



Not so

SILENT NIGHTS

A FOUR BOOK CHRISTMAS COLLECTION

OLIVIA T. TURNER

Not So Silent Nights

A Four Book Christmas Collection

Olivia T. Turner



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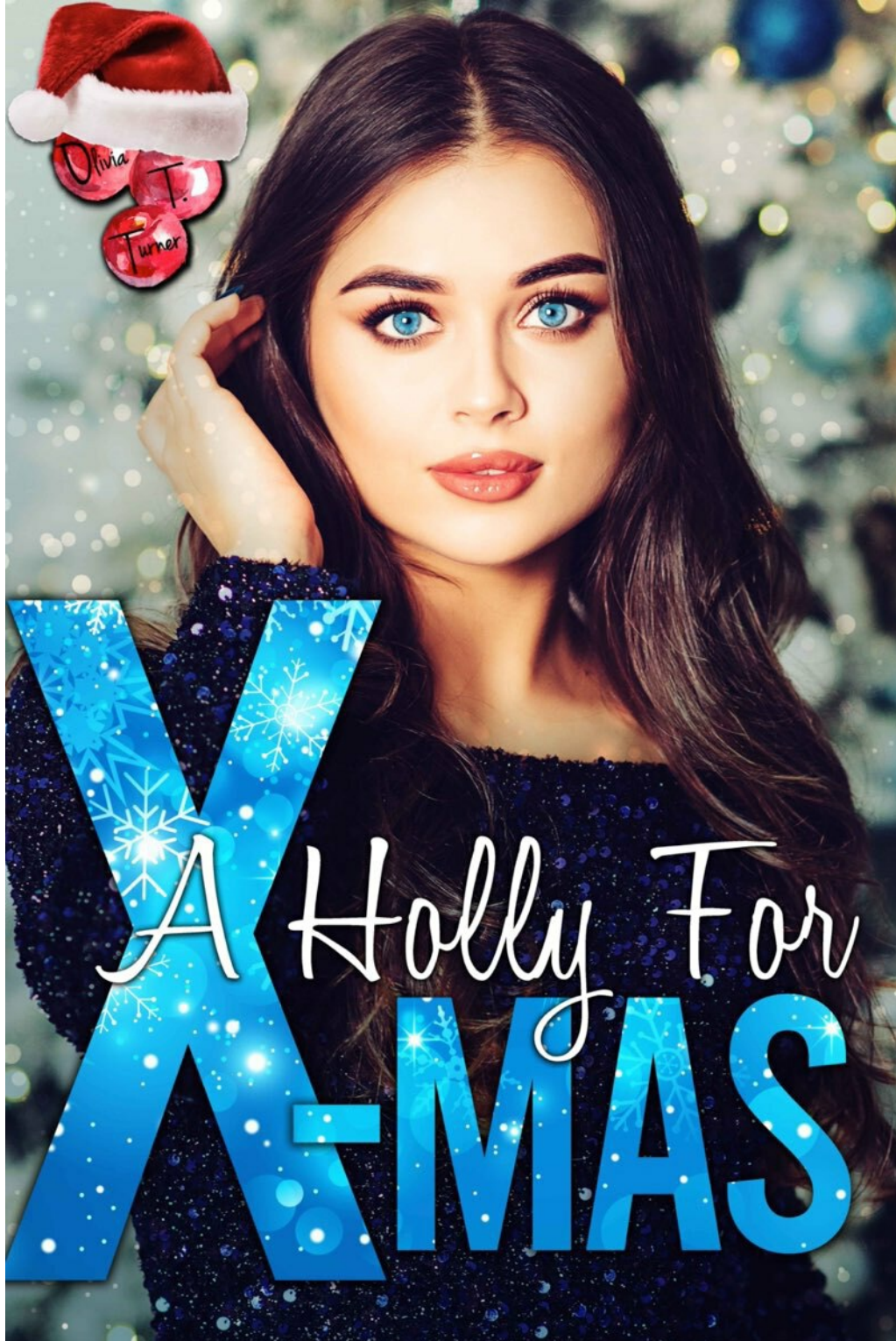
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Edited by Karen Collins Editing



A Holly For
XMAS

*To all my readers during this Holiday Season.
I hope you get everything you want.
Love, happiness, wine, and of course, lots of presents.*



Chapter One

Holly

“So, I’ll see you tomorrow?” I ask with a smile as I wrap my big wooly scarf around my neck.

“You know what, Holly?” Mike says as he tosses a dirty pot into the huge sink. “Jeff and Karl are bringing their extended families in tomorrow to help out, so we’ll be more than enough.”

I feel my stomach drop.

“Why don’t you stay home with your family?”

My eyes drop to the tiled floor as my cheeks heat up.

“Oh,” I say as I force my eyes to look at him. I wrench out a smile. “Okay! Yeah. Great. I’ll do that. You guys don’t need me.”

He must see the quiver in my chin or the brokenness in my eyes because he backtracks hard. “Unless you don’t have any... place to go?”

I swallow hard as I struggle to force out a smile. “I have a family.”

He looks at me skeptically, waiting with a look of pity in his eyes.

My fist presses against my thigh as we stare at each other awkwardly.

I could come clean. I could tell him that my father died unexpectedly three years ago, that I never knew my mother, and that my asshole brother Matthew is somewhere in Asia—Singapore I think. He doesn’t answer my

emails and he's never given me his phone number. I could tell him, pathetic though it is, that this soup kitchen is the closest thing to family I have. And if I'm not volunteering here on Christmas day, then I'll be all alone, watching Christmas movies in tears, which it looks like I'll now be doing.

I could say all that. But I don't.

"Okay, bye!" I quickly say before spinning on my heels and rushing out before the tears do.

"Holly, wait!" Mike calls out when I'm at the door.

"Yes?" I turn around, hope blooming inside me.

"Merry Christmas."

"Oh," I say, feeling my shoulders drop. "Thanks."

I turn and press the big heavy doors open with two hands. Cold air blasts me in the face.

It's freezing out and the snow is coming down hard. I fix my hat and trudge through the snow in the parking lot with my head hanging low. This hurts.

The holidays used to be so fun. Decorating the gingerbread house that my dad baked, but could never stick together properly. Chris sneaking Smarties that was supposed to be the lights on the roof. All three of us giving up and eating the broken pieces for dinner while laughing our butts off to Elf. Now? Now it's all different.

The holidays aren't a time of love. My heart aches throughout them. I'm lucky if I don't spend the whole day crying.

My feet are already soaked when I get to my old beater car with the foot of snow on it. I grunt as I struggle to pull open the frozen door. I finally get it open and climb in. The frozen seats are rock hard.

Starting this old piece of junk is its own adventure, but I eventually get the sad engine groaning. I'll be lucky if the heat comes on by the time I get home.

I grab the scraper off the passenger seat and get to work on the snow as my car unsuccessfully tries to heat up. A Christmas song plays on the radio and I try not to cry. I'd rather not have frozen eyelids while scraping the ice off my windshield.

Bing Crosby is singing about how great it is to be surrounded by family throughout the holidays. Geez, Bing. Stab me in the heart why don't you?

This is so depressing. I thought I could start a new tradition of volunteering on Christmas day after the drunken lonely fiasco that was last

Christmas, but even they don't want me.

Maybe I'll just stay in bed and hide under the sheets, pretending that it's a normal Tuesday.

Being out here in the frigid cold, a day in a warm bed doesn't sound too bad right about now.

I get my car as clean as I can and then head back in covered in snow.

Mariah is belting out high notes about how great Christmas is and I just can't. I change it to the rock station. They proudly refuse to play any Christmas songs and that's just what I need right now. The guitar is loud and grating in my ears, but at least they're not making me feel like the most pathetic person on the planet.

My car reluctantly gets going and I pull out of the parking lot onto the road.

Wow, there's a lot of snow. It's really coming down.

I perk up in my seat and put both my hands on the wheel, ten and two. I didn't think the roads were this bad. My winter tires should have been changed a few years ago, but they're always tumbling down the list of things I need to pay for. I'm kind of regretting that decision now as I swerve a little bit on the snow-filled icy road.

The road is dark with thick forest on each side, no lights for miles.

I turn the radio off, needing my full concentration as I try to stay on the road. The plows haven't passed, but I guess they're short-staffed since it's Christmas Eve.

My heart is pounding as my car makes little jerks to each side, losing control for split seconds at a time. I hate this...

I'm far away from the soup kitchen when big headlights begin to approach in the opposite direction. I swallow hard as I white-knuckle the steering wheel.

God, they're so bright. They're blinding...

That looks like a big SUV coming.

My pulse races as the headlights get closer. Adrenaline peaks.

With the mounds of snow on each side of the road, the area to drive in has shrunk to dangerous levels. There's not a lot of room to pass each other. It's going to be close.

I suck in a breath and hold it in as my car slips to the left. "No!"

It picks the worst time to lose control. I scream as my front bumper suddenly swerves and goes careening into the bright headlights.

The ice spins the car until my headlights are pointed on the trees and the approaching headlights are lighting me up through the passenger side window.

I scream in terror as they come closer... closer... about to smash into me.

I'll be spending Christmas in a hospital. Or in a morgue. I'll find out soon enough.

They make an abrupt turn, plunging me back into darkness as the SUV rips to its left and flies off the road into the heavy snow with a horrible sound. My car flies forward through the snowbank with a *crunch* and skids to a stop right before the trees.

I stare at the large trunk of an oak tree in front of me as I try to catch my breath. My heart is hammering in my chest. I nearly died. I could have died. What the fuck?!

When I'm able to compose myself enough to turn my head around, I see the SUV across the road stuck in the snow, headlights pointing into the other side of the forest.

I swallow hard as I grab my hat, shove it on, and rush out to check on them. Shit. They're going to be so pissed.

It's eight o'clock on Christmas Eve. They're probably headed to a family party or a night with friends and here I come with my shit car and meek existence to run them off the road and ruin it all.

I feel terrible.

My feet sink into the heavy snow as more thick flakes come down, collecting on my hat and shoulders. "Come on," I mutter as I sink to my upper thighs with every step. I'm soaked.

The road is easier to walk on, but it's even more slippery. No wonder my car went careening off it. It's pure ice under a layer of snow.

The big black SUV is parked at a weird angle. The door opens as I rush to it.

"Are you okay?" I shout as I jump into the snowbank and continue trudging forward. "I'm so sorry!"

A man in a suit and long jacket steps out and turns to me.

I jerk my head back in surprise when I see him. He stares at me with a heated look, falling snow slowly gathering on his black jacket and in his dark hair.

He's beautiful. Just the kind of guy I would run off the road—rich, successful, hot, and on his way to a party. One second with me in his life and

that's all gone out the window. His plans are shot. So is his truck.

"I don't know what happened," I say with my voice racing. "I was trying to drive straight and I must have hit a patch of ice and then my car was turning and your lights were coming and I was so scared and there was nothing I could do..."

The words finally stop when the tears start pouring out. All of the nerves and emotions I was dealing with before mix together and I start balling in front of this handsome stranger.

Geez. Can I get any more pathetic? Seriously...

I cover my wet eyes with my gloves as my shoulders shake.

The crunching sound of his footsteps hit my ears and then I feel warm comforting arms around me, holding me close as I cry.

He's a stranger. He's probably some creep. I should push him away and run back to my car. He has no business hugging me. We don't know each other at all. It's inappropriate.

But I sink into that hug and cry into his chest. It feels so good to be held like this. It feels so good to have someone care. Even if he is a total perv.

"There's no crying on Christmas Eve," he says in a deep smooth voice that has the cold leaving my bones, replacing it with an unexpected warmth.

"There is where I come from," I say as I pull away from his chest. Crap. I got tears all over his nice tie.

He touches the bottom of my chin with his leather glove and tilts my head up until I'm looking into his eyes.

I gulp as they fixate on me.

The intensity in them is surprising. It's unexpected as he stares down at me, looking at me like no one ever has before. I don't know what to think.

The warm scent of his cologne fills my lungs and gets me all flushed. Who is this guy?

Whoever he is, he's got a lucky girl in the passenger seat of his truck. She's got to be a total knockout and one hell of a catch to be with a man like him.

He's beautiful, but not in the classic sense. If you're one of those freaks like me who get turned on by the villains in movies, then you'd understand. His face is all hard sharp edges. Narrow lines. Dark eyebrows. Heated possessive eyes that instantly tell you you're out of your league with this man.

All I can do is take heavy shaky breaths as I look up at him through my

snow-dusted eyelashes.

“Are you hurt?” he asks as he grips my arms with his hands and looks me up and down.

Heat blooms within me as his eyes drag up and down my body.

Am I really getting turned on? Come on, Holly. You just ran this poor guy off the road. We're in the middle of a snowstorm and your car is fucked. Now is not the time to get these kinds of thoughts.

No matter how hard I try to shame myself, the feeling doesn't go away. It intensifies.

I've always been drawn to older men—Teachers, my dad's friend, the guy who mows his lawn shirtless down the street—those are the kind of men who have always gotten my attention, but I've never gotten theirs.

This man is different. He's looking at me in a new way. A way that's getting my toes curling in these soaked running shoes.

He must be in his early forties. I just turned twenty-two. That's a hell of an age gap, but as we stand here staring at each other... it doesn't seem to matter one bit.

“I'm okay,” I say in a soft voice, not quite believing it.

Physically, I'm fine, but with him now in my life... I don't know. I might never be okay again.

Chapter Two

Nate

“What’s your name?” I ask the Christmas miracle in my hands. I’m gripping her arms like I’m never going to let her go, and right now, I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to.

I want her.

She’s already consuming me. My truck is probably stuck in the snow, but I don’t even give that a passing thought. I’m fixated on her.

I’m being pulled in hard. She’s so alluring. So seductively innocent. I need this girl in my life. I need this girl to *be* my life.

She’s looking up at me with those rosy cheeks and those big blue Bambi eyes. *Fuck...* it’s hitting a part of me that’s never been hit before. A protective possessive part that is raging to life as we stand here in the snow.

It wants me to pick her up and bring her to my truck. Put her in and drive. Peel that big coat off her body and see what wonders she’s hiding underneath. It wants me to take that beautiful innocence radiating off her. It wants to be *consumed* by her. And it wants it now.

“My name is Holly,” she says in a voice so sweet and pure that it gets my heart aching. I’ve never experienced anything like this before. I’m in pain as I watch her. I’m tender all over. “Holly Evans.”

A Holly for Christmas. That's all I want.

"And you?" she asks with a swallow when I just stand there, openly staring at her in awe.

"Nate Thomas," I tell her. She nods her sweet head and drops her eyes to my hand that's gripping her arm a little too tight.

I catch myself and quickly release her even though every cell in my body is screaming at me to do the opposite—to grab on and never let go.

"Should we exchange information?" she asks as she glances back at her car. Her head turns and her big wooly scarf separates a few inches from her neck. I nearly buckle at the sight of her soft supple flesh underneath it. I want to put my lips on her skin as I strip her bare, revealing the rest of this angel's heavenly body. I want to see every inch of her. The gentle sloping curve of her hips, the round and plumpness of her young breasts, her sexy belly button, the arch of her spine, the light tuft of hair between her legs, the pinkness of her pussy as I slowly pry it apart with my fingers...

Fuck... Warm shivers overtake me as I think about what it would be like to have this girl naked in front of me, able to do whatever lewd and obscene things I want.

That would be a Christmas to remember. It would be my favorite one.

"Sir?" she says when I don't answer. It's getting hard to talk with the way my heart is pounding and with the way my mind is obsessing over her.

I already know I'm fucked. This is so bad.

There's no way I'm letting this innocent little beauty escape. I'm not letting her go.

She's mine now and there's no going back.

"Yes," I say in a deep throaty voice. "Give me your information."

"My license?"

I swallow hard. "Yes."

Our cars didn't hit, so exchanging information is unnecessary, but I'll be damned if I'm going to give up the chance to get this sweet angel's address.

She pulls her license out of her pocket and hands it to me. I snap a picture of it with my phone, loving that I can now pull it up and stare at the tiny photo of her staring straight at the camera whenever I want.

She has nice long brown hair under that hat. I can't wait to get her inside and peel it off slowly, letting those soft gorgeous locks tumble down on her shoulders, on her neck, on my trembling hands.

My cock is coming to life despite the cold, getting hard and long as it

strains against my pants. It aches with being so close to this dream girl, but at the same time, being so far away.

“And yours?” she says.

What the fuck is with me? I’m such a mess.

I reach into my jacket pocket and pull out my wallet. She pulls out her phone as I grab my driver’s license and hand it to her.

“You’re a doctor?” she asks when she reads it.

I nod. “A surgeon.”

She looks impressed as she watches me.

I grin as she takes the photo. I’ve saved a lot of lives in my career, but seeing that look in her sexy eyes as she looked up at me was worth all the years of studying, the insanely long hours, the stress, the crazy high tuition, the intense pressure... It was all worth it for that moment. To see my girl looking up at me like I’m something special.

Holly keeps her phone out and starts thumbing through it. The blue light glows on her face, creating an ethereal look that’s getting me lightheaded. She’s so stunning. My body craves her in a bad way.

“What are you doing?” I ask with an edge to my voice.

If she’s texting a boyfriend to come and get her, I don’t know what the hell I’m going to do. I don’t care if this little prick got to her first, she’s mine now and I’m not giving her up for anyone or anything. I’ll leave him on the side of the road if he tries to take her from me. The snow will bury him. The newspapers will wonder where he is. They’ll find him in spring when the snow melts, beaten and bruised by my fists. That’s what any man deserves for daring to touch what’s mine. That’s what they’ll get if they try to take my Holly away.

“I’m trying to find a tow truck,” she says as she scrolls on her phone. “Well, two tow trucks, I guess.”

I put my hand over her screen and her shocked eyes dart up to mine.

“We don’t need a tow truck,” I tell her. “We don’t need anyone.”

She glances back over her shoulder and that spot of flesh on her slender neck becomes visible again, furiously tempting me. “But my car...”

“You’re not driving that thing again.”

Her eyes widen. “But it’s not that badly damaged.”

“You’re not driving it,” I repeat in a more forceful voice. “It’s unsafe. It’s a wreck waiting to happen. I’m not letting you get into it again. You’re too precious for a car like that.”

She deserves a tank to bring her around. I want several thick inches of bulletproof metal around her, keeping her safe.

“But that’s all I have.”

“I’ll buy you a new one,” I tell her. “Any model you want.”

Her shoulders drop as she looks up at me. She thinks I’m fucking with her. That I’m making fun of her. She’s going to find out how serious I am. There’s nothing this girl will want that I won’t provide her. She’ll see soon enough.

“I’m not joking, Holly,” I tell her. “My sister and her husband own a dealership. I’ll get you the latest safest SUV. Fully loaded with luxury. The works.”

She looks so confused. “But why?”

I slip my glove off and gently graze my hand over her chin. “Because it’s Christmas. You can think of me as your guardian angel. That’s what I am now. I’ll always be looking out for you, Holly Evans. I’ll always be yours.”

Our eyes connect for a long heated moment as the heavy flakes of snow float down around us. They cover our shoulders and stick to our jackets, making it feel like we’re in a snow globe. Like we’re in a dream. Everything about this encounter has felt like a dream.

“Let’s get my truck out of the snow and we’ll get out of here.”

She glances back at her car. It’s already buried in a fresh coat of snow. “What about mine?”

“Leave it here. I’ll have it towed in spring. It’s not safe enough for your priceless body.”

She just watches me in shock and confusion as I head back to the truck.

“Hop in behind the wheel,” I tell her. “You’re going to have to steer while I push it out.”

Her feet start moving under my command and she gets into my truck as I walk through the heavy snow to the front bumper.

I can’t believe she’s in my truck. That sweet ass is on my seat, her warm pussy close to the leather. Her hands grip my heated steering wheel, her divine face lit up from the lights in the dashboard. I have to take a moment to admire her like this before I get to work. My heart thumps in my chest as my cock groans in need.

“Put it into reverse and hit the gas,” I call out to her as I bend down with a sigh and put my hands on the huge bumper. I’m jacked as fuck under this suit but I’m so shaky with nerves, excitement, and swelling emotion that I don’t

think I could push a shopping cart.

I brace my feet and bend down, ready to push when I hear the engine roaring.

My eyes dart up. I can't help myself. I steal another look at her. She looks so small behind the big wheel, hands gripping it as she watches me.

I smile at her and her cheeks turn pink as she smiles shyly back at me.

She truly is a Christmas miracle. Those Hallmark movies are starting to make a lot of sense.

The engine growls to life and the tires squeal as they spin in the snow.

With a grunt, I push the truck as hard as I can, every muscle in my body flexed to the max. The truck is stuck deep in the thickly packed snow, but I push and push until it starts to give. The tires get traction and the truck flies backward onto the road.

I fall to my knee and quickly get up when I see Holly in the driver's seat, pumping her fist with a big excited smile on her face. I nearly die. She's fucking perfect.

My hungry eyes never leave her as I walk over and open the door. "Hop over," I tell her as I climb inside. She climbs over the middle console and slips into the passenger's seat.

"Would you mind giving me a lift somewhere? I think there's a bus station nearby. If you don't mind."

A bus station. Like I would ever in a billion years drop this innocent little beauty off at a goddamn bus station.

"You're coming with me," I tell her as I grab the wheel.

"Where?"

My eyes focus on her soft plump lips. Her face is the poster child for angelic purity. I didn't think there was still pure innocence in the world, but here she is, staring back at me with those big blue eyes and changing my whole worldview.

"We're going to my brother's house," I tell her. "He's having a Christmas Eve party."

"Oh," she says, her eyes dropping to her hands. "And you want me to wait in the car?"

I try not to laugh. She's so sweet. It's not nice to laugh at her innocence. It's for admiring, treasuring, and worshipping. Not for laughing at.

"No, you're coming in with me," I tell her as I throw the truck into drive. "You're going to be my date."

“Your date?” she says with a gasp. “But I’m... I’m not dressed appropriately. I’ve been volunteering at the soup kitchen and I got most of it on my sweater.”

Volunteering at a soup kitchen on Christmas Eve... Does it get more virtuous and honest than that? She truly is an angel.

I don’t deserve her. I’m not good like her.

All I can think about right now is defiling her. Claiming her. Taking that innocence as I sink my hard thick cock between her legs and discovering if her ripe little pussy is as soft as I’m dreaming it is.

She deserves the best, and I’m not the best. I’m a greedy bastard who takes what he wants.

And I want her.

So, even though I know I don’t deserve her, I’m still not going to let her go.

Not ever.

I hit the gas and take her away.

She’s my Christmas miracle and I’m keeping her.

If anyone disagrees, they can try and peel her from my strong, possessive hands.

Good luck.

Chapter Three

Holly

My hands are folded on my lap as I stare forward in Nate's truck. The snow is still coming down hard, blurring the dark road as the big flakes fall.

I fidget with my jacket nervously as Nate plows forward, tearing through the fresh snow like my car was incapable of doing. My car that is now buried under a layer of thick snow somewhere on the side of the road. By morning, it's going to be completely inaccessible. I doubt I'll be able to get a tow truck until December twenty-seventh and by then, I'll be lucky if I can even find it.

I can feel Nate's presence radiating beside me. His hands are gripping the steering wheel so hard. His knuckles are white. It must be from the snow. He must be a nervous driver like I am.

I suck in a quick breath and glance at him. As soon as I turn, he does too. Our eyes meet and it sends a jolt of lightning through me, waking my body up. My back straightens in the seat, my hands fidget harder with my jacket, my heart pounds.

He's so sexy. Dark and mysterious in that alluring way that always gets me.

I lean back and steal a quick peek at him as he turns back to the

windshield. His arms are so thick. This man pushed his truck out of the heavy snow with one push. He's so powerful. So strong. The unstoppable force of this man should be terrifying to me, but it's not. It's getting me all hot and bothered as I squirm in the seat.

It's a turn-on to be sitting here with him in his truck. I'd love to be wanted by a man like him. I can picture us heading out on a real date, me dressed up in fancy clothes, about to pull up to the latest hottest restaurant, feeling like a real woman, feeling like someone worth loving, knowing later that he's going to take me and love me in the way that only he can.

I get all warm and shivery just thinking about it.

"So, you're a surgeon?" I ask, trying to break some of the silence.

His hands clench on the steering wheel when he turns and looks at me with those dark smoldering eyes.

"I specialize in heart surgeries."

"Oh," I say, feeling way out of my league with this man. I barely make ends meet with my job as a daycare teacher. He must make in a week what I make in a year.

"I've studied hearts my entire life," he says as his voice gets raspier and sexier. "But I never understood them until now."

I stare at him in confusion. "What do you mean?"

He looks at me and takes a deep breath. "I understand what their function is. They're basically a pump that sends blood coursing around a body, providing oxygen and nutrients and carrying away waste. But I never got it. Never comprehended the significance of a heart until I met you."

I swallow hard as I stare at him. His eyes are focused on the road, thank god. I don't think I could handle them on me right now. Not with my body humming like this.

"Did I nearly give you a heart attack when I ran you off the road? Is that what you're talking about?"

"No," he says as his dark eyes roam all over me, leaving goosebumps in their wake. "That's not what I'm talking about at all."

"Then what?"

He pulls the car over to the side of the empty road and focuses those intense brown eyes onto me. I feel so small next to him. So vulnerable. But I like it. It's scary in an exciting way.

"When I saw you earlier," he says in a low controlled way, like he's making sure to say the perfect words. "I suddenly understood poems and love

songs. I understood the true significance of a heart and all it represents.”

The fat snowflakes land all over the truck, coating us in a layer of snow as we sit there. It feels like we’re insulated in this truck from the outside world. Anything can happen in here. The air gets thick with need and want as we stare at each other unabashedly.

My concerns and worries about my car and where we’re going and about this stranger of a man fall away as he looks at me. Strong desire and want take their place.

I’m drawn to this man. My body keeps inching closer to him—breath quickening, chest fluttering, heat flowing between my legs. I don’t know what it is, but it’s like my body knows something that I don’t. Like it’s recognized its other half and is trying to push me into his arms.

“You’re stunning,” he says as my mouth waters. “I never thought I’d find someone to drive me wild with desire, but when I saw you... I realized how wrong I’ve always been. You make me crazy, Holly. One look at you and I can feel the obsession taking over. It scares me.”

I want to believe him, but what can he know about me after we’ve only met for ten minutes? We’ve barely talked.

My eyes drop down to my mittens. It would be like a Christmas movie if it were true—a real miracle over the holidays—but it’s not. It’s just... I don’t know what it is...

“Let’s just go,” he says as he puts the truck back into drive. “We’ll get into the warm house, put on some clean clothes, and then we’ll see how you feel. Then, I’ll make you understand.”

I want to understand. I really do.

But I’m like the girl at the start of the holiday movie who doesn’t quite believe in the magic of Christmas.

And no matter how hot and tempting this man is, he’s not going to change my mind.

“This is a huge party,” I say as we walk up to the enormous house. It’s a gorgeous place with a three-car garage and a front lawn that you can play a game of pickup football on. Upbeat Christmas music is playing and there are beautiful lights and fun decorations everywhere I look. It’s amazing.

“It’s my brother’s house,” Nate says as he holds my hand. I wish we were in a warm place that didn’t require gloves so I could feel his soft warm skin on mine. “He freaking *loves* Christmas.”

“I can tell.”

The door opens and a younger (but not as good looking) version of Nate steps out to grab a beer from the mountain of beer cases on the front porch.

“Hey!” he shouts with a big smile when he sees us. “Nate the Great! And who is this?”

“This is my girl,” Nate says, proudly presenting me. “Holly Evans.”

“Nice to meet you,” I say politely.

“This is my brother, Tom,” Nate says with a grin. “Don’t be fooled by the big house. He’s a total idiot.”

Tom lets out a belly laugh. “Yeah, it runs in the family. Come on in, guys. Grab a drink! Warm up!”

I watch with my body tingling as Nate hugs his brother. This looks so fun. I can see people in dresses, suits, and ugly Christmas sweaters inside, dancing, laughing, drinking. It’s the most festive party I’ve ever been to.

“Coming?” Nate says as he turns to me with a grin.

I nod and bound up the steps, excited to join in.

My excitement plummets when I step inside and see all of the fancy people in the gorgeous house. I’m not dressed for this. Not even close.

I have dried-up lentil soup all over my ugly sweater. It’s not an ugly (but actually really cute) Christmas sweater like some of the guests are wearing. This sweater is just ugly. Full stop. It’s the kind of sweater you wear when serving lentil soup at a soup kitchen. Not the kind you wear to a fancy Christmas party where you don’t know anyone.

“Nate!” a pretty woman about my size says as she comes rushing over with her arms open. I’m surprised to feel a bit jealous as she gives him a big hug. “It’s so good to see you!”

“Crystal,” Nate says as he turns to me with a look of pride in his eyes. “This is my girl, Holly.”

Her face lights up and she smacks his arm. “You didn’t tell me you had a girl!”

She’s suddenly playing with the tips of my hair as she looks me up and down with a big excited smile on her face. “Welcome to my house! I’m the sister-in-law. Tom’s wife.”

“It’s a beautiful house,” I say as I look around in awe. “So Christmasy.”

“Thank you,” she says with a gracious smile. She’s so beautiful with long red curls in her hair and a sparkly silver dress. I want to be her when I grow up.

“Holly was volunteering at the soup kitchen,” Nate says.

My cheeks heat up as she smiles extra wide. “That’s so nice! What a sweetheart you are!”

“I picked her up from there,” Nate continues, “and she forgot her change of clothes. Any chance you can lend her a dress for the evening?”

“No, that’s okay,” I quickly say, waving my hands in front of me. “I don’t want to be a bother.”

I would die if I got to try on one of those sparkly dresses or just be able to peek into Crystal’s closet, but it’s too much to ask. Her dress looks like it had way too many zeroes on the end of it to be lending out. I’d imagine the rest of her extravagant closet is the same.

“Nonsense!” she says with a big smile as she slides her arm over my shoulder and starts guiding me to the giant staircase. “I have a dark blue sparkling one that would light up your eyes. Yes! I want to see you in that one. Nate will freak!”

I glance over my shoulder at him as we start going up the stairs. He’s watching me with those intense eyes as he peels off his jacket and hands it to his brother.

Wow... I didn’t realize he was so muscular. His arms are round and hard under that suit. His chest is massive. I swallow hard when I see a sexy tattoo on the back of his hand. This man is full of surprises.

I’m excited to get a closer look at him without a jacket and gloves on, but Crystal is talking a mile a minute as she pulls me down the hall and into her room.

Her closet does not disappoint.

I gasp when she opens the double doors, revealing the rows and rows of stunning dresses and expensive shoes. It’s bigger than my apartment in here.

She squeals in delight as she rushes over to a row of ballgowns and pulls out a shimmering dark blue one.

The light shines off the little crystals embedded into it, giving it a magical almost heavenly look. It’s stunning. Something a movie star would strut down the red carpet in. I can’t take my eyes off it.

“What do you think?” she asks as she holds it up.

I can’t talk, so I just nod my head.

“I love it,” I eventually manage to croak out. “I really, really love it.”
She grins as she hands it to me. “And so will Nate!”

Chapter Four

Nate

“She’s perfect,” Tom says as he hands me a beer. “A little young, though, no?”

I glare at him as he opens his can of beer and it fizzes onto the carpet.

“Shit!” he says as he rubs it in with his shoe. “Crystal is going to kill me. If she asks tell her it was Jeff. She hates him anyway.”

He takes a sip of his beer and looks around. “What were we talking about again?” he asks.

Gotta love my brother. He’s a total idiot, but somehow makes it work for himself. While I was busting my ass in med school for a decade, he was smoking weed and playing video games. He must have cycled through two dozen jobs, all of them involving flipping something on a grill, and he sucked at all of them.

The lucky fuck bought two hundred dollars worth of Bitcoin when it was only thirty-five cents a coin and now it’s all getting close to being worth fifty million dollars. Talk about luck. He thinks he’s a genius investor, but I know he’s just got a lucky horseshoe wedged far up his ass.

All power to him. He’s an idiot, but he’s got a good heart and I still love

him. I'm happy for his success.

"Oh, yeah," he says as he waves at someone I don't know. "A little young, no?"

I nearly growl at him. "She's my light," I tell him in a deep primal voice that shocks even me. "It doesn't matter what age she is. We're meant to be together."

"I didn't realize it was that serious," he says as his eyes dart around the room. The guy can't stand still and focus on a conversation with all this action around him. "I'm excited for you. Me and Crystal worry about you sometimes."

"You do?" I ask in a flat voice before taking a sip.

"Yeah," he says with a nod. "All you do is work and work and work. It's about time you get yourself a girl. Working sucks, man. Don't do it so much. Look at me. I've barely worked a day in my life and look at this place!"

"If I don't work as hard as I can, people die."

How many times do I have to explain this to him? He can't seem to get it into his thick skull that people and their families depend on my expertise. If I can't give it to them, or if I'm impaired in any way, their loved ones die. How can I not give my all with that on the line?

"People are always going to die, Nate," he says with a shrug.

"Not on my operating table. Not if I can help it. Do you have any idea how it feels to lose a patient on your watch. Because of something you did?"

Tom shakes his head. "No. I don't."

"And neither do I," I answer proudly. "Over seven hundred operations without one casualty. Well, technically there was one but it was because he fell down the stairs on the way out. Not my fault. It wasn't because of his heart. So, essentially zero."

"But you're the best heart surgeon in the country now, so you can relax a little and start to live or the first casualty will be your own life. You'll die a miserable old man who everyone hates."

"Oh really?" I say with a laugh.

He laughs too. "Oh yeah. Just like uncle Herb. Nyheim! That's my buddy from my Fortnite group. I gotta go say hi."

He takes off, but his words are still swirling around in my head. I have worked too hard for too long. I'm at the top of my game. It's time to take my hands off the accelerator and time to put them on my new angel.

A flash of sparkling blue catches my eye at the top of the stairs. I turn

with a gasp when I see Holly walking down in slow motion.

Seriously. Time slows as she takes each step. This girl's beauty has broken time. It's broken me.

I'm standing here with my heart aching in my palm as she places her hand on the thick wooden banister and smiles at me.

She's utterly stunning. I've never seen anything like her.

That dress is incredible. I'm buying it off Crystal. That thing was made for my girl's body. It glides off her shoulders and travels down her slim arms, stopping at her wrists. It hugs the alluring curve of her hips and stops above her knees. Oh, those legs... I'm practically starting to pant as I imagine throwing those smooth legs over my shoulders and having her inner thighs digging into my ears as I get a taste of her sweetness.

Her brown hair is down and her gorgeous blue eyes are brighter than ever. She tucks a strand of her loose hair behind her ear as she smiles shyly at me. It makes me want her so badly. I can feel the hunger, the craving, the longing—all of it, eating away at me. I'm in agony as I stand here, watching her and struggling to control myself.

She has no idea how sexy she is. What a seductress she is. How she's tormenting me with every movement she makes. She's oblivious to it all.

That's what breaks me the most. She's completely unaware of the intense sexuality brimming all around her. How she drives men crazy with need. What she does to me. She's so damn innocent that she doesn't realize it.

It kills me that other men can see her like this. I get a shaking rage inside as I imagine them looking at her, putting their depraved and obscene eyes all over this angel. She's mine alone to look at. Mine alone to talk to. I'll kill anyone who has a problem with that.

She's also wearing some of Crystal's makeup. I loved Holly's face au natural, but she looks beautiful like this too. A bit of pink on her shiny lips, mascara to make her blue eyes pop even more, red blush on her cheeks or maybe that's just from knowing my hungry eyes are on her.

I don't stop staring at her as she walks down the staircase making a grand entrance into the party, making a grand entrance into my life.

I'm lightheaded and woozy by the time she walks up to me, hands clasped in front of her, shy smile on her breathtaking face.

"What do you think?" she asks as she bounces up on her toes. "Too much?"

My eyes ravish her up close. She's unbelievable. The curve of her little

breasts are tempting me in a powerful way. I want to put my hands all over her. I want to kiss her. I want to do so many things, but thinking about them all is going to give me a massive hard-on in the middle of a party, so I try to focus on anything else.

“Everything about you is too much,” I tell her in a desperate voice. “Your beauty, your allure, your innocence, the way it all comes so naturally to you. I feel overwhelmed in your presence. I want to know everything about you, but I can’t think straight when you’re looking at me with those big blue eyes. You’re the most intriguing woman I’ve ever seen. You are stunning in that dress and I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to pull my eyes away from you.”

She smiles shyly, those adorable cheeks turning a virtuous shade of pink. The things I’m going to do to her once I get her alone...

She’ll never forget this night. It will be her favorite Christmas memory ever.

Fuck Santa. Fuck Christmas trees and gingerbread houses. Fuck waking up on Christmas morning and running down the hallway. Those favorite memories won’t stand a chance after she’s felt my cock deep inside her. I’ll give her a new meaning of Christmas.

“Thank you,” she says as she drops her eyes to the floor. “I feel a bit... too extravagant in it.”

“You were extravagant when I saw you in the snow,” I tell her. “You can’t help but be extravagant. It’s hopeless to fight it.”

“Nate!” my cousin Sean shouts as he slaps a big hand on my back. I tense up, wanting to bare my teeth and snarl at him like an animal for interrupting us. I finally found the girl for me and there’s a party full of people trying to take my attention away from her. This is going to be much harder than I thought.

“Hey Sean,” I grunt to him, although I don’t take my eyes off my angel.

“Who is this?” he says slowly as he perks up and smooths out his hair. “I’m Sean. What’s your name? I bet it’s something beautiful.”

He puts his hand out to Holly and I nearly grab it and snap his fingers in half. I’d like to, but I got to control this insatiable animal part of me if I don’t want to ruin my brother’s party. Instead, I slap his back hard, just like he did to me (only I didn’t go flying forward like he does).

“This is my girl,” I say, part words, part growl. “And I was just about to get her a drink.”

I swallow her tiny hand in mine and pull her to the bar, possessiveness

ripping through me. I want to *own* this girl. I want everyone to know it too. I want everyone to think one thing when they look at her: off-limits.

Of course Tom has a bar in his living room. There's no more Tom thing than that.

"What can I get you two lovebirds?" the bartender asks. She's a young blonde whose eyes linger on me as she runs her finger around the rim of the glass filled with maraschino cherries.

"Champagne?" I ask my new girl.

She nods. "Okay. I've never had it, but I've always wanted to try it."

The bartender grabs two glasses and fills them with some bubbly.

"Cheers," I say as I clink my glass to Holly's. "We're celebrating tonight. Our lives have changed forever."

"Oh, really?" She's grinning at me. "In what way?"

The bartender is eavesdropping. I don't want anyone to hear this next part but my girl.

"Come." I take her hand and guide her over to the huge Christmas tree. The thing is enormous. I have to tilt my head all the way back to see the top and even then I can't see the angel. My brother and his wife will spend their money on anything. If they're not more careful, Tom is going to be back to flipping burgers and asking me for money every month.

"This place is gorgeous," Holly says as she touches the tree. "I've never seen such a big tree in a house before."

"My brother loves Christmas," I repeat with a shrug as I stare at her. She's admiring the tree, that adorable chin tilted up, her sexy neck exposed in front of me. I groan from need when I see the lights reflecting in her blue eyes. She's lit up with the soft glow of it, giving her an ethereal almost magical look.

She wraps those sweet plump lips around her glass and takes a sip of the champagne. I smile as her nose twitches up when the bubbles tickle it.

"You were saying something about our lives changing?" she says as she looks up at me with those wide curious eyes. "I know how my life is going to change. I'm going to be taking the bus from now on." She covers her eyes with her hand and shakes her head. "I can't believe I lost my car. It's probably under ten feet of snow by now."

I take her wrist and gently pull her hand away from her face. "I'm going to take care of it. I promise. I'm taking care of you now, Holly. I'm taking care of all of your needs. *All* of them."

Those sexy little lips part as her eyes roam down to my big shoulders and then over my arms. I hope she likes tattoos because my arms and chest are covered in them.

“Tell me about yourself,” I beg. “I want to know it all. Every fascinating detail.”

“It’s not too fascinating,” she says shyly. If only she knew how absolutely captivating I find her. She doesn’t see her true value. “I’m a daycare teacher.”

“You take care of kids all day?”

She smiles and nods. I can see that. There’s a sweet gentleness to her that kids would respond well to. I can’t wait to see her with our kids. I’m going to give her as many as she can handle. I can’t wait to get started breeding that ripe budding womb. I groan from thinking about it.

“I do,” she continues in that soft lyrical voice. “I know most adults find it boring, talking to kids, making crafts, singing silly songs all day, but I don’t know... It’s fun. It’s very rewarding.”

She catches herself and drops her eyes. “Not as rewarding as saving lives like you, obviously...”

“It is,” I say as I take her hand and get those stunning blue eyes back onto me. “You are saving lives. A lot of those kids can’t get a second of attention from their parents. All they see is them staring at their phones. You give it to them. You’re a light in their day, like you’re a light in mine. Their spirits would be broken if it wasn’t for you.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” she says with her cheeks turning pink.

“I would.”

We look at each other for a long heated moment, our eyes locked on one another. I step closer and a quiver teases through her as those sweet lips part.

I’m going to kiss her. I need to taste her soft mouth. I want to consume her breath and steal her sweetness.

Her chin tilts up and her eyes fall closed as I cup her jaw with my hand, my eyes locked on her mouth. She’s so gorgeous all sparkly and Christmasy. Holding champagne next to the lit-up tree. I feel like I’ve stepped into a damn dream.

I take a second to admire her before diving in, about to seal my lips to hers.

“Nate!”

I yank my head to the side and see my older sister and her husband approaching with her arms wide open, big smile on her face.

Fuck. Worst possible timing.

Holly's eyes snap open and she turns to Sandy, looking a little unsteady. She was wanting the kiss as much as I was.

"Tom said you were here with a girl and I just had to see it with my own eyes!" Sandy hugs me and rests her hand on my arm. "Are you trembling? Why are you shaking like this?"

I haven't stopped shaking since I met this angel. She belongs on the top of the tree.

"I'm fine," I grunt. "This is my girl, Holly. Holly, this is my sister, Sandy, and her husband, Doug."

They all shake hands and I have to fight back a growl when I see Doug's hand sliding into Holly's. He's been family for over a decade, but I still don't like seeing them touch. I guess I'm a possessive fucker like that.

"I love that dress," Sandy says as she looks Holly up and down. Doug's eyes are about to follow his wife's, but I clear my throat and give him a warning look. He understands immediately that this girl is not to be gawked at.

"I'm going to go freshen up my drink," he says before quickly fleeing. Good move. Doug was always a smart one.

"How did you two meet?" Sandy asks.

"Holly came *crashing* into my life at the perfect time," I say with a grin. "I didn't know what hit me."

She giggles and my heart nearly collapses in on itself.

"So, has it been long?" Sandy always wants all the details. Every family has a gossiper and she's ours.

"It's felt like a lifetime," I say as I take my girl's hand. "It feels like I've known this beauty forever."

"And it feels like I've been waiting for this man my entire life," she says as she puts her palm on my back, rubbing it. My eyes close. My brain stops functioning with her hands on me. "But he's here now. We're making up for lost time."

"How's the dealership going?" I ask Sandy. Her and Doug own a luxury car dealership in town. They do very well. I don't care about anything except getting to know my girl right now, but I want to change the subject off of us. If Sandy finds out that we just met an hour ago, she's going to tell everyone at this damn party.

"Fine, fine," she says, waving dismissively at me. "Back to you two."

Where are you from, Holly?"

I look at her, wanting to know the same thing. *I* should be asking these questions, not my nosy sister.

"I'm from here," she says. "I live in town."

"Oh." Sandy nods. "And do you go to school? College or... high school?"

I glare at her. "She's an adult, Sandy. Geez. She's... how old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"She's twenty-two."

"It's just that..." Sandy starts to mutter. "You're over forty now..."

"Okay, that's enough of that." I grab my girl's hand and bring her out of there. Why can't they understand that love knows no age? That I would die for this woman? That I would kill for her?

I clutch onto her hand in a possessive grip as I lead her through the party past Crystal's colleagues at the hair salon. She's tried to set me up with all of them, but I said no to each one. I didn't know it then, but I was waiting for Holly. My heart must have known it, even if I didn't.

"Where are we going?" she asks as we hurry down the hallway past the door that leads into the garage.

"Down here," I say as I open a door that leads to the basement. It's not a crappy basement like you'd find in most houses. Tom has a full-on man-cave down here. Huge bar, pool table, two bowling lanes, a fifty thousand dollar gaming station, enough TVs to watch all Sunday football games at once. The only thing this house is missing is a library. There's not a book in sight.

"Wow," she says as she looks around in awe. "Was this house designed by a teenage boy?"

I laugh. "It was designed by my brother, so basically, yeah. He's like a fourteen-year-old trapped in a man's body."

I'm still gripping her hand as we hurry past it all. Some of his gaming buddies are in front of the big TV, playing some stupid game and being loud about it. We're headed in the opposite direction.

I turn the corner and open the double wooden doors to Tom's wine cellar.

Holly gasps. "That's a lot of... beer?"

My brother really makes me laugh. He has a gorgeous five-thousand bottle wine cellar, but he doesn't like wine, so he's filled the shelves with bottles and cans of beer instead. He's a character.

"My brother is one of a kind," I say as I close the double doors and lock

them.

Holly spins and looks at me with excitement in those blue eyes when she hears the click.

We're all alone now. It's nice and romantic in here. Quiet with soft lighting on the walls, casting us in a sensual glow.

We can do anything we want in here. I can do anything I want to her.

My cock hardens as I step forward and take my girl in my arms.

Right where she belongs...

Chapter Five

Nate

Desire and lust stir within me now that I have this girl all alone. There's not a pure thought in sight as I roam my hungry eyes over her, admiring every beautiful inch.

She's coming home with me tonight. I've decided it.

I still haven't decided if I'll ever let her leave. I don't think I'll be able to. The thought of this innocent little beauty in the world without my protective eyes watching out for her makes me all scratchy inside. It gives me an edgy feeling from just imagining it. I know I won't be able to handle it in real life.

"This is a great party," she says as she looks around shyly. Her cheeks are all rosy pink and that adorable color is making me ache with need.

I need her so badly. I hope she's ready for it. When I let loose, she's going to have a lifetime of arousal unloaded on her at once. I hope she can handle it. I hope my girl is as strong as I know she can be.

"My brother knows how to throw a party," I say with a croak in my voice.

"It's a great house for a party," she says as she places her empty champagne glass on the high round table. "Lot's of places for lovers to sneak off to."

"Like here?"

She swallows hard as she looks at me under her long lashes, those blue eyes smoldering with something hot. “Yeah. Like in here.”

I step up to her and drag a lock of hair off her neck. “I want you.”

She quivers as her eyes move to my lips. “You do?”

I nod. My hands slide down to her arms, but I have to be careful. The intensity of my need is dangerously high. I’m too strong for a delicate body like hers. I can squeeze her too hard or be too rough without even noticing. I have to focus on keeping my control in check.

“I do want you,” I tell her, baring my soul to my soul mate. “But I want more than that. It runs deeper. I want you to want me.”

Her mouth opens as those sexy blue eyes burn into me.

“I want you to want me like I want you. Like your soul will wither and die if you’re not in my arms. I want you to *need* me. To *crave* me. I want you as obsessed with me as I am with you.”

I must look so desperate with my longing for her, but I don’t care. My pride is shadowed by my need to have her. It’s all I care about.

“I do,” she whispers softly. “I want you like that. I always will.”

That’s all the invitation I need.

Those alluring blue eyes widen as I wrap my arms around her and pull her against me. “Oh, Nate,” she whispers as her mouth gravitates toward mine, her eyes closing on their own.

My lips come down on hers, rough and hard as I claim her mouth. She moans on my tongue as I taste her sugary innocence. Her hands slide up my back and those perky little tits press into my chest as I kiss her deeper.

I’m so fucking hard. My cock is stiff as a rock and longer than ever.

My Holly moans when I press it against her stomach. The shockwaves surge from my cock into my core and I shudder with pleasure.

“I’m so hard for you,” I groan between wet kisses.

She’s making these little whimpering sounds that make my cock jolt.

“I can feel it,” she moans back. “You’re making me so *wet*.”

My jaw clenches as I pull away and look down at her. Knowing her pussy is soaked and waiting for me is too much to handle. My control snaps.

Suddenly, I’m turning her in my powerful hands and pushing her against the table.

She gasps as her palms land hard on the table, her ass thrust in the air. That sexy blue dress creeps up the back of her soft thighs as I drop to a knee while my heart pounds viciously in my chest.

Her curvy ass is right in front of my face. My mouth waters as I drag my hands up her legs, from her strappy high heels, over her calves, behind her knees, up her soft warm thighs. The warmth turns to heat the higher I go.

“You’re going to learn quickly that if you try to tease me with your pussy, you’re going to have a mad man on your hands.”

She looks at me over her shoulder with a grin. She bats those sexy eyelashes, like she’s challenging me. “I’m so wet,” she moans.

Fuck... She’s trying to kill me.

She’s swaying her sexy ass in front of my face, making my mouth water, making me pant.

I slide my fingers along the edge of her dress and slowly peel it over her ass, staring at her wet mound covered only by a thin layer of black lacy panties.

Her beautiful cheeks are covered in goosebumps right in front of my ravenous eyes. She’s got a great ass. It’s magnificent just like the rest of her.

“Let see how wet I make you,” I say as I grab her panties and slowly pull them down.

Her legs start trembling as I bring them lower. “Fuck,” I whisper when they slide past her little puckered asshole. My heart stops as I stare at it, mouth salivating like a beast. I’ll fuck that tight little hole one day.

But for now, I’m focused on one place. One wet, warm, tight little place.

“Oh,” she whines as I tug down and the lacy fabric peels off her pussy lips. She’s so wet that a trail of her juices sticks to the panties as I slide them down her thighs.

“Spread your legs, angel. I want to get a good look at your pussy.”

She steps to the side, the panties stretching tight around her knees, and sticks her ass out so her man can have a better look at what she’s been keeping safe for him.

I nearly pass out at the sight waiting for me.

Her pussy is a dream. It’s *beautiful*. Captivating me in every way.

I can’t take my eyes off it as my heart pounds. My grip tightens on her thighs. I lick my lips as I stare up at it.

It’s sparkly wet, her juices coating her swollen lips, an engorged little clit popping out of the top.

And that smell... *Mmmmmm...* Warm sugar.

She gasps as I touch her with both thumbs and gently pry those soft lips apart, revealing the virgin pink inside.

She's got to be a virgin. This pussy looks virgin tight, she's got that virgin innocent way about her, but most of all... She has to be. I won't be able to handle it if some fucking punk got here before I did. If he saw what I was seeing, tasted what I'm about to taste, claimed what's my birthright to claim. I'm getting all amped up and furious just thinking about it. I can feel my hands wrapping tightly around his neck as I squeeze out his last pathetic breaths.

"Tell me, Holly," I say in a raspy voice that's like sandpaper in my throat. "Tell me if I'm the first to see you like this."

Her cheeks are all red as she looks down at me. She's breathing heavily, her eyes with a lustful shine. "You are," she says with a moan. "I've never been with anyone. You're the first one to see this part of me."

Goddamn...

I'm dying over here.

"I haven't even had a kiss," she says. "I know it's crazy."

She's been saving herself for me. Keeping this cherry tight for me. Keeping her lips pure for me.

I'll never take that for granted. I'll never take her for granted. I'll treasure her forever.

Not even a kiss...

Her words save me. *She* saves me.

The anger melts away, replaced by an enormous sense of gratitude and a feeling of love. Of course she's untouched. Why did I even doubt it? An angel like her always has her innocence intact. But not for long... I'm hungry for it.

I slide my hands up to her bare ass and grip her cheeks hard. She whimpers as I dive in with a growl, devouring her cunt with my ravenous mouth and greedy tongue.

She cries out as I bury my mouth between her legs, digging my tongue into that tight little hole. The sensations are too intense and she tries to squirm away, but I wrap my powerful arms around her thighs and hold her against my mouth. Now that I have her, she's not going anywhere.

I'm a beast for her. I'm insatiable. I'm in heaven as I suck down every warm drop of cream she gives me.

It's a wet lovely mess as I slide my tongue through her folds and up to her clit. I wrap my lips around it and suck hard. She nearly buckles in my arms, but I'm holding her up, holding this sweet wet pussy to my hungry mouth.

She starts crying out more and more as I play with her clit. I flick and circle it with my tongue before sucking on it again. Her hips start moving to the rhythm of my tongue, gyrating on me as she starts humping my mouth, desperate to get off.

“Oh fuck, Nathan,” she moans heavily. “I wasn’t expecting this. How are you making me feel so good?”

I grin as she drops her head and takes a few quick breaths, her hands gripping the table hard. The sound of my full name on her lips nearly makes me unravel. Nobody calls me Nathan, but I like it from her. I could certainly get used to hearing it on her soft plump lips.

I slide a finger inside her, testing her out, and her pussy clamps down hard around it. She’s impossibly tight. I groan as I feel the compression of her silky tunnel trying to choke my finger out. She’s perfect. I can’t wait to break this virgin cunt in.

I’m taking her *raw*. I’m going to *breed* her ripe little womb, but first, I want her to cum all over my mouth.

My grip tightens on her thighs as I slide my finger out and replace it with my mouth. I eat her out in a frenzy. I devour her. I lick and suck and stroke her with my tongue like I’m a starved man. She cries out and grips the table until it’s shaking as much as she is.

Her legs are trembling around me, her pussy getting wetter and hotter on my lips. My mouth is *everywhere*.

I’m desperate to get her off. I’m lusting to feel her cumming hard all over me.

It’s all I can think about. It’s all I want.

She cries out in shock and pleasure as I drag my tongue between her cheeks and tongue her adorable little asshole.

Her body shakes. It bucks against my face as I trace her hole with the tip of my tongue and then run it over her.

Fuck, I can’t get enough of this girl.

I move back down to her pussy and groan when I find it wetter than ever.

“It’s time for you to cum,” I growl between licks.

She gasps as a quiver rips through her.

“I want to feel your hot pussy cumming all over my mouth,” I groan. “Cum on me, Holly. Give me what I really want for Christmas—your virgin cream. Give it to me. *Now*.”

She throws her head back, that long brown hair slapping her skin, and

cries out.

Yes... I clutch onto her legs, press my mouth against her pussy lips, and moan as I feel her cumming hard.

Warm juice pours out and coats the lower half of my face—my lips, my chin, my tongue. It's everywhere and so fucking good.

It's the first time she's cumming on a man. My face first, my cock next. I want to see her cumming in every position in every way possible.

I lick her through her orgasm, loving the cute little whimpers she's making as she tries to stay quiet. Eventually, it becomes too sensitive for her and she pushes me away. Literally. She puts her hand on my face and pushes. I smile as I release her.

"I'm sorry," she says as her eyes squeeze closed. "It's so intense..."

"I know, angel," I say as I get up, dragging my hand over the curve of her bare ass. "You did so good though. You are truly delicious."

She pulls her dress back down with a wiggle as I stand up behind her. My hands are on her hips as she turns around and looks into my eyes.

"Kiss me," she begs.

"You want to taste how sweet you are?"

She nods, those sexy blue eyes driving me mad. "Yes."

I kiss her hard, thrusting my tongue into her mouth so she can taste what I tasted, so she can see how perfect she is.

She moans as I explore her mouth, sliding my tongue against hers as I add some pressure.

I nearly pass out when we pull away and she licks her lips. "Tasty."

"I told you."

Her eyes slowly move down my body as I hold her. They travel over my chest, down my stomach, to the hard outline of my erection jutting out of my pants like I have a damn baseball bat in my pocket.

Her mischievous hand follows her eyes, sliding from my arm all the way down to my cock.

I groan as she drags her palm along my shaft, nearly making me cum with one touch.

It's already a wet mess down there. I don't know how much pre-cum leaked out while I was sucking on her hot cunt, but it's a lot. My balls are aching with a huge load that's destined for her fresh womb.

Her eyes pop back up to mine as her hand explores my length. She looks so damn pure, it kills me. These big blue eyes with long dark lashes looking

at me like she doesn't know what to do, but wants to learn.

"I want to do that to you," she says as she runs that hand up and down, up and down, mesmerizing me, killing me, torturing me. If I don't get some kind of release, I'm going to explode. My heart will stop. "I want to make you feel as good as you made me."

"You're already doing that, angel. I can't believe you're here in my arms. I've never felt this good in my life."

"But you can always feel better," she says as she bites that plump bottom lip, looking so sexy I could pass out. "There's always another level of pleasure."

I swallow hard as she drops to her knees. Her radiant blue eyes are locked on mine as she drags her hand all over my hard dick.

"*Fuck*," I groan as she drops her eyes to my belt and begins to thread the leather through the buckle.

She opens it and pulls down my zipper. My pants slide down my legs and bunch at my feet.

With her hands on my muscular thighs, she drags her tongue up my length, my boxer briefs the only thing separating her warm tongue from my burning flesh. She giggles and then reaches for my waistband.

I can't take my eyes off her as she peels them down and releases my cock. It springs up, hard and wet in front of her.

Her greedy little hand wraps around it and she stares at it in awe, her eyes getting that lustful glassy look to them. She squeezes my shaft and a bead of pre-cum oozes out of the slit on my head. She licks her lips and then brings it to her mouth.

My heart stops in my chest as I watch her pink tongue slip out and she licks my swollen head clean. "Mmmmm," she moans, eyes falling closed as she tastes me. "You taste even better than I do."

"Not possible," I say as I slide my hands into her hair. She lets me guide her mouth back to where it belongs. "Open wide."

She does as I say, parting those lips as she takes me into her mouth. My head drops back and my eyes close when I feel her soft lips wrap around me. Her tongue is sliding up my throbbing shaft, her hand clutching the thick base, the side of her hand pressing against my aching balls.

I force my eyes back open and look down, not wanting to miss a second of this. She starts sucking my cock as I drag her hair back to get a better view of her lips wrapped around me. It's a beautiful sight and the feeling is even

better. It's earthshaking. It's life-changing. We're going to be touching each other in this beautiful way for the rest of our lives.

"You're so big," she gasps as she pulls my cock out to take a breath. She's still squeezing my shaft and staring at my dick with a mesmerized look on her face. Her little tongue slips out and I watch as she drags it around my dick, coating me in her sweet saliva.

"That's my girl," I growl as my grip tightens on her head. "Put it back in your mouth, baby. Suck on it hard."

She jumps back on it, sucking me like she's desperate to get me off. The feel of my dick brushing against the roof of her mouth, the length of her tongue, the back of her molars... fucking hell... I'm going to blow.

"Yes," I hiss through gritted teeth. "Don't stop. Don't stop..."

She bobs her head back and forth, running her tight lips along me as she squeezes the base of my shaft as hard as she can.

God, that fucking view... Her legs are spread, that sexy dress hitched high on her soft thighs. Her small tits hidden and waiting for me to explore. Her hair bobbing. Her mouth moving along my thick shaft.

I can't take it...

...and I fucking blow.

I grit my teeth and holler as I release in her mouth, cumming harder than I've ever cum before. My whole body flexes. It's tight all over and then... loose as thick streams of cum shoot out all over the back of my girl's mouth. I coat her tongue and the roof of her mouth with my hot load.

She whimpers when she feels it, hot and sticky in her mouth.

"Swallow it down, Holly. It belongs inside you."

Those innocent blue eyes are back on mine, big as ever while she swallows my load. I watch in awe—the intense orgasm tearing through me like a hurricane—as she licks her lips clean.

"Show me," I beg.

She opens up wide and shows me her tongue. It's clean. Just pink. All of my cream is sliding down her throat.

That should buy us some time.

I want to take this girl's cherry as soon as possible, but I'm not going to take it in a beer cellar with a bunch of man-child gamers outside. Not going to happen.

This angel deserves the best. She deserves a quiet empty house and a nice big bed. A roaring fire, soft sheets, and a man who's going to treat her right.

Later tonight, she'll get it all.
She'll get it right.
And she'll get it *hard*.

Chapter Six

Holly

“After my wife gave birth,” an older man is telling me. I think it’s Nate’s uncle, but I’m not sure. “I pulled the doctor aside and asked him, ‘How soon until we can have sex?’”

I stare at him blankly.

“He winked at me and said, ‘My break is in ten minutes. Meet me in the parking lot!’”

“Oooh!” I say as I point at him. He bursts out laughing, a deep hearty laugh that I’m worried is going to give him a stroke. His face turns bright red, but he’s going to be fine.

I missed this. Bad jokes at family parties, fun appetizers, getting to know all sorts of people. To be honest, I was worried I wouldn’t ever experience it again.

“So, tell me about your daycare,” the woman beside him, Kathleen, asks me. “Are the kids just the cutest ever?”

“They are,” I say with a smile. “Especially around Christmas. They get so excited. There’s true magic in the air.”

There’s true Christmas magic in the air here as well.

I look across the room and spot Nathan by the fireplace talking to his

sister in hushed tones. His eyes dart to mine and I get that quivery feeling that is becoming all too familiar.

He's never taken me out of his sight. His eyes are constantly following me around the room like he can't get enough of me. My new man seems to be the obsessive type and his new obsession is me. How did I get so lucky?

I can still feel his mouth between my legs. It's glowing with heat down there. The pleasure hasn't gone away.

The older man begins to tell me another joke about a singing frog, but I tune him out and focus on my Christmas surprise. He's so hot. He's the best-dressed person here in a navy blue suit and white shirt. His tie is a little darker with small white polka dots.

I'm practically salivating as I watch him. He's all muscle under that fitted custom suit, looking like a Christmas present I'm desperate to unwrap. I want to peel back the layers and see what his wide chest looks like, see what his big arms feel like. I want to lick his abs and drag my hands over his round shoulders.

I love his style. I can't wait to see his other outfits... the casual look, Sunday football look, gym gear, pajama parties, and of course, in a bathing suit. I can't wait to see it all. Hopefully, by this time next Christmas, I will have.

It's not just his clothes and his perfectly sculpted body... His face is the type you can sit in front of for hours, lit up by candlelight, and never get bored as you stare at it. There are endless sights to see from his dark eyebrows that make his brown eyes shine brighter, to his stately nose and strong jawline. His mouth is a wonder, with his soft sexy lips and his straight white teeth. I can't get enough of him.

Nathan's uncle is back at it again. "I told my wife that her underwear is too tight and revealing."

She rolls her eyes as he giggles like a schoolchild.

"She told me to stop wearing it then."

He lets out another booming laugh as I smile politely.

"Oh, there's Mack and Linda!" Kathleen says when an older couple walks into the house. "Those are Nate's parents. Have you met them yet?"

I shake my head as I swallow nervously. They look friendly enough, smiling and laughing as Tom and Crystal greet them with hugs.

I don't know why I'm so nervous. I guess it's because I want them to like me. I want to be part of the family.

Nathan arrives back at my side and slips his hand over mine. “Sorry, I just had to deal with something with Sandy.”

“Everything okay?” I ask as I look up at him. Those eyes are so beautiful as they reflect the lights of the Christmas tree.

“Everything is great.” He gives my hand a squeeze and then starts pulling me. “Come. I want to introduce you to my parents.”

His parents already? I gulp as I head over. I guess this is the real deal.

“Mom, Dad,” he says as he presents me. “Let me introduce you to the girl I’m going to marry.”

“Oh,” his mother says, doing a double-take as she looks at me. “So, nice to meet you. And what is my future daughter-in-law’s name?”

“I’m Holly,” I say with a shy smile.

“A Christmas Holly,” his dad says with a big warm smile. “How fitting. I’m Mack and this is Linda. We can’t wait to meet you and hear all about our son’s first serious relationship. But I really need a stiff drink to ease these old aching bones.”

Tom returns with two drinks—a scotch for Mack and a glass of white wine for Linda.

“That’s better,” Mack says as he takes a sip.

“Come,” Linda says as she wraps her arm around mine, already making me feel like I’m part of the family. “I want to hear *everything*.”

I glance back at Nathan as she leads me into the kitchen, smiling and saying hello to people as we walk through the crowd. He smiles peacefully at me, looking like everything has fallen into place. I smile back, agreeing completely.

“Everyone was so nice,” I say, feeling full of energy like I can run alongside Nathan’s moving truck. “Your brother and sister seemed a little unsure of the age difference but I think I was growing on them by the end of the party.”

“They loved you,” Nathan says as he glances at me with a smile. “Of course they did. How could they not?”

I talked to each of them for a while and I think they understood that I’m the one for Nathan and it really doesn’t matter what year I was born in. All that matters is we’re in love. I think they saw that too. They both said they’ve

never seen their brother look so happy before.

“And your mom and dad are great! It was just...”

“What?” His forehead scrunches up in concern, but it’s nothing like that.

“It was just so nice to be around a family during the holidays. I don’t have that.”

“You don’t have *any* family?”

I tell him about my dad dying and never knowing my mom. “My brother is off somewhere in Asia,” I say with a sigh. “I have no idea where. I’m not even sure if I’ll ever see him again.”

“You’re all on your own?”

I nod, feeling tears well up.

He puts his hand on mine and I instantly feel better.

“Not anymore,” he says and I almost believe him with the sincere way he’s looking at me. “You’re part of the family now. I’ll be making it official before next Christmas.”

“Oh, really?” I say in a flirty way. “Don’t *I* get a say in the matter?”

“I don’t think so,” he says with a grin. “You’re mine and I’m keeping you forever. I’ve decided it. That’s what you get for almost killing me.”

“If I knew that,” I say as I innocently bat my eyelashes at him. “I would have tried to kill you a long time ago.”

Our eyes lock on each other, but he eventually has to pull them away to look back at the road. The snow is still coming down hard.

We pass a huge familiar-shaped lump beside the road and I shake my head. “I’m never getting my car out of that.”

“You won’t need to,” he says. “Santa might bring you some new wheels tonight.”

I laugh. “I think a new car is too much even for Santa.”

“But it’s not for me.” He grins as he flashes those sexy dark eyes at me.

“You’re all the Christmas present I need,” I tell him. “I can’t believe this is happening. It’s like a dream.”

“You’re a dream,” he says. “One that I don’t want to wake up from.”

I smile as I wrap my hands around his and rest my head on his arm, wine and love flowing through my veins, making everything feel so damn perfect.

“Oh!” I say, perking back up after a few minutes of comfortable silence with my new man. “I forgot to give you my address. We just passed the exit.”

“You really think I’m going to let you go home?” he asks with a mischievous grin on his handsome face.

“I was hoping you weren’t.”

He licks his lips and squeezes the steering wheel. “Good. Because you’re coming home with me.”

Chapter Seven

Holly

“**T**his is your house?” I ask with my mouth hanging open when Nate plows into the snow-filled driveway. It’s huge.

“I hope you like it,” he says as he taps the button on the visor over my head and one of the four garage doors starts to open.

“I don’t even know what to say. It’s incredible.”

“I did it all for you.”

“What do you mean?”

His eyes get a softness to them that I haven’t seen yet. It makes my heart warm up.

“All the studying, the work, getting up every day, and making all that money,” he says as he looks at me. “I felt a drive pushing me. Now I know it was all for you. There’s a reason why I’m nearly twenty years older than you, Holly. It’s so I would have time to get our life ready for when you showed up. I could have the perfect house, on the perfect street, to give you the lifestyle you deserve. Now that you’re here, all of my work, everything I’ve collected and earned over the years, it means something. I’m thrilled I get to share it with you.”

I’m speechless as he pulls into the garage and the door closes behind us.

Even his garage looks rich. It's enormous with two more vehicles—a two-seater Porsche convertible and a motorcycle that looks insanely fast. I already know that I'm going to have a problem with him taking that bike out. I'm as protective as him as he is of me and I don't want anything to happen to him. What if another careless twenty-two-year-old girl swerves off the road and takes him out on that thing? I could never go on without him in my life.

"Nathan," I say softly. "I wish I could have been with you the entire time. Helping you, supporting you, encouraging you all along."

"You were," he says as he shuts off the car and turns in his seat, watching me with those sexy brown eyes. "I could always feel your presence."

"You could?"

He nods. "I knew you were out there waiting for me. All I had to do was find you."

"I'm glad you waited and that another girl didn't snatch you up."

He smiles. "It would never happen."

"But there must have been other women," I say, feeling my stomach drop. "A rich, single surgeon... You're quite the catch. I bet you had women lining up around the hospital waiting for you to get off your shift."

I smile, but I don't feel it. I'm feeling sick just thinking about him with another woman. With his arms around her, his lips kissing hers. I suck in a breath as I try to hold back tears. I really don't want to ruin this moment by sobbing in his car.

"I told you, I waited," he says and my heart starts to lift back up. "I was waiting to find you."

"Does that mean?" It can't...

He nods. "I'm a virgin too, Holly. Your lips were the first ones to be wrapped around my cock and the first lips to touch mine."

Relief fills me as my heart drums in exhilaration. I'm his first? I was hoping, but not crazy enough to believe it.

It all clicks into place now.

We are soul mates. I thought I recognized it when I first saw him in the snow, but now I know it's true. We're made for each other.

That's why no other boys or men could hold any interest from me for long. That's why I'm so drawn to him.

His family will be my family one day. My kids will be able to grow up experiencing a full Christmas. A Christmas full of family, full of love, full of magic.

They'll grow up knowing that their parents were made for one another and meant to be together. Forever.

We both lean in and our lips connect in a soft loving kiss that has me moaning and reaching for him. I want to feel his big hard body pressed against me once again. I want to feel those possessive arms holding me, making me certain I'm his. I want to feel that thick cock—hard and begging for my body—digging into my thigh.

“Come sit on Santa's lap,” he says as he grabs me and pulls me onto him. I moan as I straddle his big frame, ducking my head to stop it from hitting the roof of his truck.

My dress hikes up my thighs and he looks down at my panties that are barely covering my aching pussy. It's my first time wearing sexy lacy underwear. Crystal lent them to me. I didn't want to take them at first, but she laughed and said that if I'm wearing this dress, I'm going to need sexy underwear underneath.

“You're like a Christmas present ready to be unwrapped,” she said as she shoved a bra and panties into my chest. “The real gift is underneath. Put it on. Trust me, you won't regret it.”

What can I say? She was right.

Although, she won't be too happy to get them back with what I'm doing to them. They're all wet.

I don't know if I'll ever be able to wear a dry pair of underwear again with this sexy man in my life.

His strong hands grip my ass as I lean down and kiss him. My hips move to the rhythm of his tongue and he groans as I start grinding against his erection.

It sends jolts of pleasure and euphoria ripping through me as I grind my spread pussy up and down his length.

“Fuck,” I whimper between kisses as his big hands travel up to my breasts. He grabs them firmly over my dress as he nibbles on my bottom lip.

My hips don't stop. I'm gyrating faster and harder, jerking his dick off with my hot pussy.

The pressure builds within, until I can't take it anymore and it snaps.

I scream out and throw my head back, smacking it on the roof as another orgasm hits.

Nathan grabs the back of my neck and holds my open gasping mouth to his as I cum hard. “Yes,” he growls, his warm breath tickling my lips. “I love

it when your pussy cums. Don't stop grinding on me. Get those sweet juices all over my dick."

I do as he says and grind on him some more as the orgasm fades and a trembling takes its place. I'm so wet now. My pussy juices have leaked through my panties and made a mess all over his pants. I don't think he's going to care one bit.

"You're so fucking sexy," he growls against my mouth as my hips slow. My blood feels thicker, like I can barely move. "I want you in my bed where I can take my time unwrapping you. I still haven't seen these beautiful tits."

I suck in a breath and hold it as his hungry eyes drop down to my chest. My nipples are so hard. It feels like they've been aching all night for him.

A few minutes later, I manage to pry my cramping leg off him and we head into the house.

It blows my fucking mind. I don't know what I was expecting from the outside, but the inside has blown away every expectation I had.

It's insane.

Chef Ramsay would cream his pants if he saw Nathan's kitchen. The island is the biggest island I've ever seen. Probably bigger than Iceland. Not literally, but you get the point. He has a gas stove that I could fit in and a long dining room table that could fit his entire family, plus some.

The expensive art on the walls, the big comfy couches, the enormous stone fireplace, the view...

I'm in heaven.

He even has a huge Christmas tree decorated. So cute.

"Look around," he says as he peels off his jacket and starts to unbutton his sleeves. "Make yourself at home. Because you are home."

I swallow hard as I watch him roll his sleeves up his thick tattooed forearms. He's so freaking sexy. I had no idea he had so many tattoos until now, but they suit him. I should have known that he would be all inked up.

The house is the type you can get lost in for hours, everywhere you look something to catch your attention—but my attention is locked on Nathan.

He leans down, grabs some firewood from the pile, and opens the glass fireplace doors. I grin, picturing him shirtless in the fall, red and yellow leaves tumbling down all around him, as he chops wood with those big sexy arms. Grunting like a real man as I watch all bundled up in a wool sweater, hot cocoa in my hands. That's an image to look forward to. It's only going to be about ten months away. I can't wait.

My eyes are all over his back as he stacks the logs in the fireplace and adds some newspaper. Excitement builds within me, knowing how romantic this softly lit room is going to be once he lights that match.

I'm tingling all over as he strikes it and a flame appears. My eyes wander to his muscular thighs as he leans down and lights the fire.

It catches and a warm glow fills the big room. I'm already warm and I'm already glowing. I don't need a fire for that. I just need to be around Nathan for my body to heat up.

He turns around and grins when he sees me standing there, nervous but excited as I try to act natural with my hands, but failing miserably.

"Let me give you the tour."

I nod as my mouth waters. "Okay. Where should we start?"

His eyes get that ravenous look again as he looks me up and down. "The master bedroom."

I gulp. "Sounds like a perfect place to start."

He walks over and takes my hand in his, swallowing it in his big palm.

"There's an inground pool under all that snow," he says.

"Too bad," I kid. "I didn't bring my bathing suit."

He smiles as his eyebrow raises. "Like I would let you wear one anyway."

My cheeks heat up as we head to the stairs. Soft lights pop on whenever we walk down the hallway or into a room. This house is as high-tech as it comes.

"You have so many rooms in this house," I say as we pass yet another guest room.

"I want to have *lots* of kids," he tells me. "I'm going to be stuffing your little belly full of them. Are you ready for that?"

I swallow as I slide my hands over my stomach, imaging what it would feel like to have Nathan's seed growing in my womb. To have a child together. To start a real family.

I glance over my shoulder down the hallway and smile when I picture little feet running after us, excited for Christmas morning, tucking them in with dreams of sugarplums dancing in their heads.

"I'm ready for that," I admit. It just comes out, but once the words are spoken, I know that they're true.

I want those experiences with Nathan. I want to give him the family he's been waiting for. The family we've both been waiting for.

I'll do that for him. I'll do it for me. For us.

He steps in close and that protective arm slides around my side, his big palm on my back, holding me against him. "I love you," he whispers.

It's crazy, but isn't love always crazy? Does it ever make sense?

Love is heart territory. It doesn't have to make sense to the brain.

"I love you too," I tell him.

He kisses me hard and lovingly with all the swirling emotions that we're both feeling expressed in a long sensual beautiful kiss.

One that I'll never forget.

I gasp as he suddenly leans down and picks me up.

He throws me over his shoulder and I'm suddenly weightless as he carries me into his room.

I can feel my eyes widening as he throws me onto his huge bed. There's a fireplace in this room too, but this one just takes a switch to turn on. The fire explodes to life as Nathan hits it with his elbow.

I watch with my heart racing in anticipation as he slowly slips out one button at a time on his shirt. His massive chiseled chest is full of sexy ink. I find myself moving up, trying to get a better view as each button comes undone.

Finally, he gets to the bottom and the white fitted shirt splits down the middle. His shredded abs flex and clench as he pulls the shirt back and peels it off his muscular arms.

God, he's hot.

Hot doesn't even explain it. Hot is the roaring fire behind him. This man is scorching. I feel myself melting in his presence as I watch him in wonder.

"You're my family now," he says as those big hands get to work on his belt. "You'll never be alone again, Holly. I promise it."

It's just the words I need to hear. I get all choked up as I nod to him, knowing he's telling the truth.

He lets his pants drop and steps out of them. Is it just me or does that cock seem to be getting bigger every time I encounter it?

It looks monstrous all caged up in his boxer briefs—hard and raging to come out and devour an innocent little virgin like me.

I inhale deeply as Nathan comes forward, the intensity in his eyes making me weak, making me powerless, making me feel invincible.

There's nothing I can do but submit to him.

Just like we've both been waiting for.

Chapter Eight

Nate

“Finally,” I whisper to myself as I lower the zipper on Holly’s dress. She’s on her knees on the bed with her back to me, that long brown hair tucked over her shoulder.

I slowly drag the zipper down, my heart beating harder with every inch it travels. Her skin looks so smooth, I just want to lick every inch of her. A groan tumbles out of my throat when the zipper passes her lacy black bra.

I’ve been dying all night to see my girl’s chest with nothing covering it and I’m only a few painful seconds away from seeing it with my own eyes.

The zipper goes as far as it can, the adorable little crack of her ass barely visible under the dress. My cock throbs harder as I unwrap the priceless Christmas present the universe has given me. I’m already treasuring her.

“Stand up,” I command as I slide my palm down her arm and grab her hand. Her fingers tighten around mine and she gets up to her feet, standing on the bed.

Her back is to me as her dress tumbles down to her ankles. She smells so good. Looks even better.

My eyes travel down the curve of her back to her sexy panties that are right in front of my face. I lick my lips as my hungry eyes roam over her

beautiful ass.

I can't help but touch it, running my hand over her right cheek before slipping down and sliding my hand over her mound. She's so wet. I can feel her warm juices seeping through the thin lacy material.

She whimpers as I touch her pussy and then whimpers louder as I take my hand away.

"What's the matter?" I ask in a deep throaty voice. "You want my hand back on your pussy?"

"Yes," she moans.

"You didn't say please..."

"Please," she begs.

"That will come," I promise as I slide my hands along her smooth hips and dip my fingers underneath the straps of her panties. "We got to get you naked first."

She tilts her ass back to me as I slowly pull her panties down. My eyes are locked on the crack of her ass as I tug them down. My mouth waters as I watch her pretty little asshole come into view and then the wet pink lips of her juicy cunt.

"That's a good girl," I say as I slide them down her legs. "Do you like when I play with your pussy?"

Her hands are in her hair as the lust builds and starts to make her crazy. "I fucking love it."

"Not so innocent anymore, are we?" I say with a grin as I guide her beautiful feet out of her wet panties. "What have I done to you?"

"I don't know," she whines with desperation in her raspy voice. "I can't stop thinking about your giant cock."

That's just what I like to hear.

I grin, knowing I got her now.

My Christmas Holly is as addicted to me as I am to her. Just where I want her.

"And where do you want my giant cock?" I slowly slide my hand up the inside of her leg, stopping on her upper inner thigh, just before her cunt. I guess I'm a cruel fucker who likes to tease my girl.

She whines as her hips gyrate, trying to get her burning cunt onto my hand. Not going to happen. Not yet.

"I want it..."

"Tell me."

She sucks in a breath as she jerks her head back, her long hair tumbling down her back. "I want it... deep inside me."

"Where?"

"In my pussy. *Deep* in my pussy."

My cock is throbbing as I guide her down to her knees. It's taking everything I have not to forcefully bend her over and fuck her hard right now. But I want to take it slow. Draw it out. Torture her a little bit before I give her all the pleasure in the world.

"You'll get my cock when it's time for your virgin pussy to get my cock."

She moans in anticipation as I unclasp her bra and slide it off her shoulders.

"I've been waiting to see these beautiful tits all night," I say as her bra slips off and she covers her breasts with her arm. "Turn around and show your man what he's been waiting for."

She turns around on the bed, still on her knees as she watches me with glassy 'fuck me' eyes. Her arm is covering her nipples, but the flesh pouring over her forearm is enough to make me ravenous.

"Drop your arm," I command. "Show me your tits."

She nibbles on her bottom lip as she lowers her arm. My body tightens, ready to pounce, ready to claim this virgin's cherry and devour her whole. I struggle to hold back and take a second to admire her beautiful perky breasts.

I'm the first man to see them and I want to take my time enjoying the sight.

They're stunning just like the rest of her. Small, but perky with firm pink nipples sticking up invitingly. I lick my lips as I go to her, grabbing her hips as I put my mouth on them. Her fingers slide into my hair as I suck on one then the other, taking my time as I explore her curves and make her moan.

My girl grows impatient and grabs my wrist with a firm grip. I smile as she yanks my hand between her legs and puts it on her cunt. She's so *wet*. Her hot cream is coating my fingers as I play with her kitty.

The need to breed this girl comes back with a vengeance. It's stronger than ever.

All the control I've been desperately clinging onto snaps.

It's time.

I'm taking this girl's innocence. Her cherry. Her womb. I'm taking it all with my raw cock.

She gasps in surprise as I grab the back of her thighs and pull up. She

falls backward and lands on the bed with a giggle.

That giggle quickly fades when she realizes what's happening—she's on her back, naked, legs spread, with a big hard cock ready to vigorously fuck her like an animal.

“You still want this monster deep inside you?” I ask as I wrap my hand around my thick shaft and bring it to her pussy lips.

She can't talk right now. Her glassy eyes are fixated on my dick, words unable to form. She nods instead.

That's good enough for me.

She writhes on the bed like a filthy little whore as I drag the swollen head of my cock through her wet lips, parting them to reveal the virgin pink inside.

“Such a good girl,” I whisper as I test out her hole, pressing my head against it.

I shudder all over when I feel how tight she is. “This hot little pussy keeps getting tighter as the night goes on.”

She's writhing on the bed, pulling up the sheets, hair flayed out around her, eyes squeezed closed, back arching and flattening as she whines and whimpers. “*Please,*” she begs. “*Please,* Nathan. Stick it in me. I'm fucking dying without you...”

I take one last look at her beautiful virgin pussy, knowing it's never going to be this pure again. I'm going to fuck the purity out of it.

“Okay,” I tell her. “I'll give you what you want.”

I lean down and give her pussy a soft kiss before standing back up, feet planted on the floor, and grab her trembling legs. She gasps as I yank her toward me.

My hard cock falls onto her spread cunt and she moans as she plays with her tits.

“Pinch those nipples for me,” I command and she does, squeezing them in her fingers as I grab my dick.

We both freeze, hearts stopped in our chests, as I press my head against her tight wet opening and push in.

Fuck... She's so goddamn tight. Her cunt squeezes and clenches the head of my cock as I force it in.

My eyes are locked where we're connected as I slide in another inch, her warm cream oozing out and dripping along my thick shaft.

“You're doing so good, baby. How does it feel?”

“*Big,*” she moans. “*Big,* but good.”

“Just try and relax,” I say as I begin to rub her clit with my thumb, helping to loosen her up. “We still have a long way to go. You’re doing so well. I’m going to put it *deep* inside you.”

Her hips start to grind against me as I play with her engorged clit. She likes that. A lot.

My body tenses when I come up to her cherry, fresh and still intact inside her virgin cunt. It’s mine. I’m taking it.

I growl as I thrust through it and plunge my cock all the way inside her sexy body. She cries out, but she also wraps her legs around me, holding me in, keeping me deep inside her where I belong.

“Your pussy feels so fucking good,” I groan as I feel her soft warmth clenching and milking me. This cunt is brutally tight, choking my cock like it’s trying to end its life. I fucking love it.

She whimpers as I begin to pull back out slowly. I’m loving the way my cock is covered in her cream. I never want to wipe it off. I always want to be covered in her.

“There’s my angel,” I say as I start to slide back in. “This is what you wanted. What you begged for. I need you to tell me how much you love my big dick.”

“*Oh fuck,*” she moans, back arching with each inch I give her.

“Tell me.”

“I love your big dick.”

Her filthy words sends a burst of heat searing through me.

“Say it again.”

“I love your cock,” she moans as she squeezes her tits and writhes in front of me. “I can’t get enough of it stretching me out. It’s so fucking big. It’s so fucking good.”

“That’s my girl,” I say as I start to thrust in and out harder. Her pussy is nice and slick, taking me easier as I pound into her at a firm, steady pace.

“I know you love it,” I groan as I watch my cock splitting through her wet lips. “Look how wet you are. Making a mess all over your man’s dick.”

I yank it out and she nearly cries. “Come here,” I command as I hold it up for her to see. “Come lick this mess clean. Come taste how fresh your pussy is.”

She bounds up to her knees and grabs my wet dick out of my hand. Without a second of hesitation, she shoves it deep into her mouth and moans as she licks me clean.

My heart is pounding in my chest. Pleasure aching through my body as I feel her hot tongue wrap around me and drag up my shaft. She cups my balls in her hand and I nearly cum in her mouth.

“That’s good,” I tell her as I pull my clean cock out of her mouth. “You’re going to make me cum if your sexy mouth keeps that up.”

“Cum down my throat,” she begs as she tries to get my dick in her mouth again. “I want to taste you.”

I gently push her slutty little hand away. “Later. This big load is destined for your pussy, angel. I want to coat your ripe womb with it.”

Her blue eyes sparkle as she looks at me in surprise.

“That’s right, baby. I’m fucking you raw and claiming your body in *every* way. I want my child growing inside you. What do you think about that?”

There are no words. She just drops back onto the bed and spreads her legs for me. Her hand slides down her belly and she begins playing with her clit as she watches me with a sexy, challenging look.

“I think you want it,” I say as I go back to her.

My cock slides in easier this time. Her pussy is no longer trying to force me back out with its tightness. It’s welcoming me and taking me in.

The restraint I’ve been dealing with all night snaps and I’m all animal now. I fuck her *hard*. Ruthlessly. Mercilessly. Hard pounding thrusts into her tight heat that has the bed jerking around and has her tits swaying back and forth.

She’s crying out and grabbing the sheets as I let her pussy have it. *Harder. Faster.* I’m fucking her like a madman as I slam my cock into her over and over again.

“*Yes!*” she screams. “Yes, Nathan! Fuck me! Cum in me!”

“We’re going to cum together,” I tell her in a firm dominant voice. “When I count down to one.”

“*Fuck,*” she moans as her eyes run over my flexed tattooed chest. “I can’t wait that long! I’m going to cum now!”

“You want me to keep fucking you?”

“*Yes!*” She’s desperate now. I can tell she’s so close, barely hanging on.

“Then you’re going to wait until I count down to one,” I tell her in a forceful voice. “You can do it, baby. Let’s go.

“Ten.”

“*Oh shit.* I can’t...”

“You will. I’ve been waiting for this moment all of my life, you can wait

ten measly seconds.”

She sucks in a breath, her face twisted up in agony as I thrust my cock in and out of her cunt.

“Nine.”

“Oh, Nathan... It feels so good.”

“Eight.”

Her teeth are gritted, my arms flexed.

“Your pussy feels so good, angel. I’m so fucking close. Seven.”

She grabs her tits and pulls them as her body twists on the bed. Her legs are shaking around me.

“Six.”

“Oh, fuck. *Fuck!*”

“Hang in there, baby. It’s almost over. Five.”

I’m thrusting into her hard and fast, picking up speed and intensity the lower I count.

“Four.”

“*Shit.*”

“I want to cum too,” I groan, feeling desperate for any kind of release.

“Three.”

She moans hard.

“Almost there, baby. Get ready.”

Her mouth opens, but nothing comes out.

“Watch me fucking you as we cum,” I command her. “I want to see those sexy blue eyes on me.”

She opens them with a shudder and watches with her eyelids half-closed as I slam my cock into her at a vigorous pace.

“Two.”

The pressure building in me is about to snap. I can barely hold it back. I’m going to cum so hard.

“One. Cum with me.”

We both let go and it’s fucking heaven. I ram my cock into her and hold it in as we both cry out in bliss.

Her pussy tightens and clenches my pulsing shaft, the first time this virgin cunt has ever came on a cock. It’s a beautiful sight, watching my angel thrash around on the bed, feeling more euphoria running through her veins than she’d ever thought possible.

I love being the cause of her pleasure and I love that she’s the cause of

mine.

My cum surges out, coating her insides and drenching her ripe womb with my seed.

“That’s my girl,” I whisper to her as she wraps her shaking legs around me. She opens her arms and I go to her, embracing her as I begin to gently slide in and out slowly, a few more strokes before I have to pull out of her still pulsing heat.

The clock catches my eye and I realize that it’s well after midnight.

“Merry Christmas, Holly,” I whisper on her lips.

She tilts her head up and kisses me. “Merry Christmas, Nathan.”

“The first together, but not the last.”

Her blue eyes are shining as she watches me, knowing I’m right, knowing we’ll be together for every Christmas doing exactly this from here on out.

Hopefully with a lot of babies sleeping down the hall.

Chapter Nine

Holly

It's still snowing in the morning. There's no better feeling than waking up to fat snowflakes falling outside on Christmas day. Well, maybe one better feeling...

And that's waking up with Nathan's big protective arms wrapped around me and feeling his long hard cock pressed against my thigh. I inhale deeply, smelling him with a moan. I could get used to this. This bed, this room, this house, this incredible sensation of complete satisfaction, this man, this feeling of being so loved. Of being so lucky. I can get used to it all.

He groans as he stirs and turns around on the bed, taking most of the sheets with him.

His back is to me—huge and carved with muscle. I look so small next to him. I'm half-worried he's going to roll over in the middle of the night and crush me.

With a smile on my face, I crawl up against him and run my fingertip down his arm, tracing the sexy tattoos. I giggle when I see the goosebumps rising on his skin.

He stirs once more and then opens his eyes.

"Oh, thank God," he says when he sees me. "I thought that was a dream

for a second.”

“It’s reality,” I say as I kiss his bare shoulder. “Merry Christmas, Nathan.”

He turns and gives me a closed-mouthed kiss on the lips. “Merry Christmas, my Holly.”

“Are you ready for your Christmas present?” I ask with a grin on my lips. He smiles as he looks up at me, his eyes half-closed and still sleepy.

“You got me something?”

My hand travels over his round shoulder, down his hard chest, over his rippling abs, and onto his boxer briefs.

“Oh,” he groans as he looks down with his interest peaking. My hand is swirling temptingly close to his rock-hard erection.

“Just what I wanted for Christmas,” he says in a deep throaty voice. I slide my hand up his long, hard shaft and we both moan at the same time.

His grey boxer briefs are getting a wet spot at the end of his long rod, and it’s growing the more I touch him.

Nathan watches as I peel them down, revealing his beautiful candy cane that I just want to spend all day sucking on.

“I’ve only been awake for five minutes,” he says as he watches me wrap my fingers around it. “But I can already tell this is the best Christmas I’m ever going to have.”

I’m happier than I’ve ever been as I watch the look of love on his face while I begin to jerk him off. He sucks in a breath as I stroke his length, up and down with a firm grip.

I lick my palm to get it nice and slick. He groans as he watches my tongue.

His chest flexes as he turns and lets his back drop onto the bed where he can get a better view of the sensual show I’m giving him.

My pussy is already so wet as I stroke him up and down, hard just how he likes it with a steady rhythm.

It’s not long before his body begins to buck. I gasp and watch in awe as long streams of hot cum shoot out of his cock all over my hand.

He watches me with hungry lustful eyes as I bring my hand to my mouth and lick his hot mess off my fingers.

“You’re beautiful,” he says as he slides his hand along my side, over my breast before coming to a stop on my hip. “Absolutely stunning.”

I don’t have a stitch of clothing on and he’s looking at me like a kid who

got everything he wanted for Christmas.

I'm about to straddle that big frame and give him even more when I hear the front door open.

"Hello!" someone shouts. "Merry Christmas!"

I grab the sheets with a gasp and hold them against my body. "Who's that?"

Nathan groans as he looks at the clock. "Shit, it's already nine?"

"Who is that?" I repeat.

I jump out of bed and rush over to the window, taking the sheets with me. "There are a ton of cars pulling into your driveway!"

"You said you liked that big family vibe," he says as he starts to get up with a groan. "And it's Christmas..."

I turn to him, feeling my lips curling up into a smile. "Yeah?"

"I guess I forgot to tell you that they're all coming for breakfast."

My pulse starts to race in delight as I bounce up on my bare feet. "Really?!"

"Really. And don't worry, I asked Crystal to bring you some clothes."

A few minutes later, I'm wearing a pair of Crystal's black pants and an ugly Christmas sweater she lent me. It's of my favorite show—Schitt's Creek—and has a picture of David and Moira on it with the words *You Just Fold It In* stitched on the top. I love it and am already planning on buying my own once I can get to a computer.

I rush down the stairs and my face lights up when I see my new family there, all doing family things in the kitchen and living room—arguing about which dish should go into the oven, wives complaining that it's too early for their husbands to start cracking open beers, although they have no objections about taking the mimosas that Nathan is handing out, and kids ogling and touching all of the presents under the tree, trying to find the ones marked for them.

It's like I've stepped into a new life. One that I've been wanting for a long time.

Nathan's cousin is playing Christmas carols on the piano and a few others are singing along. They're good too! It's so festive!

The giant tree is lit up beautifully with a mountain of presents underneath it. I just feel so happy, like my heart is overflowing.

And here comes Nathan, dressed in black pants with an ugly Christmas sweater of his own that says *Santa's Favorite Doctor*.

In all of this wonderful chaos—the shouting, the laughing, the talking, the singing—he’s here to ground me, to anchor me, to love me.

I’m so thankful.

And so freaking in love.

I just know I’m going to marry him.

“Ready for your gift?” he whispers into my ear.

“How did you get me anything?” I ask with a laugh. “We haven’t left each other’s sight since we’ve met.”

He grins. “Come. I have a surprise for you.”

Everyone is excited as they follow us to the door. They’re all clamoring and pushing to the head to say hi and to wish me a Merry Christmas. My cheeks hurt from smiling, trying to answer each one of them.

“It’s outside?” I ask as Nathan opens the front door. Cold air hits me, but it’s much warmer than last night. The sun is out and the snowstorm has passed, although it’s left all its snow for us to deal with.

A honk echoes down the street and I gasp when I see a brand new Porsche SUV driving down the road. It’s as white as the snow with a huge red bow on the hood, blowing in the wind.

I look up at Nathan in shock.

“It’s for you,” he whispers with a smile.

“How did you—?”

“I told you my sister owns a dealership,” he says with a grin. “I called in a favor.”

“And you’re paying full price, right?” Sandy says. Everyone laughs.

“Yeah, yeah,” Nathan says as Sandy’s husband turns my new car into the driveway and gets out. “My girl is worth the price.”

I don’t even know how to act as I walk over to the car with my head swirling. All these people watching me. Nathan’s loving eyes following me.

“I love it,” I tell him, not knowing what else to say. “Thank you so much, Nathan. For everything.”

“It’s just the beginning,” he says with a warm smile. “I’m taking care of you now and you’ll get everything you need.”

I look into his beautiful eyes and for the first time, in a long time, I think that everything is going to work out just fine.

Epilogue

Holly

One year later...

“**M**atthew!” I say as I open the front door with a big smile. “Lian! Merry Christmas!”

Tom rushes over and grabs the presents out of their arms as I step in and give them each a big hug.

It was such a nice surprise four months ago when Matthew returned from Singapore with a brand new wife. I hadn't seen my brother in years but it was a welcome surprise. I was so thrilled to see him.

And the biggest surprise was that I'm going to be an aunt! Lina was five months pregnant and they were both here to stay.

Nathan and his huge clan have become my family over the past year, but there's something special about being close to your blood relatives as well. I always wanted my brother back in my life and I'm so happy and relieved that he's here to stay for good.

“Look at you,” Lian says as her eyes drop down to my belly. “Your baby boy is growing so fast.”

“I guess he was trying to come out for Christmas,” I say with a smile. “He

didn't want to miss out on all of the fun. But he's going to have to wait until next year to experience his first Christmas.

"And what about *your* little boy?" I say as we touch each other's bellies. "He's definitely in a growth spurt."

Our due dates are only two weeks apart. I can't tell you how happy I am that my child is going to have cousins nearby to grow up with. Matthew and Lian bought a house down the street with help from Nathan. Our kids are going to be so close as they grow up. They're going to be playing on the block every day.

I was hurt when Matthew came home after abandoning me for all those years, but we talked and worked it out. He apologized and we're closer than ever. And Lian is just great. She's an amazing wife, sister-in-law, and will be a fabulous aunt and mother. I have no doubt.

Nathan and I hang out with them a lot. We must see them at least a few times a week for dinners and game nights.

I'm so thrilled to have them in my life.

"Come on in," I say, waving them into the house. "Grab a drink. There's coffee in the kitchen. Wine, beer, even whiskey if you want to get crazy."

It's only ten in the morning, but hey, it's Christmas. It's happy hour all day!

They step into the house and I close the door to keep the cold out. We're having a huge brunch with all of our friends and family. Our enormous house is already packed full of people and filled with love.

"Need another mimosa?" I ask my father-in-law Mack as I head to the kitchen to check on my man.

"You read my mind," he says with a big grin, shaking his empty glass.

His wife (and my mother-in-law) Linda, slaps his arm. "Get it yourself! She's six months pregnant for God's sake!"

"That's okay," I say with a smile as I grab his glass and waddle into the kitchen. "I don't mind at all!"

I'm just so happy to have everyone here.

Those Christmases on my own were so lonely and depressing. I never want to go back to that. I'm thrilled that my child is going to grow up in a big family full of love. I hope he never knows the loneliness that I experienced. The loneliness that Nathan took away forever.

I step into the kitchen and my eyes dart right to my man. I'm always aware of where he is in a crowd. I still can't seem to get my eyes to wander

away from him.

He's standing in front of the stove flipping pancakes with a black apron strapped around his big muscular body.

I grin as I walk up to him and slip a hand into the front pocket.

“Ooooh, what's cooking in here?” I ask him with a flirty, raspy voice. “Anything in here for me?”

“I always got something cooking for you,” he says as he looks over his shoulder at me with a salacious grin on his devilish face.

I love that look. It always gets me going. And with the pregnancy hormones, it's been easier than ever. We can't seem to keep our insatiable hands off one another.

It's been a year and a few hours since we first came crashing into each other's lives. A lot has happened during that time.

We fell in love. We got married. We got pregnant. And we got started on our long journey together that will hopefully never end. I guess it will one day when we're old and grey and way too wrinkly, but for now, we have our youth, we have our love, and we have each other.

It's all we need.

Nathan drops the spatula onto the counter and turns around. I smile as he swallows me in his big comforting arms. “Want me to kick everyone out?” he whispers.

“What a tempting thought...”

We could kick everyone out... strip down in front of the Christmas tree, fool around on the way up the stairs, slip into bed, and spend the rest of the day with my man's monstrous cock lodged deep inside of me.

Mmmmmm... I'm almost sold on the idea...

But we have guests and it is Christmas.

We're just going to have to wait. Isn't that the best part of Christmas anyway? The waiting... To open presents, for Santa to come, for my man to cum?

I give him a little peck on the lips and then put the spatula back in his hand. “Later, you can unwrap me all you want.”

He groans as I turn him around back to his burning pancakes. “You're killing me, angel.”

I slap his hard ass and head over to the mimosa station with a giggle.

I'm still thinking of all the tempting possibilities as I fill my father-in-law's glass with orange juice and champagne. This is a large house... lot's of

rooms to get lost in...

Stop it. It's Christmas and you're surrounded by family.

I shake my head and laugh as I head back into the living room. To think that last year, I was an innocent virgin who hadn't even experienced her first kiss. Nathan has corrupted me in every way. I'm no longer innocent and I'm definitely no longer a virgin. I'm a dirty insatiable slut when it comes to him.

I try to tamp down the filthy thoughts in my head as I walk back into the room, smiling at all of my guests.

"Love that sweater," I say to Josh as I look at his ugly Christmas sweater. It's a picture of Santa spanking a stripper over his knee and it says '*I do it for the ho's.*'

Everyone looks like they're having a great time—laughing, smiling, and joking around. The Christmas tree is the biggest I've ever seen in a house and it's lit up spectacularly with a gorgeous porcelain angel on top. Nathan came home with it last week, saying it reminded him of me. There are a ton of presents laid at the bottom and I wouldn't be surprised if most of them were for me. My man *loves* to spoil me rotten.

My heart feels like it's going to burst as I look around. It's a proper Christmas. A true Christmas. A Christmas full of love.

I'm so happy I get to share it with all of these wonderful people.

And I'm so happy it's only gonna last a couple of hours...

I'm excited to do whatever is on Nathan's dirty mind. I bet it's something good. Something worth waiting for.

Once everyone leaves, it will be time to have some *real* Christmas fun.

I can't wait!

Epilogue

Nate

Thirty years later...

“Ho, ho, ho,” I holler as I step into the room, ringing the bells in my white-gloved hand.

All six of my grandkids perk up, eyes as wide as saucers. They’re sitting in front of the Christmas tree, but bounce up and rush toward me as I put down my huge red bag full of presents. I’m dressed as Santa Claus, big white beard and everything. I would have grown it out for real, but Holly loves my cheeks nice and smooth, so what was I going to do? Disappoint my wife? Never.

“Hi, Santa,” Holly says in a flirty voice as she comes over and plants a kiss on my cheek. “I thought you’d never get here.”

She giggles as I lean into her ear. “You know I’m always up for sliding into your chimney,” I whisper only loud enough for her to hear.

After all these decades, I can still get her adorable cheeks to turn red.

Our five kids and their spouses groan as I kiss her neck.

“Keep it clean, Santa!” my oldest daughter Camilla says with a shake of her head. “It’s Christmas.”

“You know Santa loves his sugar,” I say in a booming Santa voice. “And I always want a piece of Holly on Christmas day.”

“You’ll get a piece tonight,” Holly whispers to me.

“I want the whole thing,” I practically growl back.

“The kids, *Santa*,” our youngest Martin says as he shakes his head. “Hand out the presents.”

“Presents!” I bellow as I pick up my bag. The kids at my feet stir with excitement. They’re looking up at me with big smiles on their cute little faces. They remind me of my children—their parents—when they were young and full of wonder.

A lifetime of amazing memories come rushing back to me. I’ve had quite the life with Holly by my side.

Springs, and summers, and autumns, but the Holiday season is our favorite time of year. It reminds us of the day we met and it all changed.

When she became part of my life and part of my family.

When she became everything to me.

The kids squeal in excitement as I hand out the presents. It’s not long before the bag is empty and they’re all gone, unwrapping their gifts by the tree.

“Come sit on my lap,” I tell my wife as I sit down in the rocking chair. “And tell Santa what you want for Christmas.”

Our kids groan and cover their eyes as Holly bounds over with a spring in her step and sits on my lap. They should be lucky to have what we have when they’re our age.

Holly wraps her arm around my shoulder and leans in, those soft breasts pushing into my chest.

“That’s not a candy cane in my pocket,” I whisper to her.

She giggles. “You read my mind. That’s what I was going to ask for. That’s what I’ve been craving.”

“Should we kick everyone out?” I ask with a grin.

She gives me a sweet smile and I nearly die. She’s never been more beautiful to me. She turned fifty-three this year and she’s still a stunner. Still a knockout. Still gets me going with one look.

“It’s Christmas,” she says as she gives me a playful slap on the arm. “We’re not kicking everyone out. But we can meet up in the laundry room... ten minutes?”

I grin as she stands up and smooths out her dress. “Make it five.”

She gives me a wink as she bounds off into the kitchen.

“Are you going to stay for dinner, Santa?” one of my grandkids Amanda asks.

I shake my head with a grin. “No, I can’t. Santa has a date.”

“With who?”

“With the best woman in the world,” I tell her. “Mrs. Clause.”

They all wave with a cheery goodbye as I leave, bellowing ho ho ho.

I’m grinning as I exit, excited to meet up with my sexy ho ho ho in the laundry room.

The magic is about to begin because I’m getting a Holly for Christmas.



Baby, it's
HOT IN HERE

OLIVIA T. TURNER

CURVES FOR CHRISTMAS

*To all the people who have their Christmas decorations out on November 1st.
You're my people.*



Chapter One

Kelly

“Are you sure I look okay?” I ask as I self-consciously glance down at my new red dress after we step out of the cab.

“Will you stop?” Alicia says as she shakes her head at me. “You look stunning.”

“I don’t look lumpy?”

“Lumpy, Kelly?” she says as she stares at me in disbelief. “Are you kidding me? Get with the times, girl. Big is beautiful.”

“Big may be beautiful, but huge is still horrendous.”

“Stop it,” she says as she pays the driver. “You look hot as fuck. Greg is going to lose his freaking mind when he sees you in this red dress.”

Greg is the new software developer at Alicia’s company and she wants to set me up with him.

I swallow hard as the nerves start to hit.

“Are you sure it’s okay for me to be crashing your office Christmas party? It’s not weird?”

“Stop worry about everything, girl,” Alicia says as she wraps her arm around mine and starts pulling me toward the hotel. “Christmas parties were made to be crashed. We’re going to have a blast. At least after we get a few drinks inside you to loosen you up.”

“A lot of drinks,” I say with a nervous chuckle.

“Now, you’re talking!” She laughs before flashing the doorman a sexy grin as he holds the door open for us.

My mouth drops as we walk into the Opulenta Hotel, one of the swankiest hotels in Manhattan. It’s *stunning*. It’s so big you could fly a helicopter in the lobby, but with the giant chandeliers, thick marble columns, and beautiful furniture that was probably handcrafted in Paris, you’d be too afraid to break anything.

“Look at those staircases!” Alicia squeals as her arm tightens around mine.

There are two identical grand staircases on the other side of the massive lobby that start on the second floor and curve down as they flare out at the bottom. “It’s just like in Titanic!” I say.

Alicia pulls me to it. “I’ll never let go, Jack. I’ll never let go.”

We take turns posing and taking pictures in front of it. I give Alicia’s phone a seductive look as I whisper in a throaty voice, “Jack, I want you to draw me like one of your French girls.”

An elderly lady gives me a dirty look and then hurries off.

We both burst out laughing and hurry up the beautiful stairs.

“This is where your office Christmas party is?” I say in awe as we walk toward the grand banquet hall. It looks like a party that Beyonce and Jay-Z would throw. The huge double doors open every few seconds as someone walks in or out. I keep getting glances inside and my heart starts pumping in excitement.

“Hey, Jill!” Alicia waves as they shoot each other fake smiles. “She’s such a bitch,” she whispers to me as the girl hurries away.

“This place is beyond amazing!” I’m still looking around in awe.

“Better than your Christmas party?”

I laugh when I think back to it. I own and run an Etsy t-shirt printing business that has one employee: me. Two if you count my cat, which I don’t since all he does is get in my way.

My office party consisted of Thai food, two Hallmark Christmas movies, a bottle of wine, and a nine-thirty bedtime. It was nothing like this.

“I thought you were working for a small little rinky-dink company,” I tell her as she stops in front of a mirror to check her makeup one last time before entering. “What’s the name again?”

“Redemtech. It’s right next door.”

“That giant building next door?”

“That’s the one.”

“Oh my god.” It was *huge*. “And what do you do? Sell software?”

She shrugs. “Something like that. I think it has to do with nuclear power plants or something.”

“You don’t know?” I ask with a laugh.

“What?” she says as she gives me a defensive look through the mirror. “I’m in human resources.”

When she’s convinced she’s looking as good as she’ll get—which is pretty damn good by the way. Alicia is a knockout with a figure I’d kill for, beautiful pecan brown skin, and stunning ink-black hair—we head inside.

My jaw keeps dropping. I’ve never been to a party like this before. It’s like a party from *Rich Crazy Asians: The Christmas Special*. Only instead of crazy Asians, the enormous decked out room is full of Manhattan’s brightest minds around.

It’s very festive with Christmas lights hung everywhere and a giant Christmas tree towering to the high ceiling against the far wall. People are already dancing and having fun, and everyone looks so good. The women are dressed in their best outfits and the men in designer suits. I even spot a couple of Santa hats on and I immediately love this party.

The band is playing upbeat Christmas music and I smile when I see the singer moving along the stage, singing to the already packed dance floor. He’s dressed like Santa mixed with James Bond and has a killer voice.

My pulse starts to race with excitement as we move into the room. Alicia is saying hi to everyone as I look around in awe, imagining what could happen. There’s something about Christmas lights and the magic of the season that always makes me feel like something special is about to occur. It never does, but it doesn’t stop me from feeling like it could.

Alicia says I watch too many Hallmark movies, but I don’t know... I just love Christmas.

The drinks are flowing from the three packed bars—two big ones and one small one—and my mouth starts to water when I see the red and green martinis the waiters are handing out.

I look down at my dress for the hundredth time. It cost way more than I could afford, but the reflection in the mirror looking back at me in the store looked so elegant and classy that I just had to have it. It shows off my huge boobs and manages to somewhat hide my round stomach and thick hips,

which is no easy task.

“Let me make your tray a little lighter,” Alicia says as she grabs two martinis from a passing waiter. She hands one to me and I actually moan when I take a sip.

“This is so good,” I say as I take another gulp of it. I better not go too fast or I’m going to get wasted.

“Oh shit,” Alicia says when she spots someone in the crowd. “Hold on. I have to say hi to my boss.” She thrusts her drink into my hand and then pushes up her boobs. “If she asks who you are, I didn’t bring you here.”

“What?!?”

“It’s okay.”

“Alicia!”

She just leaves, strutting over with her chin in the air as I stand in the crowd awkwardly, looking like a lush with two drinks in my hands.

There are *hundreds* of people here, but only one catches my eye.

My breath halts when I see him standing at the bar. It takes me a few seconds to realize he’s even real. I didn’t think men like that existed.

The music fades to a dull buzz as the thumping of my heart reaches my ears. I can’t look away. He’s perfect.

Late 40’s I’d guess with salt and pepper hair and the most intense grey eyes I’ve ever seen. His gorgeous face is clean-shaven and my body starts tingling when I picture rubbing his cheek with mine as he wraps those big thick delicious arms around me.

He’s wearing a grey fitted suit with a white collared shirt that’s open just enough to flash the sexy ink on his skin underneath. I take a sip of my drink as I watch him over the glass, wondering what more of his shredded body is tattooed. Undressing him would be like unwrapping a Christmas present—full of surprise and excitement.

Even from across the room, I can feel the authority and power flowing off him in waves. People keep coming up to him to say hello in a respectful way. Their body language changes as they approach him submissively. Backs become a little straighter and heads a little lower. I can’t hear what’s being said, but it’s always short, respectful and then they move on.

He’s a powerful man. The true alpha in the room.

And I can’t take my eyes off him.

Alicia returns and takes her drink from my hand. “Thanks. God, she’s such a bitch. Even at the Christmas party, she gives me shit. So, I left three

hours early yesterday without telling anyone? Does she have to be such a buzzkill? I had a massage booked!”

She sees me staring in complete captivation across the room and tries to spot what I’m gawking at.

“What are you looking at?” she asks as she stands on her toes and looks around.

“Who’s that guy?”

“Who?”

“The one at the bar. Grey suit.”

She sucks in a breath when she sees him and a flash of jealousy surges through me. I don’t like anyone looking at him, especially my knockout of a friend.

“That delicious piece of man meat is Mr. Benotti. *Trevor* Benotti. CEO and founder of Redemtech. Breaker of hearts. Man of a million women’s fantasies. And my boss.”

“Is he single?”

She laughs. “Why, you interested?”

I just stare at him.

She looks into my glass. “How many drinks did you have while I was gone? *Nobody* can get with Mr. Benotti. Plenty have tried. They have all failed. He’s married to his job and that’s it.”

I still can’t take my eyes off him.

She grabs my arms and pulls me away. “Come. I’ll introduce you to Greg. It’s going to be love at first sight, I just know it.”

I let her pull me away, already knowing she’s wrong.

My love at first sight has already happened and he’s over by the bar...

Chapter Two

Kelly

With every few words that Greg says, a tiny drop of spit flies out of his mouth and lands on my hand. I take a step back from him as he rambles on about ferret food.

This is so awkward. I'm sure he's nice, but he's not my type. At all.

I've always been attracted to authority. To power. I like dominant men who can command a room full of people with ease. This guy couldn't command a plant on his desk.

"And how about you?" he finally asks after he's rambled on about himself for a full seven minutes. "Have you ever had a ferret before?"

God, he's still on the ferrets?

I take the last sip of my drink, wishing I had another bigger one to chug. "Nope. I've never had a ferret before."

"How come?"

Because I don't want anything in my apartment that can crawl up my pant leg. "No reason," I say with a forced smile.

"This is my eleventh." He says it like it's some kind of an accomplishment. "Slippers. I called him slippers because when he came home he immediately crawled into my slipper and fell asleep. Isn't that cute? I know what you're thinking and yes! I have pictures!"

“Great...” I mumble as I nervously look around for someone to save me.

I want to kill Alicia right now. Does she not know me better than this? Why would I ever be interested in a guy like this?

“This is Slippers in my bed,” he says as he thrusts the phone in my face. *Are those Pokemon sheets?*

Does she think I’m this desperate? Well, I am a twenty-four-year-old virgin, so maybe she does...

My eyes glaze over as he flips through picture after picture. *Oh no...* My stomach drops when I see there’s 349 of them, and I’m pretty sure they’re all of ferrets. If I don’t get out of here soon, I’m going to be seeing every single one of them.

“This was my last one,” he says as he shows me another disgusting rodent thingy. “Squiggles. He died of cancer. I spent twelve thousand dollars in vet bills to save him, but nothing could be done.”

Twelve thousand dollars?!? On a ferret?!? Now I really hate this guy.

A drop of water hits the phone screen and when I look up, I see that he’s crying.

Okkkaaaayyy. I’m out of here.

“Well, it was nice meeting you, Greg,” I say with a polite smile. “I’ll see you later.”

He looks startled. “Oh, yeah. You too. Hey, Alicia said you’re single. So am I.”

What a shocker.

“Want to go to the ferret park with me this weekend? It’s a lot of fun. There are some really cool people that hang out there.”

“Cool people?” I say as I stare at him blankly. “At the ferret park?”

“Yeah! Want to come?”

“No,” I say blankly. “I really don’t. Sorry.”

He looks confused as I turn and hurry away, disappearing into the crowd before he can send his ferret army after me.

I head straight for the small bar in the back, hoping that hottie Mr. Benotti is still there, but he’s gone.

I sigh as I lean on the bar, feeling like it’s time to move past the light stuff and into the Whiskey. I don’t care how old and desperate and barren I get, but in this moment I make a vow to myself to *never* ever share a bed with a ferret.

“What can I get you?” the bartender asks me.

It's too early to hit the Whiskey. Maybe in an hour...

"A glass of red," I tell him. "Wait! No!" Red wine always turns my teeth red and I end up looking like a vampire after her lunch. "I'll just have a beer instead."

He hands me a Heineken and I stand around awkwardly as I sip on it. My eyes scan the crowd looking for one person, but I don't see him anywhere.

Everyone seems to know each other and I feel incredibly left out. A woman comes to the bar and orders a white wine.

"Hello," she says when she sees me all alone. "I haven't seen you around the office. Are you the wife or girlfriend of one of our workers?"

Shit.

"Yes," I say with a gulp.

"Oh, that's nice," she says with a smile. "Who?"

"Ummm..." I mumble as I quickly look around the room. I spot the singer dressed up as Santa. "Christopher..." I say, looking around. "Heineken."

"Oh," she says as her forehead creases into a frown. She looks down at the Heineken in my hand and then looks back up at me with a skeptical look. "I've never heard of him. What department does he work in?"

"He's in the a... lingerie department."

What?!?! Are you freaking serious, Kelly?!?! The lingerie department!!!

It was the first department I could think of.

"Right," she says as she looks at me funny. She takes her wine and leaves without saying another word. She's probably thinking I crashed the party for the free booze, which isn't entirely untrue.

I knew this was a bad idea. Alicia said it would be fine and now she's nowhere to be seen.

The band finishes the song and then a lady steps onto the stage. A spotlight hits her as everyone cheers.

"Go, Margaret!" someone hollers from the crowd.

"I don't want to interrupt the party for long," she says as she looks out at the crowd. "I just wanted to introduce our wonderful fearless leader... Trevor Benotti!"

The crowd erupts in cheers as the man of my dreams walks onto the stage with so much confidence that you'd swear he owned the world.

My heart starts pounding as he thanks Margaret and takes the microphone from her. I can't wait to hear his voice. I find myself leaning forward as he

brings the mic to his sexy lips.

His tattoo continues along his wrist and ends on the back of his hand and my core clenches at the sight of the sexy ink.

“Good evening, everyone,” he says in a rich deep voice that makes the hairs on my arms stand straight up.

He begins thanking everyone for coming as I imagine what he smells like. He probably smells like sex and happiness mixed up in one sensual package. I’m so captivated by him that I can’t even hear his words, just the deep drawl of his low thick voice. I would orgasm on the spot if I heard my name coming from his mouth.

I can’t even imagine what it would be like to be with a man like that. It would be a true Christmas miracle.

I’d give it up in a second for him, and I’ve never said that before. Boys have tried to get in my pants over the years, but I’ve never wanted any of them. Now I know why. They were just *boys*. What I wanted, what I *needed*, was a man. A man like Trevor Benotti.

“But who I really want to thank are the wives and husbands or our wonderful employees,” he goes on as everybody cheers.

I’m barely listening as I stare at his wide chest, picturing what it would be like to grab ahold of his shirt and rip it open. I’d love to send his buttons scattering on the floor as his tattooed hand slid up my dress.

Oh, Kelly... this is not the time or place to be getting wet...

I clench my thighs together, feeling the wetness seeping out of me. I can’t help it.

This man has some kind of a voodoo spell over me. It’s unnerving. It’s undeniable.

I just might have to hand in an application at Redemtech on Monday morning. I could just picture myself stalking the halls to get a look at him, staring at him in the cafeteria as he ate, calling his phone and hanging up. I haven’t even talked to this guy yet and I’m already turning into a crazy stalker.

My eyes are focused on his sensual lips as he tells everyone how much he appreciates them all. I’m wondering if they’re as soft as they look when all of a sudden, he looks right at me.

His stunning grey eyes lock on me and he freezes up as we stare at each other. The words fall from his mouth and he stares at me in silence.

The whole banquet hall is silent and I swear that everyone can hear my

heart pounding in my chest as those tantalizing grey eyes bore into me.

There's a cough from somewhere and it's starting to get really awkward as people begin to look around. There's a nervous energy to the crowd that grows with every silent second and my cheeks start to get very hot.

Trevor doesn't care. He never takes his heated eyes off me.

I catch myself and then start to panic. *Shit. Shit. Shit.*

He knows...

I swallow hard as I wonder where the hell Alicia is. She was supposed to stay with me!

He knows I crashed the party and that I'm nothing but an imposter. What else could explain why he's staring at me so intensely?

Oh my god, this is so embarrassing. I want to crumple up into a ball and hide. I wish I never came. He's seconds away from having security drag me out of here in front of everyone while Alicia pretends like she has no idea who I am.

Ferret guy won't even talk to me after that.

I put my beer down on the bar and quickly start moving.

"Excuse me," I whisper as I push through the crowd as fast as I can while still remaining subtle.

When I break through near the door, I turn back to see if he's still looking at me.

Crap. He is.

His grey eyes look so intense as he stares me down, looking like he doesn't know where he is or what he's doing. His lips are parted as he watches me.

"Well, that was fun," I mumble as I exit the room. "Now, excuse me while I get the fuck out of here."

I start running as fast as I can on my heels, along the hall, down the magical staircase, which now just seems obnoxiously large, through the lobby and out the door.

"Oh, that was close," I say as I take a deep breath of the cool winter air. It's cold out and I don't have my coat, but I'll just send Alicia a text to make sure she picks it up. It's the least she can do after ditching me with King of the ferrets.

I run left to get as far from the hotel as I can and then start trying to wave down a cab.

Next year, I'll stick to my sad little Christmas party of me and my cat.

I'm outta here!

Chapter Three

Trevor

My whole body is numb as I watch her go. I can't move. A coldness has gripped my core and there's a heaviness in my stomach as I watch her rush through the door.

What is happening to me?

My heart is thundering in my chest so hard that it feels like it's going to burst out in front of all of my confused employees. My back is slick with sweat. I can't fucking breathe.

There are hundreds of eyes staring up at me, but all I can think about or focus on is her.

I was in the middle of my speech when I spotted her. It was like getting struck by lightning and everything stopped. The world stopped spinning on its axis. The ocean waves settled. Time slowed to a crawl.

All I could do was stare at the most stunning brown eyes imaginable that were looking back at me. I'd never seen her before. I would definitely remember that.

She doesn't work here, which means she must be someone's girlfriend or wife. I'm sorry for them, because I won't stop at anything until I get her. There's nothing I won't do.

I'm a man who gets what he wants and what I want just ran out that door.

Her long golden hair fell on her bare shoulders in waves. She's wearing the most spectacular red dress that hugs her thick body and shows off her huge tits. I love a big girl with curves and she has them in spades.

She's perfect. Big hips that would be just right to deliver all the babies I plan on breeding into her, a wide ass that would be more than a handful, and full voluptuous breasts that I can't wait to see bouncing up and down in front of my face while her tight little pussy rides my long hard cock.

Someone takes the microphone out of my hand and it snaps me out of my daze. It's Margaret and she has a strained smile on her face as she looks at me.

"Everything okay?" she asks through closed teeth.

"No," I gasp. Nothing is okay. She's not in my arms where she belongs and that's *not* okay.

I have to catch up to her. This city has over eight million people in it and I'll have to tear it apart to find her again.

Everyone gasps as I leap off the stage and start sprinting through the crowd. People jump out of the way, but I slam into a couple of the slower ones with my shoulders. I hear a glass fall and break behind me. There's no time to apologize, there's no time for anything but finding her.

I fly out of the room and rush down the stairs, taking three at a time as my heart pounds in terror. What if she's gone? What if I can't find her?

The thought of her out there in this rough city with other men looking at her and touching her makes me want to scream. I picture men bumping into her in the subway or on the sidewalk and I want to break something. She's *my* girl and I don't want to share her with anyone else.

I sprint through the lobby and explode out of the front doors before the doorman has a chance to open them.

The air is cold on my sweaty skin as I look right then left, desperate to find her.

Yes!

I spot her a block down getting into a cab.

"Wait!" I holler as I start running.

My stomach sinks when the door closes. The cab starts rolling.

The traffic is running in my direction so I run onto the road right toward the oncoming car. With a grunt, I leap onto it and slam my body into the windshield. It cracks into spiderwebs and the taxi screeches to a stop, rolling me off the hood onto the wet pavement.

Fuck...

That hurt. I struggle to catch my winded breath as the cab driver gets out and slams his door.

“What the hell was that?!?” he screams at me. “Look at my fucking windshield!”

I reach into the inside pocket of my suit jacket and pull out a wad of cash.

“Here,” I grunt as I shove it at him without looking—my eyes are trying to see her through the busted windshield.

“This is like five grand,” he says, staring at me in shock.

It was for the band. I was just about to pay them.

“Keep it,” I say as I stumble to the back door. My pulse is racing as I grab the handle and open it.

She’s sitting there staring up at me in shock.

Fuck... She’s even more perfect up close.

“Did you just get hit by the car?” she asks as her wide brown eyes stare at me in disbelief. “Are you okay?”

I shake out the pain in my body and stand up straight. “What’s your name?” I ask her. I have to know.

She swallows hard as she stares at me. “Kelly.”

“Kelly,” I whisper as I close my eyes. I could die happy in this moment. If the car had killed me, I’d die with a smile on my face just from being next to her.

I offer her my hand and she just stares at it like I’m crazy. “Come with me, Kelly.”

“Where? To the hospital?”

“Back to the party. Why did you leave?”

She nibbles her bottom lip as she looks up at me with an unsure look on her face. “I don’t really work there.”

My hands squeeze into fists as my whole body hardens with rage. I’m breathing heavily as I try to keep my voice steady and under control. It’s not an easy thing to do. “Who is your boyfriend?” I already checked her hand and there’s no ring on her finger. I don’t know if I would have survived seeing a wedding ring on her.

Her eyes drop and her cheeks go pink with embarrassment. I can’t handle this girl. She even looks stunning when she’s embarrassed...

“I don’t... a, exactly... um, have a... boyfriend.”

My whole body is burning as I stare at her.

“My friend brought me here,” she says as she looks back into my eyes. “She said it was okay.”

“It was okay,” I say as the sweet sense of relief fills every inch of my body. “It was more than fucking okay. Tell me who it is so I can give them a raise.”

“She was bringing me to the party to meet a guy.”

“Who?” I hiss out through clenched teeth. My whole body tenses when I think about hunting this guy down and slamming my fists into him.

She swallows hard as she looks up at me. “Greg.”

“Greg who?”

“I don’t know his last name, but I’m pretty convinced that he’s made love with at least one ferret. If that helps.”

I just stare at her as all of these possessive feelings begin to take over. I want her to be mine. I *need* her to be mine.

She’s coming with me even if I have to throw her over my shoulder and drag her back to the party.

“Come with me,” I say again as I hold out my hand. “*Please.*”

She looks at me for a long moment and then slides her soft hand into mine. I moan at the first touch that definitely won’t be the last.

I guide her out of the cab and step back to take a long look at her stunning figure. Her hips are wide and thick just how I like them. My mouth waters when I imagine gripping them hard with both hands as I thrust my hard cock into her tight little pussy.

“Are you okay?” she asks as she looks at me funny.

Her beautiful voice snaps me out of my daze and I just stare back at her in awe. “I’m good now. Let’s go back to the party.”

She nods. “Okay.”

The driver is on his phone, not looking too worried about his windshield. It’s only going to cost a couple of hundred bucks to fix and he’s got five grand for his trouble, plus the next couple of days off while they fix it.

He waves to us as we leave. “Merry Christmas!” he shouts.

“Merry Christmas,” Kelly says as she waves back at him. “Sorry about your car!”

“You stay with me for the rest of the night, okay?” I say as I hold onto her arm like it’s the only thing keeping me from falling.

She looks at me sideways as we walk through the doors and back into the lobby of the hotel. “You’re the big boss, aren’t you?”

“I am.”

She swallows hard and the sight makes my cock jerk in my pants. I’ve been rock hard since the moment I touched her.

“Then, what’s going on here? Why me?”

I stop and take a deep breath as I look her over. She’s absolutely perfect. I can’t imagine a more beautiful creature ever existed in the history of the universe.

“I’m a man who takes what he wants,” I say, trying to make her see.

She looks confused. “And what do you want?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” I can’t stop staring at her. “I want you, Kelly. And I’m going to have you.”

Her face drops in shock. “You are?”

“Oh yeah, red,” I say as I look down at the way her big tits are swelling in her red dress. “I’m going to have every inch of you. And I’m not going to let you go.”

She tilts her head and a smirk appears on her lips. “Is this a joke? Did Alicia set you up to this? Where is she?”

She starts looking around for her friend, but I’m not playing any games. I grab her jaw with my hand and crush my lips to hers. The whole room starts to spin as I claim her mouth with a deep kiss.

This girl is not laughing anymore when I pull away.

She takes a breath as she looks at me with new eyes. “I see...”

“And do you feel it?” I ask. “I want you, Kelly. And I won’t be denied.”

Her eyes widen as she stares at me. She starts waving her hand in front of her face to cool down her warm pink cheeks. “I think I need a drink.”

I smile as I take her hand, threading my fingers through hers, and guide her up the stairs and back to the party.

My employees and their spouses begin to look at us as we walk back into the room. I know I must look crazy to them. I ran out in the middle of my speech and came back in with a girl on my arm. They probably think I’m losing it.

They’re right. I’m losing my mind over this girl. I don’t know what she’s doing to me, but I can’t fucking think straight.

I keep my head in the air as I proudly walk with this beauty back to the stage.

“No!” she whispers as she pulls me back with panic shining in her brown eyes when she realizes where I’m taking her. “I’m not going up there!”

“You’re my girl now,” I whisper to her. “I need everyone to know that. Just trust me, okay?”

She looks up at me for a long moment and then lets me bring her up.

A girl in the crowd drops her drink and it shatters on the floor. My eyes dart over to the sound and I see the pretty girl from HR staring at us like we’re a bunch of aliens. I guess I found Kelly’s friend Alicia.

I clear my throat as I take the microphone once again. “I left because I wanted to introduce you to my girl. This is Kelly and she’s *mine*.”

My eyes narrow on the crowd, daring anyone to try and take her from me.

Like a pitbull guarding a bone, I have what I want now and I’m not letting it go.

Chapter Four

Kelly

“What the hell is going on?” Alicia says when we finally catch up by the bar. “I see you having a great time with Greg and then the next time I see you, my boss has his arm wrapped around you with his hand on your ass??? Explain. Please.”

“First of all,” I say as I put my hand up between us. “Greg? Ew.”

“What’s wrong with Greg?”

“Oh, honey,” I say as I shake my head. “So, so much.”

“Okay, forget about Greg,” she says so fast her words blur into one.

“How did you and Trevor... get together? Are you two *together*?”

I just grin as I put the straw to my lips and take a sip of my drink.

“You’re together! What the hell, Kelly?”

My stomach sinks. I forgot that this was her boss. “Are you mad?”

“Mad?” she says as she stares at me with her jaw dropped open. “Hell no! I’m impressed. I’m confused. I’m in awe. I’m feeling a lot of things right now, Kelly. How did this happen?”

I tell her about him staring at me and then rushing out.

“That’s why he stopped talking during his speech?” she says, staring at me in disbelief. “Because of you?”

I shrug. “I don’t understand it either.”

“It’s the red dress.” She looks me up and down as she nods. “I told you that you looked hot.”

“It’s like this dress is a red flag and he’s a bull who can’t stop charging at it.”

“He’s a bull all right,” she says as she looks over at him. I look too and my cheeks start to blush when I see him staring shamelessly at me from the other side of the room. He’s got a territorial look in his sexy grey eyes as he stares me down.

“He hasn’t taken his eyes off you,” she says in awe. “This man never looks at *anyone*. No one has ever seen him with a girl before.”

Well, he’s looking at me.

And now he’s coming over.

“Oh shit,” Alicia says as she straightens up and tries to shake the tipsiness out of her head. “He’s coming.”

He never takes his eyes off me as he dominantly walks across the room like a sexy Terminator.

“Kelly,” he says as he comes up to me and takes my hand. I start to breathe harder with him towering over me like this. He smells so good. He looks even better.

Alicia clears her throat beside me.

“Oh, Trevor. This is my friend, Alicia. She works in HR.”

It takes him an extra few seconds, but he manages to tear his eyes away from mine to look at her.

“Nice to meet you,” he says quickly before turning back to me.

I don’t understand any of this. Alicia is a perfect ten. She’s a total knockout and has all the talent in the world. She can sing beautifully and move like a J-Lo back-up dancer. She *always* has the first pick of the men we meet.

But not this one...

He’s all mine.

“Come dance with me,” he begs.

“I didn’t peg you as a dancer, Mr. Benotti,” Alicia says, trying to worm her way back into the conversation.

“I’m not,” he says as he stares into my eyes. “But I need to be close to your beautiful friend or my heart is going to stop.”

An intense heat charges the air all around us and it even seems to hit Alicia because she backs away, leaving us alone.

“What do you say?” he asks as he steps toward me. He looks so good in his suit that I can’t stop my hand from touching his chest. I run it along his lapel and lick my lips when I feel how hard his heart is thumping. “Want to come and dance with me?”

With my own heart pounding, I look up at him and nod.

He takes my hand and guides me over to the dance floor.

All eyes in the room are on me as I walk behind him. I’m feeling like the most special girl in the world as we step onto the dance floor and he turns around with a heated look.

I gulp as he comes forward and slides his big muscular arms around me. He’s the most powerful man in the room and he’s dancing with *me*. That’s so unbelievably hot.

The band is playing some slow Michael Bubble Christmas song as we start swaying and dancing to the music as couples hold each other all around us.

His hand is on my hip and his grip on it is tight, like he’s never going to let me go.

“Did I tell you how incredible you look this evening?” he asks in his deep voice that rumbles through me and makes my body stir.

“I don’t think so,” I answer shyly.

He looks me up and down slowly and lingers his hungry grey eyes on my breasts before looking back up.

“I’ve never seen anyone look so captivating. You’re an angel, Kelly. A truly beautiful woman who I can stare at for *hours*. You look stunning in this dress and it’s an honor to be able to dance with you.”

I feel my cheeks getting hot as he pulls me against his hard body. Nobody has ever said anything like that to me before. I always thought of myself as too big to be sexy. Too normal to be attractive. I don’t know what was spiked in his egg nog, but I just melt against his muscular frame and enjoy the moment while it lasts.

Because when the clock strikes midnight this will all go back to normal. Trevor will be a rich gorgeous CEO who is *way* out of my league once again, and I’ll be a sad twenty-four-year-old virgin who will spend *another* New Year’s Eve with no one to kiss.

Everyone keeps glancing at us as we dance, but I try not to pay attention to any of that. Trevor has all of my senses occupied with his intoxicating cologne in my nose, his soft suit and hard muscles under my fingertips, and

the sound of him humming the song in my ear.

This is the perfect moment and I never want it to end.

“Spend Christmas with me,” he suddenly says.

“What?” I ask, jerking my head back in shock.

It’s one thing to share a spontaneous kiss or a dance, but spending Christmas together? That’s like leapfrogging over three dozen dates.

“I want to wake up on Christmas morning with you,” he says. I try to find the hint of a smirk on his lips or the beginnings of a laugh in his eyes, but there’s nothing. He looks totally serious. “I have to spend the Holidays with you, Kelly. I can’t let you go. It’s going to kill me.”

“Shouldn’t we go on some dates or something first?” I ask, feeling like I’m in a true fairy tale now.

“No,” he says in a dominant voice. “I know that I want you and I’m not about to wait any longer to have you. I’ve been waiting too damn long to find this.”

“And what is... this?”

He stares at me with such an intense look that it sends shivers racing down my back.

“You. I’ve been waiting for a girl like you, Kelly. No.” He shakes his head. “I’ve been waiting for *you*.”

He kisses me softly on the cheek and then holds me tight as the song finishes. My head is swirling with a million thoughts and emotions. Is this really happening?

“I’m going to need some help on this next song,” the singer says as the band strums in the background. “And I heard that one of your coworkers has the voice of an angel. Alicia...”

The crowd cheers as Alicia steps onto the stage, smiling and waving at her coworkers. My mouth drops, but I shouldn’t be surprised. She’s always pulling off stunts like this.

He hands her a mic and the band starts playing *Baby, It’s Cold Outside*.

She starts strutting around the stage, acting all sultry and looking hot as they sing to each other.

“*I really can’t go...*”

Even with Alicia acting sexy in her slim black dress, Trevor doesn’t take his eyes off me. It’s like he’s physically unable to.

The heat of his body is pressed against mine and it’s making me lightheaded. The song should be *Baby, It’s Hot in Here* with the way he’s got

me squirming.

“What are you thinking?” I ask him. His eyes are so focused on me, but his mind is like a nut that I can’t quite crack. I want to know what’s on his mind so badly.

“I’m thinking I want to kiss you again, but I don’t want two hundred and sixty of my employees and their partners to see me do it.”

My lips start tingling when he looks down at my mouth.

“What are you thinking?” he asks.

“I’m thinking we better head somewhere private because I want you to kiss me.”

He grabs my hand and starts pulling me off the dance floor as I grin. I glance up at Alicia who’s still singing, but instead of acting all sexy, she’s staring at me in disbelief as her boss pulls me away.

“Where are we going?” I ask.

But he doesn’t answer. He just heads straight for the giant Christmas tree. He pulls me behind it and the whole thing shakes as he presses his hard body against my soft one. We’re jammed between the wall and the giant tree.

“Is this what you had in mind?” he asks with a grin.

“Not really.” I got sap on my back and a branch up my ass, but I’m not about to complain. “But it’s pretty perfect to me.”

His lips come down on mine hard as he gives me a rough demanding kiss that has my blood boiling and my pussy clenching. He claims my mouth like it’s his territory now as I grab onto his sexy suit and pull him even closer.

He makes a groaning sound that teases through my body and has me wanting more. I press my leg against him until I can feel his hard cock on my thigh and he makes another sexy groan.

Our wild and shameless kisses intensifies as we crush our lips together and slide our hands everywhere, grabbing, groping, and pulling with need. His powerful tattooed hand grabs my breast and I moan into his mouth.

When he grabs the back of my neck and holds me in place, I know that I’m letting this man inside of me tonight. He’s going to be my first.

And I hope he’s going to be my last.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” he breathlessly says before kissing me again.

“Okay,” I moan when he moves to my neck, kissing my soft skin in a way that sends shivers racing down my body. “Let’s go.”

We kiss for another few amazing seconds and then we’re out of there. I’m

leaving faster than I did the last time as he pulls me to the door.

His taste is still in my mouth, making me all giddy and lightheaded.

Alicia is still on the stage. She misses a line as she watches us leave in awe.

I just grin and give her a little wave.

Hopefully, I won't be seeing her later.

Chapter Five

Trevor

Kelly shivers as we step outside into the cool winter air. I squeeze her hand and pull her a little closer to me as we hurry down the sidewalk.

“My building is right here,” I say as we head toward it. It’s a huge skyscraper and Redemtech has the top four floors. We’ll have plenty of privacy in my corner office to make this official.

I need to keep this girl in my life. I need to have her for my own in every way possible and the best way to do that is to put a little bun in that sexy oven of hers. I want to slide my hard cock into her wet pussy and fill her with my cum until my child is growing in her young ripe womb.

Then she’ll be mine. Then she won’t be able to leave me.

I’m a possessive rich bastard who can have anything he wants. Except, I finally found something that money can’t buy. It doesn’t matter that I have a billion dollars in the bank. It wouldn’t matter if I had a hundred billion.

I’d empty every single cent in my bank account if it meant keeping her forever, but the money won’t do me a lick of good. Breeding her thick curvy body with my raw cock will be the only way to make sure she’s bound to me forever. And that’s just what I’m going to do.

“It’s beautiful,” she says as I pull her into my building through the front doors.

The security guard's eyes dart to her red dress and my blood boils as he looks her up and down.

I grit my teeth and pull her behind me, blocking his view of my angel while I stare him down with a deadly glare.

"Mr. Benotti," he says with a startle when he finally notices me. "Good evening, sir."

"It won't be a good evening if you look at my girl again," I hiss as I stare him down, daring him to look at what's mine. "Keep your eyes off of her."

He knows who the true alpha in this city is and he does what I say. "Sorry, sir," he says as he looks down at his fidgeting hands. "I didn't mean any disrespect. It's just she's looking so beautiful."

A low growl rumbles out of my throat as I charge toward him. Kelly holds onto my hand and squeezes it. She's the only thing that can tame the beast inside me.

"Show me your office, Trevor," she says in a soft voice. "I've never seen New York from so high up."

My heart is thumping angrily in my chest as I stop and stare the security guard down. Fuck, what has gotten into me? I've never cared about any other girl before and now I'm ready to murder a man because he checked Kelly out?

Hell yeah, I am. Heat is flushing through my body as my pulse speeds up. Kelly's soft touch is the only thing keeping me from ending up in a prison cell tonight.

"Come," she says and I reluctantly turn away from the guard. I'd rather spend the night inside of her than inside of a jail.

We head to the elevator and the doors open right away. She's watching me from the sides of her eyes as we get in.

"Everything okay?" she asks as I take off my jacket.

"I don't want this pervert to be looking at you on the monitors." I take my jacket and cover the camera in the corner. "You're mine alone to look at."

Her heated eyes are all over my torso as I roll my sleeves up my flexed forearms.

"He was just being nice," she says as she steps forward and runs her hand from my shoulder down to my bicep. "Some women think it's rude if a man doesn't check her out when she's dressed to impress."

"You're not dressed to impress," I say as I wrap my arm around her thick waist and pull her up against me. She whimpers and my cock lurches in my

pants when I feel her big soft breasts press against my beating heart. “You’re dressed to obsess.”

“Are you obsessed with me Mr. Benotti?” she asks with a grin.

Fuck, our mouths are so close. I can feel her hot breath teasing my lips. My hard cock is digging into her thick thigh and she’s not moving her leg.

“I’m more than obsessed with you, red. I’m *consumed* by you. I can’t fucking breathe without you beside me. You dominate my thoughts and you possess my heart. So, yeah. I’m willing to fire any fuck who dares to look at your curves.”

Her soft hand cups my cheek and she drags it down to my shoulder. My whole body is tingling. I have shivers. I’m under her spell big time and I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get out.

“No firing,” she says as she tilts her head to the side and hovers her lips a breath over mine. “It’s Christmas.”

I press my lips against hers, taking her mouth in a hard demanding kiss as I hold her so tight that she whimpers. She tastes so good and the sweetness is making my head go light. It’s making my heart pound and my cock throb.

Her body is soft all over and even though I love her red dress, I can’t wait to rip it off and see what she has hiding underneath.

I take her chin in my hand and tilt it so I can get her mouth where I want it to kiss her even deeper. She moans against my tongue and I greedily swallow it down.

I want to kiss this sexy girl so good that she’ll never be able to kiss another guy without thinking back to this moment and wishing she was with me.

But she will be with me. After I take her up to my office to claim her pussy and plant my seed in her womb, she’ll never be with another man again.

The elevator comes to a stop way too soon and we pull apart as the doors open with a *bing*. Her sweet red lips are parted and she’s breathing heavily as she looks down at the ink on my forearms. She traces a rose petal with her thumb as I stare at her mouth, wondering what else it can do.

My dick is throbbing in my pants and my balls are aching from being so full. I can feel the wetness in my boxer briefs from all the pre-cum that’s been leaking out. Ever since I touched her on the street, my cock has been leaking like a broken faucet.

“Is this the floor?” she asks as we lock eyes once again. I can’t get over

how sexy this girl is. Her brown eyes are mesmerizing and I can't look away.

I nod and she begins to pull me out. I leave my jacket on the camera as we step into the hall. Our hands are all over each other and we slam into the wall across the hall as our lips meet again in another intense kiss full of desperation and need.

I stay pressed up against her, grabbing and groping her thick sexy body until I hear a vacuum approaching.

"Fuck," I curse under my breath when I look down and see long extension wires running down the hallway. The cleaning crew is doing our floor. Talk about bad fucking timing.

"Where's your office?" she says in a breathless tone. Her big tits are heaving up and down with every heavy breath she takes.

"This way." I grab her hand and pull her. We don't see any of the cleaners as we sneak into my corner office, which is a good thing because they'd know immediately what was going on. Kelly's lips are red and swollen and it looks like I'm smuggling a baseball bat in my pants.

"Wow," she gasps as I lock the door and quickly pull down the blinds. "This view is *incredible*."

I stop and stare at her as she admires the city view. I've never seen anything so stunning before. She's standing with her back to me in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows with the nighttime view of Manhattan at Christmas time in front of her. This gorgeous full-figured girl in the red dress is constantly taking my breath away, and right now is no exception.

I take the moment in, memorizing every detail for the years to come. I know I'll never forget how she looks right now on this gorgeous winter night.

I take off my watch and rings and put them on a shelf as my eyes drop from her bare back to her wide hips and round ass. A groan rumbles out of my throat knowing that her red dress isn't going to be between us for long.

She moans in satisfaction as I step up behind her and wrap my arms around her soft body. Most guys prefer slim hard girls, but that's not me. I like my girl thick with soft curves and body parts that I can grab.

"I can't believe this is your office," she says as she looks at the view in awe. "You can see the Hudson River. And there's the tree at Rockefeller Plaza!"

My head begins to swirl and my cheeks flush as I breathe in her arousing perfume. Her brown hair tickles my face as I lean in and kiss the soft curve of her neck. She tilts her head away from me and pulls her hair back as she

moans with every kiss I give her.

I continue kissing a soft wet trail along her collarbone as I slide the thin straps of her dress off her shoulders. Her dress goes slack and I glance down at the huge cleavage in front of me that's nearly popping out.

Her mischievous hand reaches back and she starts dragging her palm up and down my erection. I groan against her hot skin as more pre-cum spills out.

I could cum like this, and if she doesn't stop, I just might.

"This dress is spectacular," I say as I slide my palm over her giant breasts. "But I've been waiting to see these big tits all night."

I grab onto the front of her dress and yank it down with a firm tug. She gasps as her huge naked breasts spill out.

"*Fuck, Kelly,*" I moan as I grab them with my hands and start massaging them as she strokes my cock faster. I'm taking turns staring at the reflection of them in the window and looking down at the top of them from over her shoulder. Her pink nipples are so hard against my palms and my mouth begins to water when I fantasize about what they must taste like.

My girl slowly turns around and I take a step back as she leans against the window. Her thick brown hair is looking wilder than before and her beautiful brown eyes are full of *lust*. I look at her from her head to toe, admiring every inch from her full parted lips that are swollen from the rough kisses I've been giving her, to her big beautiful tits that are jiggling with every heavy breath she takes. I lick my lips as I continue down to her wide hips that her red dress is hugging like a second skin. I take it all in and my cock throbs at the delicious sight.

"You're driving me crazy, red," I tell her as my pulse races. I've never been so turned on in all of my life. "Every time I touch myself from now until the moment I die, I'm going to be picturing this moment. I'm going to be seeing that sexy look on your face and those gorgeous tits on the back of my closed eyelids while I stroke my cock."

She nibbles on her bottom lip seductively as she watches me. "Show me," she whispers. "I want to see you touch yourself."

My hands start moving on my buckle and her eyes widen as I pull out my long hard cock. I know I have a big dick. I tried to measure it once, but the ruler was only twelve inches long. That's part of the reason why I like big girls. Small skinny chicks wouldn't be able to handle my girth. I need a big girl who can take it all. A girl like Kelly...

She holds her breath as she watches me with wide lustful eyes. I take my time, teasing her, playing with her before I finally grip my thick shaft and start stroking.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan as I stare at her big pink nipples. “Is this what you wanted?”

She swallows hard. “Yeah. You’re pretty hot yourself, Mr. Benotti. Your dick is huge.”

I grin as I use my dripping pre-cum as lubricant. “Let’s see if it fits in your sexy little mouth,” I growl in a low voice.

Without hesitation, she struts over and puts her hand on my chest. She pushes me back and I let her guide me toward my chair. I fall onto it and grin as she slaps my hand away from my cock.

“I know you’re the boss,” she says as she pulls her hair back, making her big breasts sway. “But I’m in charge of this cock now. Got it?”

I settle in as she drops to her knees in front of me.

“It’s all yours, red.”

She takes my hard dick in her hand, opens her mouth wide, and then makes my eyes roll to the back of my skull...

Chapter Six

Kelly

I moan as I feel Trevor's huge cock stretching my mouth out. Even when I push it in as far as it will go, I still have room to wrap my hand around the base of his dick. His shaft is *throbbing* in my hand and a continuous leak of pre-cum keeps oozing onto my tongue. The deliciously salty taste sends shivers racing down my spine.

My breasts are out and pressed against his legs as I move my head up and down. The fabric of his pants are making my nipples so hard. They're tingling as they beg for attention.

"Those luscious lips are magical," he groans as he pulls my hair to the side so he can get a better view of me sucking his cock. I wrap my lips as tight around his girth as I can and slide up and down faster. This is the first cock I've ever touched and I can already tell that I'm hooked. I want to do this every day. Not with just anyone though. Only with him.

He's staring down at me with focused eyes that are dark with lust and watching me so intensely like he can't drink in enough of what he's seeing. He's so goddamn sexy. His white shirt is rolled up his thick tattooed forearms and his round biceps are straining underneath the soft fabric.

His hands are gripping the armrests of his chair so hard that his knuckles are turning white. He's the most powerful man in the building and one of the

most powerful in the city and I got him by the cock.

“Unbutton your shirt,” I say with a gasp. “Or, I’ll rip it open and everyone can see your hard stomach when we go back to the party.”

His big hands start deftly unbuttoning his shirt and heat starts pooling in my panties when more and more ink comes into view.

“We’re not going back,” he says in a deep throaty voice. I’m stroking his dick up and down with my hand as I watch his shirt open. “I want to stay here forever with your soft lips wrapped around my cock.”

“That sounds fun,” I say with a grin.

“Your sweet little mouth feels so good, baby. Wrap those soft lips back around it before I die.”

I grin as I jerk him off slowly. I love teasing him like this.

“Shirt off first,” I tell him. “I want to see what tattoos you have hiding under there.”

He sits up and peels off his shirt. My heart starts pounding when I see the intricate tattoo that starts on his ribs and runs up along his massive chest and over his shoulder. It continues down his round bicep and along his thick forearm to where it finally stops on the back of his hand.

He’s so fucking hot. It’s not fair. We’re not even close to being equals. His body is so shredded he must do sit-ups while he sleeps and eat nothing but protein powder. I don’t understand it. Throw a cape on him and he would belong on the cover of a comic book.

“Do you like muscles?” he asks with a grin as I slide my wet palm up his hard abs.

We lock eyes and all I can do is nod.

“And tattoos?”

My heated eyes run along his sexy ink and I gulp.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Now, a deal is a deal. My shirt is off. Wrap those sweet lips back around my dick.” His deep commanding voice goes right to my throbbing clit as I open up wide and take him back in.

He watches with his powerful chest heaving up and down as I spoil him.

My pussy is burning with need as I run my flat tongue along his long hard cock from the thick base to the swollen tip. He tastes so good and that smell... *oh, lord*. That heavy masculine smell of his cologne is driving me mad with desire. It’s making my clit *ache*.

His strong hands sink into my hair and a jolt surges through me straight to my core as he begins to guide me up and down in the way he likes it. He’s

such an alpha and I can tell he always gets what he wants. He demands it and the people around him comply.

I'm just happy that what he wants is me.

He presses my head down until his thick cock makes me gag. My eyes begin to water as he groans and does it again.

His grip in my hair tightens as I make another guttural sound and I can tell he likes hearing me choke on his big cock.

I do it again, this time pressing him against the back of my throat without him guiding me and he lets out a low throaty moan.

I'm so fucking wet. My panties are soaked through and I can feel the hot stickiness on my thighs.

I want to touch myself so badly. I can't resist.

My hand creeps down as I suck him off—between my legs, up under my dress, and into my panties. I'm even wetter than I thought and my body starts to erupt as I begin rubbing my engorged clit.

Trevor's hand suddenly tightens in my hair and he gives me a little warning tug. "Take that hand out," he snaps in a thick voice that's full of authority. God, he's so demanding in the way he barks out every command like a savage barbarian. I'm a proud independent woman who lives alone and has her own business, but I still end up submitting to his will and his every command. He just has that effect on me. He radiates authority and dominance with every breath that he takes and for some reason it grips me and I bend to his will. But I wouldn't want it any other way. What's sexier than having a hot alpha male barking out sexual commands and having to obey every single one of them?

"Don't touch that pussy again," he says as I lift my hand away from the throbbing between my legs. "I'm going to be the one to make you cum."

I keep my hand low so he doesn't see how much cream is on my fingers. I'm embarrassed at how wet I am.

But Trevor isn't having any of that shit.

"Let's see it," he barks.

I swallow hard and nervously raise my hand. My wetness is sparkling on my fingers as it reflects the city lights beside us.

He grabs my wrist in a firm grip and brings it closer to him. His eyes darken as he inspects it.

"How wet is that little pussy?" he growls.

I swallow as I hear the desire in his voice and see it on his face. "Pretty

fucking wet,” I whisper.

“I can see that,” he says as he brings my hand closer to him. “Let’s see how it tastes.”

I gasp as he puts my wet creamy fingers into his mouth and sucks them clean. He closes his eyes and pulls them out with a moan as he savors the taste of my pussy.

My heart is racing as I watch him. This hot powerful man just tasted my most intimate area and he’s loving it. I nearly cum when he opens his eyes and I see the look of pure satisfaction on his face.

“Fuck, that’s good,” he moans as he reaches down and cups the side of my tits. “I want to slide between these beautiful tits and then I’m going to sink my hard cock inside that hot little pussy and get it even wetter.”

I sit up on my knees as he wraps my breasts around his throbbing cock and starts moving his hips up and down, titty fucking me.

More heat begins pooling between my legs and dripping down my thighs as I feel his hard cock thrusting up between my mounds. Fire sears through me from my curling toes to my aching nipples as his hot pre-cum makes a mess of my cleavage.

“Spit on it,” he commands as he watches my breasts swallowing his dick with every downward thrust. I’m squeezing my breasts around him and my cheeks start to blush as my mouth waters. “Do it.”

I open my lips a little and spit on his cock. It mixes with the pre-cum and helps lube everything up.

My heart is pounding so fast against his thick cock and I wonder if he can feel it. Every part of me is burning. I’m aching with need as my swollen clit throbs.

His face starts to twist with agony and I know he’s close. I start bouncing up and down faster, jerking him off with my tits. I want to feel him erupt all over them.

He cums with a savage roar and I gasp as he shoots his hot load all over my chin, neck, chest, and tits in long heavy spurts.

We both slow to a stop and stare at each other as our breaths come out heavy and labored. I look down and suck in a breath when I see myself covered in him.

“Up,” he commands in a firm voice.

I do what he says and stand up on my thick shaky legs.

“Now pull up your dress and sink that wet cunt down on your new man’s

cock.”

My whole body is tingling as I pull up my dress. His hungry eyes are locked between my legs as my wet panties come into view. They're black and lacy and uncomfortable as fuck, but I'm glad I wore them now.

“Pull those panties to the side and let's see those pink lips. I want to see how wet they are for me.”

My trembling hand slides between my legs and I pull the lacy fabric to the side, exposing my aching mound for him.

He sucks in a satisfied breath when he sees my wet pussy in front of him.

This is the most erotic moment of my life. I'm in the corner office of a huge skyscraper with my pussy exposed for a powerful man who's obsessed with me. All of New York is visible behind him with the stunning lights and majestic view, but he's only got eyes for me. He can't seem to peel them off me.

“Good,” he says as he nods in approval. “Now straddle those big sexy legs over me and slide down on my cock.”

I take one step forward and the door unlocks.

We both gasp as we turn to it just in time to see it swing open. The female janitor walks in backward as she drags the huge vacuum into the room. She has big headphones over her ears and doesn't see us as she flicks the blindingly bright lights on.

I let go of my dress and drop to the floor. Trevor drops too and we laugh as we hide under the desk like a couple of teenagers getting caught in their parent's house.

He pulls in the chair and we hold our breath as she begins to vacuum the office. We're squeezed tight under here and I can barely move.

Somehow, Trevor's hand landed between my legs and he begins to continue where we left off. I hold my breath and lick my lips as I feel his hand slide under my dress. My body is aching and my back is arching as I impatiently wait for his hand to arrive.

I swallow a moan when he runs his finger over my mound that's covered up with black lace. He then dips a fingertip under the band of my wet panties and pulls them aside, revealing my burning pussy.

Our faces are next to each other and I can feel his hot breath washing over me as he teases my aching folds. I'm tingling all over. This is so naughty and hot. The cleaner has no idea that I'm under the desk with Mr. Benotti's hand on my sex.

“You *are* wet,” he whispers as he traces my wet hole with his fingertip. “And *tight*.”

I try not to make a sound as he reaches my clit but that doesn't work out too well. Heavy moans keep tumbling out of me as he plays with it. Rubbing and teasing all over.

“*Shhh*,” he whispers with a grin.

He knows what he's doing to me. He knows I can't stay quiet.

Another deep moan erupts from my throat and I'm glad that the vacuum is loud enough to drown them out.

My whole body starts to shudder as he makes me feel better than I've ever felt before. I stretch my legs open as much as they'll go, but we're crammed under the small area under the desk and I can barely move.

His fingers start to dip in my virgin hole and I start writhing my hips against him as my heart pounds. He doesn't slide all the way inside and I wonder if it's because he feels my hymen pressing back against him.

This man is driving me *crazy*. I feel the tightness building inside and it's unbearable. Everything is building—the heat, the tension... I'm almost there...

The cleaner arrives behind the desk and starts vacuuming behind the chair. She's right fucking there. I can see her white shoes as the vacuum moves back and forth. Trevor doesn't stop. He's relentless. He's cruel. He keeps rubbing my clit harder and teasing my orgasm out.

If she pulls back the chair, we'll be so busted.

My tits are out, I'm covered in cum, and his hand is on my pussy, working it as he pulls an orgasm out of me.

She doesn't touch the chair, but she's still standing there as I unravel. The heat surges through me as my tight body lets go. My eyes squeeze shut and my mouth flies open, ready to unleash a scream, but Trevor's hand suddenly covers my lips and he muffles the worst of it.

He holds my convulsing body tightly as my tits jiggle and the heat runs through me. When the most intense part is over, he drops his hand and I'm breathing heavily, wondering what the hell just happened. That was the first time I've ever orgasmed like that before. I've had small tremors over the years during the few times I touched myself, but this was a magnitude ten earthquake.

The cleaner suddenly turns the vacuum off and I can hear the pounding of my heart in my ears. She drops it on the floor in front of us and leaves the

room.

“Quick,” I say as I push the chair out. “We have a minute to get dressed and get out of here.”

He grabs my waist and holds me in place.

“Wait,” he says as he looks me over. He scoops his cum off my chest and neck and rubs it over my tingling pussy. “If we’re going back out there, I want you marked as Trevor Benotti’s.”

“I already am,” I say as I look into his sexy grey eyes.

He spreads his seed through my wet folds and makes sure to coat every inch of my throbbing mound.

“You’re mine now, Kelly Stockett.”

I gulp as I see the possessiveness in his eyes.

You can say that again.

Satisfied that my pussy is marked as his, he lets me go and we scurry out from under the desk.

I’d be upset to leave this office, but I know that the night is just getting started.

Chapter Seven

Kelly

Trevor heads over to the guard on the way out and I'm worried he's going to give him a wallop, but instead, he pulls out a couple of hundred dollars bills and stuffs them into his trembling hands.

I guess he was a little on edge before I smoothed him out upstairs. My lips curl up into a grin, knowing I have that kind of power over him.

"Merry Christmas," Trevor says to him as he storms back over to me. He's still keeping his eye on the guy who refuses to look at me, even when I wish him a Merry Christmas too.

"You're crazy," I say as he wraps his arm around my waist and holds me close. "Are you going to send every guy who talks to me running away with their tails between their legs?"

"No," he grunts as he opens the door and lets me go first. "I plan on breaking their legs."

I laugh, but he's not laughing as we step into the cold night. The crisp winter air washes over my hot skin and makes the spots where Trevor's cum landed on me tingle. Trevor takes his jacket off his arm and puts it on my shoulders. I rub my smiling cheek on the lapel and breathe in his intoxicating scent. I've never had a boyfriend to give me his jacket before. I like it.

But I don't have anything on my bare legs and the cold wind keeps

creeping up my dress. It feels nice and cool on my burning sex.

“Taxi!” Trevor shouts as he pulls me to the curb. His hand is in the air as he tries to wave one down.

“Where are we going?” I ask as I watch him.

His eyes are focused down the street. “My place.”

I look back at the Hotel where the party is taking place without us. “But I don’t have my jacket.”

“I’ll buy you a new wardrobe,” he says and I can’t tell if he’s kidding or not. I don’t think he is.

A cab suddenly cuts out of the flow of traffic and pulls up beside us.

“Trevor!” a woman’s voice calls out from behind us. I turn and see the woman who introduced him on stage come rushing over. She’s wearing nothing but her cocktail dress and is shivering as she tries to run on high heels. “Trevor! There you are!”

Trevor turns with a groan. “Hi, Margaret.”

She looks at me and her jaw tightens a little when she sees his jacket on my shoulders. She’s probably wondering what is going on between us. Well, that makes two of us...

“I’ve been looking for you everywhere,” she says. “It’s time to hand out the bonus checks.”

His grip on my arm tightens and he glances back at the parked cab.

I can tell he doesn’t want to go. I can just picture Alicia and all of the other employees spending Christmas without their checks.

“Let’s go back in,” I whisper to him. “It’s okay. I could use another drink.”

He hesitates as he stares at me.

“You can buy me a full wardrobe later,” I say with a grin.

He huffs out a frustrated breath and then opens the passenger side door of the cab. “We changed our minds.”

He closes the door and the cab leaves.

“I’ll meet you inside,” Margaret says as she leaves with a shiver.

I turn to follow her, but Trevor’s grip on my arm tightens and he holds me back.

“I don’t want to see you talking to any men in there. I want you all to myself.”

“I’ll just talk to Alicia,” I promise him. “And the bartender.”

He frowns and I laugh.

“Fine. I’ll get Alicia to order.”

The tension in his face lightens up a little. “We’ll do this quickly and then you’re coming back to my place and I’m claiming that sweet cherry of yours.”

I feel my face go pale. “The what?”

“Don’t play that game with me, red. I felt your cherry against my fingers. I know you’ve never been touched by a man down there. It’s *mine*.”

I swallow hard as I see the intensity in his face. I was worried that he would think it was weird that I was a twenty-four-year-old virgin, but he seems to like it.

He gives me one last hungry look before he starts pulling me inside.

I’m happy I saved it for him.

I want him to have it.

No, I want him to *take* it.

“You’re lying,” Alicia says as she stares at me in shock. I can tell she’s had a few glasses of wine by the way she’s swaying while she looks at me with pure jealousy on her face. “What did you do, exactly?”

I feel my cheeks go hot as I look up at Trevor. He’s on stage with Margaret handing out the checks. Every one of his employees leaves with a huge smile, but he’s not seeing any of it. His possessive eyes are locked on me.

“He just showed me his office,” I lie.

“Yeah, right! He hasn’t taken his eyes off you. You guys totally fucked!”

“*Shhhh*,” I whisper as I quickly look around to see if anyone heard.

“We didn’t. But I think we might later.”

She grabs my arm and her eyes narrow on mine. “I am so jealous of you right now.”

I can’t believe it. Alicia jealous of me?

“He’s so hot and he’s so fucking *rich*.”

I shift uncomfortably from foot to foot. I don’t care about that. Really, I don’t. Trevor could be on welfare and I would still be falling in love with him if he looked at me in the way he’s looking at me now.

He hands out the last bonus check and then leaps off the stage and rushes

over.

Alicia steps back as he charges in and grabs my wrist. “Have a good evening, Alicia. We’re leaving.”

He pulls me to the exit and I look back and see Alicia staring in awe.

“Have fun,” she mouths to me and then we’re gone.

Chapter Eight

Trevor

“Your place is amazing,” Kelly says as she walks around my penthouse suite. I have a sick view of Manhattan, but it’s got nothing on her curves.

She walks along the floor-to-ceiling windows and then over to my fireplace.

“Hit that switch,” I tell her as I open a nice bottle of wine that I’ve been saving for a special occasion. The President of France gave it to me as a welcome gift the last time I was in Paris.

She flicks the switch and then jumps back with a shriek when the fireplace erupts in flames. Her adorable cheeks turn pink with embarrassment and she starts laughing at herself.

I put some soft sexy music on, starting off with *Good Thing Gone* by Elle King. Her raspy voice fills my place as I walk over with the two glasses of wine.

“I like it,” she says as she looks around. “But...”

“What’s the but?” I ask as I hand her a glass of wine. Our fingers touch for a second and a groan rises to my lips. We’ve done a lot more than touching fingers, but every time I feel her skin, my body reacts in a strong way.

“You have no Christmas tree!” she says as she stares at me in disbelief. “It’s eight days until Christmas and you’d never know it! You have zero decorations! Are you going to peel off a skin suit and reveal that you’re the Grinch?”

“I was thinking of peeling something else off and revealing every inch.”

She grins with her cheeks blushing as she takes a sip of her wine. Her brown eyes are clouding over with lust and desire as she watches me from over the rim.

“That could work too,” she says as she licks her red lips.

“You want a tree in here?”

She smiles. “Do you?”

“If you do, I do.”

My heart is aching in my chest as I watch her. Every turn of her head or movement of her lips causes my heart to twist a little. It feels like it’s going to implode.

“I’ll tell you what,” I say as I place my wine glass on the coffee table and go to her. “I’ll let you pick out a tree for this place tomorrow if you let me do all the dirty things to you that keep running through my head.”

She holds her breath as she strokes the stem of the wine glass with her finger. “That sounds like a pretty good deal. But I’m warning you, I’m going to pick the biggest one since you have such high ceilings.”

I take the glass from her and place it on the table. “And I’m warning you,” I say as I slide my hands on her tantalizing hips. “I have some pretty dirty things running through my head at the moment.”

Her brown eyes are sparkling as she looks at me seductively. “Show me,” she whispers.

I hold her jaw with my hand and kiss her hard. With my free hand, I yank her dress back down, freeing her big juicy tits once again.

The tension in my body eases a little. I didn’t like them covered up.

I unzip her dress and she wiggles out of it as I hold her head in place and explore her sweet mouth with my tongue.

I slide my free hand into her panties as she steps out of her dress and I groan when I feel how wet she is. Her black lacy underwear is soaked through.

“Are you always going to keep this fresh pussy wet and ready for me?” I ask as I hover my tingling lips over hers.

“It gets wet whenever I look at you,” she says in a breathless moan. “Or

whenever I feel your strong hands on me. It *burns* for you.”

I release her jaw and drop to my knees in front of her. “Let me soothe it for you then.”

Her big tits start moving up and down with every lustful breath as I grab her panties and slowly pull them down her thighs. My eyes are locked on her wet cunt as I pull them down to her ankles and guide her feet out of them. This sexy virgin is completely naked in front of me and it makes me so happy to know that I’m the only one who’s seen her like this before.

I reach around and grab her soft ass as I dive in once again, licking her pussy while she moans above me. Those huge tits are swaying and bouncing as her body jerks from the feeling of my tongue on her clit.

She’s so wet and as I tongue her, more of her warm cream seeps out and makes a mess on my lips and chin.

“Leg up,” I growl as I lift her left leg and rest it on my shoulder. *Yes...* Now, I can get more of her into my mouth. The heady smell of her desire is all over me and making my cock ache. I’m so fucking hard. My balls feel so full of cum. I need to release soon or they’re going to burst.

I play with her pussy and tease her virgin hole with my tongue until she’s moaning and crying out my name.

When I realize I haven’t seen her ass yet, I bring down her leg, turn her around, and bend her over the couch.

“Ass up,” I command when she shyly tries to move. “I want to see what you got hiding between these gorgeous cheeks.”

I grab ahold of her soft ass cheeks and spread them apart. *Fucking hell...*

I’m glad I’m on my knees because the beautiful sight of her little puckered asshole makes my body weak.

With a groan, I dive in and devour every nook and cranny. She’s moaning and convulsing as I tongue her sweet asshole and then drag it back down to her sopping wet pussy. My curvy girl is moaning louder and louder as I thrust my tongue inside her. She presses her ass against my face and starts to buck when I wrap my lips around her clit and start sucking.

She cums all over me, spraying my mouth with her hot syrup as I grip her shaking thighs and hold her in place. My eyes are locked on her pink starfish as it puckers with every pulse of her orgasm.

“*Oh, Trevor!*” she cries out between gasps of air. Her whole body is shaking as I stand up and pull out my hard cock. “*Put it in! Please!*”

She reaches back and spreads her ass cheeks for me and I grit my teeth

when I see her glistening pussy lips open and the tight pink heat inside.

She's new at this but so eager at the same time. It's killing me.

I press my cock to her warm opening and grip her thick waist with both hands as I slowly ease it in.

My pulse is racing as I look down and see my cock entering without any protection. There's nothing stopping me from breeding her fertile young body. Nothing stopping me from claiming her womb and her cunt at the same time.

I slowly slide my swollen head in and she throws her head back and moans. My arms are flexed. My jaw is clenched. I can't fucking breathe, she's so damn tight. The walls of her pussy are closing around me like they're trying to force me back out, but I'm not going anywhere but in deeper.

I grab her hair and wrap it around my fist as I tug her head back. "This is going to hurt, red. I got a big cock and this pussy is *virgin* tight."

"I don't care," she moans as she tries to thrust her ass back to take more of me in. I can see her eyes glazed over. She's consumed with lust right now. "Just stick it in me. *Please!* I need it."

My hand tightens on her waist and I thrust in hard, tearing through her cherry as I slide all the way inside her.

She screams out as I push all the way in. Her tight heat is wrapped around every long throbbing inch of my cock and I can't think of anything but the way she's squeezing me.

I let go of her hair and she turns around with a wild challenging look in her eyes.

"You feel so good, red," I moan. "Your pussy is so fucking tight."

"It's your pussy now," she says as she bites her bottom lip. "Show me what you have planned for it."

A grin hits my lips as I slowly pull out of her. My eyes are locked on my shaft with her pussy juice and virginity that's coating me all over. The sight is so beautiful that it stuns me to my core.

After a long moment of staring, she groans with impatience and I let her have it. I hit her with long hard strokes that speed up after every thrust. She's moaning and arching her back and meeting every pump of my hips with her amazing ass.

My balls feel so fucking swollen and heavy as they slap against her clit with every thrust of my hips.

“Tell me how it feels, red...”

She moans as she drops her head. “So fucking good, Trevor. I’ve never been so full. Your cock is *perfect*.”

The couch starts moving across the floor, jerking forward with every hard thrust as she clings onto the side of it. It hits the coffee table and her wine glass falls over, shattering glass and spilling red wine everywhere, but I don’t care. I’m not stopping to clean it up. I’m not stopping this for anything.

I can tell by the way she’s moaning and from the tightness in her body that she’s close to cumming. I love that I already know her body so well.

Her pussy squeezes my shaft even more as her orgasm erupts through her. She screams out so loud that my ears ring as waves of pleasure shoot through her veins. Her cunt is tighter than ever and I’d love to unload all of my cum inside her right now, but there’s something I want even more.

I fuck her through her orgasm and then suddenly pull out. She turns around with a feral snarl like a wild cat who just got her tail stepped on.

“Your cunt is better than I dreamed it would be,” I say as I grip my wet cock and walk over to the couch. “But I want to see those big tits bouncing up and down in front of my face as I cum inside you.”

I plop down onto the couch and hold my cock up as she struts over. I don’t know where to look as she straddles me with her big thighs. She slaps my hand away, grabs my shaft, and guides it into her tight little hole.

We both let out deep moans as she drops down on me and starts rolling her hips. She’s grinding her clit on my pelvis as I start playing with her massive breasts. I take one hard nipple in my mouth then the other until she starts sliding up and down.

I sit back and enjoy the view of this beautiful full-figured girl bouncing up and down on my cock. Her tits are flopping all over the place and it’s so fucking sexy that I feel my orgasm coming sooner than I had hoped.

I try to hold it back, but it’s fighting its way out of me and I’m too weak with her big tits bouncing in front of me and her hard nipples grazing my face. So, I just let it go. My body flexes and then goes limp as my cock pulses and I empty every drop of my cum into her young ripe womb.

Her face twists up in pleased agony as she feels me unload inside her. It’s too much for her to bear and she cums along with me, throwing her head back as she screams out my name.

A fresh flood of warm juices leaks out from where we’re joined and I moan as it runs down my balls.

I'm in heaven. It doesn't get better than this.

My beautiful girl crumples forward into my waiting arms and I hold her tightly as our orgasms consume us.

The soft music is playing and the fire is crackling as we hold each other tight.

I kiss her neck as she rests her head on my shoulder and I know that I'm more than obsessed with this girl. I'm in love.

Chapter Nine

Kelly

Just like Trevor promised, the next day we're picking out a Christmas tree. He has insanely tall ceilings in his penthouse condo and I'm looking for a massive tree to match.

"You want that one?" he asks when he sees my eyes light up at the most perfect tree.

"It's too big," I say, but I can't stop staring at it. "It's too much."

"It's yours."

He waves the guy over and pays for it as I stand behind him giggling in excitement. I've never had a tree like this before. My parents have a small house in New Hampshire and I've never had a tree taller than my chin.

"Where's your truck?" the guy asks after he wraps it up.

Trevor and I both turn and look at the two-seater Porsche parked on the curb. We didn't really think this through.

"I need it delivered."

The guy shakes his head. "We don't deliver."

This doesn't slow Trevor down. Powerful men like him get what they want. Always.

"Bring it to my place with enough lights and decorations to fill it up and I'll give you ten grand."

The guy's face drops. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"I want it there in two hours." The man is in shock as he watches Trevor scribble his address down on the back of his business card. "Deal?"

The man snatches the card and gets moving. "Oh, you got a deal all right!"

He rushes away with the giant tree as Trevor takes my hand and pulls me back to the car.

"Do you always do stuff like that?" I ask him.

"What? Buy giant trees? Not really."

"I mean do you always get what you want? Even when you can't have it?"

His sexy grey eyes lock onto me as he opens the car door and waits for me to get in. "I got you and I shouldn't have had you."

"Why shouldn't you have had me?"

"Look at you," he says as if it's completely obvious. "You're perfect. You're an angel. No man should be this lucky."

I shake my head and blush as I get into the car. He closes the door and comes around to the driver's side.

"But really," I ask when he gets in. "You just spent ten thousand dollars to have a tree delivered."

"No," he says as he starts the car and pulls away from the curb. "I paid ten thousand dollars to make you happy."

I look down at my lap as a grin hits my lips.

"Is it working?"

I look up at him and smile. "Yeah. It's working."

"So, you're going to spend Christmas with me?"

I can't help but nod.

"I'd love to."

Chapter Ten

Trevor

When I see Kelly standing in front of the Christmas tree at my huge chalet in Upstate New York talking to my dad, I finally understand the hype around Christmas. I know it's cheesy and I probably sound like I'm in a Hallmark movie, but it's true.

Seeing how good my girl looks in the new dark red dress I bought for her is making me want to kick everyone out so I can feast on what I really want to eat for Christmas dinner... her.

Both of our families are here mingling and getting into the eggnog while it snows outside. The fire is roaring and the view of the mountains through the giant windows is spectacular.

We were initially going to spend Christmas in the city, but after I knew I was going to propose, I just had to do it up here.

I called Kelly's family in New Hampshire and begged them to come, but they were reluctant at first. They only agreed after I told them I was going to propose to their daughter and offered to fly them up in my private jet.

"I love her," my mother says as she sidles up beside me.

"So do I." I can't take my eyes off her. My father is probably telling her all about his enormous ship in a bottle collection, but she's still listening politely and smiling at him, even if she does look my way every so often.

“So, she’s the one for you?” my mother asks.

“Without question. I’m spending the rest of my life with her.”

“That makes me so happy to hear,” she says with a grin. “I’ve been waiting so long for you to settle down. I didn’t think it would ever happen.”

“Neither did I to be honest. But when I saw her at the office Christmas party, I just knew. I just had to have her.”

“And grandkids?” she asks with a wince. I’m her only child and I know she’s had her heart set on having grandkids even though she never pressured me before.

“Tons,” I say as my eyes roam down Kelly’s full-figured body. I’m going to breed this girl until she’s throwing a white flag at me and begging me to stop.

“Oh, goodie!” my mother squeals as she claps her hands in excitement. “I can’t wait! When are you going to propose?”

I was going to do it after everyone left, but I can’t wait any longer. I need a ring on her finger as soon as possible. My body feels all itchy inside whenever I look at her bare hand.

“Right now,” I say as I step forward.

Everyone gathers in the massive living room as I clink my wine glass with a fork.

Kelly’s gorgeous brown eyes find me and she’s got a half nervous half excited look on her face as if she’s asking me, ‘what are you doing?’

“They say Christmas is the time for miracles, but I didn’t believe it until a miracle walked into my life.” I turn to my love and her round cheeks are blushing. “Kelly. You are that miracle. I’ve never felt about anyone the way I feel about you. These past few days have been pure magic. Being with you is bliss. It’s the closest thing to heaven that I’ll ever know and I want to feel this way every day for the rest of my life.”

I’m slowly walking toward her as my heart pounds. All eyes are on us, but our eyes are only on each other.

“I love you. I will always love you.”

Her eyes sparkle and her face lights up when I pull out a ten-carat diamond ring and drop to my knee in front of her.

“If you let me put this ring on, you’ll be mine forever and I’ll be yours. What do you say, red? Will you marry me?”

She covers her face with her trembling hands and when she finally removes them, there are tears in her eyes. “Yes,” she says as her lip quivers.

“Yes, I’ll marry you!”

I leap up and wrap my arms around her as everyone claps and cheers all around us.

She agreed to marry me. That was the first part.

Now, I have to make her agree to do it before New Years’.

I slip the ridiculously expensive ring on her finger and she looks so damn thrilled that it makes my heart feel like it’s going to explode.

Yup. We’re getting married in the next few days.

Every day with her is a sweet bliss. I love being around her, but it’s torture that she’s not my wife. I’ll have to remedy that as soon as possible.

“I love you,” she whispers in my ear as she hugs me. “Thank you.”

“Merry Christmas, red,” I whisper back.

She gives me a long soft kiss on my lips and I moan when I feel her wet cheeks pressed against mine.

“Merry Christmas, fiancée,” she whispers with a smile when she finally pulls away.

I grin as I stare at my angel.

“It’s a Merry Christmas now.”

Epilogue

Kelly
One year later...

It's another Christmas at our giant chalet in the mountains, only this time Trevor isn't feeling so romantic.

Last year was the definition of a magically romantic Christmas with the amazing proposal and us getting married two days later.

This year is more of a lustful X-rated Christmas with the way he's chasing me around the chalet with his tongue hanging out.

"Our families will be here any minute!" I say as his hands go straight to my ass. It was a mistake wearing another red dress for him when our families are about to arrive. He wants to tear it off me.

We're in the kitchen and he's feeling me up as he starts kissing my neck.

"We can't start now, there's company about to..." Actually, that does feel nice...

"Mmmm," I moan as my body starts getting all worked up. Heat billows inside me and swirls down between my legs as his hands move up to my breasts.

I snap out of it and grab his wrist. "Later," I tell him as I dig my nails into his skin. "Let's wait until everyone leaves."

“I’ve waited...” he says as he presses his hard cock against my thigh, making me gasp. Fuck, I’ve missed that dick. “...too long. I want that tight little pussy wrapped around my cock now.”

I don’t know how tight it is anymore since I just gave birth three months ago, but with his huge dick, everything is tight.

I made the mistake a few minutes ago of telling Trevor that the doctor had given us the go-ahead and my body was ready for sex. I thought it would be a nice Christmas treat and it would get him excited for tonight, but all it did was turn him into a crazed animal with the way he’s lusting over me.

“But the guests...” I say with a moan as I feel how hard he is. His cock is throbbing as hard as my pussy is and my resolve begins to break.

His strong hand cups my sex and I gasp when I feel his fingers sliding over my wet folds.

“All right,” I say in a breathless moan. “Make it fast.”

He drops to the floor in the kitchen and pulls me down with him.

Baby Nathan is sleeping in his crib, so we don’t have to worry about him. All we have to worry about is our families walking in for Christmas dinner and seeing me on the floor with my barbarian husband on top of me, balls deep in my pussy.

This isn’t a slow and romantic lovemaking. It’s frantic, wild, and desperate. Trevor yanks up my dress and rips my panties clean off. They’re in shreds on the floor as he shoves his hard cock into me with one hard glorious thrust.

We both cry out as he holds his throbbing cock in deep. I forgot how good he feels stretching and filling my pussy, and my whole body melts against the kitchen tiles.

It only takes three hard thrusts to unravel us both. We both cum as hard as the first time, screaming out so loud that we wake the baby.

My whole body flutters when I feel his hot cum coating my pussy walls and leaking out onto my ass. How did we go so long without this?

“Hello!” someone shouts as the front door swings open. “Merry Christmas!”

“Shit!” we both say as the sound of a crowd comes pouring into our house.

Trevor jumps off of me and quickly pulls his big cock back into his pants and fumbles with his zipper as the footsteps get closer.

I sit up, pull down my dress, and try to smooth my hair out that’s now a

hot mess.

We're both standing up from behind the granite island when our families walk into the kitchen. They all stop short when they see us.

It does look rather suspicious. We're both breathing heavily with our cheeks flushed, hair a mess, clothes dishelved, and it doesn't help that my torn panties are laying on the floor in full view of everyone.

Trevor quickly snatches them up and stuffs them into his pocket as his sticky cum begins to leak out of me and coat the inside of my thighs.

"Come in!" I say, ignoring the obvious. "Welcome and Merry Christmas."

They all come in and settle down with drinks and appetizers. Trevor's mom is holding her grandson Nathan and looking happier than ever.

I grin when I bump into Trevor by the fridge. "Maybe that wasn't the best way to start Christmas dinner."

"Are you kidding, red?" he says as he slaps my ass. "That was the perfect way to start Christmas dinner. And wait until you see what I have planned for dessert."

My cheeks start to blush as my big powerful man struts away, cocky as all hell.

God, I love him.

Epilogue

Kelly
Nine years later...

The kids can barely contain their excitement as they stare at the mountain of presents under the Christmas tree. All five of them are staring with wide unblinking eyes, trying to see which ones are for them. We might have gone a little nuts with the presents this year.

I smile at Trevor as he watches me. He's always watching me. Five kids and a decade of marriage later, and the man can still not contain himself around me. Even on Christmas morning.

We're spending the Holidays in our chalet in upstate New York, which we do every year and it's the perfect Christmas scene. The morning air is alive with large fluffy flakes of snow that cover everything in sight, the large tree is shining bright with hundreds of colorful lights, Mariah Carey is singing softly to us about the joys of Christmas over the speakers, the fire is roaring in the massive stone fireplace behind us, and our five kids are about to explode if we make them wait any longer.

"Can we open something?" our oldest, Nathan, asks as his face begins to turn red. "*Please!* I've been waiting for this since September!"

I grin as I glance over at Trevor. He's looking adorable with a Santa hat

on his head.

“Open one,” Trevor says. “Your mom and I have to get some coffee in us.”

He stands up and my heart starts to beat a little harder when I see the hungry look in his eyes. Uh oh. I know what that look means.

“Kelly? Want to come help me?”

I swallow hard as I get up. “Sure,” I say, trying to act nonchalant. “You kids just pick whichever one you want and we’ll be right back. Wait for us here, okay?”

They don’t answer because they’re too busy ruffling through the presents trying to find the biggest ones. As they grab their presents, I hurry out of the room after my sexy husband.

He’s by the coffee pot in the kitchen, pouring two steaming cups.

“Do you think we got them too many presents or—?”

Trevor’s arms are suddenly wrapped around me and he pulls me into his body for a deep sensual kiss.

I moan and turn to jelly as I melt against his hard body that’s covered in a soft t-shirt and pajama pants. His tongue thrusts in deep and I grab a fistful of his shirt, thankful for him and thankful that I brushed my teeth earlier.

“Merry Christmas,” he says in a low sexy voice that has me wanting more. My body is craving more of him and just the thought keeps sending tingling heat right between my legs.

“You didn’t really need help with the coffee did you?” I ask as my cheeks start to blush.

His big strong hands start moving down my sides and I gasp when they slip into my pajama bottoms.

“No, I needed something else...”

His voice is so deep and growly in the morning and it’s driving me crazy as he speaks low in my ear like this.

“What did you need?” I ask in a breathy moan as his fingertips get closer... so fucking close... “Milk? Sugar?”

“Cream,” he says as his fingertips reach my clit. I moan out loud as his finger presses against my button. I grab onto his thick tattooed forearm and crumble around his hand as he begins to play with my wet pussy.

“Trevor,” I gasp. “The kids...” I close my eyes and bite my bottom lip when I feel his fingers parting my folds and then sliding deep into my wet hole. *Oh, Christmas cookies...* He won’t stop now. Thank the Lord for that.

“They’re busy with their new toys,” he says as he slides in deeper. “And I’m busy with my favorite toy.”

“You’re going to end up on the naughty list,” I warn him.

“I’m already on it,” he whispers in my ear. “Lucky for you.”

I’m so wet as he runs his fingers along my slit while he keeps the bottom of his hand pressed hard against my aching clit. I start to writhe against him as little whimpers and moans fall from my parted lips.

I have one eye on the entrance to the kitchen and one on my dominant husband as he makes me even wetter.

“God, you are so fucking sexy,” he growls as he looks down at me. I swear, I’m not. I’m wearing twenty dollar family appropriate pajamas with no make-up and my hair is just pure mayhem right now. I am the opposite of sexy, but to him, I know I am. He always makes me feel sexy even with all of my extra curves and the baby weight that refused to leave with the babies.

“And you’re so *wet*,” he moans as he presses his erection against my leg. I gasp when I feel how hard he is. It’s going to be torture waiting for the Christmas presents to get unwrapped so we can sneak upstairs to continue what we’re starting.

“I have a thing for Santa,” I say with a grin. “That sexy red hat is really doing it for me.”

His eyes narrow and I laugh. “Don’t tell me you’re jealous of a fictional man?”

I wouldn’t put it past him. He’s a tad possessive when it comes to me. Even after all of these years and all of these kids, he still wants me all to himself.

“I’m jealous of everyone when it comes to you,” he says as he starts to rub my clit harder, getting me off.

I whimper as I look back at the entrance to the kitchen. “The kids are just outside,” I whisper between moans. “We have to stop.”

He pulls his hand out of my pajama pants and I’m shocked to see how much cream is coated on his fingers. Without taking his eyes off mine, he puts them in his mouth and sucks them clean. My breath quickens and my pussy pulses when he moans and I see how much he’s savoring my taste.

“Your cream tastes so fucking good.” I gasp as he thrusts his hand back into my pants and starts getting me off with his hand.

My body begins to tense with the need to orgasm. I can feel it building...

“This is what’s going to happen,” he says in a deep commanding voice.

“I’m going to make you cum hard on my hand. Then, we’re going to go back in there and let the kids open their presents. Once they’re distracted with their toys, I’m going to bring you upstairs and throw you on the bed.”

I’m moaning and breathing heavily as he sends lightning shooting through my body with every firm touch and soft stroke of his hand on my sex.

“Then, I’m going to rip these pajamas off your body, spread your sexy thick legs, and then Santa is going to cum to town.”

The heat inside is getting unbearable. I feel my whole body tense and I grit my teeth as he relentlessly finger fucks me. My nails dig into his flexed forearm and I arch up on my toes as I cum hard.

My hot cream coats his hand and he just holds me tight as the intense heat of the orgasm sweeps through me, crumpling me against him.

“Thank you so much for the Barbie!” my six-year-old Jasmine screams as she runs down the hall toward the kitchen.

I drop to the floor and hide behind the island as she enters the room.

“Where’s Mom?” I hear her ask as I try to catch my breath.

My cheeks are red hot and my pussy keeps sending shockwaves through my body that make me convulse. I’m crumpled on the floor with my back pressed against the drawers. The hard long outline of Trevor’s big cock is right in front of my face. If my third born wasn’t in the room, I’d pull down his plaid pajama pants and start sucking on his candy cane.

“She’s upstairs,” Trevor lies. “She’s grabbing her slippers.”

“Oh!” I hear the pitter-patter of her feet as she takes off in the opposite direction.

My sexy man looks down at me with a grin. “That was close.”

“Too close,” I say as I struggle to get up. “We’re on the naughty list now for sure.”

“That’s okay,” Trevor says as his big hand slides over my ass. “I got all the toys I need right here.”

“Save it for later, Saint Big Dick,” I say as I flick the furry pom pom on his hat. “We have presents to unwrap.”

We take our coffee mugs and return to the family room. I’m feeling *amazing* now. My body is glowing.

“Let’s make it fast,” he grunts as he follows me. “I want to unwrap those clothes from your body and slide up your chimney.”

There’s a grin on my lips as we walk back to the family room.

Looks like it's going to be another *magical* Christmas.

Epilogue

Trevor
Thirty years later...

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” I say as I walk into the living room while ringing the bells.

All of my grandkids’ adorable little faces light up when they see me dressed as Santa.

“Santa!” they scream as they all rush forward, trying to see what’s in the red bag. “Do you have presents for us?”

“I sure do,” I say as I start reaching in and grabbing some. I keep one eye on the kids as I hand them their presents and one eye on sexy Mrs. Clause who’s smiling at me from across the room.

We’ve had many Christmases over the years and she gets more beautiful to me with every one that passes.

After a few minutes of playing Santa, the kids are all distracted with their new toys.

“Hey, Santa!” my oldest Nathan says as he sits on the couch with an arm wrapped around his wife’s shoulders. “Anything in there for me?”

I look inside the empty bag and shake my head. “Nothing. You must have been a naughty boy. Probably because you still haven’t returned my leaf

blower.”

Nathan chuckles. “I was hoping there would be a check in there. You know, a little something to help with the Christmas bills.”

I toss the empty bag at him and he catches it with a laugh.

“You should try the Easter bunny,” I say to him with a grin. “Santa’s Workshop is closed for you lazy bums.”

My kids and their spouses start jokingly complaining as I ignore them and walk over to my girl.

She’s got more lines in her face and some grey in her hair, but she’s absolutely gorgeous to me. Just as stunning as the day we met, maybe even more so.

“I kind of like you with a beard,” she says as she plays with it.

I’m already planning to throw my shaver in the garbage as she runs her hand up and down the white fur on my chest.

“Any present for me, Santa?” she asks in a sexy little girl’s voice.

My hands slide up her arms and I wish I didn’t have these white gloves on so I can feel her soft warm skin. “I have a *big* one for you. So big it wouldn’t fit on my sleigh.”

“Is it hard?” she asks and I nod.

“Is it throbbing?”

I nod again.

She licks her lips and the sight makes me almost kick everyone out of the house.

“Okay,” she says as her breaths start coming out faster and harder. “Can you come help me with something in the garage?”

I grin. “I can help you with *anything* you need.”

“Good,” she says as she starts swinging those thick hips as she struts away. “And leave the Santa beard on...”



snow place like

HOME

A COZY AF CHRISTMAS

OLIVIA T. TURNER

To all my girls on the naughty list.



Chapter One

Mandy

“**W**hat are these supposed to be?” I ask with a laugh as Christine puts the tray of cookies on the counter.

“Candy canes,” Christine answers with her shoulders slumped down.

They’ve melted into phallic shapes. I pick up one that looks especially bad and laugh. “It looks like a Christmas treat, but it’s no candy cane.”

She snatches it out of my hand and places it back on the tray. “It’s Christmas, get your mind out of the gutter. They’ll look fine after we put icing all over it.”

“Yes, let’s cover it with white icing because *that* will make it look less like a cock.”

Christine laughs as she mixes the bowl of red icing. “I missed you so much! How many more years of college?”

“Two,” I say with a sigh. I didn’t realize how much I missed being home until I came home for the Christmas holidays. It feels like forever since I’ve hung out with my best friend.

“What am I supposed to do until then?” she asks, looking depressed.

I smile sadly at her. “You’ll always have your penis cookies.”

We both laugh as Mariah Carey belts out some high notes in the

background. Christmas at Christine's has always been a huge affair. Every inch of her parent's house is decorated with something Christmas related. They even decorate *inside* the garage. They devote a full room in the basement to storing all of their Christmas stuff and it comes out on October 1st. Every year for Halloween, Christine's house is decorated as the North Pole and her parents are Mr. & Mrs. Clause. The kids in the neighborhood love it.

"So," Christine whispers. "Tell me about the guy sitch."

"Sitch?"

"Situation. I've been cutting off the second half of some words since you've been gone. It's my new thing."

I shake my head as I look at her in shock. "You've changed so much."

"I know. Sometimes I don't even recognize the face in the mirror." We laugh and then she keeps prodding me for some juicy details. "Come on! What's college like? Are you banging a new hot guy named Chad every night? Do people still say bang?"

I wish I had some juicy details for her.

"There's a really hot guy in my Psych class."

"Yeah?" she says, perking up.

"He asked me to borrow a pen."

"Is that like a code word for hooking up?"

"No," I say with a heavy breath. "He just wanted a pen. But when I gave it to him, our hands touched."

She holds the spatula up, her eyes wide with excitement. "And you fell in love?"

"No. That's the end of my story."

Her body slumps down as she stares at me like I've just told her that Santa isn't real. "That's it?"

"Oh, the pen!"

"Yeah?" she asks, perking back up.

"He never gave it back."

"That's the worst story in the history of stories," she says as she turns back to the icing and starts mixing the purple. "Have you hooked up with anyone? It's your second year of college. Don't tell me you still have your V-Card."

I tap my pocket as my cheeks go red. "Still intact."

"What's the point of paying three hundred thousand dollars a year in

college tuition if you're not going to bang every guy in sight?"

"Do you have any idea how much college costs?"

"You should be nailing guys around the clock!"

"There's like so much homework and when I'm not studying, I'm working at the coffee shop!"

"Okay, what about there?" she asks, not letting this go. "Do you have any hot coworkers who want to dip their tea bag into your cup?"

"I don't even know what that means."

"It's a metaphor," she says with a salacious grin. "For sex."

I roll my eyes and laugh. Aw, I missed her.

I do have a crush on someone, but it's not on anyone on campus. Or at work.

It's the same crush I've had for the past thirteen years. Since I was eight years old. It doesn't seem to want to go away.

Matt walks in at the perfect time to save me. He leans over Christine's shoulder and frowns at the cookies. "Penis cookies? Interesting choice for a Christmas Eve party."

"They're candy canes," Christine says as she pushes him away. "You and Dad are supposed to be setting up the bar."

"We are," he says as he opens the fridge and grabs two cans of beer.

"That better be for the bar."

He grins as he walks back out.

"And don't forget the ice!"

"How's it going with Matt?" I ask when he's left the room. Those two have been dating forever. They've been in love since they were ten years old. He's part of the family now and seems to be best friends with Christine's dad.

"Nothing to report," she says with a shrug. "Same old, same old."

We start decorating the phallic-shaped candy canes, trying our best to take the X out of these X-Mas cookies.

"Who's coming tonight?" I ask, trying to sound casual but my heart is hammering inside my chest.

I keep my eyes down on the cookies, but I can feel her watching me suspiciously.

It's the question I've been waiting to ask her since I walked into the house and she gave me a big hug.

"Just the usual," she says. "My parent's friends, our usual high school gang, except Carrie isn't coming."

“Oh, no!”

“She’s at her new boyfriend’s house this year. Matt’s parents and his sister are coming. Your parents, my cousins, aunts and uncles from my mom’s side. Alan and Beth. It should be fun.”

I swallow hard as I wonder how far I can push without being too obvious.

“Anyone else?”

I can feel her eyes burning into me as I slather purple icing onto the world’s ugliest candy cane cookie.

“Anyone in particular?” she asks, tilting her head as she watches me.

Oh, shit. I can feel my cheeks getting all hot.

“Someone like... Uncle Ethan?”

I look up at her and gulp. Guilty as charged.

“You’re not still into him?”

I open my mouth to deny it, but a weird gurgle comes out instead. I’ve been in love with Christine’s uncle for my entire life. It was actually since I was eight years old, but it feels like forever.

He’s her dad’s younger brother and he’s the hottest man I’ve ever seen.

I can still remember the first time I saw him like it was yesterday. It was summer and Christine and I were playing in her pool when the loudest rumbling I’ve ever heard thundered down the street.

I watched in awe as Ethan pulled up on his motorcycle. Christine jumped out of the pool and ran up to him, giving him a wet hug as I watched with my little heart pumping on overdrive. I couldn’t believe how beautiful he was. He was tall with a wide frame and big muscular arms. I didn’t understand why I couldn’t stop staring at them. His hair was long back then, almost to his shoulders, but thankfully, he cut it.

I can still remember marveling at the beautifully intricate tattoos on his round chest and big shoulders as he jumped into the pool to play with us. He threw us into the air over and over again and I remember screaming, thinking I was flying higher than the house before I landed in the water and swam back to him for more.

One thing was for sure... I was in love.

And that crush on Ethan Hearst was cemented into my heart.

“Mandy!” Christine shouts. “You’re pouring sprinkles all over the counter!”

“Shit! Sorry!”

“You were thinking about my uncle weren’t you?”

“What?! No!”

“You had a distant look in your eye and a creepy little pervy smile on your face. You were thinking about Uncle Ethan!”

“I was not! I was thinking about... homework.”

“Homework? You’re on break for the Holidays. Your semester is over. You don’t have homework.”

“That’s what I was thinking about. I was happy I don’t have any.”

She frowns as she looks at me skeptically.

“Don’t fuck my uncle. Please. It’s Christmas.”

“So... does that mean he’s coming?”

Her forehead gets all wrinkly as she frowns even harder. “Yes, he’s coming. But he’s off-limits.”

I feel like my heart is going to explode out of my chest.

“Chris, I would never,” I say, acting all indignant.

She puts her hand up, shutting me up real fast. “Okay, slut. Save the goodie two shoes act. I know you too well for that.”

She shakes her head as she gets back to the cookies.

Meanwhile, I’m going through different outfits in my head, trying to pick out the perfect one for tonight. Something that will get me put on the naughty list.

And I have just the thing...

Chapter Two

Mandy

“Whoa, Mandy! That’s *a lot* of cleavage!” The first words my mother says to me when I see her at the party.

I look down and self-consciously fix my red dress. “It’s not that bad.”

It’s not!

I’m not in slutty territory yet, but I might look like I want to get my bells jingled this Holiday season.

My father just frowns and quickly wanders off.

“You’re just used to me in sweat pants and ponytails,” I tell my mother.

“Maybe,” she says as she looks me up and down. I’m wearing a tight red dress that’s a tad on the low cut end, but it makes my rack look magnificent. At least, that’s what Christine said when she helped me pick it out. “You do look beautiful. So grown up.”

That’s what I’m hoping Ethan is going to think when he sees me. I want him to see me as a grown up woman and not as Christine’s cute little friend whose name I can’t quite remember.

My eyes keep darting to the door every time it opens. *Damn*. It’s just Christine’s aunt and uncle from her mom’s side.

I wander into the kitchen and ask Christine’s mom if she needs help with

anything. She's one of those amazing hostesses who can do a dozen things at the same time while having a fully engaged conversation and make it look effortless and fun.

"Pass this tray of appetizers around, will you, dear?" she asks as she hands me the spinach dip with a bowl of nachos. "I love that dress. How are you still single?"

"Mandy is very *mature* when it comes to her taste in guys," Christine says with a smirk as she picks a nacho from my bowl.

"I'm sure there's lots of mature boys in college to pick from," Mrs. Hearst says as she takes a tray of spanakopitas out of the oven.

"Don't harass her and twist her arm, Mom," Christine says as she reaches for the spinach dip, "or she might say uncle."

I yank the bowl away from her before she can dip her chip. She laughs as I stick my tongue out and hurry out of the kitchen.

I make my way around the crowded room, chatting lightly with everyone as I offer them chips and dip.

"Mandy," Christine's older cousin Randy says with a pervy grin as he looks me up and down. "Haven't seen you in a while. You're all grown up."

"So, are you," I say as I glance down at his huge bulging stomach. He was always the most annoying of her cousins. When he wasn't wiping his nose on the couch or kicking someone, he was usually ruining whatever game we were playing by cheating and taking temper tantrums.

He grabs an empty wine glass from the counter and fills it halfway with a bottle of red (that I'm sure he didn't bring).

"I hear you're going to college," he says. "Isn't that cute?"

"And I hear you're still unemployed. That's cute too." He got fired from his last job at a gas station because he took a temper tantrum and flipped over the gum display. Classic Randy.

The door opens again and I whip my head around, hoping it's Ethan.

This time, I'm not disappointed. At all.

My lifelong crush walks in wearing a long gray coat with a dark red scarf wrapped tightly around his neck. There's an expensive-looking bottle of wine in his hands, and an image of the two of us sitting in front of a roaring fireplace as he opens a similar bottle flashes into my head.

I clear my throat and shake the fantasy out of my mind. I don't want to miss any of this. He's dusted with light snow from his big arms, to his shoulders, to his medium-length hair that's looking grayer than the last time I

saw him.

“Hold this,” I say as I shove the two bowls into Randy’s chest. He balances them awkwardly in his arms as he stares at me in shock. I grab the glass of wine from his hand and chug the entire thing as I stare at Ethan over the rim.

It warms my body and soothes the nervous jitters I’m feeling as my Christmas dream comes true.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” Randy asks.

“Eat it. I don’t care,” I answer as I walk along the wall with my eyes on Ethan like I’m stalking him.

Christine’s dad greets him at the door and takes his coat. My eyes are locked on him as he peels off his scarf, revealing his thick neck with the sexy black and gray tattoo running up the side. I already know that it goes all the way over his right shoulder and halfway down his arm. I’ve fantasized about that tattoo for way too many hours. I’ve had conversations with it in my mind.

I take a breath of relief when Mr. Hearst closes the door behind him. He didn’t bring a girl. He’s single too.

“Hey, Mandy,” Jeannie, a friend from high school says. “Did you hear that I’m pregnant?”

“That’s great,” I mumble as I keep moving. I don’t want anything to ruin this moment. I have a clear view of Ethan getting partially undressed and I’m not going to spoil it because Jeannie got herself knocked up.

He was always a great dresser. Always in style, or even a little ahead of the current trends.

Tonight, he’s wearing dark jeans and a sexy tweed blazer that molds to his beautiful muscular frame. Under that, he’s wearing a white collared shirt with a tight navy blue sweater over it. Under all that is hard carved muscles covered in sexy ink.

“Mandy!” Christine’s neighbor says, making me jump so high I nearly get airborne. He laughs. “A little jumpy there, are we?”

“Hi, Mr. Rhodes. It’s nice to see you again.”

I try to be polite, but my eyes keep darting over to Ethan as he works his way through the crowd, saying hi to everyone and flashing that knee-weakening smile.

“I haven’t seen you around lately.”

“College,” I say with a smile. “I’m just back for the Holidays.”

I always liked Mr. & Mrs. Rhodes. They gave out full-length chocolate bars on Halloween and never minded us climbing their fence whenever we kicked a ball or hit a badminton birdie over it.

My eye follows Ethan through the room as we chat for a bit about my classes and then about his new pool.

When Ethan disappears into the kitchen, I get all jittery and excuse myself.

I swing back to Randy who's eating all the chips and spinach dip by himself. "Give me that," I say as I yank the bowls out of his hands. "I didn't mean literally eat them all. They were to pass around."

He looks at me with confusion—spinach dip dripping from his chin—as I storm off into the kitchen.

I stop with a gasp when I see Ethan hugging Christine's mom in the kitchen. She has her hand on his wide back (the lucky bitch) as she tells him to grab a beer from the cooler on the deck.

I'm just standing there, holding the two bowls and gawking at him as he opens the sliding doors, leans over, and fishes a beer out of the cooler.

"Have you no shame?" Christine whispers as she walks over, shaking her head. "Ogling my guest slash uncle's ass?"

"I wasn't ogling," I whisper back, but even as I say it, I can't seem to rip my eyes away from his ass.

She just laughs and heads over to him. "Hey, Uncle Ethan," she says as she gives him a hug.

His face lights up when he sees her. "Hey, Chrissy!" he says as he wraps his big arms around her. He's the only person in the world who can call Christine Chrissy and live to tell about it. "How have you been? Has Matt proposed yet?"

He takes her hand and looks at her empty finger. "Nope. But he is buying me a bird feeder for Christmas, so there's that. I saw it in his closet."

"Birds are nice," Ethan says with a sympathetic shrug.

I leap forward, desperate for an opening. "I like birds!" I say nervously. Christine grins as she watches me flounder pathetically. "Penguins. Ostriches. Sparrows." I gulp. "Seagulls."

Oh, crap. I'm really starting to sweat now. Ethan is staring right at me!

I have to save this disaster of a moment. "What is your favorite bird, Uncle Ethan? I mean, Ethan!"

Christine snorts out a laugh as she looks up at him. "You remember my

friend, Mandy?”

He’s holding his breath as he looks at me with the sexiest brown eyes I’ve ever seen. “I do,” he says, his voice deeper and raspier than before.

“I have to go get some wine bottles from the garage,” Christine says as Ethan’s heated eyes lock onto mine. “I’ll leave you with Mandy to talk some more about... birds.”

She leaves with a laughing snort and it’s just the two of us standing here. He has new lines on the sides of his eyes, but they suit him. He’s not clean-shaven like the last time I saw him three years ago. He has salt and pepper stubble all over his cheeks and chin. I swallow hard imagining what it would feel like against my smooth cheek, or better yet, rubbing against the inside of my thighs.

He’s so frigging *hot*. This man gets hotter as the years go by.

And for this moment, he’s all mine.

I screwed up my opening, so it can only get better from here.

Right?

Gulp.

Chapter Three

Ethan

I can't believe the goddess standing in front of me is Chrissy's cute little friend. I remember her playing as a ten-year-old in the backyard with her shy toothy smile and the way she would always giggle uncontrollably the few times I spoke to her as a teenager, but I wasn't expecting this.

She's dressed in a sexy red dress, looking like the devil coming to tempt me.

I'm tempted. I'm *really* tempted.

My whole body is strumming like a tuning fork as she nervously rambles on in that sweet silky voice. She's playing with her hands in front of her, fidgeting as she tells me that she doesn't normally talk about birds so much.

My eyes narrow in on her luscious pink lips and when I see her wet tongue behind those bright white teeth, I swallow hard. Dirty thoughts are penetrating my brain and I don't know if they'll ever go away. I want to rip off her sexy red dress and see if her supple body is as ripe as it looks.

"That's enough about birds," she says with a cute awkward laugh. "How are you?"

She swallows nervously as she waits for my answer. I can barely think let alone talk in front of this angel. Her brown hair is twisted up in a bun, showing off her gorgeous slender neck. All I can think about is pressing my

lips all over it as I tug on that bun and let her hair fall loose.

“Do you still own that radio station?” she asks, cutting the silence with her sweet innocent voice.

“I own three of them now.”

She smiles again. I love that smile. She grew into her teeth, but she still has that shyness in it. My breath quickens when I see a little pink in her cheeks.

“All rock stations like the first one?”

I shake my head. “Mostly top 40 stuff. Although, this time of year, it’s all Christmas songs.”

“Are you sick of them?”

I laugh. “You have no idea.”

“I could never get sick of Christmas songs,” she says as I take a sip of my beer, never taking my eyes off her. “I used to love listening to your radio station when I lived here. Every time a love song came on, I would picture you playing it for me.”

My eyes widen a little.

“I mean... not that *you* were playing it for *me*. I mean, that you were picking it for... everyone.” She closes her eyes and shakes her head like she can’t believe what she just said.

My heart starts pounding a little harder. She used to think about me? When she heard love songs?

“Mrs. Hearst,” she quickly says, turning to get away from the awkwardness that she’s feeling. “Do you need any help?”

“Sure,” Judy says. “The veggie dip is empty. Would you mind chopping some carrots and celery for it?”

“Absolutely.” She darts away before I can say another word, but this little beauty is not getting away from me that easily. I follow her to the island as she hurries around it and grabs some carrots.

I always get asked around the holidays why I never settled down. I’m fifty-one years old and I’ve never been married. Never even been engaged.

I’ve never had a good answer, but I do now. I was waiting for the one. I was waiting for a feeling like this. When everything would click into place and I knew the girl I was looking at would be the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

Everyone thinks I want the bachelor lifestyle. They think I beat women away with a stick because I want to be single. But that’s not true.

The truth is I want a family. I want a wife I can hold at night and kids who will climb on me in the morning to wake me up way too early. I've always wanted that, but I was never willing to settle for just any woman. I wanted my soulmate by my side.

"Get it together," I whisper to myself under my breath.

How can this be the girl? Really.

I've barely talked to her. She's my little niece's best friend for fuck's sake. It's probably just the lonely feelings that come around during the Holidays. That's what it is.

"Ethan," Judy says as she places some celery next to Mandy's cutting board. "Did Mandy tell you that she's in college now? We're so proud of her!"

I smile but a panicky edgy feeling is vibrating through my body. All I can think about is all those young horny guys surrounding my girl, talking to her, bumping into her in the halls. I take a deep breath to calm myself.

"Really?" I say as I lean against the island in front of her. She turns on the water and starts washing the carrots. "What are you studying?"

"Economics," she says as she starts running her hand over the carrots as the water pours down on them. I don't hear anything else as I watch her handle the long thick carrots, stroking them under the running water.

My cock hardens and starts *throbbing* as I watch. I step a little closer to the island to hide the long hard erection in my jeans.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" It just comes blurting out of me. I can't control any part of myself around her.

"No," she quickly says.

"There must be some nice boys on campus," Judy says as she fills the bowl with the white dip.

Mandy swallows nervously as her eyes dart over to mine. "Maybe I'll meet someone next semester."

There's a vicious thrashing in my ears as I picture a man's arm around hers. There better not be any boys next semester. I want her all to myself.

She stops the water and places the carrots on the chopping block. I'm trying to keep my eyes off her cleavage, but it's hard when she starts chopping. Her big juicy tits are jiggling with every movement. It's mesmerizing.

I focus instead on the knife slicing through the carrot and her slender hand wrapped around the handle.

“Do you live on campus?” I ask. What I really want to know is if she’s in an all-girls’ dorm and if the boys are forbidden to enter.

“Yeah, I have a roommate that’s studying—ow!”

She screams as the knife slices into her finger. I’m on her at once, darting around the island and grabbing her wrist.

Her face winces as I turn the water on and put her finger under it.

Judy hands me a bunch of paper towels and I cover her finger with them. She starts looking faint and pale as the paper towels soak up the blood and turn red.

“Where are the bandaids?” I ask, a little too sharply.

“There’s a first aid kit in the bathroom,” Judy says as she grabs the bloody carrots and tosses them into the compost. “Do you need help?”

“She’s mine,” I nearly growl. “I mean, I got her.”

I raise her hand as I guide her into the bathroom on the main floor. Her eyes are closed and she’s looking like she might faint as I lift her onto the counter and close the door.

It’s just the two of us in here and I would be thinking of all the dirty things I could be doing to her if I wasn’t so focused on trying to help.

“Keep your hand up,” I tell her as I let her wrist go and frantically search for the first aid kit in the cupboard under the sink.

I grab an antibiotic ointment and some bandages then take her wrist again.

“Don’t look,” I tell her when she glances at it and then sucks in a sharp breath.

“I don’t like blood,” she says with her voice all shaky.

“I can tell,” I say with a smile. “But you’re in good hands. Just close your eyes and trust me.”

“I do,” she says as she closes her eyes.

I take a second—maybe two—to study her beautiful face. This girl is *stunning*. I’m not one to notice the fine details on a woman, but on her, I can’t get over the sharpness of her cheekbones, her long lush eyelashes, the gentle slope of her lips, the cuteness of her nose that’s upturned just a little bit. It takes everything I have to steady myself and not press my tingling lips against hers.

Her cut isn’t as bad as it looked. It’s just bleeding a lot.

“It’s going to be okay,” I whisper softly in a calming tone. “Everything is going to be fine. I’m taking care of you now.”

I clean it up and put on a bandage as I talk her through it. She keeps her eyes closed as she breathes in slow deep breaths and finally, the color comes back in her face.

“Almost done,” I lie. I’m finished but I want her eyes still closed so I can shamelessly stare at her for another few seconds.

Her big round breasts heave up and down with every breath and I lick my lips as I get a good long look at her delicious cleavage.

“It’s all done. You did great.”

“Thank you,” she says as she opens her eyes and looks at me.

It’s a small bathroom and we’re cramped close together. I can smell the vanilla in her perfume and it’s making my head light. I can see every silky strand of brown hair and her bare back in the mirror.

“I just need a second,” she whispers as she pulls her eyes away from mine.

“Take as long as you need,” I say softly. I could stay here all night and be the happiest man in the world.

I’m still holding onto her wrist. She hasn’t pulled her hand away or asked me what I’m doing, so I just keep holding her.

“Are you okay?” I whisper.

She nods slowly. “Yeah.”

“Want me to kiss it?”

She smiles, but I’m not joking.

I raise her hand and gently kiss her bandage. Her heated blue eyes are locked on me, her lips parted as she takes quick heavy breaths. I can’t stop there. I’m not that strong.

I kiss the bottom of her palm and then the inside of her wrist. Fuck, she smells good.

Her legs part a little as she sits on the counter and leans a little closer. It’s all subtle body language, but I can tell she doesn’t want me to stop.

She holds in her breath as I let go of her wrist and slide my hand over her hip. The air in the room charges with heat and a lustful passion as she runs her hand down my chest.

Her eyes are locked on my lips as I slowly lean forward. My body presses against her knees. Her lips part.

She slides her hand down my arm and tugs me closer as she leans in and tilts her head.

I’m just about to touch her sweet lips with mine when there’s a pounding

on the door. It startles us and jerks us back.

“Mandy?” It’s Chrissy. She knocks again and then opens the door.

My whole body is on fire as my niece slides into the tight room. I should have locked the door. Who knows what would have been happening right now if I did. I would be tasting this heavenly creature instead of awkwardly moving away from her while my niece cuts in.

“I heard you hurt yourself?”

“Yeah,” Mandy says, lifting her hand to show the bandage. “Luckily, Ethan has some skillful hands.”

Chrissy’s forehead scrunches up as she looks at the flush in Mandy’s cheeks and then looks over at me. I probably have lust written all over my face.

“Yeah, I bet he does,” Chrissy says with a grin. I don’t know what she knows, but I do know she was always too smart for her own good. “Thanks, Uncle Ethan. She always gets woozy around blood.”

“I’m happy to help,” I say with a nod. With both of their eyes on me, I leave the bathroom and head into the hall.

I take three steps before I have to lean against the wall to catch my breath. I close my eyes as my heart pounds.

There’s no mistaking it now.

That’s the girl for me.

She’s the *one*.

Chapter Four

Mandy

I still can't believe I cut myself. I am officially the world's worst flirter. I'm so embarrassed.

"Sorry about before, Jeannie. There was a nacho emergency. You're pregnant? Congratulations!"

She starts telling me all about it as I find Ethan in the crowd. He's talking to Christine's aunt on her mom's side. His eyes suddenly dart over to me and I turn away with my cheeks burning a guilty red.

"I'm going to try and do it naturally," Jeannie says as she holds her flat stomach. "I've always wanted a natural birth."

"Everyone wants a natural birth," our other friend Angela says with a laugh as she pops into the conversation. "Until five minutes into the labor and then you'll be *screaming* for an epidural."

"You don't know that," Jeannie says, getting defensive.

"I've given birth twice," Angela says. "I know."

They continue arguing and I take the opportunity to casually oh-I'm-just-nonchalantly-looking-around-the-room glance back at Ethan. His eyes are still locked on me.

This time, I don't turn away so quickly.

I thought he was just being nice in the bathroom—that he couldn't

possibly been about to kiss me no matter how much it felt like he was about to—but now I’m not so sure.

His body is all stiff and rigid as he stares at me with those sexy brown eyes. I shiver when I remember how his lips felt on my skin. It was only my palm and wrist, but I can still feel those spots tingling.

The front door opens and one of Christine’s neighbors walks in. There’s no one to greet him, so I head over to welcome him and take his coat. The Hearsts have always made me feel like I was part of the family, letting me sleep over whenever we wanted and taking me on vacation with them, so I like to help them whenever I can. Part of being treated like family is acting like you’re part of the family too.

“Hi, Mr. Sullivan,” I say as I take his coat. “Welcome to the party!”

“Hello, Sandy,” he says, smiling under his big bushy mustache. He never remembered our names growing up, so I’m not going to start correcting him now.

“Mr. & Mrs. Hearst are in the kitchen. The bar is over there. I’ll take your coat upstairs, okay?”

He nods and heads over to get a drink as I pass Angela and Jeannie on the way to the stairs. They’re still arguing.

“Natural births are serene and beautiful.”

“There’s nothing serene about screaming your lungs out and there’s nothing beautiful about your vagina tearing open.”

I hurry past them and bound up the stairs, heading to Christine’s room where all of the coats are piled on the bed.

Her room still looks the same as it did in high school—curling posters of our favorite bands stuck to the pink walls and her soccer trophies lined up neatly on the shelf over her bed.

Something catches my eye as I toss Mr. Sullivan’s coat onto the others. I smile as I head over to a photo tacked to the wall. It’s an old one of me and Christine on a bridge in Cape Cod. We’re fourteen years old, looking adorable in our bathing suits before we jumped off it into the freezing cold water below.

I sigh happily as I look at my big toothy smile. Even when this photo was taken, I was in love with Ethan. Am I as delusional now as I was back then? Could I ever possibly get a man like him?

A knock on the doorframe has me spinning around. I gasp when I see Ethan standing in the doorway, leaning against the frame.

He steals my breath every time I see him. It's like my whole body reacts to seeing this man. I can feel my heart as it ramps up, pounding through my entire body. Even the hairs on my arms raise in his presence.

"What are you doing up here?" I blurt it out. Once again, the completely wrong words come out of my mouth.

"I'm checking up on you," he says as he walks into the room. His heated eyes look over the bed and then roam back to me.

The air in the room transforms as he approaches. It electrifies. It sparks with a lustful energy.

"Can I see?" he asks as he looks at the picture in my hands.

I'm so nervous as I hand it to him.

"You two were so adorable," he says, smiling as he looks at it. "I still remember when you scored the winning goal at that soccer game. You were so thrilled."

"You remember that?" I ask in shock. I was thrilled because he was there to watch Christine play when I scored. We were always on the same team growing up. I was about twelve and I thought that if I could score a goal while he was watching, he would fall in love with me. It didn't quite work out that way.

"Of course," he says as he hands me the photo back. My pulse is racing as I stick it back on the wall. "You had long skinny legs that you were always tripping over."

His eyes drop down to my legs and I feel a heat pulsing between them.

"But you're all grown up now."

"Still adorable?" *Shit.* The words are out before I can stop them. Now, I'm kicking myself, wishing I wasn't coming off like I'm desperately looking for a compliment.

"No," he says, shaking his head as he looks down at me with a sparkle in his brown eyes. "Adorable is not the word I'd use to describe you, Mandy."

"Clumsy?" I ask with a nervous smile. "Accident-prone?"

He shakes his head as he steps forward and takes my hand. My heart is beating so hard I'm worried it's going to vibrate out of my chest.

"Sexy is a perfect word to describe you," he says in a low rumbling voice. "Stunning. Breathtaking. Unexpected."

I swallow hard as I look up at him. He's taller than me and wider by a lot. I still feel tiny next to him just like I did as a kid.

"I scored that goal for you," I whisper, feeling my voice shake. I've never

been this open with my feelings before with a man. Not with Ethan, not with anyone. “I thought you’d kiss me if I did.”

He steps even closer until our bodies are touching. My breasts glide against his hard chest and my nipples start aching. The warm musky smell of his cologne is filling my head, making my body melt.

“You were right,” he whispers as he hovers his lips over mine. “You were just a little off on the timing.”

His big arm wraps around my body and I suck in a breath when I feel his powerful hand flatten on my lower back. He presses me closer against him as he looks down at my mouth in awe.

I tilt my head up and he kisses me hard. I grab onto the lapels of his jacket and hold him there as he thrusts his tongue into my mouth, claiming my mouth like he owns it now.

I’ve been waiting for this moment for over a decade, for more than half of my life, and I’m not disappointed. I’m not underwhelmed. My legs weaken as we explore each other’s mouths. His tongue is so soft. It tastes so good.

For such a strong, rough, dominant man, he kisses so gently with just the right amount of force to let me know that he’s in charge. His hand tightens on my back, pressing me into him until my breasts are pressed flat against his chest.

I moan into his mouth when I feel his erection press against my thigh. It’s so hard and long. It’s the first time I’ve felt one and I wonder if they’re all this big. If they all feel this thick. It can’t be...

“I’ve been wanting to do that all night,” he says when we pull away. Our hands are still running up and down each other’s bodies. My palms are feeling the hard curves of his biceps as his hand slides over my ass.

“I’ve been wanting it too,” I tell him as I step on my toes, urging him to kiss me again. He does.

It’s more forceful this time, more passionate. He devours my mouth as we stumble backward and fall on the bed.

I smile as I fall on top of him. His arms wrap around me as we kiss on the pile of coats.

He rolls on top of me and kisses my neck, making me moan as his hard cock presses into my leg. I don’t want to stop. I want to go all the way with this man.

I want him to be my first. I want him to claim my pussy like he’s claiming my mouth.

“Oh, Ethan,” I gasp as he kisses the top of my chest. I grab his hand and put it on my breast. “Touch me...”

He squeezes my breast and then slides his hand into my dress, cupping my bare breast as my pussy aches. My nipple hardens against his palm. My heart is pounding. There’s fire in my veins.

He kisses me again as he massages and kneads my breast. I have to open my eyes as he kisses me. It’s the only way I can believe that it’s Ethan Hearst’s lips on mine.

“You’re so amazing,” he whispers between kisses. “I can’t believe you’ve been in my life all this time and it took me this long to notice.”

“Let’s make up for lost time,” I say as I slide my hand through his salt and pepper hair. I’ve always wanted to do that. I’ve written fan fiction about Ethan’s hair.

He’s about to kiss me again when we hear footsteps coming up the stairs.

“No,” we both gasp at the same time.

“They’re Cubans,” Christine’s dad says. “Just don’t tell Judy or she’s going to ask how much I paid for them!” His deep booming laugh echoes up the hallway.

If he’s getting cigars, he’s heading for his home office, which means he’s going to pass the door and see his brother with his hand in his daughter’s best friend’s dress.

“Hide me!” I gasp.

Ethan starts throwing coats on me until I’m covered. Someone’s leather jacket is over my head, but I can still hear them even if I can’t see a thing.

“What are you doing in here?”

“Just making a phone call.”

“Enough work! It’s a party! Come, I have some Cuban cigars and a nice bottle of scotch I’ve been waiting to crack open.”

“I’d like to stay here and make the phone call. It’s really important.”

I smile at hearing him call me really important. It’s part of a lie and not meant to be a compliment, but that’s how I’m going to take it.

“I insist,” Christine’s dad says. “You’re coming!”

I think he gets pulled out of the room because it goes silent. I wait a few minutes and then throw the coats off me.

I’m not ready to get up yet. The warm heat of arousal is coursing through my body as I remember what his lips and hands felt like on me.

This feels like a dream...

I take a deep breath as I lie on the bed and stare at Christine's ceiling, wondering what other miracles this Christmas has in store for me.

Chapter Five

Ethan

Being this far from my girl is painful. She's across the room, standing next to the Christmas tree with a cocktail in her hand. Every nerve ending in my body is rattling as I watch her. Every few seconds, she looks my way and then every time, she turns away shyly and blushes a little bit more.

I don't understand how she got her hooks in me so fast. It's not just that red dress, it's her. I'm captivated by her. Totally drawn to her in every way—mind, body, and soul. I want to run over to her like a kid running to their Christmas presents in the morning, but instead, I grit my teeth and keep my feet planted on the floor.

Mandy is talking to her high school friends. I recognize some of them from back in the day when I'd go to Chrissy's birthday or to her school events. A tall guy is there, inching his way over to her. I feel a low rumble in my throat as I watch him start talking to my girl.

I recognize him. He used to be a tall lanky kid who dated the redheaded girl, but he's filled out now. But not enough that I can't still shove his head through a wall if he dares to touch her. She's mine now. *All mine.*

It's like all those years of abstinence, of being alone because I couldn't find the right girl, has culminated and come to a head. The insatiable need

surging through me is unbearable. I don't have one pure thought in my head as I look at my girl.

The thought of kissing her again, of sliding my hand back into her dress where it belongs, of tying her to my bed and sinking my hard cock into her soft wet pussy is threatening to undo me.

I'm just about to go over there and tell her how much I need her when Matt stands on the coffee table and starts clinking his glass to get everyone's attention.

Judy turns the music off with a knowing smile on her face.

"Can I have everyone's attention?" Matt shouts. Everyone turns to him.

Chrissy's face drops.

He steps down and pulls out a little ring box as he walks up to her. "Christine," he says as he drops to his knee. "You mean more to me than life itself."

Her hands fly up to her mouth, covering it as her wide eyes stare down at him in shock.

"Will you make me the happiest man who's ever lived and marry me?"

"Yes!" she shouts. Matt jumps up and hugs her as everyone cheers.

Mandy's eyes meet mine over the cheering crowd and this time, she doesn't look away.

I wonder if she's thinking what I'm thinking... That one day that will be us.

My brother Steven comes out with a tray of champagne flutes, followed by Matt's parents. They hand everyone a flute as they're showered with congratulations and slaps on the back. It's a nice festive moment and I smile when I see how happy Chrissy looks as she shows off her shiny new engagement ring to all the guests.

They go around giving hugs as Steven gives a toast, congratulating the newly engaged couple and thanking everyone for coming.

"I guess the next time we'll all be together is at the wedding!" Everyone cheers and then downs their glass.

The champagne is tickling my tongue as I try to find Mandy, but she's gone from her spot beside the tree. My heart starts to beat erratically as panic sets in. I don't like not knowing where she is.

I start pushing my way through the crowd when Chrissy suddenly pops in front of me.

"Uncle Ethan!"

I wrap my arms around her and give her a hug, forgetting about Mandy for the moment. She's my only niece and this is a huge moment for her (even if every impulse in my body is urging me to go find my girl).

"Congratulations, kid," I say as I squeeze her. "I'd offer to straighten your guy out if he ever does you wrong, but I know I'll never have to with Matt. He's a keeper. I'm so proud of you."

"Thank you, Uncle Ethan," she says as she squeezes me back. She pulls away and looks up at me with a scrunched forehead. "I want this amazing feeling for you. How come you're still single?"

"I guess I haven't found the right girl," I lie.

"Do you still have Grandma's ring?"

I nod. My mother gave it to me on her deathbed. Told me it belonged to the girl who could thaw my icy heart. I put it in the back of my top drawer when I got home and it's been there ever since.

"You sure you haven't found the right girl?" she asks, giving me that suspicious look again.

"What are you talking about?" I ask as I get the feeling we're not on the same page.

Her eyebrow raises as she grins at me. I stare back at her, playing dumb but she's not buying it.

"Oh, please," she says with a huff of breath. "You two haven't taken your eyes off each other all night. Plus, her lipstick is all smudged up."

I swallow as I watch her. Busted.

"Just be gentle with her," she says with a tilt of her head. "She has a tender heart. And she's been in love with you since she was eight years old."

"But... she's your friend. And I'm your uncle..."

"You've always had her heart, Uncle Ethan. I've told her to move on so many times. I've fought it and warned her for years. I don't want to fight it anymore. I truly believe that you're the only one who will make her happy."

She steps on her toes and kisses my cheek, leaving me stunned.

"You have my blessing if you need it. And Uncle Ethan?"

"Yeah, kid?"

She gives me a wink. "Show her a good Christmas. She needs it."

Chapter Six

Mandy

I lost Ethan.

Not lost lost, not yet anyway, but I haven't seen him in about five minutes.

Rather than grapple with the urge to stalk him around the house like a crazed ex-girlfriend, I head into the kitchen to help out.

"Mandy!" my father shouts from the table. *Oh no.* He pours a shot for him and one for my mother who's sitting beside him. He pours most of it on the table. "Mandy! Mandy! Watch us take a shooter of Brandy!"

They both giggle as they down them. I charge over.

"You guys are drunk!" I whisper-scream at them.

They look at each other and burst out laughing. "Guilty," my mother says. "Don't ground us."

My dad roars out laughing as I turn away from them with a roll of my eyes. How am I the responsible adult here already? I'm only twenty-one!

"You're driving," my Dad hollers as I start gathering some empty bottles of wine and beer from the counter and toss them into the recycling bin.

Everyone is having a good time and the music is blasting. Someone turned off the Christmas music a while ago and *Uptown Funk* is blaring from the living room. It's packed in there with people dancing and having a great

time. Most of these people are going to get hangovers for Christmas morning.

I shiver as I step into the garage and squeeze past Mr. Hearst's slick-looking mid-life crisis car. Mrs. Hearst said he was either going to get a car or a mistress, so she let him get the car. I don't know what kind it is, but it looks like something John Wick would drive.

Goosebumps rise all over my skin with the chilly air in here. I dump the empty bottles into the big blue bin and gasp when I turn around.

Ethan is standing in front of the closed door with his hands in his pockets watching me with an intense gaze.

I swallow hard as I stare back. My nipples harden, but I'm not sure if it's from the cold air or from the hot guy.

"What's a beautiful girl like you doing in a place like this?" he says with a sexy grin. There's a flutter in my chest as I watch him. I don't know how all girls my age aren't attracted to older guys. They're so incredibly sexy. The guys my age at work and at school are so immature and act so childish at times. How could I possibly desire them when there are real men like Ethan Hearst in the world?

He's mature, sophisticated, cultured, smart, and unbelievably alluring. That smile... those eyes... I'm swooning over here as I take in that graying hair and those broad shoulders.

He's the most enticing creature I've ever seen.

"I thought you were out with the boys," I say after clearing my throat. "Cuban cigars was it?"

"The engagement broke that little plan up," he says as he walks down the two steps. "Steven was called to the kitchen to serve champagne flutes."

"Aww, too bad," I say with a shy smile as he slowly approaches. "I kinda like the smell of cigars on a man."

"I'll have to remember that," he says as he slides his arms around my waist. His palms slide up my bare back and I wet my bottom lip as he pulls me against his hard body once again.

The garage doesn't feel so cold anymore. My body is warming up under that intense heated gaze.

His hand reaches up and slides out the pins in my bun. "*Goddamn,*" he whispers under his breath as he watches my hair fall down, tumbling on my shoulders. "You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

He looks like he means it. I feel beautiful around him. He makes me feel like a woman. I always wanted him to look at me like this, but he never did.

He looked at me like I was a child, because I was, but that's all changed now.

We're finally equals and we can take this—whatever this is—to another place. We can finally start what I've been waiting years to start.

"This night has felt like a dream," he says in his soft sexy voice as he tucks a strand of hair behind my ear.

I smile, still not believing this is happening. Either I drank some tainted egg nog and am on the kitchen floor hallucinating right now or all my Christmas dreams have come true. I'm going to believe it's the latter, although I'm not so sure.

"It's been a pretty good Christmas so far," I whisper back as his big hand gently cups my jaw. His eyes drop from mine and he starts eyeing my lips as his shoulders raise.

My heart races. I can't breathe with his eyes on me like this. My breath is caught in my throat as the heat swirling in my core plunges between my legs.

"It's going to be a pretty good year too," he says as he moves forward, his lips ghosting over mine. "Because I'm not letting you go. Ever."

My body ignites as he crushes his lips to mine, kissing me with a wild passion that's been building like an inferno in the ten minutes we've been apart.

There's no more soft gentle kisses. It's hands in hair, gripping each other hard as he slams me into the refrigerator and devours my mouth in the most erotic way. It's rough and messy, fueled by a lifetime of pent-up need and desire.

I moan shamelessly as he kisses my neck and grabs my breast. I want him so badly. My body was made for him. I know it. Every time he touches me, I know it.

I grab two fistfuls of his jacket and pull his mouth back to mine. He groans with lustful need as he kisses me again, knowing just what to do with me.

I want to feel him deep inside me. I want him to have my virginity. I want him to *take* it. I want him to possess every inch of me. I want to be his. I want him to *own* me.

His hand grips my inner thigh and I gasp as I flatten my back against the cold fridge. I can't think straight as I feel his rough palm slowly slide up, under my dress, dangerously close to my throbbing pussy.

Oh shit, I want this. It's been so hard all these years to be around him and not have him touch me like this.

I sink my hands into his hair and breathe out as he kisses my chest, that hand killing me as it inches up closer. He's taking his time, teasing me, torturing me. I'm consumed with lust and *need* him on my sex.

"Yes," I gasp when I feel the edge of his finger brush over my aching mound. I wish I wasn't wearing any panties. I wish it was skin on skin.

He growls as he slides his finger along the elastic between my leg and pussy. I wonder if he can feel how wet it is.

My chest is heaving up and down, the back of my head curled against the refrigerator as he dips his finger under the elastic and glides his fingertip over —

"*Shit,*" he hisses under his breath when the door starts to open. We both dive behind the car and crouch down as someone walks into the garage.

I'm aching all over. My heart is hammering. My pussy is on fire. This is *torture*.

I peek through the window and see Christine's cousin Randy come in. He looks around guiltily as he heads straight for the fridge.

I slide my hand into Ethan's lap and feel his huge rod that's as hard as steel. He sucks in a sharp breath as I run my palm up and down it.

What the fuck is this guy doing?

I look again and he's stuffing his mouth with the desserts that haven't been served yet. Unbelievable. After shoving five or six down his throat, he crams a few into his pockets and rushes back out.

We're alone once again.

My hand is on his cock as he looks at me with a fierce lust in his eyes. "In here," he says as he opens the car door and shoves the seat forward. His hand is on my ass I climb into the backseat. He follows me in, closing the door and pulling the passenger seat back into place as I lay on the cracked leather seat that's more like a small couch.

He stops for a second to admire me, shaking his head as he looks at me like he can't get enough of what he's seeing.

I spread my legs, which causes my dress to rise, showing him a little bit more. It's my first time doing any of this and I'm not sure what to expect.

A jolt of excitement rushes through me as he slides off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves, his eyes locked between my legs. I'm so *wet*. My pussy is throbbing with need as he reaches under my dress and grips my panties in his strong hands.

Arousal is surging through my veins, heightening every sensation as he

pulls my panties down. I lift my feet to help him as they get snagged on my heel while he pulls them off.

I can feel my heart hammering through my body as he rolls them into a ball and stuffs them into his pocket.

“What are you doing?” I ask in a breathless voice.

“They’re mine now,” he says in a low dominant growl. “And so is this pussy.”

I gasp as his hands grip my thighs, spreading them apart as he dips down.

“Pull your dress up for me,” he demands. “Show me your hot little cunt.”

I don’t even question his command. I just grab the bottom of my dress and pull it up, showing him everything. He hisses out a low breath as he drinks in the sight of my naked pussy.

A darkness clouds his eyes as he whispers something that I can’t hear under his breath. I look down and the long thick outline of his cock is running along his thigh.

“You look so damn tight,” he hisses like he’s too mesmerized to breathe. “Spread wider for me, love.”

I gulp as I slide my ass forward on the leather seat and spread my legs even wider. They’re open as far as they’ll go in the cramped car.

My pussy pulses as he lowers his head. The anticipation is killing me. I suck in a breath and cry out when his tongue hits my sex. It’s like licks of fire up and down my wet slit.

I moan loudly—too loudly—as he flattens his tongue and slowly licks from the bottom to the top. “You taste unbelievable, girl. It’s so fucking good.”

His beard scratches the insides of my wet thighs as his hot tongue moves faster, sliding through my folds and teasing my aching clit. The sensations are overwhelming. It’s so intense.

My breath is coming out in short, fierce gasps. My hips are rolling to the rhythm of his tongue. I sink my hands into his hair and grip it as I stare at the top of his head between my legs, marveling at the fact that it’s Ethan Hearst’s mouth on my pussy right now.

“Oh!” I cry out as I grind my sex against his tongue. He’s everywhere at once. His tongue is magical. It can’t be real.

He sinks half of his finger into my gushing hole as he circles my clit with the tip of his tongue and then flicks it. I squeeze his hair a little too hard and cry out.

My back is arched as he keeps going, amping up the pace as he ruthlessly makes the pressure inside me build and build until it's too tight to think.

I let go of his hair and squeeze my breasts as I watch his head bob. This is so sexy. It's so erotic. The sight of this older man between my legs is enough to unravel me. Add his tongue and *fuck*... I don't stand a chance.

The pleasure builds and tightens and twists until I'm desperate for some kind of release. I'm moaning louder than I should considering there's a party full of people in the next room.

My hips are out of control now, rolling and pushing against his mouth so hard that I wouldn't be surprised if Ethan has a fat lip after we're done. I can't stop myself. Lust has taken over my body. My pussy is in control now.

"*Oh, yes!*" I scream as the tightness suddenly snaps. The crushing pressure inside my core unravels and I come hard on his mouth. The pleasure is so *intense*. It's so unexpected and fierce and wonderful. I nearly drown in the overwhelming sensations tearing through my body as he continues to lick me through it.

My eyes water as I grab two fistfuls of his sweater and hold him between my legs. Heated bliss shoots through me and I whimper as his tongue glides over my engorged clit.

I sink onto the soft leather, my body slack, my limbs limp with the euphoria circulating through them. I can't move. I can barely think let alone process what happened.

So, I just watch Ethan as he gets up and wipes the wetness from his mouth with a satisfied groan.

"You are incredible," he whispers as he tears his eyes away from my naked pussy and looks at me with a look that can only be described as loving.

This is the perfect moment. I try to take in every detail so I can treasure it forever.

But that insatiable lust inside me doesn't want to rest for long. It has me getting up and pushing Ethan onto the seat.

He watches me with hungry eyes as I kneel in front of him and begin to undo his belt. My mouth is watering as I pull out his massive cock, marveling at the hardness of it.

He's *huge*.

I gulp as I stare at it in my hand—hard, throbbing, thick—with sticky beads of pre-come leaking from the slit at the top and running down his shaft.

My core clenches as I watch the pre-come slide all the way down to his

big beautiful balls that look so virile and full of his seed.

It's still not sinking in that this is Ethan Hearst with me. He's here with *me*. He's hard for *me*.

"Do you like what you see?" he asks as he slides his hand into my hair, pulling it away from my face.

I look up at him with a fire growing inside me and nod.

"Tell me this is the first man you've been with like this." There's a pain in his eyes. An anguish that I want to take away. "Tell me that sweet pussy was so tight because I'm the first man to touch it."

"You're the first," I whisper as I brush the tip of his cock across my lips. He drops his head back and groans. "I've only ever wanted you. I waited for you to take me. I'm all yours, Ethan. Always have been."

"Put those sweet lips on me before I die," he groans in agony.

I open my mouth and take him in, moaning as I taste his pre-come on my tongue. He tastes divine.

My mouth stretches wide as he pushes his hips up, sliding his massive cock into my small mouth. I squeeze his shaft and start stroking him as I wrap my lips around his head and scoop up the rest of his pre-come with my tongue.

He groans in pleasure as I swallow it down. "Just like that," he whispers in a harsh tone. "Slide that sweet tongue up and down my dick."

I pull him out of my mouth with a gasp. He's staring at me with the most intense eyes I've ever seen. It sends shivers tickling through me. I dip my head back down and slide my tongue up and down his hard shaft as I cup his masculine balls with my hand.

His strong hands sink into my loose hair and he grips my head, guiding my mouth up and down the way he likes it.

"Just like that," he hisses through his clenched jaw. "Oh, yeah... that's it."

I fall into a steady rhythm as I use my hand and mouth to get him off. His massive chest is huffing up and down with every harsh breath.

I can't believe I'm having this effect on him. I can't believe I'm turning my lifelong crush on in this way.

"Don't stop," he begs. "Don't stop. I'm going to come..."

I ram my hand up and down his hard shaft as I tease him with my tongue.

His balls tighten and his cock lurches as he lets out a cry that sounds like it's part growl. I hold him in my mouth as deep as I can and moan while I feel

his hot come surge out. It erupts inside me, coating the roof of my mouth, my tongue, the back of my throat.

I shiver as his hands squeeze into fists and his body jerks on the seat. My body melts as I swallow the thick hot come down, feeling it heat up my chest from the inside out.

He falls back onto the seat, looking utterly spent as I release his cock. I stare at it in awe as he recovers. It's so beautiful. *He's* so beautiful.

"Mandy," he whispers as he looks at me with half-closed eyes. "This is me at my most honest. I want to tell you. I—"

The door to the house opens and we both duck down as someone hits the garage door button. The huge door starts grinding and groaning as it rises.

I can't see who's there, but there's about half a dozen of them, all men, and they're walking past the car.

"Shit," I whisper as I look at the windows. They're all steamy.

The men don't notice as they walk past the car, talking and laughing as they stand at the edge of the garage.

"Let's sneak out," Ethan whispers as he puts his cock away.

"Can I have my underwear back?" I whisper as I pull my dress back down.

He grins. "Not a chance."

He opens the door as quietly as he can, grabs his jacket, and sneaks out without making a sound. He reaches back for me and helps me out. I stay crouched down as he carefully closes the door. The car is blocking us from the men and hopefully the alcohol will help them in not noticing us.

The smell of cigars hits my nose as Christine's dad and his friends light up.

Ethan turns to me and laughs without a sound. I laugh back at the wonderful craziness of this night.

He squeezes my hand and then starts moving. I follow closely behind him, keeping my head low.

"Ethan!" Christine's dad says when he gets up and tries to make a break for the door. "There you are! I have a ripe twenty-year old for you!"

"What?!" Ethan says with a shocked and guilty look on his face.

"Scotch! Aged twenty years."

"Oh," he says with a laugh. I bet he was thinking about a different kind of twenty-year old...

He shoots me a quick glance and then heads over to the guys, distracting

them with a joke as I rush out of the garage unnoticed.

I close the door behind me and lean on it, feeling extremely naked under my dress as I take a deep breath.

I shake the lust from my eyes, smooth back my hair, and rejoin the party like nothing happened.

Chapter Seven

Mandy

I t's late in the night when the party winds down. There's a crowd at the door saying goodbye as they leave. The lights are on, the music is off. It's over.

But I desperately want this to be a new start. The start of something incredible with Ethan.

He's on the other side of the room, watching me as he hangs back. We haven't talked much since we fled the backseat of Mr. Hearst's car. I haven't given him my number. We haven't made any plans to see each other again.

My stomach is in knots, wondering what's going to happen as my parents come stumbling over. I grab my mother as she almost does a head dive into the plant and then I struggle to get her back to her feet. My dad tries to help, but he's just as plastered.

"We have to go," he says, sounding like a frog. His voice always changes when he's had too many. "Judy, Steven, thank you for the party and Merry Christmas."

My mother tries to say the same, but she burps and then giggles like a little kid.

"Come on," I say as I grab her arm and pull her to the door.

Christine comes racing down the stairs with our jackets and helps my

father get into his.

“Congratulations again,” I say to her. I’m so happy for them. Matt and she are going to be one of those happy couples who stay together until they’re both well past a hundred. “I’ll call you tomorrow.”

She tries to help my mother into her coat but I shake my head. “Don’t. The cold air might help sober her up.”

I glance over longingly at Ethan, but he just stands there and nods back. It can’t end like this, can it?

But it does. There’s a nausea in my stomach and a pain in my chest as I walk outside into the cool air. My heart is breaking as I help my mother to the car.

I get them both into the backseat and then take one last look at the house, hoping to see Ethan coming out. The red door is closed with the wreath hanging quietly.

“Okay,” I whisper to myself as tears burn the back of my eyes. I guess that was it.

I guess he means more to me than I mean to him.

The door crunches as I open it. I sigh as I sit on the hard frozen seats and start the car. It’s so cold in here that I can see my breath, but I’m only thinking about the last time I was in a car. It was so heated and perfect with Ethan. And now, this...

“I think I’m going to be sick,” my mother says from the back.

“Can we stop at McDonald’s?” my father chimes in.

I drop my head, take one last look at the red door, and then back out of the driveway with my heart in pieces.

What feels like hours later, I have my parents in their bed and am in my pajamas with my make-up washed off.

My mother never threw up in the car, but I can’t say that she’s going to keep her non-puking streak intact tomorrow morning. It’s going to be a sad Christmas morning with my parents either sleeping through it or vomiting through it, but probably both.

I sigh as I sit on my bed and look at the window. Snow is coming down. I want to lay outside and let it bury me. How could it have ended like this?

I guess that everyone was right all along. Ethan was never interested in settling down.

And I guess that Christine knew her uncle better than I had hoped because we weren't meant to be.

I was just a piece of Holiday ass to him. A present to unwrap and then toss to the curb the next morning.

He was about to tell me something in the car before we got interrupted. "Mandy," he said as I knelt at his feet. "This is me at my most honest. I want to tell you. I—"

I'm so stupid. I thought he was going to profess his love for me. I thought he was going to tell me he wanted this to continue...

What a dope I am. He was going to tell me that this was just some harmless fun. That it was a casual fling. That he'll see me again next Christmas Eve.

How could I not see the truth? I guess I never could when it came to Ethan.

I lay on my bed and the tears start coming as I pull up my blankets. I just really wanted a Christmas miracle, ya know? For once, I wanted things to work out.

I close my eyes and cuddle my blankets, feeling more alone than ever when I hear a tapping on the window.

I spring up to a seated position and gasp when I see Ethan's face in the window, smiling at me. I rush over and open it. He's standing on the barbecue, looking like he's in a Christmas snow globe with light snowflakes falling in his hair and on his shoulders.

"I would have come through the chimney like Santa Clause but I didn't think I'd fit. Are you crying?" His face drops as I quickly wipe my eyes.

"I thought..."

"What?"

"That it was over. Between us."

His face drops as he looks at me like nothing could be farther from the truth. "Oh, Mandy. I'm not done with you. I don't think I'll ever be done with you. The way you make me feel... I can't even describe it. You are a Christmas angel. You are the love of my life."

All the anguish I've been feeling since I left the party dissipates and I'm left with a lightness that makes me feel like I'm going to float up to the ceiling.

“Come with me,” he says with a loving smile. “This night is not over yet. And we are definitely not over either.”

I stand there grinning like the lovestruck girl I’ve always been for this man as he reaches for my hand.

I give my hand to him, I give my heart to him, and I step into the future I’ve always wanted.

With Ethan by my side.

Chapter Eight

Ethan

I don't know how it's possible, but Mandy looks just as good in tight black yoga pants and a big bulky sweater as she does in her tight red dress. Her hair is tied back in a ponytail and she looks just as striking with no make-up on. Maybe even more so. Her innocence is radiating throughout the car.

I've fallen for her big time. I haven't been able to get her out of my mind the entire night.

She's sitting in my car, holding my hand as I drive down the snowy road to my house. Chrissy gave me Mandy's parent's address after she left. I wasn't about to make a scene with everyone watching. I wanted to tell her how I felt when it was just the two of us.

I pull into my garage and we head into the house. We barely make it to the stairs before we're kissing and groping each other and pulling off clothes.

We shed an article of clothing for every step and by the time we get to the top, we're both in our underwear.

She's ready to let me take her on the hardwood floor, but I stand up, offer my hand, and help her to her feet.

"Come," I whisper. "Your first time is not going to be on the floor."

I throw her over my shoulder and she yelps as I smack her soft ass.

I'm already as hard as a rock as I carry her into my bedroom and throw

her on the bed.

She's biting her bottom lip and grinning as she looks around while I pull out some candles to set a romantic mood.

"What are you smirking at?" I ask as I light one.

"Ethan Hearst's bedroom," she says with a giggle. She runs her hand over my comforter and giggles again. "Ethan Hearst's bed."

"You'll be used to it soon enough," I warn her as I light another candle. "I might just have to tie you to the bedpost so I can come in here, spread your legs and taste that sweet pussy whenever I want."

She swallows hard as I light the last candle and walk over to her. Her eyes are all over my torso, checking out my hard chest and detailed tattoos.

My mouth waters as I look down at her smooth skin. Her hair is loose and splayed out on the bed. There's an angelic purity to this girl. An unsullied innocence that I can't wait to defile.

I'm going to spend the rest of my life worshipping her in the way she deserves to be worshipped.

She chose me, a man more than double her age, and I won't ever forget that. I'm going to make her happy with that decision for the rest of my life. I'll do whatever I can to make this girl happy, satisfied, safe, and secure. I'll be the man she needs and the man she deserves.

She spreads her legs as I climb onto the bed between them. Her pussy is already so wet that it's soaked through her underwear. I stole her last pair and I'm going to steal this one too.

"No one is going to interrupt us now," I say as I grab ahold of her panties and pull them all the way down. I toss them onto my dresser, making a mental note to make them disappear later.

"You promise?" she asks as she looks up at me with arousal in her beautiful blue eyes. The flickering light from the candle is reflecting in them, making them shine even brighter. I lower my eyes to her lush thick lips and give her a soft kiss.

"I promise," I whisper after I pull away. "I'm not stopping until I've claimed your pussy. It's all mine now."

"It's always been yours," she says as she bats those long lush eyelashes at me. I push my erection against her mound and she sucks in a breath as her back bends, pressing her tits up against me.

The intense need to get her completely naked rips through my veins. I unclasp her bra and then pull down my boxer briefs. My hard cock jerks up

and slaps my abs, leaving a sticky spot of pre-come next to my navel.

I haven't been this hard in years, but this sweet girl gets me there with only a shy smile or an innocent look.

"I don't have a condom," I whisper over her mouth as I rock my hips back and forth, gliding my hard shaft over her silky folds. "But I wouldn't wear it even if I had one. I want to feel every inch of your wet pussy wrapping around me. I'm taking your ripe cunt raw."

She starts breathing heavier as her eyes widen. Her fingernails dig into my arms as she holds me in place. "I'm not on the pill."

"Good," I growl. I kiss her hard and thrust my tongue into her mouth. I don't want anything to stop my seed from penetrating her womb. I want her bred with my child. I want her locked and bound to me in every way possible.

There's no going back to the single life. This beauty is staying by my side *forever*.

I reach down and grab my throbbing dick. "Yes," she gasps as I press my swollen head to her tight little hole. It's soaking wet and spurting out her warm juices with every bit of pressure I add.

"You ready?"

She nods as her luscious lips part. I kiss her again as I push through her silky tunnel until my cock meets resistance. A shiver racks my body when I realize it's her cherry. The cherry she saved for *me*.

"Take it," she whispers, urging me to continue as she pulls on my arms.

I grin as I thrust in hard, tearing through her virginity as I lay ownership on her tight little pussy. It's mine now. *She's* mine now.

"Oh, Ethan," she whimpers as I'm buried to the hilt inside her, feeling the warmth surrounding me. "You're so fucking *large*."

The soft walls of her cunt are squeezing me in a death grip. I'm clenching my jaw as I hold my dick inside her, feeling her virgin tightness attempt to crush me.

She's staring up at me with her lips parted and her eyes clouded with lust. She's breathing short quick breaths as she tries to get used to my size. Her nails are digging into my triceps.

"Your body feels so good," I whisper to her as I brush my lips across her cheek. I nibble on her earlobe as I slowly pull out an inch. Her nails ease on my arms, but they sink back in when I thrust in deep again.

She's so damn *tight*. Her pussy is clamping down on my cock like she's trying to kill it. It's a sweet pain as I rock my hips back and forth, trying to

ease some of the tension.

After a while, she starts to loosen up and I'm able to slide in and out with full long strokes.

"*Oh, Ethan,*" she moans as I hold myself up and start thrusting in harder. She's biting her bottom lip as her body lurches back and forth with every drive of my hips. Her big tits are swaying to the rhythm, making my balls ache with the need to breed her.

I'll never get tired of making love to this little firecracker. She's full of surprises and I can't wait to get to know every part of her.

But right now, the only thing on my mind is claiming her womb and breeding it.

I slide my hand over her stomach, imagining it swollen with my child growing inside. I want it so badly. The intense need is making me crazy.

A sexy sheen of sweat starts coating her chest as I slam into her over and over again. I slide my hand between her tits, dampening my fingers before I put them in my mouth, tasting her salty sweetness as she moans and writhes on the bed, begging me for more.

"*Yes,*" she moans as she sinks her hands in her hair. The movement pulls her breasts up and those tight little pink nipples are so irresistible that I have to have another taste.

I hold my cock deep inside her, enjoying the tight warmth as I suck on her tits.

"We're doing this every night from now on," I tell her.

She smiles through her raspy breaths as she looks at me, pupils dilated, lips half curled in a smirk. "You promise?"

"You have my word."

I kiss her deeply and she shoves her tongue into my mouth as she lifts her head off the bed to get it in deeper. She tastes like sweet innocence and I can't get enough of it.

"Turn around," I growl when our lips part. "On your knees."

She whimpers when I pull out of her. "Oh, no," she whines.

My eyes are on my hard cock as she quickly gets up and sticks her ass in the air on her hands and knees. Her cream is mixed with the red of her virginity all over my shaft. It's a beautiful sight. Knowing I'm the first man to see her warm inner juices makes my heart swell up in my chest. It nearly brings tears to my eyes.

But I can't focus on it for long. Her ass is spread in front of me with her

pink little asshole on full display. I grab her cheeks with both hands and lick her pussy from her wet clit all the way up to her puckered asshole with an insatiable moan.

Her body shivers as I kneel behind her and shove my cock back inside her where it belongs. Her pussy is so sopping wet that it takes me in with one hard thrust. I grab ahold of her hips and lift her up an inch before I begin to thrust in and out.

She drops her head on the bed, her hand pressed flat against the headboard as I jolt her back and forth with every powerful drive of my hips.

I'm not going slow anymore. I can't. The time for gently lovemaking is over. I'm pounding her hard now, testing this pussy out and seeing what it can do.

My girl is loving it. Moaning and crying out and begging for more. I grab ahold of her ass with one hand—rubbing her asshole with my thumb—and I grab a fistful of her brown hair with the other.

All I can think about now is breeding her. My balls are *aching*.

“Come for me, Mandy,” I growl as I thrust in harder, deeper. I'm driving into her relentlessly as the headboard slams into the wall over and over again.

She screams out and I curse under my breath as her pussy tightens even more. Her body is convulsing in front of me as her orgasm consumes her.

I grit my teeth as I fuck her through it, feeling her hot virgin pussy pulsing and milking my cock, trying to get my seed to burst out.

It works. I squeeze her ass as my balls tighten and I come with a guttural roar.

I'm buried to the hilt inside her, my cock as close to her womb as it can get as my hot come surges out and coats her insides.

She cries out as her head drops to the mattress, her sweet ass in the air.

Just when I think I've given her every last drop, my cock jerks and I give her a little bit more.

Her legs are shaking when I finally pull out of her and drop to the bed. She's whimpering and trembling as I grab her and pull her into my arms.

This is where she belongs—cuddled softly with my arms safe around her. She always knew it, but I'm wondering how it took me so long to see it too.

I kiss the top of her head and she moans. Her eyes are already closed, her body spent.

I fight back the sleepiness trying to take over my body so I can stay like this for a little bit longer. It feels too good to let go.

Chapter Nine

Mandy

The bed is empty when I wake up on Christmas morning. I reach over with a moan and feel the warm empty spot where Ethan's body should be.

I immediately start to feel some panic and doubt about what happened last night. Was it not as meaningful for him as it was for me? Am I a fool for thinking it was?

Geez, girl. Chill. It's Christmas.

I get out of his large bed and quickly put my yoga pants and sweatshirt back on, leaving my bra and t-shirt on the chair. I want to tempt him a little bit in case he's having second thoughts and being braless will help do it.

I pop into the bathroom to freshen up my mouth with his toothpaste and mouthwash. My hair is a wild mess and I try to fix it with my hands, but it's not really cooperating. After a few minutes of fighting with it, I give up and head downstairs.

I'm not sure what to expect. Breakfast? A swift kick out the door? I try to get myself ready for anything, but when I turn the corner and see what Ethan is up to, I realize I'm not ready for this.

"Oh my God!" I say with a gasp when I see the lit-up Christmas tree in the living room beside a roaring fire. There are lit candles everywhere and

Ethan is dancing to upbeat Christmas music in the kitchen as he makes a delicious smelling breakfast.

He drops the spatula when he sees me and rushes over. “Merry Christmas,” he says as he cups my cheeks and gently pulls my mouth to his.

I moan as he gives me a warm deep kiss that has my toes curling in the slippers I stole from him.

“Merry Christmas to you too,” I say as a rush of heat settles in my chest. I’ve been dreaming about waking up in Ethan’s house for years, and it being Christmas morning is making it that much better.

“Coffee? Mimosa?”

“Yes, and yes,” I say with a grin.

He smiles, kisses me one last time, and then rushes back to pour me a cup. “How do you take it?”

“A little bit of almond milk if you have it.”

“I do.”

I sit at the island and watch as he fixes my coffee and pours a mimosa into a wine glass from the huge pitcher.

I’m grinning as I look around at his place. It was dark last night when we came in and we headed straight upstairs, so I didn’t get to look around.

I’ve always wondered what the inside of his house looked like and I’m like a kid on Christmas morning as I look around. It’s a gorgeous place, just like I expected it would be. A huge open floor plan with a giant kitchen. There’s granite and stainless steel everywhere.

And Christmas decorations.

“You decorate for Christmas?” I ask with a laugh as I look at a gingerbread man hanging off one of the shelves.

He looks at me over his shoulder with a frown. “Something wrong with a grown man enjoying the holidays?”

“Not at all,” I say with a laugh. “I just wasn’t expecting a fully decorated Christmas tree.”

“And I wasn’t expecting to fall in love on the 24th. Life is full of surprises.”

I smile as I replay his words over and over again. *Fall in love...*

It’s too perfect to be true.

“Mind if I take a look around?”

“Help yourself.”

He turns back to the scrambled eggs cooking on the stove as I take my

coffee and head over to the tree. It's nice and warm by the fire. I breathe in a long contented breath of air as I look at all of the cute decorations hanging on the real tree.

I smile when I see one that Christine made for him when she was a kid. It's a candy cane made from hardened Play-Doh. Even this one is shaped like a penis just like her cookies.

"You have a soft side, Mr. Ethan."

He takes the pan off the stove and smiles as he walks over to join me. I moan as he strokes my cheek. "I have a soft side for sweet and beautiful things. Must have been why I fell for you."

I step back and look at him skeptically. This is nice and everything, but I don't want to fall even deeper for him only to have him tell me that it was only a holiday fling once it's time for me to go back to school.

"You know I have to leave in two weeks, right?"

He winces and puts a hand over his heart. "I know. Don't remind me."

"So, is this... like a two-week thing?"

The look on his face gets me right in the feels as he grips my wrists like he's not going to let me go.

"No," he says with the most intense eyes. "This is a forever thing."

"But I have to go back to college."

"I'll go with you."

"What?!"

"Not to college," he says. "But we can rent a place while you're there. I've been looking to buy another radio station and there's one that's on my radar close to your campus. Maybe I'll buy it. What do you think?"

I'm stunned. I wasn't expecting this.

"I think that Christmas is the time for dreams to come true. But..."

"You still don't believe me? Why?"

"You haven't settled down before even though hundreds of amazing women must have thrown themselves at you over the years."

"Hundreds?" he says, trying not to laugh.

"Okay, thousands."

This time he does laugh.

"How can I believe that you're finally going to settle down with me?"

He reaches past me and grabs something out of the tree. It's a little purple box that has my heart hammering away. *Is that?*

It is.

He opens it, revealing a giant diamond ring. It's an old fashioned antique ring with a stunning diamond. Just like I've always wanted.

I love jewelry that has a history. That has a story. Not just a random ring that is one out of a hundred thousand other identical rings on the corner store. But something that is truly one of a kind.

And this is more than I ever could have dreamed of.

Ethan drops to his knee in front of me and I have to shake my head to make sure I'm not dreaming.

"Marry me, Mandy. Make this the merriest Christmas ever and marry me. Please."

I drop to my knees in front of him as tears stream down my cheeks.

"Yes!" I say in a gasp.

He looks so thrilled as he throws his arms around me and we fall to the floor laughing and kissing in front of the crackling fireplace...

...and getting some practice for our honeymoon...

Epilogue

Mandy

Ten Years Later...

The kids are like wild animals as they jump on our bed on Christmas morning.

“What time is it?” Ethan grumbles as he rolls onto his back.

“Too early for this,” I grumble back.

Our three-year-old Andy jumps on his stomach and Ethan flies up with an *oomph*. “Okay, okay, I’m awake,” he says as he rubs his eyes.

I look over at the clock and there’s a five at the beginning of it. It’s too early to get up, but once I see the excitement on my four children’s faces, it’s contagious.

“Go make some coffee, Mr. Clause,” I say as I struggle to push Ethan out of bed.

He groans as he gets up. “All right, Mrs. Clause. Don’t get your pantaloons in a bunch.”

The kids are all gripping their overflowing stockings as they bounce up and down on the bed. This is the eleventh Christmas morning I’ve spent with Ethan and each one keeps getting better and better (and they’re starting

earlier and earlier).

We got married two months after our first Christmas morning together when he proposed. It was a beautiful February wedding with all of our friends and family there.

It was funny to see Christine walk down the aisle as my best friend and then walk back down as my niece. It was weird knowing that I was now her aunt, but we both loved that we were finally family. After a lifetime of feeling like we were, it was finally official. It was legal. We were both Hearsts.

I smile at Ethan as he walks back into the room with two cups of steaming coffee.

“Merry Christmas, lover,” I whisper as he leans down. He kisses me on the lips and smiles back.

“Merry Christmas, Mandy. You’re still the best Christmas present I’ve ever received.”

We sit on the bed holding hands as we watch our kids dive into their stockings, marveling at each present they yank out. They’re between the ages of three and eight.

It feels like as soon as I push one out, Ethan is thrusting another one into me. He says he loves to see me walking around the house with his child in my womb. He always says he can’t help but knock me up. That he was put on this earth to breed me.

Well, the jokes on him now. After Andy came out, I made him get snipped. Four is more than enough for me.

That warm comforting feeling of being home with my family and the man I love fills every inch of me as the snow falls gently outside our window. It’s so snug and cozy in here as Andy shows me each candy cane and chocolate ball he received.

Jasmine squeals in delight when she pulls out the sparkly headbands that Santa brought. “I can wear this at the party tonight!”

“They’re beautiful,” I say as she shows them to me. “But you have to pick one.”

“The purple!” she says, grinning from ear to ear. I love all of my children’s smiles. I can always see Ethan in them. A perfect mix of both of us with a dash of their own uniqueness.

The Hearst’s annual Christmas Eve party got canceled a few years ago when Christine and I started popping out little ones. They moved it to

Christmas day instead and only our families are invited. They'll resume one day, probably when these kiddos are old enough to drive us oldsters home after we've had too much to drink.

After the inside of the stockings are littered all over the bed, we all head down to the Christmas tree next to the roaring fire.

Ethan and I lived in an apartment next to my college until I graduated and then we moved back into his house. We've been here ever since. It's always been so homey and felt so safe, so why leave perfection?

I grin as I watch him by the tree, handing out presents while wearing his Santa hat. His hair is much grayer now, but he's still kept that hard body that I *love* to curl up against.

I always feel like the luckiest woman in the world when I'm by his side. He was definitely worth the wait.

He walks over to me with a heat in his dark eyes as he holds something behind his back.

I jerk my head back in surprise when he pulls out a long felt jewelry box.

"What is that?" I ask as my heart starts fluttering away.

Our kids are watching with wide grins on their faces as he opens it up, revealing a gorgeous diamond necklace.

"Did you think Santa forgot about his Christmas miracle?"

I smile as he takes it out and clasps it around my neck.

It must look silly with my pajamas on and with my hair a mess, but I don't care. I'm not taking it off. It's from my man and it's staying close to my heart.

The kids groan and complain as I step on my toes and kiss him, happier than I've ever been.

He'll always be my Christmas miracle and I'll always be his.



Unwrapping
FOR THE CEO

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



Chapter One

Colleen

I'm surrounded by Christmas.

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

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

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

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

I roll my eyes as I finish painting a happy little face on the marshmallow for the hot cocoa ornament I'm making. I love making these cute tree ornaments. I make them for fun, but I end up with so many different ornaments every Christmas that I end up selling them at the various craft fairs around town. I could get a *third* Christmas tree for my small apartment (honestly, it's something I've considered) but that would be crazy. And I'm

not crazy. I'm just obsessed with Christmas.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He's my other obsession.

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

Yet, Christmas is nothing compared to him.

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm just brushing my teeth!" he says with his toothbrush shoved into his foamy mouth.

"It's inappropriate," Andrea snaps. "You're on work hours, remember."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Miss Campbell,” he says again. “Miss Campbell are you there?”

“She refuses to turn her camera on,” Andrea says.

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

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

“I’m here!” I say in a breathless voice. “I’m here!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shit, I don’t even have a dog!

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

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

I close my eyes, wishing I was dead.

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

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

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

“It’s about the Christmas party.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes?” I squeak out.

“I trust you’ll be there?”

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

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

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

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

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

In the flesh.

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

Chapter Two

Colleen

“**W**hy do you have so many pajamas?” Brianna asks with her nose turned up as she goes through my closet. “Don’t you have any going-out clothes?”

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

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

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

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

“Yeah. It’s my sexy dress.”

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

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

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

“A hundred bucks?” I say, not even knowing what’s in my bank account. I try to look in my banking app as infrequently as possible. It’s like Pandora’s box—once I open it, all kinds of feelings rush out—shame, despair, panic,

anxiety. Best to keep it tucked away in my phone and in the back of my mind where it's only a problem for future me.

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

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

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

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

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

My mouth drops. "That?!"

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

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

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

Brianna laughs as she hands it to me. "Try it on."

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

"Why not?" she taunts. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes! Actually, I'm terrified!"

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

"It's just me," she says as she throws the dress at me.

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

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

"Mr. *King*."

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

party.”

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

“Just try it on.”

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

My heart is racing as I bring it into the bathroom and try it on. It fits well at least. A lot more revealing than my elf pajamas, but I’m not going to be able to seduce Mr. King in those. I fix up my hair and, wow. I look kinda hot.

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

Her mouth drops when she sees me. “Yes! One gazillion times yes! You’re wearing that!”

“No, I’m not.”

“Bitch, I’ll never talk to you again if you don’t.”

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

“I said I wouldn’t talk to you, but I’ll still come over and steal your food.”

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

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

“It’s too much,” I finally say.

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

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

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

“It’s not just him there,” I say as I wonder if I can pin the slits on the legs so they’re not so high. “All of my coworkers will be there too. There’s this judgy girl, Andrea, and this weird guy, Gary.”

“There’s always a judgy girl,” Brianna says with an eye roll. “Fuck those bitches.”

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

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

My heart beats faster as I stare at the photo of Marshall. He’s staring back at me with the slightest grin on his face. I remember when I took that

screenshot. It was four months ago. I don't know what the meeting was about, but I remember that he had a piece of lint on his shoulder that starred in my fantasy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hope she's right...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I need them.

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe I'll get lucky and get one.

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

It's all I can do.

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

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

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

Chapter Three

Marshall

“Are there going to be any hot girls there tonight?” Shawn asks as he sits on my desk and picks up my glass trophy. “What the fuck is this? A glass sword?”

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

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

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

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

Shawn is one weight who refuses to shake off from around my neck. That’s okay. I don’t know what I’d do without him. Sure he always distracts me, but when you’re laser-focused like I am, a little distraction is not always a bad thing.

We’ve been best friends since grade three when he walked up to me and

asked if I wanted to light some firecrackers in the forest. After he came back to my place and tasted my mother's homemade chocolate chip cookies, it was over. He decided he was in my life for good.

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

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

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

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

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

"You mean a rough decade?"

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

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

He laughs. "Yeah, probably."

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

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

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

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

"Don't you have somewhere to be?"

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

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

“There’s got to be someone,” he says as he looks up at my high ceiling. My mind drifts over to the little black square.
Colleen Campbell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I yank my arm away with a laugh. “I don’t think so.”

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

“Exactly.”

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

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

I snort out a laugh. “Not a chance. Take a cab.”

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, Mr. King.

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

Colleen Campbell... Here I come.

Chapter Four

Colleen

I'm trying to channel my inner goddess as I strut into the hall with my chin in the air.

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

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

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

"It's broken," I say with an awkward laugh. "Remember?"

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

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

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

already drinking and dancing. This is so cool.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mmmmm," I moan as I undress him with my lustful eyes.

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

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

"I know, right."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Come on confidence. Be bold, girl.

"Hello, Mr. King," I say in a smooth calm voice when he arrives. "I'm Colleen Campbell."

I offer my hand.

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

"That's me," I say as we shake, neither of us wanting to let go.

I'm acting all cool and calm, but inwardly, I'm freaking out. I'm actually touching Marshall King. His hand is so big and strong. Just the feeling of it is

making all of the tiny hairs on my arms stand up straight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Open bar, Andrea. Non-negotiable.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Mr. King does.

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

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

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

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

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

“And what do you want... Mr. King?”

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

Nooooooooooo! Come on, Craig!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Five

Marshall

My head of business development is yapping my ear off, but all I can think about is that stunning red dress, that shy smile, those innocent hazel eyes. The image of her is killing me.

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

She's mine.

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

"So, what do you think?" Mason asks.

"What?"

"About moving into the European market?"

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

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

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

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

“Understood,” he says with a nod before he backs away.

“Hey, Mason,” I call out before he disappears.

“Yeah?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Speech!” Gary shouts out. “Speech!”

Shit.

The singer walks over and hands me the microphone.

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

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

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

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

They all start clapping, including Colleen. I swallow hard as I watch her

big round breasts jiggling with the movement. I look away before I get hard as a rock in front of all of these people.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What do I want with you?” I say as I stare into her gorgeous eyes. “Everything. I want you so bad it hurts, Colleen. I want you in every way. I want you to be mine. I want to be yours.”

Those adorable cheeks are blushing as she watches me breathlessly.

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

She stares at me in silence. My stomach drops. It sinks in that I went too

far, too fast. I was too aggressive. That strategy works great in business, but not in love. She'll probably quit her job now. I might even have a lawsuit on my hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm the boss," I tell her in a firm voice. "I can do whatever I want."

"And... what do you want to do?"

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

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

"Maybe I will," she says with a flirty grin.

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

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

And there's no going back.

Chapter Six

Colleen

Marshall keeps his eyes on me the entire night. I love that I've stolen his attention. Even when he's forced to talk to other people, he never looks away from me.

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't like being so far from you," he says. "I get all tight and on edge

without you by my side.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His big strong hand cups my cheek and he pulls me closer, sliding his

tongue into my mouth. He groans as I glide my tongue over his, my heart pounding in my chest, the butterflies out of control.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He glances at me and smiles.

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

"I just... wasn't expecting this."

"Expecting what?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

anymore, beautiful girl. I'm your man now."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Seven

Colleen

“Wow,” I whisper as I walk around Marshall’s place, staring at everything in awe. It’s even more luxurious than I imagined. It’s like out of a movie.

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

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

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

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

“Oh, we’re going to need more than a tree,” I say with a grin. “This whole place needs an emergency Christmas makeover. I’m thinking stockings over that fireplace, garland wrapped around that column, Santa figurines on those shelves, and a big tall Christmas tree there... and there.”

“Two trees?”

“I have two trees and my whole apartment can fit in your foyer. You have

no excuse, Mr. King.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you know what I’d like?” he says as those soft lips hover over mine.

“I’ll do whatever you like, Mr. King.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I swallow hard as he watches me, the shadows and orange glow of the fire

dancing on the side of his face.

This is what you wanted. Make your man happy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Bend over for me,” he commands in a deep voice. I do as he says, bending at the waist and showing him everything. He spreads my cheeks with

those powerful hands. He groans as he stares at my spread pussy. I'm so wet. I wonder if he can see it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. King pulls my pussy against his face, amping up the pressure now that he knows I'm close. He licks me hard and fast, focusing on my clit as he touches me with his fingers. He pushes one inside my wet opening as he laps my pearl, the tightness inside increasing with every erotic moment that passes. He adds another finger and I cry out as he curls them inside of me and starts stroking my G-spot while his hot tongue continues to massage my

throbbing clit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Mr. King's bedroom.

Chapter Eight

Marshall

My cock is throbbing as I clutch this beautiful woman to my chest and carry her to my bedroom. She's looking up at me under her long eyelashes, her brown eyes looking so damn innocent in contrast to her naked body.

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

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

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

“What is it, my love?”

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

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

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

“I'm already happy,” she says with a shy smile. “This whole night with

you has been amazing. I've dreamed about it, but I've never done anything like this before. Tonight was also my first kiss."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her pussy is so wet that it covers the lower half of my face in her warm juices. I fucking love being covered in her. I'll still be tasting and smelling this sweet cunt while I fuck her hard.

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

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

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

"Where do you want it?"

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

"More specific," I say as I press my hard shaft against her. "I want to hear

you say the dirty words.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some of her insane tightness eases up, so I start driving into her with

longer, smoother strokes. Her whimpers turn into moans as she gets into it, pulling my body into her. Her back arches with each deep thrust.

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

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

“You want it harder?”

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

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

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

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

“Yes,” she gasps.

“Say it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I watch her as the orgasm rips through my body, filling me with heat until

I'm shaking and can barely hold myself up.

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

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

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

That was amazing.

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

Chapter Nine

Colleen

I'm still in shock when I wake up beside Marshall. Before last night, I'd only ever seen him on Zoom, almost always in a suit. Right now, he's sound asleep, spread out on the bed with the sheets wrapped around his waist.

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

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

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

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

size.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t know about that,” I answer with a laugh. “Nothing is better than Christmas.”

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

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

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

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

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

I burst out laughing. He looks confused.

“What?”

“I don’t have a dog.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

He shakes his head. “Not for you.”

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

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

“What?!”

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

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

Yup. We’re not leaving this bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Umm, one o'clock.”

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

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

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

“Eight of them,” the woman says proudly.

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

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

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

I don't say anything. I can't. He's too much. My heart is aching as I watch him wave a family over. “Come check these out,” he says as he holds

up a wreath I made. “Do you have a wreath for your door?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nibble on my bottom lip as I give him a flirty look. “That’s fine with me.”

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

“Really? The Holidays?”

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

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

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

shoes to wear.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Ten

Colleen

Christmas with the Kings was amazing. Marshall made me feel like a princess the entire time, doting on my every need and showering me with extravagant presents.

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

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

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

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

I thought that Christmas morning might be awkward, but it wasn't at all. It was so fun! Judy got us all comfy Christmas pajamas to wear and we all opened presents around the tree. After, we cooked a huge breakfast together in their beautiful kitchen—Marshall and I cooked the waffles (and burnt half

of them because we were a bit distracted with some light flirting). More family members trickled in and we ate at their giant table, laughing as everyone took turns telling me their favorite Christmas stories about Marshall. I died laughing when his cousin told me that Marshall spray painted the tree red one year and it made the place look like a hell-themed Christmas.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I still can't believe this is actually happening.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone cheers inside as the clock strikes midnight.

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

I moan as he lays those perfect lips on mine.

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

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

Epilogue

Marshall

Four years later...

“**B**aby fight!” my buddy Shawn says as he pretends our one-year-olds are karate fighting in front of the Christmas tree. His new wife Emma frowns and shakes her head at him. He laughs, but immediately lets go of my son’s leg.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“With my mom.”

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

I close the door and lock it.

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

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

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

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

into her thigh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

God, I love this pussy.

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

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

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

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

“*Anything,*” she moans. “I’ll give you *anything.*”

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

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

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

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

She tries to stifle her scream, but it’s still way too loud as she releases,

cumming all over my hard cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't be late," I warn.

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

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

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

Epilogue

Colleen

Thirty years later...

I've always loved Christmas, but spending the Holidays with Marshall and the kids is always just pure magic.

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

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

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

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

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

Marshall is as hot as ever. He's fully gray now, but it really suits him. He

even grew a matching beard that I love. He loves to tickle my thighs with it before he makes me melt with that magical tongue.

“You’re not allowed past the mistletoe without giving me something good.”

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

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

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

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

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

Mmmmmm.

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

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

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

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

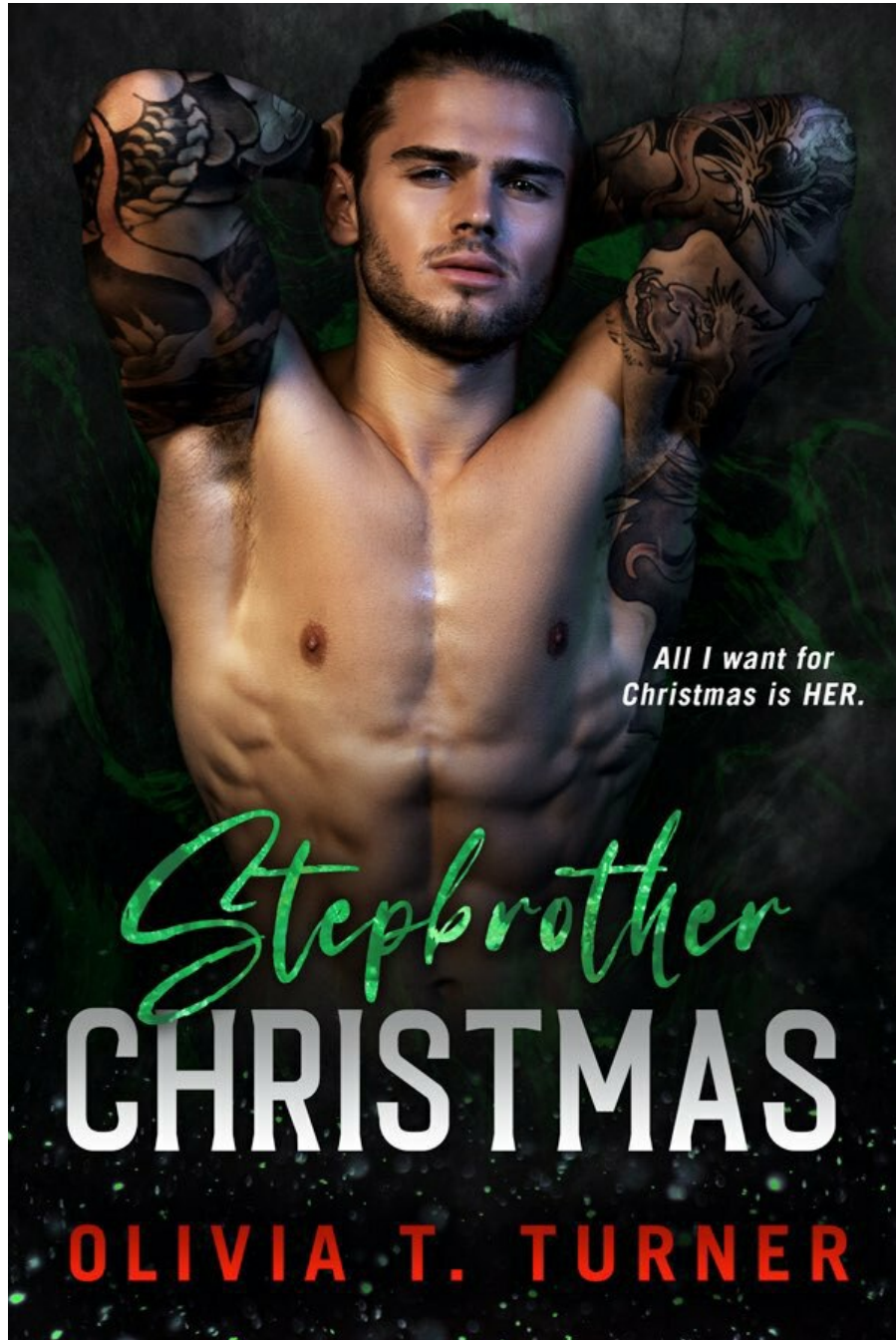
Another successful Christmas in the books.

The End
&
Happy Holidays!!

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I'm officially on the naughty list.

My new stepbrother August has made sure of that.

I'm trying to be good over the Holidays, but my new stepbrother is making that impossible.

Good girls don't have dirty thoughts like the ones August is putting into my head.

They don't kiss their hot stepbrother in front of the Christmas tree.

And they definitely don't sneak from room to room while their parents are sleeping upstairs.

Santa might like good girls.

But August likes me naughty.

And there's only one man I'm aiming to please this Holiday season.

Sorry, Santa.

Load my stockings with coal.

After I take them off for August...

Ho Ho Ho. One look at her hot AF new stepbrother and that's exactly what Harmony becomes. She tries to be good, but being bad is just too much fun...

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OBSESSED

By Olivia T. Turner

A Mailing List Exclusive!

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

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

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

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

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

And that her new rich CEO is already beyond *obsessed* with her.

This dominant and powerful CEO will have you begging for overtime! Is it just me or is there nothing better than a hot muscular alpha in a suit and tie!

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