

This Christmas,
I'm giving myself to
my father in law.

A Risqué Read

TEMPTING

Klaus

ASHLEE ROSE

Tempting Klaus

Ashlee Rose

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First Edition

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Contents

[Other Books By Ashlee Rose](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

Other Books By Ashlee Rose

Standalones:

[Unwanted](#)

[Promise Me](#)

[Savage Love](#)

[Tortured Hero](#)

[Something Worth Stealing](#)

[Dear Heart, You Screwed Me](#)

[Signed, Sealed, Baby](#)

Series:

[Something New](#)

[Something To Lose](#)

[Something Everlasting](#)

Duet:

Love Always, Peyton

Forever Always, Knight

Way Back When Duet

Novellas:

[Welcome to Rosemont](#)

[Rekindle Us](#)

[Your Dirty Little Secret](#)

[A Savage Reunion](#)

Risqué Reads:

[Seeking Hallow](#)

[Craving Hex](#)

[Seducing Willow](#)

[Wanting Knox](#)

Pursuing Hartley

Illicit Love Series

[The Resentment](#)

[The Loathing](#)



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Prologue

NEVER DID I THINK I WOULD BE HERE.

Never did I think this is how I would be spending my Christmas.

My husband had to work. Work was always his priority. But I know the truth now. Something in my gut told me it wasn't just work so I wasn't exactly shocked to discover he'd been screwing his assistant.

So here I am.

Laid in the perfect red lingerie set on the queen-sized bed, willingly open and waiting.

I'm waiting for him.

And by him, I don't mean my husband.

I'm waiting for my father-in-law.

Chapter One

Belle

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT IF I TOLD YOU I WAS A VIRGIN?

Yup.

A twenty-eight-year-old virgin.

My husband vowed he would rectify my issue once we were married. We would have been married a year on Christmas Eve, and he hasn't touched me.

I have no idea what it actually feels like to be worshipped in the way that I read in my romance novels. Whenever I approach the topic, he shuts me down in an instant.

I'm starting to believe it's me.

And if it was me, then why marry me?

I know I'm not ugly, I turn heads all the time which only angers him more.

My hair is honey blonde and sits just under my shoulders, my eyes are emerald green, and I have lips that most men dream about having wrapped round their cocks. Or so I've been told. I might be a plain jane and try to sink into the shadows, but I still gain attention.

Just not off my husband.

My late father promised me to my husband's father to try and appease their rivalry in the business world so maybe my husband felt resentment when he looked at me, but that wasn't helping me.

Despite his disinterest I stayed at home like the good little wife and made sure his dinner was cooked and waiting on the table, the house was spotless and I stay patient, waiting for the day my husband comes home and devours me, taking us to the next level in our relationship.

I felt like one of those pretty, pristine China dolls that sit perfectly on the shelf. Never allowed to be played with. Never to be touched.

To just sit and collect dust.

And I was silently begging to be touched, to be played with... to be loved.

So when my darling husband asks for my Christmas list, that's what I am going to ask for.

To be touched, played with and loved.

Dear Santa...

Chapter Two

“BELLE,” I HEAR THE SOUND OF MY HUSBAND, STANLEY’S voice floating through our large home.

“In the kitchen,” I reply sweetly, spinning so I’m ready to greet him. His black hair is messy, his grey eyes dull and he looks tired. “Are you okay?” I ask as he takes a seat at the breakfast bar.

“I will be when we break for Christmas.” He sighs, scrubbing his face with his large hands.

“Not long, a few more days to get through and we will be spending Christmas together,” I smile as I turn back around and plate his dinner up. I made a fully loaded Sunday roast; it was a Wednesday, but I felt like he needed a good meal.

“Thank you, sweetness,” he doesn’t even look at me as I slide him his plate of food.

It’s nothing new.

I go about beginning to clean the kitchen as he scrolls on his phone and my dinner sits there getting cold, like it always does. He never invites me to sit with him, he never offers to help clean up once he has eaten his dinner, but we have fallen into this rut. Little does he know I have an early Christmas present for him upstairs.

Me.

Wrapped in just a red bow.

“Excuse me,” I say quietly as I slip past my uninterested husband and get myself ready for him. I had a wax a week

ago, I was completely bare. I wanted to make sure that everything was pristine and perfect for him.

For him.

I ignore the burn that courses through me and make my way upstairs. After a quick, warm shower, I moisturise in his favourite lotion. Cocoa butter.

It's sweet and sickly but he seems to like it.

Or so he says.

Pulling my blonde hair out from its tight bun, I let it fall and smile when I look at the waves that are sitting pretty.

Running bright red lipstick across my lips, I roll them together and make sure I have none on my teeth. Finishing my look with a flick of mascara, I let out a happy sigh. I feel ready.

I think.

Was I precious over my purity?

Maybe.

But at the same time I did just want it over with. I feel like it's been holding me back, and my husband for that matter.

I don't know if me being a virgin scares him but then again, he knew who I was when he agreed to marry me.

Pacing into the bedroom quietly, I open the top drawer next to my bedside unit and pull out a silk, long, red ribbon. It takes me a moment or two to work out how to wrap it round myself, but once I get the hang of it, I tie it across my chest and give myself a killer cleavage.

I am curvaceous. My thighs are thick, my ass full and pert, my hips are wide, my waist slender and my boobs a decent handful. Full and round.

I glance over my reflection in the full length mirror and fantasise what it would be like for my husband to fuck me in front of it whilst telling me just how beautiful I was.

Heat blazes through me, wetness blossoming between my legs and I clench my thighs together to try and dull it momentarily.

Tiptoeing over to the bedroom door, I call out.

“Stan,” my voice is timid and quiet at first and after a minute or two, his name falls on deaf ears.

I clear my throat.

“Stan,” my voice is louder now and he calls back to me.

“Yeah?”

“Can you come here a minute, I’ve got something to show you,” I can hardly contain my excitement. I rush from the doorway and rest against the headboard, my legs parted and my eyes alight with desire.

“What’s up sweetness?” his voice floats through the room as he rolls into the room but stops just past the door threshold. His eyes widen, and I can’t help but notice the look of disgust or distaste that masks his beautiful features.

“Belle,” he snaps, rushing forward and grabbing the bed throw from the foot of the bed and covering me up. “What are you doing?” his cheeks flame.

“I thought...” I start talking but he shakes his head from side to side.

“No, Belle.”

“I don’t get it... are you not attracted to me?” my bottom lip wobbles and I feel humiliated, pulling the bed throw around my neck.

“I don’t have time for this now,” he snaps, “I have work coming out my arse, paperwork piling up on my desk that I could be doing but instead I am here with my wife baring herself to me.” His venomous tone doesn’t go unmissed, and I feel the tears prick in my eyes.

“You could be doing me, but you would rather be doing *paperwork*,” I drop my head and I can’t stop the tears falling now even if I wanted to.

I hear him sigh and feel the space next to me dipping as he sits.

Silence blankets us and I try my hardest to swallow the tears down.

“We’re going to my father’s tomorrow for Christmas, like we planned. I have so much work to get done before I break up. And I know, I know,” he holds his hands up in defeat, “I always work but I wanted to make this Christmas special. Our first Christmas as a married couple and our wedding anniversary... I just thought...”

And suddenly guilt consumes me.

“I’m sorry,” I find myself whispering.

His hand reaches for mine and his thumb brushes along the back of it. A small smile slips on my lips before it gradually falls when he stands.

He says no more. Just walks out the room and doesn’t look back. Exhaling a shaky breath, I fall back into the pillows and lay for just a moment.

Christmas with his father. Klaus Morgan.

Tall. Broad. Tattoos. And devastatingly handsome.

If you found silver fox in the dictionary, Klaus would be there.

My sex aches at just the thought of him.

No, no. stop it.

I rush up, walk into our en-suite and slam the door behind me.

Chapter Three

THE DRIVE OUT TO MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S IS LONG, SLOW AND tediously boring. Stanley spends most of it with his earphones pushed in and on the phone working, so I do what I always do; I read. Escaping into the words of my book where my female lead is guaranteed to get sex. God, this woman has two men pining after her. A sugar daddy silver fox AND his son.

My skin prickles in goosebumps at just the thought.

“Lucky bitch,” I mumble and look out the window.

We live on the outskirts of London but Stanley's father lives in the Cotswolds. It's stunningly beautiful and I am looking forward to spending Christmas there in his barn conversion. It's warm and homely.

Stanley pulls into the long and winding driveway and pulls into the carport. Cutting the engine, I sit and wait for him to get out but all he does is hold his finger up, indicating for me to wait.

I sigh, closing my kindle and opening my door. I am so mad at him. I don't look back, just keep moving forward. He can get the bags and the presents for his father out of the boot. I need a glass of wine.

I lift my hand, ready to knock and ignoring the way my heart is racing in my chest but Klaus pulls the door open, his eyes raking up and down my body. I'm wearing a tartan mini skirt, black tights and a black bodysuit.

“Klaus,” I breathe, grateful my voice isn't shaky.

“Belle, so lovely to see you,” his deep voice brushes goosebumps all over me and I blush. “Shame my son keeps you locked away and I only get to see you every now and then,” he steps aside and lets me in. I shrug my fitted coat off and he takes it from me, hanging it in the hallway. “Speaking of, where is he?”

“In the car, working,” I roll my eyes and continue forward into the kitchen.

“Workaholic that man, no idea where he gets it from,” Klaus smirks at me as he rests the palms of his hands on the cool, marbled worktop. His eyes lift to mine.

“You!” I giggle and perch my bum on the breakfast bar stool.

“Wish I could turn back the time,” he sighs, “all work... no play... caused my marriage to break down,” he tears his eyes from mine as he turns and opens the fridge.

Stan doesn’t talk much about his childhood. His parents had him young and Klaus worked all the hours he could to give him and his mother the life they deserved. Until it all got too much. He lost everything because of it and I’m worried—and I know he is too—that Stan is going to do the same.

I was young and naive, but I knew when a relationship was being tested and I fear the cracks are already starting to show in our newly wedded life. Stan is older than me, not overly, but still. He is thirty-four, Klaus is fifty-five which made him twenty-one when he became a father to Stan.

And here I am.

Twenty-eight.

A virgin.

“I would hate Stan to follow in my footsteps and give up such a...” he pauses and I’m back in room. Rolling my lips, I ignore the harsh thumping in my chest. “Wine?” he holds a bottle of sauvignon up.

“Please,” I sigh, looking over my shoulder through the window and see Stanley still on the phone. I shake my head

from side to side and disappointment surges through me.

“He will realise...” Klaus pulls me from my thoughts as he tops my glass up.

“Yeah...” I lick my lips, “when it is too late,” I give a small, sad smile as I wrap my fingers round the wine glass stem. Sadly, it’s the truth.

The cold. Hard. Truth.

“Hey, no sad smiles little one...” he leans across the worktop, and I would be lying if I said I didn’t see the way his muscles rippled under his fitted white tee. My mouth gapes slightly and I feel the pulse between my legs at the use of *that* nickname. *Little one*.

My mind drifts back to my book where Sage gets eaten out by her stalker in the club she works at.

My cheeks flame.

Shit.

I find myself downing my wine in one and wincing as it burns my throat.

“Hey dad,” my husband calls out, walking into the kitchen and staring at my empty glass. “Thirsty?” He raises his brows and Klaus is there topping me up almost instantly.

“Very,” I swallow dryly and take another sip of wine.

“Slowdown will you,” Stan tuts, and I drop my head.

“Leave her alone for fuck’s sake. Let her have a drink.” Klaus jumps to my defence but I just snifle and avoid eye contact.

Stan shakes his head from side to side and storms back outside into the chilly afternoon air.

“Ignore him.”

I finally lift my head and look at my father-in-law, his dark brown eyes pinned to mine and I see a little glimmer of something dance through them. His large hand runs down his

chin, his trimmed beard scratching against the skin on his palm.

“How did I get here?” I whisper out loud, forgetting where I am and who I am with. I neck my glass of wine and Klaus is there filling it back up yet again.

“Belle?” Klaus’ head dips as his eyes try to find mine but I refuse to look at him. I am embarrassed.

A loud thump sounds out as our bags and suitcases hit the wooden floor in the hallway and Stan just leaves them there, walking into the kitchen and grabbing himself a bottle of beer before he picks up his phone.

My eyes move back to the bags, they’ll just sit there until I take them up.

“In my next life I hope I come back as a phone,” I mumble under my breath as I push off the stool and I step forward, suddenly feeling woozy but Klaus is there in front of me keeping me steady. My hands press against his firm chest and I ignore the coursing fire that is burning the tips of my fingers.

“I’ve got you,” his voice low as I balance myself.

“Thanks,” I whisper, my head tipping back slightly as I look up at him.

He really is handsome.

It’s a shame I’m married to his son.

And it’s a real, damn shame that he’s nearly thirty years my senior.

I sigh, pushing off him and walking towards the stairs.

Klaus is behind me, his body pressed against mine and I swear I can feel his hard dick pushing into my back.

“I’ve got it,” I turn quickly, knowing full well I am imagining all of this. “Go and sit with your son, he might take his eyes off his phone for you,” I give a playful shrug but deep down inside I am hurting.

I don’t stand around long enough to know whether Klaus replied to me or not, I just grab the bags and disappear into the

guest room.

And that's where I stay until I know the coast is clear.

Chapter Four

GROANING, I ROLL OVER AND FEEL STAN LYING NEXT TO ME. *What the hell?* I don't even remember falling asleep. Slowly sitting up, my mouth is dry and I know I shouldn't have drunk those glasses of wine, yet, I still wanted more.

Slipping off the bed, careful not to make a noise, I scoot over to where our luggage is thrown across the floor and pull out my pyjamas. I feel dirty that I am still in my day clothes and I have been asleep. Looking over at a snoring Stan, he has his phone clutched in his hand and I roll my eyes.

Tiptoeing into the en-suite, I switch the light on and close the door softly. I make quick work of stripping down then I step under the waterfall shower head and let the warm water wash the day away. I am starting to think the stuff that comes out my husband's mouth are nothing but lies.

Pushing the intrusive thoughts away, I wrap a fluffy towel around me and brush my teeth. Once dry, I slip into my red silk shorts and a matching lace trimmed vest.

Not really ideal for sleepovers at your father-in-law's but after what Stanley promised, I thought I better pack some sexy pyjamas as well as lingerie. I scoff. How silly was I. No doubt the underwear that I spent far too much money on will end up still at the bottom of the suitcase and I'll wear frumpy pyjamas like I always do.

Maybe it's me.

Maybe I am the problem.

Sighing, I hang my towel up and take my dirty clothes back into the bedroom. I fold them up and place them on top of my suitcase. I sit for a moment, drumming my fingers on my bare thigh when I decide that enough is enough. I needed a drink.

Opening the door softly, I stick my head out first to make sure the coast is clear. As much as Klaus is sex on legs and a dream boat. He is out of bounds.

I would rather die a virgin than have an affair with my husband's dad.

Oh my god. Why was I even thinking this?

I practically run down the stairs and sneak into the kitchen. Tugging the large, heavy fridge door open I bend to grab the bottle of wine that I started earlier. Turning, I use my bum to shut the door and reach for my glass from the sink.

Rank. I know.

Pouring a generous amount, I then begin raiding the cupboards for a normal glass to fill with water. Finding one, I fill it up to the brim and drink it down before filling the now empty glass up again.

Finally letting out a deep breath, I put the wine back in the fridge behind me and lean over the worktop. The marble is cold against my body and I feel my nipples harden instantly. My mind wanders to Stan sneaking down here, pulling my little silk shorts to the side and fucking me until I reach orgasm but I snort a laugh at the thought.

He is never going to do that.

I am starting to see the *anniversary* night dwindling into nothing.

False promises.

I shake my head and take a mouthful of my wine. It's too good. I take another and stare into the darkness.

I am so lost in thought that when I hear the sound of footsteps, I jump, straightening myself up and I wait with bated breath. The time on the cooker is illuminated and I see

it's just gone midnight. Maybe it's Stan. Hopefully he has realised how much of a dickhead he has been.

But it's not.

I see Klaus round the corner wearing only jogging bottoms. Light *grey* jogging bottoms to be exact.

I wince when he turns the kitchen lights on and I automatically cover my chest with my arms but unfortunately, my eyes betray me by sweeping down over his toned upper body and land on the perfect, thick silhouette of his dick.

My mouth dries and I swallow.

“Sorry... I didn't mean to wake you,” I croak, just about managing to even squeeze any words out.

“You didn't wake me,” a low rumble of a laugh echoes round the room, “I've been awake, just upstairs relaxing...” he trails off and steps closer to me and my breath catches.

His upper body is toned and covered in random tattoos. His arms are thick and they seem like the kind of arms that would lift me effortlessly.

I nod.

“I hope you don't mind that I am drinking your wine,” I rub my lips together and slyly try and reach for my glass without exposing my hard nipples.

“Not at all, you enjoy it,” he winks at me and my cheeks flush.

“I can go back up to bed... I don't want to encroach on your evening.”

“Little one,” he rasps, stepping that little bit closer and all I can do is lift my glass to my lips and drink until I've drained it. “Stay down here, you're not encroaching at all,” his tongue darts out and runs over his bottom lip as his eyes fall to my heaving chest.

I have no idea what is happening. I've always found Klaus hot... but this? This feels like so much more and I know it's because of the wine.

He is just being kind.

He feels sorry for me. Bad for me that his son settled on me.

I break the eye contact; suddenly, it's too intimate. I busy myself by pouring the last of the wine into my glass and taking a huge mouthful.

“Want to talk about it?” Klaus surprises me by asking the heavy question to the topic that is laying weighted on my shoulders. I scoff a soft laugh but I keep my eyes down so Klaus can't see the tears that are threatening to fall.

“What's to talk about?” I mutter, “For some reason, your son doesn't want me. I do everything he asks; I gave up work, I married him like agreed and yet...” I suck in a breath and ignore the fact that my heart is jackhammering against my chest.

“Yet?” Klaus asks, hanging on my every word and I can feel his hooded eyes on me. I press my thighs together to try and dull the ache that is presenting itself between my legs.

“It's like he can't stand me... like he doesn't want to be near me... we... I...” I stammer over my words and I ignore the bitter taste in my mouth.

“Belle, I am sure that's not the case. My son loves you,” Klaus counters back and I snort a laugh.

“I don't believe that,” sadness consumes me and I take another mouthful of my wine, my tastebuds completely numb to the taste.

Klaus brushes past me and reaches for a crystal tumbler before grabbing the matching decanter off the side and filling his glass with whiskey.

“And why is that?”

Klaus' burning question eats at me.

I contemplate answering but with the alcohol flowing through my veins, it makes me brazen.

“We got married a year ago yet he hasn’t touched me... not even once. I’m still a virgin for Christ’s sake,” I burst into hysteria, my eyes streaming with tears as the harsh, cold reality smacks me in the face.

“What?” Klaus roars and suddenly, I wish I had never opened my mouth.

Chapter Five

I WATCH AS KLAUS PACES. BACK AND FORTH. FORTH AND back. His hand cupped to his chin, the other gripping tightly onto his empty crystal glass.

“You’re a virgin?” he hisses the words out, looking over his shoulder as if the words he just said are dirty.

I nod.

“And my son hasn’t even *tried*.”

I don’t know why, but I’m sensing Klaus is angry with Stan.

Not me.

And I have no fucking idea why the words keep coming out of my mouth like verbal diarrhoea, but they do.

“Nope,” I sigh, resting my back on the cool metal of the fridge and my burning skin instantly fades. “Last night, I had it all planned. I went up to our bedroom and I bought a full body bow...” I pause for a moment as I place my wine glass down on the worktop. “It sort of wraps around you like this,” I begin to move my hands, gesturing where the silk material goes. “I laid on the bed, my legs wide waiting for him, and he turned me down. Didn’t even look at me...” I scoff, “no, sorry, he did look at me... with pure fucking disgust.” Humiliation flames my cheeks and I fall mute. “He has sung me promises of our anniversary in two days...”

Klaus looks furious.

His eyes are narrowed and hooded. His shoulders are moving up and down with speed, matching his deep pants that seem to be vibrating through his chest.

“I’m sorry, I know he is your son but...” but I don’t have a chance to finish my sentence.

Klaus is on me. His hard body pushing against me and my back hits the fridge.

“My son is a damn, fucking fool.” He breathes, his large hands curling round my hips. “I’ve watched you; seen you from the moment you walked into his life. I hated that I couldn’t have you, hated that I had to give you to him...” he rasps as his eyes volley back and forth between mine, a large hand skimming over the silk of my vest then his finger and thumb tug and pull on my pert nipple before he rolls it between them. “Tell me little one, tell me my poor excuse of a son has at least...” he pauses, and I shake my head.

“Never...”

“Untouched,” Klaus groans as he presses his groin into me, and I can feel his erection.

“I’ve wanted you Belle... I have craved you... fuck.” He roars, his mouth smashing into mine and I feel everything inside of me snap, like I’ve been wired tight by an elastic band until it gives in.

My hands are in his hair, his tongue sweeps in and dominates my mouth. It’s not slow and sensual. Its fucking animalistic and raw.

I moan as he pulls away and I don’t even care at how loud I am being. Every nerve ending is on fire; my skin is tingling and the pressure between my legs is unbearable.

His mouth drags from my lips, to my jaw and skims down to my collarbone. His large hand carelessly grabs at my top, pulling my tits out so his hot, expert mouth can lock round them. His tongue flicks and swirls over them and the feelings that are pulling and brewing deep inside overwhelm me.

“Please tell me you know what an orgasm is?” he pants against my glistening chest and I shake my head from side to

side.

“Fuuuuck,” the word vibrates in his throat as he slowly drops to his knees. “Little one, I’m not going to be gentle with you, I want you to feel this for *days*. I want you to be reminded what my pathetic son has never given you. I’m going to ruin your tight little cunt for anyone else. It’s mine. You’re mine,” he rasps, nipping the skin on my bare thighs. “You’re so gorgeous and sexy...” he continues, his fingers digging into the skin and I ignore the pain that is mixing with unfamiliar feelings.

“Klaus,” I moan, my breaths harsh and shallow.

“My name sounds fucking erotic slipping from your lips, little one,” he smirks up at me before his fingers slip into the side of my silk shorts then tugging them to side. “What a pretty fucking pussy. You’re glistening already, and bare too...” his eyes move from my pussy and up to my eyes. “You even waxed for him and he ignored you,” he scoffs and before I even have a second to let my brain catch the fuck up, his mouth is on me. His tongue swiping through my folds before he focuses his expert tongue on my clit.

“Klaus,” I beg, my whispers frantic as my head falls back. Shit. Is this what it is supposed to feel like?

My hands are in his hair, one of his hands presses against my lower stomach as he pins me against the cool, fridge door. I widen my stance, wanting his tongue deeper.

My hips buck forward and I hear Klaus groan. Two of his fat, thick fingers tease and swirl at my opening and without warning, he thrusts them into me and my eyes roll in the back of my head. His harsh, punishing pumps rip me from inside out but I don’t want him to stop. I ignore the sting and the burn that is coursing through me and focus on just how good it feels.

How good it feels to have my husband’s dad’s mouth on me.

Instinctually grinding over his fingers, my pussy clenches and his tongue matches my rhythm.

“There’s a good girl, ride my face. Let me taste that tight little cunt that my son is missing out on,” his dirty words ignite something deep within, my pussy aches with the need to release and I know it won’t be long until I get my first orgasm.

“Little one, come for me, let me steal your first orgasm... I want to feel your virgin cunt come all over my face,” he moans as he looks up at me through his lashes and pushes my leg up over his shoulder which only makes him bury his tongue deeper within my folds.

“Klaus, keep going, oh fuck, oh god,” my eyes roll, my back arching off the cold metal of the fridge “... Daddy,” I moan, and I have no idea where it comes from, but he goes feral, his tongue and mouth eating my pussy like he is a starved man. I let my eyes fall, I let my innocence be fucked by my father-in-law’s fingers and all it takes is one look at the way his mouth is devouring my pussy to tip me over the edge and I come. Hard.

My ears ring, my legs tremble and I see fucking stars that Klaus has painted just for me.

Chapter Six

Klaus

I SIT OUT IN THE BITTER COLD, OVERLOOKING THE DARKNESS as I smoke a cigar. I can still smell her, still taste her on my lips.

I don't feel guilty and I don't regret that I just ate my son's wife's cunt. I am more angry. Angry that he would treat her that way.

But his loss will be my gain.

I have obsessed about her, I was even obsessed with her before I struck a deal with her father. I didn't do it for my son. I did it for her.

Lifting the cigar to my lips, I take a deep puff and let my mind drift. There was no way I was going to leave her alone. She is mine. My thick cock aches underneath my jogging bottoms and I know I need to do something about it. Fuck, I want her plump, full lips locked around me, but not yet. When the time is right, I'll push her to her fucking knees and have her pleasure me.

Groaning, my cock twitches.

Stubbing my cigar into my ashtray, I stand and stalk back into the house. I need to sort myself out. Sooner rather than later because all I can think about is walking into her bedroom and fucking her virgin pussy while my poor excuse of a son lays next to her.

I make my way upstairs, and instead of going to my room I walk towards hers. I push the door slightly, my eyes seeking her out straight away. She lays on her side, one of her knees up

round her chest, the other leg straight underneath her. My son faces the wall, away from her. He is under the covers, she is out.

My cock twinges and I can't bear the ache anymore. I push the waistband of my jogging bottoms down and let them rest on my thighs. Relief swarms me in an instant as my thick, long, fat dick rests against my stomach. Wrapping my fingers round myself, I begin to slide them up and down my length, my spare hand resting on the doorframe as I steady myself. All the time my eyes are on her, and my mind is on what I would be doing if I was laying next to her. I wouldn't be facing the wall.

I would be letting my lips trace across her skin, my fingers plunging into her soaked pussy before I lock my mouth round her full, round tits and when she is getting wriggly, I would pin her down by her waist, my spare hand wrapping round both of her wrists so she couldn't move and that's when I would rock my cock into her, slipping in and out of her with harsh, rough thrusts. I wouldn't stop until she was a trembling mess beneath me.

"Fuck," I grit, my head rolling back as I feel my orgasm erupt deep within me. Pulling my trousers up with force, I cum inside them and control my breathing.

I don't want to wake them.

After a moment, I step back and head towards my bedroom.

I needed a shower and it seems I needed to wank again because my cock was still rock solid.

I wake in the morning feeling well rested. Maybe it was the four wanks I had last night and it seems my cock still requires my attention but I don't think my hand is enough. I need a pussy or a hot little mouth to sink it into. But not any mouth or pussy. I want Belle's.

Once dressed, I head downstairs and walk straight into the open planned kitchen and my eyes land on her arse. She's leaning over the cool worktop in her red, satin pyjamas.

"Morning," my voice is gruff and low as I step into the room and stop just behind her at the fridge. Flashbacks of my late-night pussy eating blaze through me and I smirk and I know she is thinking it to with the way she presses her thick thighs together, her cheeks flushing.

"Morning Klaus," her sweet voice floats through the room.

"How did you sleep Belle?" I ask, closing the fridge and holding the milk.

"Very well, and you?" she spins, her fingernails tapping on the marble worktop in a steady beat.

"Amazing," I hum as I flick the kettle on and ignore the want to look at her. My eyes float to where Stanley is sitting on that fucking phone. "Stanley," my voice booms through the room, "why are you here?"

He snaps his head up, narrowing his eyes on me. "What?"

"Why are you here?" I ask again. His lips part ready to answer me but I don't let him, "You have been glued to that phone since you walked through the door yesterday afternoon."

He sighs and I see Belle resume her spot of leaning over the worktop.

Tease.

"I'm working, sorry I'm not retired like you," his venom spills out of him and I add milk to my cup. I'm about to ask if they want coffee but see they both already have steaming mugs. Filling my cup with water, I stir my coffee and hit the spoon on the side of the cup.

"I'm sure you said you had finished working? Was that not what you said the night before we came here... you know?" Belle's voice sings through the room and I see Stan swallow.

Closing the gap between me and her, I open the door and slip the milk back in but I settle beside her and lift my cup to

my lips as I take a mouthful.

“I’m a politician Belle, I can’t just turn my phone off when my cabinet are under scrutiny and are fucking up left, right and centre!” he shouts at Belle and she shrinks.

“You need to watch your tone,” I bellow, and I don’t miss the rasp in my voice. Letting my free hand move beneath the worktop, my fingertips skim across the soft skin of her thighs and as if she can read my mind, she widens her legs.

I have to bite the inside of my mouth. Letting them trail up the inside of her legs, I reach her soaked pussy and sink two fingers inside of her with ease and I hear the intake of breath she sucks in.

“I am sick of it,” Stan throws his phone down beside him like a spoiled brat.

“Of what?” I raise my brows as I continue to fuck *his* wife in slow, torturous strokes.

“This,” he shakes his head from side to side, “being made to feel guilty for working, you done it... and look where you are,” Stan throws his hands round the room and I know he is referring to my home, my life... my money.

A low hum vibrates deep in my throat and her wetness coats my fingers, dripping down my wrist.

“But I wish I could turn back time,” I say, my head turning slightly to look at her, her eyes are cast down and closed as she stays mute whilst I fuck her slow and deep.

“You’re just saying that,” Stan snaps, I can see his anger slowly rising through him.

“No, I’m not,” I take a big mouthful of my coffee, wetting my tongue and trying to ignore my want to sink my tongue in her virgin cunt.

I feel her pussy tighten and I thrust a little harder now and I feel her body shudder, a small whimper escapes her and I cough, trying to cover her orgasm, her fingers wrapping tighter round her coffee cup.

Smiling, feeling smug, I slip my fingers out of her tight cunt and rest them on the worktop.

She stands, her legs shaking as she lifts her cup to her lips and takes a mouthful and I watch as her chest rises and falls.

“I’m going for a walk,” Stan declares to the room and walks out the back doors without looking back.

Silence fills the room for a moment and my eyes are on her.

“I... um... I better go see if he is okay,” she rolls her lips and rushes to the hallway where she grabs Stan’s coat and a pair of welly boots.

And fuck me dead.

She looks irresistible.

I groan, taking myself away from this situation.

How the hell had I got here.

Finger fucking my son’s wife.

But do you know what? I’m not mad about it.

They’ve been gone just over an hour and the whole time I am wondering whether he is fucking her. Whether he is touching her and finally treating her right. The jealousy ripples through me and the longer their gone, the angrier I get.

I pace into their room, and I have no idea what I am looking for, but I am searching.

I need my fix, anything that I can get my hands on.

I find a pair of her lace panties and lift them to my nose, inhaling deeply as her scent fills me, erupting my skin in goosebumps.

I am addicted to her.

I’m not letting her leave with him after Christmas.

She can stay here.

She is mine.

He doesn't deserve a pure woman like her. He is a fucking fool. From this moment on. She's mine. Fisting her panties into my pocket for my safe keeping, I go to leave when I notice a piece of paper on her bedside unit, neatly folded.

I step over, tracing my fingers over it before my prying eyes get the better of me. I unfold it and my eyes widen when I see what's written.

Dear Santa,

All I want for Christmas this year is to be wanted.

And by wanted.

I mean fucked.

Hard.

Love, Belle x

My lips twitch into a curl and my cock pulses.

I know exactly what I'm getting her for Christmas.

Chapter Seven

Belle

STAN HASN'T SPOKE TO ME OR HIS FATHER SINCE HIS LITTLE outburst yesterday. The end of the day is drawing in and it's our first wedding anniversary.

Christmas Eve.

And Stan hasn't even made one advance at me.

I know this isn't going to happen.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, twiddling my fingers and I should be thinking about me and Stan, but all I can think of is the way Klaus has made me feel over the last few days. The sneaking around and the touching when I'm not his to touch.

Sighing, Stan appears in the doorway.

"This..." he says quietly, moving his finger between me and him, "isn't going to happen tonight. I'm sorry sweetness... I am just so under it with work."

I can't even say I am disappointed. I ignore the burn in my throat.

I just nod.

Words fail me.

And I honestly have no idea how much longer I can do this for.

A shaky breath leaves me and my head falls.

I stand from the bed, refusing to look at my poor excuse of a *husband* and walk into the bathroom, slamming the door

behind me. Hard.

I look at myself in the mirror, my white, two-piece matching lace lingerie clings to my curves, my blonde hair sits in loose curls and humiliation flames my cheeks. Why did I think tonight was going to happen.

I spent hours getting myself ready and prepared.

And for what? For him to reject me.

Again.

Shaking my head from side to side.

I'm done.

I am *so so* done.

Chapter Eight

Klaus

THE WHISKEY BURNS THROUGH MY VEINS.

I heard her crying.

And I know it was to do with *him*.

I can't stand it.

My long finger taps at the side of my crystal tumbler and as each minute passes, my rage grows.

My eyes lift to the clock, it's just gone midnight.

The house is silent and the longer I sit, the more my cock aches.

I need release.

Switching everything off and locking the door, I climb the stairs and my legs take me to her room.

Pushing the door open a little more, I see her laying on her front, her knee up round her chest like it was the other night. Her curvy body is wrapped in white, thin lingerie and my cock hardens.

She's pure.

So fucking pure and my weasel son can't see what he has right in front of him.

Well, too fucking late.

I'm not letting her waste any more time with him.

Stepping into the room, I make quick work of tugging my trousers and tee off, discarding them behind me and throwing

them in the doorway.

I crawl onto the bed, it dipping under my weight and I know this is risky with Stan over the other side of the bed, but I can't wait anymore.

I need her.

I need her more than the air I breathe.

My burning fingers drag over her sensitive skin, tracing the curve of her hip, her ass and I nestle them between her legs. Gently rubbing my fingers over her pussy through the thin material she stirs slightly but not enough to wake her up. I tease over her clit, my breath shaky as I try and restrain myself.

I will blow.

As soon as I sink my cock inside her virgin cunt I will blow.

Wetness begins to pool between her legs as my fingers tease and I know she is wet enough for me to slip my fingers in. I tug her panties to the side and the primal urge to feast on her overwhelms me but not tonight. I need to give her what she wants.

What she needs.

It's Christmas and this is what she asked Santa for.

To be fucked.

Hard.

I bite my bottom lip as I sink two fingers inside of her, stretching her as I do. There is no way she isn't going to feel me when I fuck her raw.

I need her to be ready.

Pumping them in hard and fast, I can hear the wetness squelching and my cock is throbbing with need.

I lean over, tracing kisses over her cheek.

"Merry Christmas, little one," I whisper in her ear as I withdraw my fingers and suck them into my mouth, groaning.

I avert my gaze over to my son who is facing the wall and pure disgust swarms me at the sight of him.

Fisting my hard dick, I edge my swollen head at the entrance of her tight, wet, pussy. My spare hand curling round her hip as I hold her in place and that's when her eyes open, landing on mine and I see the lust that explodes deep in her emerald eyes from the moonlight. A pleasurable gasp leaves her and slowly I nudge, pushing bit by bit into her cunt.

Grinding my teeth, my jaw is clenched at just how tight she is.

"You're doing so well," I groan, reaching the barrier of her innocence, and with one hard, punishing pound into her I break through and her pussy clenches around me. "I couldn't wait. I needed you; you wanted me... he was never going to do this," I whisper, my eyes falling between our bodies as I watch my cock slip in and out of her, her cunt stretched around me.

"Klaus," she breathes, her body stiffening when she realises Stan is next to us.

"Quiet little one, he doesn't need to know," I whisper, tugging her knee away from her chest and widening her legs, both of my hands now pinning her thighs open and wide as I fuck her hard into the mattress.

Her little cunt looks so good stretched around my fat, thick cock but I worry that if I go any harder I am going to split her.

Slowing, I let my dick fuck her slowly.

I chase my release, knowing full well she won't come like this but I was being greedy and wanted all of her firsts.

"I'm going to come deep inside of you, filling you to the hilt with all me. You're going to be sore, so *so* sore and when you walk, you will feel my cum run down your legs." I lean down, grabbing her bottom lip between my teeth and I come.

Exploding deep inside of her and both of us keeping silent as she lets me pump inside of her.

“You’re a good girl, Merry Christmas Belle,” I brush my lips against hers before slipping out of her and I don’t miss the wince. “I promise you’ll come so many times tomorrow you won’t even know what day it is,” I say quietly as I walk towards the door and close it behind her.

I smirk to myself knowing that I have just fucked her, taken her innocence, and with any luck, the evidence will be there in the sheets for my son to see.

Chapter Nine

Belle

ROLLING, I WINCE AT THE SORENESS BETWEEN MY LEGS. MY brows furrow and then flashbacks roll through me. I thought it was a dream. Klaus fucked me last night.

My father-in-law took my virginity.

My heart drums in my chest and I turn to look at Stan but he has gone.

Shit.

Did he hear?

I sit up quickly and notice a note on my bedside unit.

Had to go to work.

Sorry.

Merry Christmas X

P.S. I ran out and got you some supplies.

Confusion rocks through me when I read the last bit. Throwing back the covers, I stand and that's when I see it.

Blood.

My blood.

I've stained the sheets. *Supplies.*

Oh.

Oh...

OH!

Stan thinks I've got my period, when in fact, it was from his dad fucking my purity away. Heat flames me and I strip the bedsheets from the bed, balling them up and throwing them on the floor. I move to the shower; I need to clean myself. I need to speak to Stan and I need to speak to Klaus.

My heart rate spikes at the thought of seeing Klaus and my pussy throbs.

I dress in a red halter neck dress with opaque black tights and pull my hair into a messy ponytail. Taking the stairs quickly, I step into the kitchen and see Klaus sitting there in a crew neck beige jumper and fitted skinny jeans. Fuck. He looks good.

"Good morning Belle," he purrs my name and I feel myself get aroused within seconds.

"Morning," I roll my lips.

"Merry Christmas, I hope Santa brought you everything you wanted?" he raises a brow as his eyes rake over my body.

"Very much so," I breathe, my chest raising fast. "I need you to take me to Stan's office."

"Why?"

"Please?" I beg, I don't want to have to answer this.

He sighs, giving me a soft nod as he stands, places his cup on the worktop and presses me against the wall. His large hands cup my face, his eyes burning into mine.

"I will fuck you again, and this time, I want you fucking screaming my name as your tight little cunt comes all over my cock... do you understand me?" his voice is low and my skin pebbles and all I can do is nod. "Come," his fingers lace in mine as he leads me to the door and follow him like an obedient little girl.

The drive is long but the roads are empty. What other woman is heading to her husband's work on Christmas day after being fucked by her father-in-law.

I drop my head into my hands.

How the hell did I get here.

We pull into Stan's office car park and I get out before Klaus even has a chance to stop. Rushing through the door, I take the two flights of stairs and barge into his office.

And that's when the air rushes from my lungs.

My husband has his assistant bent over his desk as he fucks her.

"Stan," I gasp.

"Belle," his eyes widen as they move from me to her.

"So this is why you wouldn't fuck me? Because you were getting the goods from that slut?" my voice is high and I can't stop the hysterical laugh that escapes me. "Well, you enjoy her hun. You get yours, I'll get mine," I wink, tugging my rings off my wedding finger and throwing it at him. "Go fuck yourself Stan, don't follow me," I flip them both off and walk out the room, my head held a little higher and I have fire burning deep in my belly.

I rush to the car, yanking the door open and Klaus searches my face. I say nothing. Just climb over the middle of the car and into his lap. My hands clasp the back of his neck and I can see the confusion etched into his expression.

"It's over, he is fucking someone else. Take me Klaus. Show me everything," I whisper, sinking my lips over his as I feel his hard cock growing underneath me.

Klaus growls, lifting me off him and placing me in the passenger seat. He turns, his greedy hands between my legs as he rips a hole in my tights, his fingers teasing over my clit.

“So wet, fuck, I need to get you home before I lay you out on the bonnet of my rolls Royce and eat your pretty little cunt.”

“Don’t tease me,” I moan, my hips bucking.

“I don’t tease,” his gaze darkens, and I hang on his every word.

He growls, pushing the car into drive and booting it back home and I feel the weight of Stan and his whore fall from my shoulders as we drive further away from the office.

Klaus made me sit in my room for an hour when we got home.

But not before making me dress in a red lingerie set.

My breasts spilled from the lacy cups. I had white suspenders on that clipped into a suspender belt that sat around my waist and I had a matching red crotchless thong on.

I felt amazing.

I felt sexy.

A note slipped under the door, and excitement crashed through me. I stood, running to the note and picking it up.

My nose scrunches when I see it’s my Christmas list but at the bottom it tells me to come to Klaus’ room.

I don’t hesitate.

I pull on the door of my bedroom and rush into his room and I still in the doorway.

The room is decorated in warm white Christmas lights, the bed covered in red petals and I see another note placed in the middle.

Crawling onto the bed, I read it.

Lay on the bed.

Legs spread.

*I want you wet and ready,
waiting for me.*

Santa Klaus x

I squeal. I lay on the bed, like he asked.

Legs spread.

I could feel how aroused I was.

I waited.

Within minutes, he walked into the room wearing red Santa trousers and a hat.

“Have you been a good girl, *Miss Morgan*?” His voice rolls over me, smothering me in goosebumps.

I nod. My eyes wide as they roam over his hot, perfect body.

“Good,” he crawls between my legs and sits on his knees as he swirls his fingers in my soaked pussy. “And you’re ready... you *are* a good girl.”

Licking my lips, I wait with anticipation.

“Now, get on your fucking knees and suck my cock. I want to see what your pretty little mouth can do.”

I move eagerly and get on my knees, trying to ignore the anxiety that is ripping through me.

Klaus pulls from character as he grips my chin and tilts me up to look at him.

“Belle, what is it?”

“I’ve never...” I swallow, “erm...”

“Jesus Christ,” he groans, letting me go. He pulls his cock from his trousers and my eyes widen. “I’ll teach you, but for now...” and he doesn’t get a chance to continue as I wrap my lips round his hard dick. I hollow out my cheeks as I try my

best to take him to the back of my throat but I gag, my eyes streaming. I feel embarrassed but it seems to turn him on more because his hips lift and he begins to fuck my mouth. Hard.

His arms reach down my back, skimming over my pert little ass that's lifted in the air and he sinks two fingers inside me.

"Fuuuuuck," he hisses as he fucks me with his fingers, his other hand is firmly on my head as his fingers wrap around my hair as he tugs me up. "I don't want to cum down your throat. I want to cum in your cunt. Over and over, but first," he growls, lifting me so I am on my knees then pushing me back into the bed. "Let me see that pretty fucking pussy," he licks his lips and I part my legs as he dips between them, his tongue caressing my clit, his fingers back in my pussy as he lures me closer to my orgasm.

"Yes, yes... Klaus, yes, please," my hips buck over his face and I can't get enough, the pressure is building deep inside of me.

"You know what to call me..." he purrs against my sensitive skin and I hum.

"Yes daddy," I moan, my hands cupping my aching breasts through my underwear.

"Fuck," he moans, his mouth covering more of me, his tongue flicking and sucking my clit and I feel my orgasm teetering.

"I'm close," I cry, my back arching and I feel a third finger slip inside of me as well as a sharp sting around my tight hole.

"Let me in," he groans as his little finger pushes against my ass and I do, rolling my hips and lifting them as he fills a place that has always been forbidden to me.

"There's a good girl," he rasps as he fucks me hard with his fingers, my legs spreading further as I push myself onto my elbows and watch him.

I watch as his expert mouth eats my pussy. How have I waited this long?

“Oh god, daddy... fuck, yes, like that,” I pant, my eyes still watching as he finger fucks me, his tongue sucking and flattening as he rubs my clit. “I’m going to... oh, yes... please,” I cry and my orgasm rips through me, my body trembling and my back arches high off the bed as his fingers still fuck me, his tongue is still buried deep inside of me and I can’t stop, my orgasm continues to roll through me.

He slips from me, and I collapse on the bed, panting as my eyes fall on him.

“Don’t get to comfy little one... I am going to fuck you now.” He winks and my body heats at his words.

He tugs himself out of his trousers, and sits on the bed.

“Be a good girl and come and sit on Santa’s lap,” he rasps and my insides squirm.

His fingers curl round my hip as he pulls my back to his front, his swollen head teasing at my opening.

“I want to make all your dreams and fantasies come true, I am going to fuck you *hard* little one. So fucking hard that I will ruin you for anyone else. From this moment on you’re mine, do you understand me?” he nips at my ear, one of his hands unclasping my bra and it falls down my arms.

“Yes, yours, only yours,” I whisper, my body trembling with anticipation. His fingers roll my hard nipples between his fingers and my head rolls back as pleasure erupts deep inside of me.

His cock rubs at my opening, teasing me, edging into me and I need him. I need to feel all of him.

“Fuck me, daddy. Take me, make me yours,” I beg, as his large hands skim down to the inside of my thighs, widening my legs and spreading my pussy for him.

Lifting a hand from me, he wraps it round his thick cock and pushes it at my entrance and I gasp, moaning as I ignore the burning sting of his beautiful dick filling me. His hand goes back to where it was on the inside of my legs as his cock fills me completely.

“Oh,” I moan, my eyes rolling as I look down between us and see how I’ve stretched around him. This feeling. The feeling of being so full from him is overwhelming.

He lifts me up and down his cock, using me to gain the friction and speed he needs as he fucks me.

“I can’t even begin to tell you how long I’ve wanted this,” he groans in my ear as he fucks me harder now, the sound of his flesh hitting mine fills the room.

“And me...” I moan, my hands moving behind me as I steady myself. “I feel so full,” I cry out as he spears in and out of me, my wetness coating him so he fucks me with ease.

“Your pussy looks so good wrapped around my cock, so full of me, I’ve stretched you out and fuck,” he rasps and my hips begin to rock over him. “Lift one of your legs, bend it for me,” he commands and I do as he says, keeping one leg bent and under me whilst the other is up, my foot on the bed and the shift has him fucking me so much deeper.

“Yes, oh... please, I...” I choke out as Klaus’ hands dig into my hips as he lifts me up and down his dick, fucking me hard.

I twist my head back, my lips on his and his tongue invades my mouth, claiming me. I feel his fingers tracing from my hip bone, over to my pubic bone before he slips it between my legs and he rubs my clit.

“I’m not going to last,” I cry, my head falling forward as I try and look. I want to see him fuck me. I want to see how good his cock looks buried inside of me. “I want to look,” I beg, my skin flaming.

Klaus slows for just a moment, and I miss the way his body moves with mine. He was made for me, me for him. There is no doubt about that.

“There we go little one,” he purrs in my ear as he hands me a mirror. “Now watch me, watch as I fuck you.”

I gasp as he begins to move again, but this time his hips pound into me, his cock slipping in and out of me. With trembling hands, I lower the mirror and moan as I watch.

There is something so erotic about watching and I am loving it.

“Yes daddy, harder, please,” and I watch as my arousal has coated his thick shaft.

My eyes roll as he does as I ask. He fucks me hard, pounding into me so that my pussy begins to ache.

I hear a commotion but I am too overwhelmed in lust when I hear Stan’s voice. My head snaps up and I see him, eyes wide and dishevelled.

“Belle,” he chokes and my hazy eyes meet his shocked gaze until he moves his eyes and finds his dad’s. “Dad,” Stan grabs his hair, tugging at the root as Klaus continues fucking me. His dad.

My husband is watching as his dad fucks me.

“You lost her,” he groans and I moan out loudly, I don’t even care if he stays as I come over his dad’s cock.

Stan rushes from the room and I let my greedy eyes fall down to the reflection of my father-in-law’s dick pounding in and out of my pussy. His large hand falls between my parted pussy lips as he rubs and slaps across my clit and that’s all it takes.

I come.

Hard.

I cry out, my moans erotic and Klaus makes quick work to reach his own orgasm, his hips piston into me, his hands steadying me as he fucks me like he needs and he roars, his cock pulsing deep inside of me as he comes, filling me.

“Shit, baby, fuck... oh fuck,” he pants as he still slips in and out of me.

I collapse on top of him, rolling on my front as Klaus’ fingers trail up and down my spine.

“Thank you,” I breathe, my eyes on his.

“Don’t thank me little one, this is your life now. No more wondering, no more trying...” I blink back the tears. “It was

always going to be me and you Belle.”

I swallow thickly.

“Merry Christmas darling.”

“Merry Christmas Klaus.”

He covers my mouth with his, his large hands gripping onto my ass as he lifts my hips up and slips his hard cock back inside of me making my eyes roll in the back of my head.

“Daddy,” I breathe.

“What a way to spend Christmas,” he whispers as his lips brush against mine, his tongue claiming my mouth.

And he was right. What a way.

We spent all Christmas day enjoying each other.

And what a perfect Christmas it was.

The End

Merry Smutmas, loves x

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If you enjoyed Tempting Klaus, please tell your friends and share on your social media platforms, and please, if you can, be sure to leave a review. Love you all x