshall's cock is better than everything.

My laughter turns into a deep moan as I start to ride him again, feeling his thick dick filling me completely. I fucking love it. I love him.

It doesn't take long before an orgasm comes rushing forward and I'm cumming all over his cock. He grips my ass cheeks, thrusts his big dick up, and cums deep in my pussy with a carnal roar.

I collapse onto his chest as the euphoric heat flows through my body from head to toe. He wraps his big possessive arms around me and I realize that we might not leave this bed for the rest of the day. That would be just fine with me.

“Shit,” he suddenly says. “Don’t you have a dog to feed and let out?”

I burst out laughing. He looks confused.

“What?”

“I don’t have a dog.”

“But didn’t you say that your dog was barking at the door during our last meeting?”

I chuckle as I drop onto the bed beside him. “I said that, but I don’t have a dog. I panicked when Andrea asked me what I was doing.”

He looks at me with his brow furrowed. “And what were you doing, Miss Campbell?”

“Thinking of you...” I tell him. “And... touching myself.”

He suddenly sits up with a heated look in his eyes. “Touching yourself? Where?”

I swallow hard. “Is it against King Tech policy to pleasure yourself on company time?”

He shakes his head. “Not for you.”

“In that case,” I say as my cheeks heat up. “I was touching my... pussy.”

He licks his lips and moans. “Show me.”

“What?!”

“Show me how you were touching your pussy while you were thinking about your hot boss.”

He pulls the sheets away and I suck in a breath as I lower my hand onto my sex. He watches with rapt attention as I play with my clit and sneak a finger inside my wet hole.

Yup. We're not leaving this bed.



We do end up leaving the bed after a few more orgasms and end up at the last possible place I'd expect to see Mr. King—The Brockville County Christmas Craft Fair.

I had booked a table and briefly mentioned it over breakfast when he asked me what I had planned for the day.

“You're booked at the craft fair?” he said, staring at me in shock.

“It's okay,” I said with a dismissive wave of my hand. “They'll just take the table away when I don't show. Anyway, I hardly sell anything. I just do it for fun and it helps pay for most of the supplies I use.”

“What time is it at?” he asked as he jumped up from the table.

I laughed. “It's fine, really, Marshall. It's not a big deal.”

“It is a big deal,” he said with a fierceness in his tone that was both unexpected and adorable. “It's a big deal for you, which means it's a big deal for me. What time does it start?”

“Umm, one o'clock.”

He looked at the time on the stove and snapped to attention. “If we leave in ten minutes, we can make it. I'll

drive.”

I’m still in shock as we stand behind the table in front of my collection of homemade Christmas ornaments. Couples and families walk by, pointing out the drunken elves I made.

“These make amazing Christmas presents,” Marshall says to an elderly couple walking by. “Do you have grandchildren?”

“Eight of them,” the woman says proudly.

“That’s perfect!” Marshall says with a big smile. “We have a deal going on that you’ll love! Buy seven and get one free. Look at these hot cocoa ornaments. Aren’t they adorable?”

“They are cute,” the woman says as she wanders over, taking a closer look. The husband drops his shoulders as he follows her. “I love the little smiles on the marshmallows.”

“Can you believe that my girl made them from scratch?” He gives me a proud smile. My cheeks heat up from hearing him refer to me as his girl in public for the first time. “She’s so talented.”

I don’t say anything. I can’t. He’s too much. My heart is aching as I watch him wave a family over. “Come check these out,” he says as he holds up a wreath I made. “Do you have a wreath for your door?”

“No,” the mother says as she inspects it. “We should have a wreath now that you mention it.”

“Can we get it, Mom?” the young girl asks. “Please?”

The father looks like he’d rather be at home watching football, but he doesn’t complain as he pulls out his wallet and hands over twenty bucks.

I thank them and they leave as the elderly lady buys ten ornaments, one for each of her grandchildren and two for their own tree.

More people come by and Marshall does his thing, selling all of my products like it's the easiest thing in the world. Normally, I stand back and patiently wait for people to come but that rarely results in a sale. I need to bring this guy every weekend.

"Thank you," I whisper between customers as I stuff the wad of cash into my dad's old tackle box.

"This stuff is amazing," he says as he picks up a painted ceramic stocking holder. "They're selling themselves."

I doubt that, but I don't argue. I just smile and watch him as he does his thing.

By the end of the day, I hardly have any crafts left. What I do have is a tackle box full of cash and a hot guy that I'm even more in love with.

"That was fun," he says as he folds up my table. "Are you going to be able to make more supplies by next weekend?"

"Depends how busy you keep me," I answer with a grin.

He growls as he leans in and kisses me on the lips. "I think you'll have an empty table."

I nibble on my bottom lip as I give him a flirty look. "That's fine with me."

"Speaking of keeping you busy," he says as he collects our things. "Do you want to spend the Holidays with me?"

"Really? The Holidays?"

He nods. “I’m heading to my parent’s cabin for Christmas and I’d like you to join me. I don’t want to start another year without you.”

“But... Your parents? Christmas? Isn’t that... too soon?”

“Not for me,” he says with a fierceness in his tone. When he sets his mind on something, it’s set. That’s one of the things I love about him—also his assertiveness, his drive, his determination. He’s able to make a decision quickly and stick to it. Meanwhile, it takes me all morning to decide what shoes to wear.

“Is it too soon for you?” he asks, his forehead creasing with unease.

“No,” I answer with a shake of my head.

I was ready for this a long time ago. I’ve known for months that he’s the man for me.

“I’d love to spend Christmas with you and your parents, Marshall. It would be a dream come true.”

He seals it with a kiss and just like that, Christmas got a whole lot better.

CHAPTER TEN

Colleen

CHRISTMAS WITH THE KINGS WAS AMAZING. MARSHALL MADE me feel like a princess the entire time, doting on my every need and showering me with extravagant presents.

His parents loved me and his mother Judy and I really hit it off. She's a big crafter too and I taught her how to make my hot cocoa ornaments, which she loved.

She showed me pictures of Marshall when he was a boy and it made my heart hurt to see that cute kid with the messy hair and toothless smile. I couldn't help thinking that maybe one day, we'll have an adorable boy who looks just like that.

Judy also told me that she's never seen Marshall so happy and she's never seen him look at a girl the way he looks at me. I couldn't help but blush with that one.

It's been a magical week of board games, skiing, hiking in the snowy forest, and cozying up in front of the fire with my man and a glass of wine.

I thought that Christmas morning might be awkward, but it wasn't at all. It was so fun! Judy got us all comfy Christmas

pajamas to wear and we all opened presents around the tree. After, we cooked a huge breakfast together in their beautiful kitchen—Marshall and I cooked the waffles (and burnt half of them because we were a bit distracted with some light flirting). More family members trickled in and we ate at their giant table, laughing as everyone took turns telling me their favorite Christmas stories about Marshall. I died laughing when his cousin told me that Marshall spray painted the tree red one year and it made the place look like a hell-themed Christmas.

I've fallen deeper in love with this man every moment we've been together. It's even better than I imagined, because it's real. I still have to pinch myself every now and then to remind myself that this is actually happening.

It's New Year's Eve tonight and the King's luxurious mountain cottage looks perfect with the big flakes of snow falling outside and the roaring fire beside the huge Christmas tree.

The Kings always throw a big New Year's Eve party and the house is packed with people talking, laughing, and dancing in the living room.

I'm wearing a sparkly black dress, which Marshall keeps saying he can't wait to take off. Even now as I'm talking to his aunt, he's eyeing me from across the room with a hungry look.

"Judy thought Marshall would never settle down," she says as she touches my wrist. "We're all so happy he found you. He looks so smitten. This is just the most wonderful holiday surprise."

I smile as my eyes drift over to him. He does seem pretty smitten.

I still can't believe this is actually happening.

“Three minutes until the countdown!” Judy shouts as she walks in with a box of colorful cardboard hats and plastic blowers.

People start putting them on and testing out their blowers as Marshall makes his way over to me.

“Come,” he whispers as he grabs my hand. “I know just the place to start the new year.”

I follow him out the backdoor and he takes me onto the quiet balcony where we’re all alone.

“I didn’t want to share you,” he says as he takes off his sports coat and puts it on my shoulders. I breathe in his delicious masculine scent and it sends a wave of warmth flowing through me.

The snow has stopped and the clouds have disappeared. A beautiful full moon has taken their place with all the stars out in their magnificent glory. This whole place is spectacular. So is my man.

He takes my hand and gazes down into my eyes with a loving look. It makes my toes curl in my shoes.

“I don’t want to go another year without you being mine, Colleen,” he says as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a little blue box. I gasp as he drops to a knee.

“I know it hasn’t been long, but I’ve seen all I need to see. I love you. I need you. I want you to be mine forever.”

I swallow hard as he opens the tiny box and reveals the giant diamond ring inside. “Will you make me the happiest man on the planet and marry me? Please?”

My eyes well up with tears as I look down at this amazing man that I love.

“Of course,” I say in a breathless tone. “I’d love to marry you.”

Everyone cheers inside as the clock strikes midnight.

Marshall puts the ring on my finger, jumps up, and wraps his arms around me.

I moan as he lays those perfect lips on mine.

It’s the start of something special. Not just the new year, but our new life as well.

And with Marshall by my side, it’s going to be absolutely perfect.

EPILOGUE

Marshall

Four years later...

“BABY FIGHT!” MY BUDDY SHAWN SAYS AS HE PRETENDS OUR one-year-olds are karate fighting in front of the Christmas tree. His new wife Emma frowns and shakes her head at him. He laughs, but immediately lets go of my son’s leg.

Emma has been a great influence on my best friend. She’s been whipping him into shape, but it’s still going to be a long process for someone as immature as Shawn. He’s moved on from the video store and works in my company now. I made him the manager of shipping and he’s done great, besides that one snafu where he sent a container ship to Madagascar by mistake.

“The house looks wonderful,” my mother says as she walks by, admiring the new furniture.

We moved in over the summer and I made sure to get a house with a huge art studio for Colleen. I still smile when I remember the way her face lit up when she saw the big windows and all the shelving along the walls.

“We love it here,” I tell her. “It already feels like home.”

“A lot of bedrooms upstairs,” she says with a grin.

I know. That’s why I bought it. I have big plans to fill up each one with help from my sexy little fertile wife. We’ve had one so far, our son Matteo, but lately I’ve been feeling the urge to breed her supple body once again. By this time next year, we should have number two out.

I excuse myself and head through the house to find Colleen. All these thoughts of breeding her beautiful body are making me crave her badly.

We’re hosting Christmas this year and the house is packed with our family—hers and mine.

The past four years have been incredible with this remarkable woman. Colleen ended up leaving King Tech not long after we started dating. It was so hard for me to focus when she was around the office, something I never had a problem with before, but the main reason she left was that she just wasn’t a good fit for corporate life.

With my support, she went all in on her crafting, started her own company, and now she has her amazing Christmas crafts available for sale in a few high-end stores. Sales have been growing every year and this summer, she hired her second employee. I’m so proud of my talented, artsy woman.

I sneak up to her in the kitchen, grab her wrist, and pull her toward the basement.

“Follow me,” I say as I hurry down the stairs.

“Where’s Matteo?” she asks as she follows.

“With my mom.”

“Do you need help bringing up some wine?” Colleen asks as I drag her into the cellar.

I close the door and lock it.

“Oh,” she says with a gulp when I turn around and take the stunning sight of her in. She’s wearing a gorgeous red dress that reminds me of the first night I saw her. I’ll never forget that moment and the way it felt like the universe was presenting me with the most special gift imaginable. I’ve treasured her ever since that moment.

“We have guests upstairs,” she says as I close the distance between us with a hungry look. “We should—oh, fuck it.”

We come together in a passionate fury, kissing hard as I pull up her dress. She moans into my mouth as she kisses me hard and grabs my suit, pulling me against her.

Her back is pressed against the wall. My cock is rock hard and digging into her thigh.

“*Oh yes,*” she moans as my hand arrives between her legs. No panties. Just soft wet pussy. I slide two fingers inside and she shivers against the door.

Her hands dart down to my pants. She struggles with the buckle as I stroke her g-spot and play with her clit. Her moans come out heavier. Deeper. Sexier.

She frees my big cock and pulls it toward her opening. Once my head touches her soft warm hole, I thrust up hard, plunging all the way into her.

She screams out even though we have guests over our heads. I don’t think they can hear. The wine cellar is in the basement and there’s stone on the floor, walls, and ceiling. It’s perfect for muffling the sexy sounds of my girl.

Her pussy squeezes my cock as I thrust into her, in and out at a reckless pace. She's been driving me wild all night with that sexy dress. There's no way I could wait until our guests left. I had to have her.

"Fuck, Marshall," she whines as I fuck her hard, slamming her into the door with every punishing thrust. Her legs wrap around me and she loses a shoe.

God, I love this pussy.

I love everything about this woman. I look down as I fuck her, watching her big tits in that dress, her irresistible cleavage getting me even harder.

It's time to fuck another baby into my woman. I'm going to breed her once again. She'll be pregnant by New Years. I guarantee it.

I grab her ass cheeks with my powerful hands and pull her hips into my thrusts as she moans in my ear.

"Give me the Christmas present I really want," I whisper, urging her on.

"*Anything*," she moans. "I'll give you *anything*."

"Cum all over my cock," I growl as I thrust in harder, faster. "That's all I want—to feel you cumming on me."

She drops her head back on the door, eyes closed, mouth open, looking so unbelievably sexy. Her neatly done-up hair has unraveled and is coming down in a wild mess. Her eyes are glazed over with lust. Her strap has fallen on one shoulder, showing even more of those big juicy tits.

I love this girl more than anything. I'm still completely obsessed with her in every way. She's my everything.

“Cum on me,” I growl as I slam my big dick into her tight little pussy. “*Now.*”

She tries to stifle her scream, but it’s still way too loud as she releases, cumming all over my hard cock.

I shudder as I feel her silky walls tightening and massaging my shaft as she cums. I try to hold it back as long as I can, but I only last a few desperate seconds before I’m cumming too, filling my woman’s pussy with my big load.

She moans as she feels the heat entering her. It’s going straight to her womb. By next Christmas, we’ll have another member of the family upstairs while we’re back down here doing this again.

I lower her feet to the floor as we catch our breath. Her cheeks are all rosy, her dress is wrinkled, and her hair is a wild mess. It’s pretty obvious what we were doing.

“Oh fuck,” she says with a heavy breath as she grabs the open bottle of wine on the barrel and takes a long swig straight from the bottle. “That was amazing.”

I watch her with a grin as she wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

“You’re always amazing,” I say as I zip back up. “Want to meet back down here after dessert?”

She’s grinning as she adjusts her dress and then fixes her hair. “After dinner, but before dessert,” she says with a flirty smile. “I can’t wait that long.”

I’m watching her in awe as she struts to the door, takes a deep breath, and opens it. I slap her ass playfully and she lets out a whimper.

“Don’t be late,” I warn.

She blows me a kiss as she walks into the hall, about to play the role of innocent little hostess once again.

I grin, excited to get this dinner over with so I can get to the *real* dessert.

Because there's nothing sweeter than a quickie with my Christmas angel.

EPILOGUE

Colleen

Thirty years later...

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED CHRISTMAS, BUT SPENDING THE HOLIDAYS with Marshall and the kids is always just pure magic.

Every Christmas, I feel like my heart is so full it's going to burst as we sit around the tree and hand out presents. Our grandchildren, nine of them now, are playing with their new toys, my favorite Christmas playlist is playing over the speakers, and there's a fire in the fireplace.

It's warm and cozy, surrounded by all the people we love—just how Christmas is supposed to be.

When the last of the gifts are open, I head to the kitchen to check on the turkey. Marshall intercepts me in the hallway. Right under the mistletoe.

“Where do you think you're going?” he asks as he grabs the waistband of my skirt and pulls me into him.

I giggle as I look around for any youngsters running about. I don't want to traumatize any of them by making them have

to watch their grandparents making out.

Marshall is as hot as ever. He's fully gray now, but it really suits him. He even grew a matching beard that I love. He loves to tickle my thighs with it before he makes me melt with that magical tongue.

"You're not allowed past the mistletoe without giving me something good."

I bat my eyelashes at him, pretending we're back at the first Christmas party where we met. "What would you like from me, Mr. King?" I ask in a sugary-sweet voice.

He growls as he pulls me against his hard body. "I want you in my office in five minutes with that sexy ass on my desk. Legs spread. Naked."

I give him an innocent flirty look, playing along, but that's not going to happen. The whole family is here and I have a turkey to baste.

"You think I'm kidding, Miss Campbell," he whispers as he leans in. I gasp when I feel his hard cock on my stomach. "You better obey the boss or you'll be punished. I'm not a man who will ask twice."

I swallow hard as desire fills me from head to toe.

Mmmmmm.

I know that Katie will be looking after the turkey anyway and Marshall's office does have a lock on it. If anyone notices that we're gone, we can act coy like it's part of a Christmas surprise. My mouth waters as I imagine what he has planned.

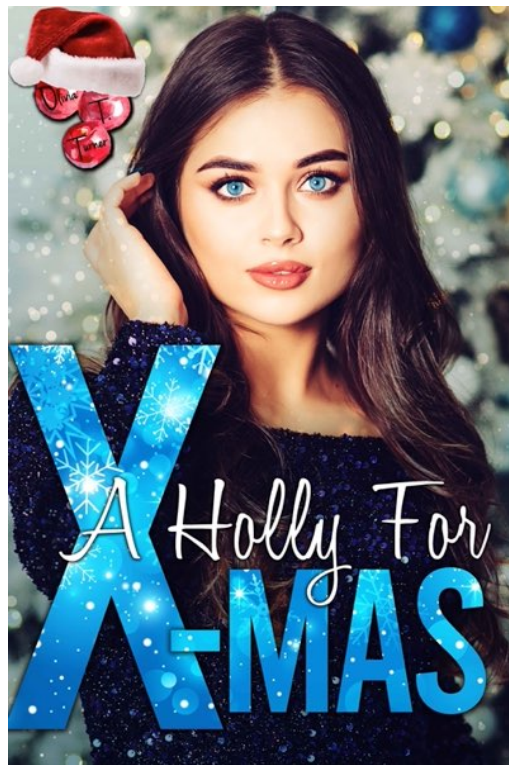
"Okay, Mr. King," I say as I stand on my toes and pucker my lips. "Whatever you say."

He kisses me hard on the mouth and then smacks my ass.
“Office. Now.”

I scamper up the stairs with my big bad boss following me.

Another successful Christmas in the books.

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

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

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

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

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

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