

AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR

NICHOLE ROSE

His curvy girl  
made the good  
girl list this year

Dear  
Santa

Dear Santa

**A Steamy Christmas Romance**



Nichole Rose

Copyright © 2022 by Nichole Rose

All rights reserved.

No portion of this book may be reproduced in any form without written permission from the publisher or author, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law.

# Contents

[About the Book](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Author's Note](#)

[Chasing Christmas](#)

[Follow Nichole](#)

[Nichole's Book Beauties](#)

[Instalove Book Club](#)

[Also by Nichole Rose](#)

[About Nichole Rose](#)

# About the Book



**Dear Santa, this curvy girl wants a daddy for Christmas...  
preferably her older brother's best friend.**

## **Lyric**

All I want for Christmas is my older brother's best friend,  
Sinclair Evans.

But when I asked Santa to help me seduce him, I didn't plan  
on him finding my letter.

Now he knows the forbidden name I whisper in the dark.



I did not expect him to love it...or to have a few dirty wishes of his own.

Now, he can't keep his hands off me, and my dreams are coming true.

But when we tell my brother, our happily-ever-after may go up in flames.

### **Sinclair**

I've been obsessed with Lyric since the day I met her.

She doesn't know how far I'd go to make her mine.

Every move I make brings me one step closer to tying her to me permanently.

But her letter to Santa sends my timeline up in smoke.

My girl is hurting for me now, and it's up to me to fix it.

I don't care what her brother has to say.

This little princess is mine.

It's time to make her Christmas wishes come true.

# Chapter One

Lyric



*Dear Santa...*

*I haven't asked for anything for Christmas since I was younger and wanted boobs. Thanks for coming through with those, by the way. But I have a favor to ask. Can you please bring this curvy girl a daddy for Christmas this year? Preferably my older brother's best friend, Sinclair Evans. I'll never ask for anything else ever again.*

*xoxo,*

*Lyric*

I skim my letter to Santa, drumming my finger against my bottom lip. I'm probably asking too much from a jolly old guy in a red suit two days before Christmas, but it's the time for miracles, right? Maybe he'll come through with one for me.

That's what it's going to take to make Sinclair Evans notice me. I should know. I've only been trying to get his attention since I moved in with my brother, Lachlan, a year ago.

My big college adventure didn't go so well during my sophomore year. My roommate liked to bring strange men over at random hours. When I woke up with one standing over my bed, I started sleeping in my car. I accidentally let that slip to Lachlan on the phone one day.

Less than twenty-four hours later, he was in California, and we were packing my stuff. I didn't mind. I took a semester off and then enrolled in college here in Seattle. Now, I get to spend my time daydreaming about Sinclair.

I'm ready to stop daydreaming. I'm obsessed with him to an unhealthy degree. He's all I think about some days.

But no matter what I do to get his attention, he refuses to budge. Some days, I think the only time he pays any attention to me at all is when he's growling at me.

*Your dress is too fucking short, Lyric.*

*You need to focus on school, Lyric.*

*Why aren't you wearing a coat, Lyric?*

Argh! He's worse than my brother. As if the fact that he's thirteen years older than I am makes him the boss of me.

Newsflash: it doesn't.

But, God, I *ache* when he growls at me. I want to crawl into his lap and grind against him until the throb between my thighs fades. I want to feel his rough hands on my body and his teeth in my skin.

I want him, period.

I have since the day my brother dragged him home right after I moved in.

Writing a letter to Santa is my last resort. If it doesn't work, well, I don't want to think about that.

I sign my letter with a sparkly pink pen.

"Lyric!" Lachlan shouts, stomping up the stairs.

I quickly shove my letter into an envelope, sealing it just before he pops his dark head into my bedroom.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing," I lie.

He narrows his jade eyes on me. "Then why are you blushing?"

"I'm not blushing. It's nine million degrees in here." I fan myself for emphasis. "I think the heat is broken."

He eyes me suspiciously, not buying my crap. Then again, he never does. I'm way too easy to read, and he's known me my entire life.

“I need a favor,” he says after a moment, seemingly deciding to let me keep my secrets. Probably because he has a million of his own. Weird and secretive is his default setting these days. He’s been acting weird for weeks.

“What?”

“I need you to run some paperwork over to Sinclair’s place. I have a last-minute meeting before we close down for the holidays.” A scowl crosses his face. I think he’d work right through Christmas if it were up to him. He works too much. “The paperwork is on the counter downstairs.”

“What kind of paperwork?”

“The kind that’ll make us both a lot of money.” He smirks at me, flashing me his dimple. He and Sinclair run a successful marketing firm. They’re worth millions, though Sinclair still lives in a small cabin in the mountains. Money doesn’t matter much to him.

Not much seems to matter to him, to be honest. He’s closed off and grumpy. Sometimes, I think maybe he cares about me. The way he looks at me sometimes makes me feel like the only woman in the world. But then he gets all growly and bossy again, and I figure I’m just seeing what I want to see.

“Can you run it out to him?” Lachlan asks.

“I guess so,” I sigh, trying not to seem too excited. The last thing I need is for my brother to find out that I’m in love with his best friend and business partner. I doubt he’d love knowing that.

“You’re my favorite sister.”

“I’m your only sister.”

“Then it’s a good thing you’re my favorite.” He winks at me and taps the edge of the doorframe. “Tell Sinclair that I expect him to be here for Christmas.”

“He’s coming for Christmas?” I squeak.

Lachlan shoots me a look that says I’m being ridiculous. “Where else would he go, Lyric?”

Good question. Sinclair doesn’t have any family. Aside from Lachlan, I’m not even sure if he has any friends. Okay. So maybe my brother isn’t the only one with secrets. Sinclair Evans has plenty of his own. And I’m dying to learn every single one of them.

He’s all I think about. I can’t stand it anymore.

*Please, I pray to whatever spirit oversees granting Christmas wishes. Please, let him fall in love with me before I shatter into pieces.*

# Chapter Two

Sinclair



“Fuck,” I growl, gripping my cock through my sweats as Lyric’s yellow BMW Z4 bounces down the gravel lane toward my cabin, kicking up small pebbles and mud from the tires. She’s driving too fast again.

I’ve told her a thousand times that she needs to slow down before she rips the bottom of her car all to hell, but she never listens. I think the curvy little brat was put on this earth just to defy me. She does it at every turn as if it’s a biological imperative.

I know exactly what she needs to settle her down and make her behave. Me between those thick thighs, fucking my kid into her while she screams for daddy. I've thought of nothing else since I met her a year ago.

I'm almost ready to claim her. Almost. I just need to keep it together for a few more days.

But Christ, every second I spend without her is torture. I'm hanging on by a thread.

I toss my axe and throw the split log onto the pile. There's nothing I can do to hide my erection in my sweats, so I don't try. Maybe it'll teach her little ass to call before she shows up out here unannounced.

She pulls up in front of the cabin, Christmas music blaring from her speakers as I stride around the side of the house.

"Hey!" She pops out of the car, beaming at me. Of course she's in another tiny sweater dress. The damn thing barely covers her cunt. Her jade eyes run down my naked torso, growing comically wide. "You're naked."

"I'm wearing more than you are, Lyric," I growl. "Where the fuck is the rest of your dress? It's forty degrees out here."

She tears her gaze away from me, looking down at herself. "The rest of my dress? It's all here, Sinclair. And look." She thrusts her arms out. "I'm even wearing a coat this time."

I curse up at the sky. This girl is going to be the death of me.

"You have tattoos."



I lower my gaze to find hers crawling all over me again, taking in every single one of my tattoos. My cock throbs when her tongue peeps out. Naturally, her curious gaze goes right to it.

If I were a gentleman, I'd hide the hard bastard behind my hands or angle my hips away or something. But I'm not a gentleman, not when it comes to her. So I don't do any of those things. I let her stare.

*Look at him, little girl. Imagine how he'll feel inside your little princess cunt. You'll know soon enough.*

“Is it safe to chop wood like that?” she asks after a moment, her round cheeks pink. The breathless hue to her tone is sexy as hell. Fuck, everything about her—from her silky blonde hair to her golden skin to her sinful curves and sweet voice—is sexy to me.

I'm obsessed with this girl. Follow-her-to-school, sit-outside-her-classroom obsessed. I stalk her like it's my goddamn job. Not even her brother knows how often I follow her around town. If he did, he wouldn't let me anywhere near her.

“I wasn't chopping wood like this, baby girl,” I murmur.

“You weren't?” Her gaze flies to mine, full of avid curiosity. “Then why...?”

“Don't ask questions you don't want the answers to, Lyric.”

She swallows hard, her delicate throat working. “M-maybe I do want the answer,” she whispers.

“Jesus Christ,” I groan under my breath, glancing up at the sky again in the hopes God is up there, willing to grant me a Christmas miracle. I’m going to need one to keep my hands off this girl until she’s wearing my ring.

If he is listening, he doesn’t answer. Not that I expected him to or anything. He’s probably up there laughing his ass off right now, saddling an innocent girl like her with a motherfucker like me. I don’t just want to fuck her. In my mind and in my heart, she’s my little princess, my baby girl. I want to spoil her, feed her from my hand. She’s the center of my world. And when her little pussy aches, soon, it’ll be my fingers, my tongue, and my cock getting her off.

I tip my head back down, looking at her. “Why are you even here, Lyric?”

She flinches like I hit her, something filtering through her expression too quickly for me to read. “I came to bring you this,” she mutters, ducking back inside the car. The back of her little dress comes dangerously close to flashing her panties at me.

My fucking mouth waters.

I take two steps toward her, a split second from plastering her against the side of her car to get my first taste of her. She pops back out with a stack of papers in her hands, thrusting them in my direction.

“From Lachlan,” she mumbles. “And he said to tell you that he’ll see you on Christmas.”

I barely have time to grab the paperwork before she releases it, almost as if she doesn't want to risk her skin meeting mine.

Fuck. She's pissed.

"Lyric."

"I'll see you later." She dives back into her car, but not before I see the tears shimmering in her eyes.

Fucking hell. She isn't mad. She's hurt.

*I hurt her.*

My heart threatens to cleave itself in two.

"Baby girl, I'm sor—"

She slams her door, cutting me off.

I mutter a curse, yanking open the car door before she can throw the car in reverse and pull off.

"Out of the car, princess," I growl. "Now."

"I need to get home. I have things to do," she lies, her little fists locked around the steering wheel. She stubbornly refuses to look in my direction, using her hair as a shield between us.

"Too bad. I have to sign these and send them back to your brother."

She huffs a loud, dramatic sigh but reluctantly kills the engine and climbs from the car again. I crowd her the whole time, not letting her put space between us.

"Your little attitude is pissing me off, baby girl," I growl in her ear.

“Good, because your bossy attitude is making me mad too,” she snaps right back at me, tossing her blonde hair over her shoulder. She ducks under my arm, stomping toward my house. “Can I use your bathroom, or will your girlfriend mind?”

*Girlfriend? What the fuck?*

Ah, dammit all to hell. Is that what she thinks I meant by not asking questions she didn't want to know the answers to? That I've got a fucking woman here? As if they even *exist* to me. They didn't long before I met her. They certainly haven't since she came into my life.

If I can't have her, I won't settle for anyone else. Fuck that. I'm loyal to her and her alone. Always.

“I don't have a fucking girlfriend, Lyric.”

She misses a step but doesn't acknowledge me. My back teeth grind together. One day soon, I'm going to give her the spanking she's itching for.

She stomps up the steps to my cabin and lets herself in. I damn near run into her when she comes to a dead stop in the doorway.

“You didn't decorate for Christmas.”

“It's just me out here,” I remind her.

“You don't even have a tree,” she whispers.

Jesus. She's sad because I don't have a tree. And I can't stand seeing her sad, so I'll put up a damn tree just to make her

happy. Even if it is a waste of time. Because there's nothing I won't do for her. I live and breathe for her. *Everything* I do is for her.

The business. The house I've been building for the last year. All of it is for her.

"Lyric, go to the bathroom."

She scowls over her shoulder at me and then scurries through the kitchen and down the hallway.

I throw the paperwork on the kitchen counter to find a pen, only to frown when an envelope slides out.

It's addressed to Santa in Lyric's neat handwriting. She even wrote it in a glittery pink color. I snatch it up from the counter, curious about what she wants badly enough to write a letter to Santa. She may believe in Christmas magic, but I doubt she's believed in Santa in years.

The envelope is sealed, with a stamp on the front. I don't think she meant to give this to me.

*But she gave it to you anyway*, the little devil on my shoulder whispers.

I hesitate for a full five-count before tearing into the envelope.

*Dear Santa...*

# Chapter Three

## Lyric



“You can’t hide out in here forever,” I mutter to myself in the bathroom mirror, trying to talk myself into leaving the relative safety of Sinclair’s small guest bathroom. I’m not so sure I want to leave, though. He’s grumpier than usual today. And I can still see the outline of his erection as if the memory of it is burned into my brain. My panties are soaked.

He said he didn’t have a girlfriend, but that doesn’t mean he doesn’t have *someone*. He’s a man. A freaking gorgeous, successful man. Women probably throw themselves at him.

Isn't that what I've been doing for the last year? Practically throwing myself at him?

Clearly, he isn't interested. I need to take the hint already. There will be no Christmas miracle for me this year. Sinclair Evans will never feel the same way I do.

Writing that letter to Santa was a stupid idea. At least I didn't send it. No postal worker will ever open it and laugh at the ridiculousness of a twenty-year-old writing to Santa for help with a man. My humiliating moment of weakness will remain my little secret.

I splash cool water on my cheeks, take a deep breath, and then duck out of the bathroom with a bright smile plastered on my face. I just need to make it home, and then I can cry.

"I've been thinking," I say, making my way down the hall to the kitchen. "You should really put up a Christmas tree even if you...."

I come to a dead stop in the kitchen doorway, staring in shock.

Sinclair has my letter. He's *reading* it.

*No. Oh, no.*

"What is this?" he growls, holding it up. His piercing blue eyes settle on me, scorching me alive.

"Where did you get that?" I ask, my voice strangled. It's supposed to be in the... Crap. It's supposed to be in the car, but I was so upset when I grabbed the paperwork that I just scooped up everything from the passenger seat.

I forgot the letter was with the stack!

“You gave it to me,” Sinclair growls.

“It wasn’t meant for you!” I cry. I just want to sink through the floor and disappear.

“Really?” One dark brow arches. “Please bring this curvy girl a daddy for Christmas,” he reads, his voice succinct. “Preferably my older brother’s best friend, Sinclair Evans. Seems pretty fucking direct to me, princess.” He sets the letter on the counter, crossing his arms over his broad chest. Even without a shirt, he’s the picture of command, sexy and domineering.

“Tell me,” he says quietly. “Exactly how long have you wanted me to be your daddy, Lyric?”

I grasp for an answer, any answer that doesn’t make me sound desperate or pathetic or like I’m obsessed with him, but he’s looking at me, and I can’t think. I can’t ever *think* when his eyes are on me. Panic beats at me, rising swiftly.

I bolt for the door, running as fast as I can in my boots. I don’t know why I do it. I know before I even take the first step that I don’t stand a chance of outrunning him, especially when I have to run right past him, but I try anyway.

He catches me before I clear the kitchen, dragging me roughly into his arms. One big hand captures both of mine, holding me prisoner against the hard wall of his chest.

“Try that again, and I’ll turn your little ass red,” he snarls in my ear.



“Let me go.”

“No.”

“Please, let me go,” I whisper, my bottom lip quivering as tears well in my eyes. I’m going to cry. How humiliating.

“I will *never* let you go, little girl. Not ever.”

I choke on a sob.

He groans as if he’s in pain, spinning me to face him. His horrified eyes meet mine. “No,” he breathes, releasing my wrists to cup my face between his palms. His lips brush my forehead and then both cheeks. “Don’t cry, princess. Fuck. Please, don’t cry. I’m sorry. Daddy didn’t mean to scare you.”

*Daddy. He just called himself my daddy.*

“You just...”

“Say it,” he growls.

“You called yourself...” I swallow hard, my heart beating a million miles a minute as tears spill down my cheeks.

“Say it, Lyric.”

“You called yourself my d-daddy,” I whisper, and then squeeze my eyes closed like that’ll keep him from taking it back or breaking my heart into a thousand jagged pieces.

“Look at me.”

I reluctantly crack one eye open, peeking up at him.

His lips twitch with amusement before he sobers. “You think you’re the only one who whispers that name in the dark?”

“Yes.”

“You’re wrong. If you knew the filthy things daddy thinks about doing to you, you might be horrified.”

“L-like what?”

He groans, another miserable sound. Though I think he likes this misery. He presses his forehead to mine, breathing hard. “I intend to show you every goddamn one of them, baby girl.”

“I think I’m going to pass out,” I whisper.

Sinclair’s eyes widen before he sweeps me up into his arms, cradling me against his chest. I press my face to his shoulder, sniffing as he stomps down the hall toward his bedroom with me.

“Um, where are we going?” I squeak, suddenly panicking for a whole new reason. I didn’t think he meant he was going to show me right *now*. I’m not even wearing cute panties.

“I need a shirt, and I’m not letting you out of my sight while I get it. Then I’m taking you to show you something. And then we’re going to talk,” he growls. “In that order.”

Well, okay then.

# Chapter Four

Sinclair



“Where are we going?”

“You’ll see,” I say, refusing to give up anything else.

“Well,” she says, drawing the word out. “Is it far?”

“Not particularly. Why?”

“I have to pee,” she whispers.

I cast a long glance at her. “You just spent fifteen minutes in the bathroom, princess.”

“I forgot to pee,” she mumbles with a shrug. “I was busy hiding from you.”

I scowl at the road before flicking my eyes in her direction. “You thought I had a girlfriend.” Acid runs through my veins at the reminder of the tears in her eyes and the look on her face. “You thought I could want another woman.”

“I didn’t know.” She squirms in her seat, her eyes downcast. “I’ve been trying to get your attention for a year. I’ve tried everything, Sinclair.”

“That’s not my name.”

“D-daddy,” she whispers.

My cock throbs. Ah, Christ. I’ve waited so long to hear her say it. Now that she has, she’ll never call me anything else when we’re alone. I’ll only ever be daddy to her in private, her own personal acolyte. She has no idea what she’s unleashed, but she will soon.

I press the gas, watching the speedometer inch toward sixty.

“I haven’t taken my eyes off you since the day we met, baby girl,” I murmur, reaching across the console to place my hand on her knee. “I’ve watched every move you’ve made.” I swallow. “Even when you didn’t know I was watching.”

“Really?” Her wide eyes meet mine, full of wonder. “You watched me?”

“I fucking stalked you,” I rasp, inching her dress up her thighs. “I followed you everywhere.”

“Sinclair. I mean, daddy,” she says, gaping at me. “Are you teasing me?”

“You mean like you tease me with those tiny fucking dresses?”

The little brat doesn’t deny it. She doesn’t look embarrassed, either. “You don’t like my dresses?”

“Oh, daddy loves your dresses,” I growl, yanking it up to her hips to expose her pink cotton panties. “He’d love it even more if you never wore the goddamn things around other men ever again. It makes them want what belongs to daddy, princess.”

“What belongs to you, daddy?” she asks, playing innocent.

Fuck. I’m going to wreck this damn car.

“This,” I growl, keeping my eyes locked on the road as I shove my hand between her thighs to cup her cunt. Her pussy is soaked. I feel the wet heat through her panties.

“Daddy!” She grasps my wrist with both her hands, clamping her thighs around my hand. “Y-you aren’t supposed to touch me there.”

“No, I’m not.” I grind my palm against her cunt. “But you like it when daddy breaks the rules, so you’re going to be my best girl and keep this little secret, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes,” she sobs. “Yes, daddy.”

“Good girl,” I croon, gripping the steering wheel tight to navigate around a curve. “Daddy has to put both hands on the

steering wheel to get us there safely, but I want you to slip your hand into your panties and show me what you do to yourself at night that makes you cry out my name.”

“Daddy,” she whines, practically writhing in her seat.

“Do it, little girl. I want to know what my baby girl does to make all that noise at night when she thinks I’m asleep.”

She sobs my name, slipping her hand between her thighs. I reluctantly remove mine, placing it back on the steering wheel. My gaze flies between her and the road as she shoves her hand into her panties.

“Daddy,” she moans, her scent and the sound of her sopping wet cunt filling the car. Ah, Christ. I should have claimed her a year ago. Fuck getting everything ready for her. I should have moved her into my cabin so I could take care of her little pussy the way she needed me to.

A year. A fucking year, I could have been imprinting my dick in that tight little thing, making sure everyone knew she was my baby girl.

Her breath grows choppy, and her movements restless. She writhes in ecstasy as she plays with her cunt for me, her little mouth open and her eyes glazed over.

“Daddy, daddy,” she moans. “Oh, daddy.”

“Are you going to come for daddy, princess?” I rasp, ready to come in my pants just watching her. Jesus. I’ve never seen anything more beautiful than the sight of this little angel fucking her hand in my car, moaning for her daddy...for *me*.

“Yes,” she whimpers.

“Come, princess. Let daddy hear it.”

She gasps a little half breath and then throws her back. “Daddy,” rolls from her lips in a decadent moan that sets my blood on fire as her thighs begin to shake. Within seconds, she’s trembling and moaning, filling the car with the sounds of her orgasm.

I nearly miss our turn. I take a hard right at the last second, bouncing onto the lane partially obscured by massive weeping willows, and then gun it down the long driveway.

As soon as I pull up in front of the house, I throw the car into park and thrust my seat back before unlatching her belt.

“Fuck,” I breathe, dragging her over the console into my arms. My mouth comes down on hers in an adoring kiss. “Fuck, baby girl. You did so good for daddy. So fucking good.”

“Mm,” she moans, melting against me. “I’ve had a lot of practice, daddy.”

# Chapter Five

## Lyric



I snuggle up against Sinclair's chest, convinced I'm dreaming. An hour ago, I was certain this would never happen. That he had a girlfriend and would never feel the same way about me. Now, he's calling himself my daddy as if he means it. I'm in his arms, with the warmth from my orgasm still spreading throughout my limbs.

*What is even happening right now?*

I don't know, but I'm a little afraid the magic will end, and I'll wake up alone in my bed like always.



“Open your eyes, princess,” he whispers, his deep voice a rough murmur against my ear. “We’re here.”

*Here.* Wherever that is.

Curiosity gets the best of me. I reluctantly peel my eyes open to find out where we are that was so important.

“I don’t understand,” I whisper, staring in confusion at the wood and rock mansion in front of us. Rock columns and sloped gables meet reclaimed wood, giving it a rustic, elegant charm. A large porch wraps all the way around the second story, with big windows lining the front of the house to let in natural light. Big trees surround the property. Although the landscaping isn’t quite finished yet, it’s stunning.

“Did you look at the paperwork your brother sent?” Sinclair asks, nuzzling my throat.

“No, of course not.”

“You should have.”

“What? Why?” I turn to look at him, confused. “What’s going on?”

“He’s buying me out, Lyric. Come February, the company will belong to him,” he murmurs.

“What?” I shout, gaping at him. “You’re leaving the company?”

“I am. Do you know why I picked February?”

“I...” I shake my head, at a loss for words. Who cares why he picked February when my world is caving in? He’s leaving

the company. He won't be there every day anymore.

"It's your twenty-first birthday," he says softly.

"You're leaving for my twenty-first birthday." My bottom lip quivers.

"No! God, no," he says. "I'm *retiring* for your twenty-first birthday, Lyric. I'm building this house for you, princess. It's all for *us*."

"I..." I lick my lips, staring at him, too afraid to hope.

"You deserve more than a tiny one-bedroom cabin in the woods and a daddy who works sixty hours a week." He slides me closer to him, cupping the back of my neck. "I bought the land three days after I met you. I knew then that you were mine. Construction started a week later."

"You're all I wanted," I whisper. "I've wanted you so bad. I've been dying in want of you." Maybe that sounds dramatic, but it's true. Every day I spent without him; I couldn't breathe. It *hurt*. I've never needed anything the way I need him.

"I know, baby girl," he croons. "I know. It's been killing me too. I spent half my goddamn time following you around, watching you, making sure no one touched what belongs to daddy."

I whimper, my clit throbbing at the thought of him stalking me. I like it far more than I should.

"You asked Santa for a daddy for Christmas." His eyes meet mine, dark with intensity. "You only have one daddy, little girl."

Me. There is no other for you, just like there will never be another baby girl for me.”

“You’re the only one I wanted, daddy,” I promise, reading the jealousy in his tone.

“I’m not waiting until February to claim you, little girl,” he growls, his expression heated. “You wanted me for Christmas. That’s what you’re going to get. Starting right now, you’re mine.” His gaze drops to my lips. “To touch, to fuck, to punish, and to please.”

“Yes,” I moan, my needy clit throbbing again. “I’ll be good, daddy. I promise.”

“Don’t be.” His mouth settles over mine in an erotic kiss. “Be a brat. Torture daddy with that perfect princess cunt and that gorgeous little body. Make me crazy, baby girl. It won’t make daddy love you any less.”

“Sinclair,” I gasp.

“Yeah, I said it,” he growls into my mouth. “And I fucking meant it. I love you.”

“I’m going to be so sad if this is a dream,” I whisper.

His hand slides into my hair, gently pulling the strands as he slips his tongue inside my mouth. I melt against him like snow in the heat, turning to a puddle of quivering need on his lap. His tongue curls around mine, coaxing it into a carnal, intimate dance.

I squirm on top of him, my entire body aching worse than it did before I had my hand in my panties. I need him,

desperately.

“Daddy,” I moan. “Please, daddy.”

“It’s not a dream, baby girl,” he growls. “Your daddy is fucking crazy about you.” He kisses a trail to my ear before nipping the lobe. “But you already knew that, didn’t you? It’s why you made sure he saw your letter to Santa.”

“I...I...”

“Don’t lie, princess.”

“Yes,” I whisper, admitting the truth to him...and to myself. I could have gone to the post office first, but I didn’t. I went to his house with my letter in hand, hoping I’d be brave enough to slip it into the paperwork. That’s why it was mixed in with the stack in the first place. I *wanted* him to read it. I *wanted* him to do something about it. And then things got all messed up, and I ended up giving it to him by accident instead of on purpose. That part wasn’t supposed to happen.

But I’ve never been very good left to my own devices. I live in my own world, with my own rules. Sinclair is the only one who has ever understood that. He’s the only one who has ever understood me. He growls at me and brings order to the chaos. He makes me want to behave.

I couldn’t believe that he didn’t feel anything for me. I just couldn’t.

“That’s what I thought,” he says, a satisfied gleam in his eyes as he pulls back to look at me. “You’ve been driving daddy crazy on purpose all this time.”

“No, I...”

His eyes heat like metal at a forge. “Out of the car, princess. Now.”

“W-why?” I whisper.

“We’re going to look at our new house.” He unlatches his seatbelt. “And then daddy’s going to unwrap his Christmas present.”

“I didn’t bring it with me.”

A wicked smile lights him up from the inside. “You are my present, baby girl,” he growls. “And daddy can’t wait to unwrap you.”

# Chapter Six

Sinclair



“Careful, baby girl,” I murmur to Lyric, tucking her up against my side before we enter the house. “We’re still doing some work in here, so there may be loose screws and nails in some of the rooms.”

“Okay,” she says, practically quivering in excitement. She’s fucking adorable when she’s happy. And I’ve never seen her this happy before, like every Christmas wish she’s ever had is coming true.

“Wait.” I scoop her into my arms, carrying her over the threshold before she can take a step.

She beams at me, her jade eyes shining.

Shit. There’s something satisfying as hell about carrying her inside for the first time. There’s something satisfying about carrying her, period.

“Daddy.” Her mouth drops open, her gaze darting around the foyer and living room. Massive wooden beams crisscross the ceiling, with a crystal chandelier hanging directly overhead. The fireplace stretches across the east wall. The all-glass back wall looks out over the mountains. When it’s clear, the snowy cap of Mt. Rainer juts from between the trees. “I thought you said it wasn’t finished.”

“It’s not.” I slide her down my body, her soft curves skimming every inch of me before she lands on her feet. “We’re still finishing up the basement and a few details.”

“It has a basement? What’s in it?”

“Nothing yet, but it will be a gym.”

Her nose wrinkles in disgust, making me smile. Lyric hates exercising. The last time she went to the gym with me and Lachlan, she lasted ten minutes on the treadmill before she was tired, bored, and ready to leave.

“There’s also a reading nook for you, baby girl.”

“Really?” she breathes.

“Mmhmm.”

She squeaks, throwing her arms around me in a tight hug. I groan, dragging her right up against me. Fuck, now that I've touched her, I can't stop. I want my goddamn hands on her every minute of the day.

This is why I'm letting her brother buy me out. I'll never get another thing done now that she's mine. I've barely gotten anything done for the last year. She's my job now, my world.

I don't need the money. I've got millions sitting in the bank, more than we'll ever need. More than our kids or their kids will need. I plan to spend the rest of my life spoiling this little princess.

Starting now.

"Come on." I slip my hand in hers, leading her up the stairs. Most of the house is still unfurnished, but not our bedroom... and not our playroom.

"Daddy," she gasps, stopping at the door to the playroom designed to look exactly like her bedroom. She stares for a long moment before floating forward. One small hand drifts across her pale pink comforter. "It's my room."

I follow her inside, sliding my hand around her waist to pull her up against me. "You know how many nights I stood outside the door, thinking about you in your little bed, princess?" I whisper, my lips against her ear. "How many times I wanted to slip under the covers with you when I heard you crying out for daddy?"

"Daddy," she moans, melting against me.



“Daddy isn’t playing by the rules anymore, baby girl.” I slip my hand down her stomach, rucking her dress up her thick thighs. “I’m giving us both what we want, and you’re going to keep it a secret, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes, daddy,” she sobs. “I won’t tell. Oh, please.” Her little claws dig into my arms as she arches, thrusting her tits out. God, she’s hot for it, my greedy little baby girl.

I walk my fingers down her stomach, teasing her like she’s been doing to me for the last year. She sobs again, rising on her tiptoes in a bid to force my hand closer to her needy pussy.

I place my lips against the soft skin of her throat, breathing her in. She smells so fucking good. I run my fingers around the band of her panties before plunging my hand inside.

*Hot. Wet. Perfection.*

She’s soaked, her hard clit protruding from her drenched folds, begging for attention. I run my finger up her slit, pressing it to the swollen nub.

“Daddy!” She throws her head back against my shoulder, wailing my name into the room.

“Quiet, baby girl. We don’t want anyone to catch us,” I murmur, raking my teeth down the tendon in her neck. “They won’t let daddy do this anymore if they do.”

“No, no,” she cries, embedding her nails into my flesh. “I need it. I need it. Need you.”

Ah, hell. I grind my dick against her plump, round ass, running my finger in circles around her little clit. She

trembles, moaning my name.

I bite her neck, dragging her dress up higher. Her tits spill out of her bra, too big to be contained. My mouth waters, eager to taste those hard little nipples on my tongue.

I circle her fuckhole, grinding my thumb against her clit as I pinch one hard nipple. She shouts as she comes, splintering apart in my arms as if she's been on the edge for hours.

Her juices spill out, soaking my hand. What little control I have left shatters. I have to taste it. Now. Now. Right fucking now.

I'm not gentle as I drag her down to the bed, draping her over it facedown with her perfect ass in the air. Goddamn. I'm going to worship this ass. I yank her panties down, falling to my knees behind her.

"Daddy, daddy," she chants, still trembling through the aftershocks of her orgasm.

I bite her left cheek and then her right, leaving marks in her perfect skin.

"This belongs to daddy," I snarl, shoving my hand between her legs to cup her cunt in my palm. "Only Daddy touches you, princess."

"Yes!" she cries, rocking her hips against my hand like the greedy little thing she is. Even though she just came, she's desperate for more.

I pry her cheeks apart and bury my face between them.

“Sinclair!” she screams in shock.

My right hand comes down on her ass in a sharp smack.  
“What do you call me when we’re alone, baby girl?”

“D-daddy,” she sobs, thrashing beneath me. “Daddy.”

“That’s right. Daddy has you bent over your little princess bed with your cheeks spread. Daddy has his face between your legs, eating your tasty little cunt,” I snarl, lapping up her juices like a man possessed. I do it loud and messy, making sure she hears every filthy sound.

“I l-love it, daddy,” she whispers. “You aren’t supposed to k-kiss me there, but I love it.”

I force the tip of my tongue into her tight little hole, fucking her with it. She screams, her voice breaking as she comes on my tongue, soaking my face with her juices.

I eat her through it, licking up every drop she spills for me. I’m rabid with need, fucklust pumping through my veins instead of blood. I need to claim her. Fuck, I can’t think until I feel her coming on my cock like a good little girl.

When she falls limp, I haul her onto the bed, quickly stripping her out of her clothes and tossing them aside. I run my rough hands all over her soft body, worshiping every inch of her.

She purrs beneath me, all cuddly and sweet. So fucking perfect. Does she even know how much I adore her? Or that I’d do anything, risk anything, give up everything for a single moment with her?

“Daddy,” she whispers, peeling her dazed eyes open. “What are you doing?”

“Unwrapping my Christmas present.”

“I thought you were supposed to be my present.” A soft smile curves her lips. “I asked Santa for you.”

“You didn’t have to ask Santa for me, princess. I was already yours.” I run my lips down her side, feathering kisses along her ribcage. “Besides, it’s not Christmas yet. You have to wait until Saturday to see what Santa and daddy really brought you.”

“Is it a pony?”

“You want a pony?”

“No. I just want you. Make me your big girl, daddy,” she demands. “I promise I’ll be quiet.”

“Fuck,” I groan, capturing one hard nipple in my mouth. I bite into the hard bud, teasing her as I drag my sweats off and then crawl over her.

She spreads her legs in invitation, making room for me between them. My cock throbs at the sight of her slick, bare pussy.

I rip my shirt off over my head before falling on her. My mouth lands against hers as I drag her up against me, skin to skin. She mewls into my mouth, her legs flying up around my hips.

Goddamn. The heat of her pussy against my cock is heaven. Everything about her is heaven. I lick into her mouth, kissing my way into her soul as I line up at her entrance.

“Daddy’s going to fuck you now, baby girl,” I whisper against her lips. “Be a good girl and take all of me.”

“Will I be your best girl then, daddy?” she asks with wide, innocent eyes.

“You’re already my best girl. But you’ll be daddy’s special girl now, princess.”

“Really?” Her eyes grow wider. “Then do it, daddy. Make me your special girl.”

Precum shoots from my shaft. Jesus Christ. This little minx is trying to kill me. And she knows exactly what she’s doing. I see the truth lurking in her eyes. She wants to drive me crazy. She wants me obsessed.

“Kiss me, baby girl,” I growl.

She tips her face up to mine eagerly. As soon as her lips meet mine, I push forward, working my cock into her tight little cunt. Even though she’s soaked, her body resists for a split second before the head of my cock slips in, her silky walls enveloping me.

I groan, trying to give her a minute to adjust, but she’s not having any of that. She wiggles beneath me, taking more. Moaning, I slip in another inch. And then another.

She gasps when her virgin barrier tears, her gaze flying to mine. “Daddy,” she whispers, satisfaction and a hint of pain

mingling in her jade eyes. “I’m all yours now.”

A bolt of possession lances through me. I buck my hips, sliding in deeper despite trying to stay still. She gasps again, her nails digging into my back as she arches beneath me, her eyes rolling back in her head.

“Do you like that, princess?”

“Yes!”

I groan and give in to the need pounding through me with every beat of my heart. My lips slide down her throat and onto her chest as I start to move, giving us both what we want. What we’ve needed for the last year. Never again. I’ll never deny us again. This little princess is mine now. Whenever she needs to come, I’ll be here, ready to serve.

I drive into her, fucking her hard and deep.

“Ah, God, princess,” I growl. “Daddy won’t ever be able to keep his dick out of you now.” I drag her nipple through my teeth. Leave a purple mark on the side of her breast. “I’ll be sneaking into your bed every night to get another taste of this perfect princess cunt.”

“Daddy,” she sobs, her hands scrabbling down my back. “You f-feel s-so good. Don’t stop. Don’t ever stop.”

“Never,” I promise, kissing my way back to her lips to seal my vow. I slip my hand between our bodies to play with her clit. “You’re my fucking world.”

“Love you,” she cries, her body catching beneath me. “Love you. Love you. Love you!”

I roar, pounding into her as she shatters around me, screaming that she loves me. Her little pussy flutters and pulses all up and down my shaft, setting off my own orgasm. My spine tingles, my balls drawing up.

I bury my face in her throat, groaning her name as cum shoots up my shaft, and I claim her womb, breeding her.

She clings to my shoulders the whole time, whispering my name like a prayer.

# Chapter Seven

## Lyric



“Lachlan is going to be so mad,” I whisper, clinging to Sinclair’s hand as we pull up in front of the house a little before ten. After spending all day living every dream I’ve ever had, I’m not ready to face reality yet. But we can’t live in my fantasy world forever. We have to face Lachlan eventually.

“I’ll handle Lachlan,” Sinclair says firmly, putting the car in park. He turns to face me, cupping my cheek in his palm. “Trust me, baby girl.”

“Okay,” I breathe, melting into his touch.



He gives me one of those rare smiles. He's given me a lot of them today. My grumpy daddy isn't so grumpy after all. At least he's not when he's allowed to touch and kiss and hold me.

All this time, I wasn't the thing making him grumpy. Being without me was. It's such a powerful revelation, one that makes me feel like the center of his world.

I spent so long thinking he never saw me, when the exact opposite was true. I'm all he saw. I probably shouldn't love that as much as I do...but I do. I want him crazy about me. I don't want him to be able to keep his hands off me.

Now that I know what it's like to belong to him, I don't ever want to know anything else. I just want to be his baby girl. Forever.

*Dear Santa, please grant me one more Christmas wish. Let me keep him forever.*

"Come on, princess," he murmurs. "Let's go talk to your brother and get your shit."

"Okay," I whisper, my stomach trembling with nerves. I'm staying with him tonight. Lachlan isn't going to be thrilled, but it's my choice to make. Sooner or later, he'll forgive us, right? Right.

Crap. I hope he forgives us.

Sinclair and I climb from the car. He circles around, meeting me at my door.

"Wait for me to help you next time."

“Yes, daddy.”

He slips his hand into mine before leading me up the sidewalk to the front door. Unlike his house, Lachlan’s is decked out for Christmas. Red and blue lights twinkle from the trees and the columns on the porch. Inflatable snowmen smile in the yard. Rudolph and the reindeer pull Santa in his sleigh across the front lawn.

Lachlan let me go overboard with the decorating.

I let us in using my key, smiling when I see the giant Christmas tree lit up in the foyer. Lachlan complained about it when we were putting it up, but he never forgets to plug it in. He only pretends to be a Grinch and have no time for holidays. Underneath, he loves this time of year.

“I’m home!” I call as Sinclair closes the door behind us. “Where are you?”

“Shit,” Lachlan growls from the living room. “Don’t come in here.”

Naturally, I immediately head that way, eager to bust him wrapping gifts.

“Oh my gosh!” I cry, gaping in shock at the naked woman on his lap. He’s naked too. Judging by the guilty looks on their faces, the only wrapping they’ve been doing tonight is unwrapping each other.

Lachlan grabs her, yanking her close to cover her as Sinclair steps into the room behind me.

“Fuck,” Sinclair growls, hooking an arm around my waist to drag me out of the living room.

“He’s naked,” I whisper-shout, staring in shock at Sinclair.

“I noticed.” A muscle in his jaw ticks.

“He’s with a woman.”

My brother hasn’t had a woman here since I moved in. Actually, I can’t remember the last time I saw him with a woman.

“Noticed that too.”

“She’s pretty,” I whisper. At least judging by the quick glimpse I got of her anyway. Curly red hair, green eyes, curvy. She looks closer to my age than to his.

“She’s his assistant, Caitlin.”

“His assistant?” I mouth. Holy crap. Is that why he’s been all secretive and weird lately? Because he’s been dating his assistant? A thousand different questions rush to the forefront of my mind in a jumble.

Sinclair shrugs like it’s not his business.

“Are you decent?” I shout into the living room.

“Give us a minute,” Lachlan calls back and then mutters something to Caitlin.

“I’m so embarrassed,” she hisses to him. “I’m never talking to you again!”

“Yeah, you are, pretty baby.”

“Pretty baby,” I whisper to Sinclair, a smile overtaking my face. Oh, my goodness. Lachlan is in love with his assistant. I hear it in his voice. It’s so soft and gentle. All thousand of my questions dissolve in an instant.

“We’re decent,” Lachlan calls a moment later.

I practically drag Sinclair back into the living room to meet Caitlin. She’s sitting on Lachlan’s lap fully dressed this time. Her face is bright red, hidden partially behind her hair.

“Hi,” I say, waving to her. “I’m Lyric, Lachlan’s sister. I’m sorry we just burst in on you. It’s Lachlan’s fault. He didn’t tell me that he was bringing anyone over.”

Lachlan scowls at me.

I smirk at him.

“Um, hi,” Caitlin squeaks. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Why are you here?” Lachlan demands suddenly, narrowing his eyes on Sinclair. And then his gaze drifts to me. “And why has your phone been off all day?”

Well, crap.

“She’s been with me,” Sinclair says.

Lachlan’s scowl darkens. “She’s been with you?”

“We came to get her stuff,” he says quietly. “She’s spending the night at my place.”

Lachlan stares at the two of us in complete silence for so long I feel like my heart is going to explode out of my chest.

He doesn't move a muscle. He doesn't even twitch. He just stares.

"Please say something," I plead.

"How long?" he asks, his voice deathly quiet.

"How long have I been in love with your sister?" Sinclair asks. "Since I met her. How long since I decided that she was it for me? Just as long. How long has she known? I told her today."

Lachlan glances at me.

"It's true," I whisper. "He found a stupid letter I wrote to Santa. It's a long, embarrassing story. But he never touched me until today, Lachlan. He never even told me how he felt until today or kissed me until today."

"She's the reason you're letting me buy you out," Lachlan says.

"I don't intend to spend my life with her working my ass off."

"You didn't decide this today."

"No." Sinclair holds his gaze. "It's always been the plan, but I needed to do it right, make sure I could take care of her the way she deserved. The house is almost finished. You're buying me out. She'll never want for anything."

Caitlin presses her lips to Lachlan's ear and whispers something too low for me to hear. Whatever it is makes him grunt.

“This is what you want?” he asks me.

“He’s what I’ve wanted since I met him,” I whisper.

Lachlan expels a heavy breath and then slides Caitlin off his lap before rising to his feet. He crosses the room, stopping directly in front of me. For a long moment, he just looks at me. And then he curses and drags me into his arms for a tight hug. “Then it looks like we’re both getting what we want for Christmas this year, baby sister,” he says, pressing a hard kiss to my temple. “Because I know exactly how that feels.”

I throw my arms around him, sobbing.

# Chapter Eight

Sinclair



“I have a present for you.”

“Really?” Lyric’s eyes light up, a soft smile overtaking her face. “But it isn’t Christmas yet.”

“No,” I murmur, dragging her into my arms to nuzzle her neck. “But it’s after midnight, which means it’s Christmas Eve. And you’ve been a good girl today. Good girls should get a present early, don’t you think?”

“Oh, yes, daddy,” she breathes, practically quivering in anticipation. “I’ll be good every year if I get presents early!”

I smile against her throat, certain she means it. My princess will be on her best behavior the day before Christmas Eve if it means she gets to open a present one day early. And I'll let her unwrap one before I unwrap her. It'll be our little tradition... the first of many.

Fuck. I never thought I'd look forward to something as much as I'm looking forward to creating traditions with her. I've never had many of those. I grew up without family. But I want a tradition for every holiday. One for every anniversary, every birthday, every year. We'll have hundreds of them, each designed to spoil her and make my fucking cock hard. Each started with love.

"What's my present?" she asks, making me grin. Lyric never has been very patient. She's never liked secrets much either. She can't keep them to save her life. If she thinks Lachlan didn't know how she felt about me until tonight, she's wrong. He's known since the beginning. I think he's just been waiting for one of us to crack.

It went a helluva lot better than I expected. Truthfully, I expected him to break my jaw for touching her. But I'm not questioning my good fortune. If Caitlin's the reason he's willing to entertain the thought of me marrying his baby sister, then I hope she makes him deliriously fucking happy.

"Come here and I'll give it to you." I scoop Lyric into my arms, carrying her out of the playroom and through the door into our bedroom. She wanted to stay at the cabin, but it's not nearly good enough for her. This is where she belongs.



The builders are just going to have to work faster to get everything finished ahead of schedule. I don't care how much it costs. This is her home now. I want her here where she belongs.

"I can't believe you built a whole house for me," she whispers in awe, gaping all around as if she didn't drag me through every room twice today.

"I'd have built you a castle with a tower and a moat if I thought it'd keep boys from looking at you, little girl," I growl, running my hand over the curve of her ass. "I'd lock you in the tower and keep you all to myself."

"Daddy," she groans.

"You think I'm joking?" I drop her on the bed, caging her in with my arms on either side of her head. "Daddy gets fucking crazy thinking about all the boys who look at you and want to touch you." A growl rumbles in my throat at the thought. "I'd keep you on daddy's dick with my tongue down your perfect throat every minute of the fucking day if I could."

"Yes," she moans, her back arching from the bed. "Do it, daddy."

"Jesus," I breathe, wrapping one hand around her delicate throat. "You'd let me, wouldn't you?"

Her dilated eyes meet mine. "Yes," she answers without hesitation. Her teeth sink into her bottom lip, an exaggerated guilty expression crossing her face. "You shouldn't touch me there, but I like it when you do, daddy."

“Fuck,” I growl, cum dripping into my boxers. I lean down, taking her lips in a hard kiss. She moans into my mouth, greedy for more.

“Do bad things to me now, daddy,” she pleads. “I promise I’ll be quiet.”

I bite her bottom lip, punishing her for taunting me. The little brat knows exactly what she’s doing to me. She wants to make me crazy, wants to see my obsession with her run free. And it will. Christ, for the rest of our lives, it will.

But not yet.

I slip my hand into my pocket and pull out the ring I’ve been carrying for months. Maybe I should have wrapped it or something. I don’t know. But this feels right. It feels like us.

“Marry me, princess,” I whisper against her lips, reaching for her hand.

“W-what?”

“Marry me.”

Her eyes fly open on a gasp as I slip the ring onto her finger. It fits perfectly. Not that there was any doubt about that. This girl is my world. I know everything about her.

“Sinclair,” she says, her eyes wide. “Daddy. When did you...?”

“February 10th.”

“My birthday.”

I nod. “It’s been in my pocket every day since, princess. You didn’t have to ask Santa for me. I always intended to put it on your finger at Christmas.”

“Really?”

“Why do you think I wanted those papers signed today?” I quirk a brow. “I wanted it done before I put my ring on your finger this weekend and pissed your brother off.”

“He’s happy for us,” she whispers.

“I was making contingency plans in case he didn’t take it well,” I murmur.

“You really want to marry me?”

“God yeah, princess,” I growl, nipping at her bottom lip and then kissing my way down her chest. “I’m going to spend the rest of my life showing you how much you mean to me. Say yes, little girl. Let daddy spend the rest of his life making you happy.”

“Yes,” she breathes, arching toward my mouth as my lips close over one hard nipple. “Oh, yes, daddy.”

I shred her pretty top...and let my obsession run free.

# Epilogue

Lyric



## **Five Years Later**

*Dear Santa,*

*I know I said I'd never ask you for anything else again, but I have a special request. This year for Christmas, can you please let my daddy know that our family is growing? Next year, we'll be celebrating with a new little one. I'm pregnant with his baby.*

*xoxo,*

*Lyric*

I quickly scan my letter, my eyes growing misty as I run my hand over my belly. I can't believe I'm pregnant for Christmas again. I'm beginning to think one of Sinclair's traditions is keeping me pregnant for the holiday. I've spent four of the last five carrying one of his babies.

I'm not complaining. My daddy loves me every day. But the way he loves me when I'm pregnant? There's nothing more beautiful than that. He worships me. I feel it every time he touches me. It's in every kiss, every caress. He treats me exactly like a princess...one he'd tear apart the whole world just to make smile.

I probably shouldn't encourage him, but I love the way he is with me. I adore every single moment with him. When I wrote my letter to Santa five years ago, I did so in a moment of hopelessness. I had no idea that Sinclair was carrying a ring around in his pocket or that he was as obsessed with me as I was with him. Neither of us knew what kind of magic the future held.

But it has been magical. Every day with him is magic. Most people probably wouldn't understand the way we are. They wouldn't understand that he's my daddy, the man who cares for me, protects me, and fucks me. He feeds me from his plate, cuddles me, and keeps my life functioning. I don't worry about anything because of him. He reminds me to wear my coat and drive slow and do all the things I forget to do. He helps me do them. For the first time, my life isn't big and overwhelming.

There's so much peace in that for me. I can be as loud and messy as I want. I can throw my whole heart into everything I do because he's there to make sure I'm safe and that I'm taken care of. And at the end of the day, I get to take care of him too.

We get to play our naughty games...the ones that drive him crazy. Sometimes, I'm his good little girl. Sometimes, I'm a brat. He loves me both ways. And I love every wicked thing he does to me.

It doesn't matter if anyone else understands or approves. What we do is just for us. Our little secret.

We have a lot of those.

I only ever keep them for my daddy.

"Baby girl, where are you?" he calls from downstairs.

I quickly shove my letter to Santa into an envelope and seal it before placing it on my nightstand. Once it's where I know he'll find it, I throw the covers back and leap into bed, turning off the lamp.

My heart pounds as I snuggle in and close my eyes, waiting for our nightly games to begin.

My bedroom door creaks open, light spilling across the bed. I feel his penetrating gaze on me. My panties grow damp as my nipples harden. I fight the urge to press my legs together.

He watches me for a long moment before slipping into my room. The door closes with a soft snick. His boots thump against the floor as he crosses toward me, the same path he's walked a thousand times before.

“I know you’re awake, baby girl,” he murmurs. His thumb runs across my bottom lip. His other hand runs down my side, gripping my ass through my tiny sleep shorts. “You’re always awake when daddy comes to see you.”

I let out a little snore, trying not to giggle.

He moves his hand from my face, flipping on the lamp. “What’s this?”

I bite my lip, listening as he reaches for the envelope I left for him to find.

“A letter to Santa? What could my princess possibly want, hmm? Doesn’t daddy give her everything?”

*Yes. A thousand times yes.*

I hold my breath as he tears into the envelope and pulls out the single sheet of paper.

“Dear Santa,” he reads. “I know I said I’d never ask you for anything else again, but I have a special request. This year for Christmas, can you please let my daddy know that our family is growing?”

My eyes spring open, locking on his face when his breath catches.

“Next year, we’ll be celebrating with a new little one. I’m pregnant with his baby. xoxo,

Lyric,” I whisper, reciting the rest of the note as emotion flares in his eyes and his hands shake.

“Fuck,” he growls, carefully setting the letter aside. “You’re pregnant.”

“Merry Christmas, daddy.”

He launches himself at me, a blur of discomposed masculinity.

We celebrate like we always do. With him on top of me, inside me...all over me. It’s another perfect Christmas Eve.



## Author's Note

I hope Santa brings you whatever your heart most desires this year. Happy Holidays.

# Chasing Christmas



**All this curvy girl wants for Christmas is the scarred, growly former stuntman who sets her world ablaze.**

## **Kaiden**

Call me a Scrooge, but I've never been big on holidays.

When you spend them alone, there isn't a whole lot to get excited about.

Until Laura Groves waltzes into my life and turns it upside down.

Hollywood's curvy It Girl is too young and beautiful for a scarred, used-up man like me.

But that doesn't stop me from claiming her anyway.

Except now the world thinks she's hiding a big secret, and it's up to me to put the rumors to rest.

I'll protect her, even if it means taking a job on her new Christmas movie, *The Naughty List*.

### **Laura**

I have one Christmas wish this year: Kaiden Huxley.

He's the sexiest man I've ever met.

When he kisses me, the whole world falls out of focus.

There's only one problem.

A horrible accident left him scarred, and he doesn't think he's good enough.

But when my life spins out of control, he doesn't hesitate to face his past for me.

Now, it's up to me to teach this incredible man just how perfect he really is.

Before this movie wraps on Christmas, this grumpy former stuntman will be all tied up in a bow.

If the world stops throwing us curveballs, that is.

**CHASING CHRISTMAS RELEASES NOVEMBER 28TH!**

# Follow Nichole

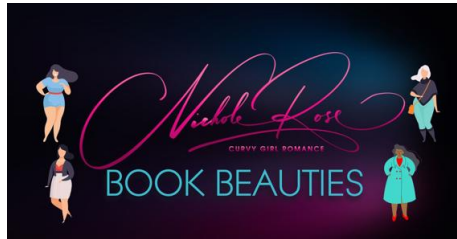


Like free books? Me too! Sign-up for my mailing list at <http://authornicholrose.com/newsletter> to stay up-to-date on all new releases and for exclusive giveaways and freebies!

Want to connect with me and other readers? Join [Nichole Rose's Book Beauties](#) on Facebook!



# Nichole's Book Beauties



Want to connect with Nichole and other readers? We're building a girl gang! Join [Nichole Rose's Book Beauties](#) on Facebook for fun, games, and behind-the-scenes exclusives!

# Instalove Book Club



## **The Instalove Book Club is now in session!**

Get the inside scoop from your favorite instalove authors, meet new authors to love, and snag a free book and bonus content from featured authors every month. The Instalove Book Club newsletter goes out once per week!

Join the Club: <http://instalovebookclub.com>

# Also by Nichole Rose

## [Her Alpha Series](#)

Her Alpha Daddy Next Door

Her Alpha Boss Undercover

Her Alpha's Secret Baby

Her Alpha Protector

Her Date with an Alpha

Her Alpha: The Complete Series

## [Her Bride Series](#)

His Future Bride

His Stolen Bride

His Secret Bride

His Curvy Bride

His Captive Bride

His Blushing Bride

His Bride: The Complete Series

**Claimed Series**

Possessing Liberty

Teaching Rowan

Claiming Caroline

Kissing Kennedy

Claimed: The Complete Series

**Love on the Clock Series**

Adore You

Hold You

Keep You

Protect You

Love on the Clock: The Complete Series

**The Billionaires' Club**

The Billionaire's Big Bold Weakness

The Billionaire's Big Bold Wish

The Billionaire's Big Bold Woman

The Billionaire's Big Bold Wonder

The Billionaires' Club: The Complete Series



### **Playing for Keeps**

Cutie Pie

Ice Breaker

Ice Prince

Ice Giant

Cold as Ice

Ice Storm

### **Full-Length Titles**

Crash into You

Fight for You (coming soon)

Kill for You (coming soon)

### **The Second Generation**

A Blushing Bride for Christmas

### **Love Bites**

Come Undone

Dripping Pearls

### **Echoes of Forever**

His Christmas Miracle

Taken by the Hitman

Wicked Saint

**The Ruined Trilogy.**

Physical Science

Wrecked

Wanton

Wicked

Ruined: The Complete Series

**Illicit Love Series**

Irresistible

Irrevocable

Irreplaceable

Irredeemable

**Destination Romance**

Romancing the Cowboy

Beach House Beauty

**Standalone Titles**

A Touch of Summer

Black Velvet

His Secret Obsession

Dirty Boy

Naughty Little Elf

Tempted by December

Devil's Deceit

A Bride for the Beast (writing with Fern Fraser)

A Hero for Her

Pretty Little Mess

Dear Mr. Dad Bod

### Easy on Me

Easy Ride

Easy Surrender

### One Night with You

Falling Hard

Model Behavior

Learning Curve

Angel Kisses

### Silver Spoon MC

The Surgeon

The Heir

The Lawyer

The Prodigy

The Bodyguard

Silver Spoon MC Collection: Nichole's Crew

**Silver Spoon Falls**

Xavier's Kitten

Callum's Hope

Snow's Prince

Aurora's Knight

**Silver Spoon Falcons**

Leia's Playmaker

Aspen's Defense (coming soon)

Gabbi's Goalie (coming soon)

**writing with Loni Ree as Loni Nichole**

Dillon's Heart

Razor's Flame

Ryker's Reward

Zane's Rebel

Oral Arguments

Grizz's Passion

Garrett's Obsession

# About Nichole Rose



Nichole Rose writes filthy romance for curvy readers. Her books feature headstrong, sassy women and the alpha males who consume them. From grumpy detectives to country boys with attitude to instalove and over-the-top declarations, nothing is off-limits.

Nichole is sure to have a steamy, sweet story just right for everyone. She fully believes the world is ugly enough without trying to fit falling in love into a one-size-fits-all box.

When not writing, Nichole enjoys fine wine, cute shoes, and everything supernatural. She is happily married to the love of her life and is a proud mama to the world's most ridiculous fur-babies. She and her husband live in Arkansas.

You can learn more about Nichole and her books at [authornicholeroose.com](http://authornicholeroose.com).

