

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

The Twelve Quickies of Christmas



Book 10

Hot for Santa
Lacey Alexander

HOT FOR SANTA!

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Hot for Santa!

Lacey Alexander

DEDICATION

To my editor, Heather Osborn, who totally rocks!

“Would you like to sit on Santa’s lap, little girl?”

Would I ever! thought Amy Finnegan.

But, of course, he wasn’t talking to her. Forcing a smile, she reached up to straighten her green elf hat, then took the hand of the child in question. Leading the little blonde girl to Santa’s throne-like chair, situated in the middle of the mall, she watched the child climb onto one red-clad thigh.

Oh, to be able to lower *her* ass onto that sexy thigh. She wanted to moan at the mere thought. Her breasts tingled against her elf costume just imagining that the man with the fake white beard had summoned *her*.

She bit her lip, envisioning what it would be like if the two of them were alone here, if her sexy Santa invited her to sit on his lap, and if she chose to straddle him in his big red chair instead. Her pussy went damp when she pictured him running his hands up under her little green dress, all the way to her hips to discover she hadn’t worn any panties.

Of course, she *had* worn panties, every single day they’d worked together, but since everything else about the vision was pure fantasy, why not go all the way?

When Santa lifted her dress in front, spying her bare slit, all open and ready for him, he’d immediately reach into those fur-trimmed pants of his, pull out his hard cock, and watch as she lowered her hungry little cunt down on it, taking it deep inside.

“You know what?” Santa’s deep voice boomed.

Amy flinched as she was yanked from her fantasy, only to find he was still addressing the little girl.

“You’re the very last child to tell me what she wants for Christmas this year before I hop in my sleigh tonight and start delivering toys.”

The tow-headed girl looked uncertain. “Will you have time to make mine?”

Santa smiled. "Of course I will, with the help of my trusty elf, Amy." He pointed in her direction. "She's my favorite little helper." He sent her a quick wink, and dear God, even *that* made her pussy pulse.

After convincing the little girl she'd get everything on her list, he lowered her to the floor, told her to be good, and—flashing a grin that looked sexy as hell even behind his snowy beard—told her not to forget the cookies, since he'd need a snack by the time he got to her house.

As the child ran off to her waiting mother, Amy saw him glance to the large, ornate clock suspended from the mall's ceiling. Pushing to his booted feet, he took a few steps toward her. When he spoke, it came out a little less hale and hearty than his Santa voice, but the warm tenor of his tone still heated her up inside. "Well, that's the last one. Looks like I can hang up my beard for good."

She tried to sound just as cheerful. "And I can take off my pointy elf shoes for the last time."

She knew she should be happy about that, but she wasn't. She'd never dreamed she could lust so hard for a man in a Santa suit, but now that it was Christmas Eve and their charity work was drawing to a close, a heavy shroud of disappointment settled over her. She'd looked forward to seeing him every day after work for the few hours they did the Santa gig together in the evening. And during the last month, Saturdays and Sundays had become her very favorite days of the week, even if it meant elf detail from ten to ten. Now, as the final last-minute shoppers dashed past and storekeepers began to lower their steel link doors, she couldn't help thinking how boring her nights would seem from this point on, without even the *hope* he would make a move on her. It was going to be a long, cold winter.

"Have I ever mentioned you make a cute elf?"

Amy's heartbeat tripled as she raised her gaze to his. Cole Bradshaw had been her friend for years and the object of her intense desire for a month, and no matter how many signals she'd tried to send out, this was the first time he'd ever said anything

even remotely flirtatious. Well, other than the night a year or so ago when they'd been drinking together at a happy hour and he'd started a surprisingly naughty conversation, wondering what sorts of things she'd be willing to do if a guy asked her to. But she'd quickly figured out he was thinking of her as Everywoman on that particular evening, mining her for information about the tastes of the average girl on the street. It clearly hadn't been personal.

Now she smiled and hoped the warmth she felt on her cheeks didn't equate to a blush. Reaching up, she pulled down his beard to take a look at that gorgeous, masculine face of his—all brown eyes and olive complexion, a dark, sexy, two-day stubble on his chin. "You're a pretty hot Santa yourself."

His grin melted through her like warm syrup. "Listen, are you busy tonight?"

What? Had that last signal actually *worked*? It was Christmas Eve, so most people had plans, but given that Amy and Cole were both from out of town and neither had flown home to see their families this year, the question was logical—and oh-so-welcome to her ears. "Um, I'm having dinner with a friend and her husband, but after that..."

He looked utterly enticing when he raised his eyebrows. "Why don't you stop by my place on the way home? I don't have anything happening, and I hate to spend Christmas Eve alone. If nothing else, I'm sure we can at least find *Miracle on 34th Street* somewhere on cable." In a teasing, singsong voice, he added, "I've got eggnog," as if that would be the factor to push her over the edge.

"Sure. Sounds nice. About...ten-ish?"

He nodded. "See you then." As he began to stride away, he stopped and looked back at her with another alluring wink. "As often as you've seen me in this Santa suit lately, I hope you'll still be able to recognize me without it."

* * * * *

In preparation for Amy's arrival, Cole had plugged in the Christmas tree lights, lit a few candles, and built a blazing fire in the hearth. He'd arranged the special gifts he'd

bought for her under the tree, and he'd put his Santa hat back on one last time – minus the rest of the outfit.

Now, as he sat waiting for her, glancing down at his raging hard-on, he hoped like hell he hadn't gone too far, been too bold.

But from the moment he'd understood that Amy had a crush on him, he'd wanted her. He'd wanted her in a way that had nearly consumed him. And sure, they could go the usual route, take the path that began with handholding and gentle first kisses – but somehow, with Amy, he'd wanted more than that, from the start. She was sweet as hell, but he couldn't help wondering if...even hoping...that something darker and more feral might lurk inside her, as it did him. And if Amy *didn't* possess a hot, adventurous side, well, maybe if he was lucky, she would before the night came to a close.

Either way, he longed to arouse her in a way she'd never been aroused before. Already, he wanted to be *different* to her – better than any lover she'd ever had. He'd always felt close to her, always wondered if maybe something beyond friendship could grow between them, and now that he was finally going to pursue it, he'd decided to go no holds barred.

He only hoped she'd be as turned on by his game of seduction as he was.

* * * * *

"What did you bring?" asked Amy's best friend, Kelly, over the cell phone wedged tightly against Amy's ear.

"Cookies."

Amy sat outside Cole's townhouse in her car glancing down at the cookie tin on the passenger seat. She'd been nervous, so she'd called Kelly to shore up her confidence.

"Cookies are good. Now, more importantly, what did you wear?"

"Black jeans, red Christmas sweater."

"No, silly. *Underneath*."

"Oh." Amy let out a sigh. "Well, I wore...plain white underwear and a white bra."

Kelly's voice brimmed with her usual dry sarcasm. "That'll really turn him on."

"Look, through my entire elf career, I wore a sexy bra and panty set under my elf suit every single day, just in case he ever started reading my signals and made a move on me."

"And...?"

"And, well, after twenty-eight days of lacy lingerie, I guess I'm officially giving up."

Even if he *had* told her she was cute today.

Even if he *had* invited her over here tonight.

They were friends, after all, so such gestures meant nothing. And although she'd entertained the idea of wearing a sexy teddy beneath her clothes, just in case she was wrong, she'd stopped herself. She couldn't survive feeling the silk and lace rub sensually against her skin all night if nothing was going to happen.

"Giving up?" Kelly spouted. "Now? Why would you give up *now*?"

Amy sighed. "Eggnog and an old Christmas movie don't exactly spell seduction, so even if I felt hopeful when he first invited me, I've now drawn the conclusion that it's only a simple act of friendship."

Yep, she was finally getting it through her thick head that *nothing*—sexual, romantic, or otherwise—was going to ensue between them. It didn't matter whether it was because Cole was on the rebound from a recent breakup with a long-time girlfriend or because maybe he just wasn't attracted to Amy. What mattered was that she'd spent over a month in unrequited lust already, and she wasn't the type of girl who liked to waste a lot of time on the chase. Playing hard-to-get had never been a game she enjoyed, either on the giving end or the receiving—she liked to get to the action as soon as possible. So she'd told herself tonight would *not* be about signals or chemistry or those incredibly sexy grins of his; she was simply spending a holiday with a friend. That way she wouldn't have to be disappointed in the end.

"Okay, listen to me," Kelly said. "How long have you known the guy?"

"Four years." She'd met Cole on the job. She'd been new to both Chicago *and* the investment firm where they worked. Although in different departments, the two of them had interacted enough that they'd become fast friends and stayed that way.

"And how long have you been wanting to get horizontal with him?"

"Well, I suppose I've been attracted to him since the beginning, but it's only been the last month that's felt like pure torture. And for your information, it doesn't have to be horizontal. It could be vertical, at a perpendicular angle, or upside down for all I care."

Only when he'd told her about his breakup just before Thanksgiving had Amy truly admitted to herself she thought of him as more than a friend. And when he'd invited her to be his elf, explaining the money from the Santa photos would go to a local charity, her eager acceptance had only proven to her how much she wanted him. Green was hardly her best color, yet she'd jumped at the chance to be his elfin assistant.

"But it's not going to happen," she added, reminding herself as much as Kelly. "And in fact, my Christmas gift to myself is going to be getting over him, and my New Year's resolution is going to be moving on and setting my sights on someone else."

If she could. The truth she didn't tell Kelly was that she couldn't recall the last time she'd had the hots for someone this bad. It was worse when the guy was already a friend, because that instantly turned attraction into something that was about more than just sex. She really cared for Cole.

And if she sat here thinking sappy thoughts like this for even a minute longer, spending the whole evening with him would be pure torture, so before Kelly could come up with a snappy reply, she hurried the conversation to a close. "I have to go."

"Just one question first."

"What?"

"If you've known the guy for four years and been flirting with him for a month, and this is the first time he's ever suggested a private evening for the two of you, don't you think assuming nothing will happen is...a little hasty?"

Maybe Kelly made sense, but Amy couldn't get her hopes up now that she'd found the strength to make the decision to move on. She answered succinctly. "No."

"Well, then, one *more* question. If you're so determined nothing's going to happen tonight, why were you nervous enough to call me?"

Good question. Too good. She answered with a small growl of frustration, speaking through clenched teeth. "I said I have to go. I'll talk to you after Christmas."

With that, she disconnected the call, shoved the phone in her purse, and got out of the car. Despite Kelly's arguments, she was still determined to put the last few wasted weeks of lust behind her, and with that thought firmly in mind, she tucked her cookie tin under one arm and rang Cole's doorbell.

"It's open. Come on in."

Amy sighed. He couldn't even be bothered to answer the door? It solidified her theory that he saw her only as a friend—a very casual, *mi casa es su casa* kind of friend.

Reaching for the knob, she eased the door inward, surprised to find the lighting so dim when she stepped inside.

The first thing she spotted was the fire blazing in the small hearth in his living room—a toasty welcome from the typical Chicago winter dropping snow on the suburbs outside.

The second thing she noticed was Cole sprawling comfortably in an easy chair. *Wearing nothing but his Santa hat.*

Amy sucked in her breath, felt dizzy. What the hell...?

His cock was even more majestic than she'd fantasized, jutting like a stone column up past his navel and onto his washboard stomach. He absently stroked it with one hand, like he might casually pet a cat at his side, and his eyes twinkled brighter than the lights on his Christmas tree when he gazed up at her.

She could only imagine the look of utter shock on her face. Forcing her opened mouth shut, and shoving her cookie tin onto the nearest table before she dropped it, she simply stood and stared.

“Would you like to sit on Santa’s lap, little girl?”

Her heartbeat dropped to her cunt, seeming to pound, pound, pound against the crotch of her jeans. Part of her wanted to ask him if she was dreaming. And part of her wanted to make sure he hadn’t started on the eggnog without her and forgotten who he’d invited over tonight. But the biggest part of her knew not to look a gift Santa in the cock, so without saying a word, she crossed the floor toward him.

The fire warmed the room, but Amy knew the heat invading her senses came directly from him, emitted from the sexual glimmer in his gaze, the lazy confidence of his pose, the unspoken power radiating from his tremendous hard-on.

Easing down onto his bare thigh was, surprisingly, just as intimidating as it was arousing. Even as a wave of pleasure echoed outward through her pussy and ass, turning her nipples to solid pebbles against her bra, being so close to him and the magnificent erection between his legs felt like cuddling up to a sleeping lion that might awaken and overpower her at any moment. She hoped he couldn’t feel her tremble as his arm slid around her waist, as she draped her own around his broad shoulders.

He looked up into her eyes. “What do you want for Christmas, Amy?”

She couldn’t resist meeting his gaze, licking her upper lip, and glancing down at his cock. “That.”

His seductive smile sent another surge of wetness through her cunt. “Well, Santa would love to let you have it, hard and deep, but first you have to answer a very important question. Have you been naughty or nice?”

The question made her flush with fresh warmth as she let out a giggle and cast him her best playful look. “Well, I’m afraid I’ve been a very bad little girl lately.”

His gaze never wavered. “What have you done that’s so bad?”

"For the past month I've been lusting for you, and wearing lace panties underneath my elf dress just hoping you'd peel them off, and thinking incredibly dirty thoughts about you day and night."

His grin managed to stay unerringly sexy even as it turned a little sheepish. "Santa's sorry it took him so long to figure that out."

"And exactly what tipped Santa off?"

"A little birdie named Lisa told me." The woman, also from their office, took the Santa photographs at the mall. Amy had confided in her one day over lunch, and she was suddenly very glad Lisa couldn't keep a secret.

"Unfortunately, though," he went on, his grin fading, "naughty little girls have to be punished before they get what they want for Christmas."

Amy bit her lip. "Punished how?"

A wicked grin took over his expression as he shifted his gaze to the Christmas tree next to the chair. "Santa has some presents for you to open."

Glancing beneath the tree, she saw four gifts, wrapped in elegant red and gold foil. The sight made her suck in a deep breath. It meant this wasn't an impulsive act on his part—he'd been planning it. She looked back to him. "I hate to break it to you, Santa, but gifts don't sound much like punishment."

"You haven't seen the gifts yet."

A thrilling dart of uncertainty shot from her chest down to her womb. She studied his eyes, which were slowly turning from playful to something more serious and forbidding. When next he spoke, his voice was deeper, commanding. "Sit down on the floor, near the gifts."

Amy didn't move. She really liked it just fine where she was—now that she'd grown used to his imposing nude presence, she didn't particularly want to leave his sturdy thigh.

“Do it,” he snapped lightly, making her flinch. Her pussy spasmed as she hurriedly rose from his lap and knelt on the floor next to him.

He pointed toward the nearest gift. “Open that one.”

It looked like a sweater box, but she had a feeling it contained something much more interesting. Chills of anticipation ran up her arms and down her spine as she slowly unwrapped the gift, finally taking the lid off the box and spreading the tissue paper inside to find a red velvet corset and a pair of red stockings. Despite the lushness of the velvet, the silver clasps that snapped it shut—along with the silver rings on the garters—said it was lingerie designed for obedience.

Her chest tightened with excitement, making it difficult to breathe. He hadn’t been kidding about punishing her. It instantly brought back a part of the conversation they’d shared that one intoxicated evening when he’d grilled her on her tastes in bed play.

“How do you feel about domination and submission?” he’d asked.

Before he’d posed the question, she’d never had any interest in it, but imagining it with him had instantly sounded intriguing, so she’d said, “For a guy I really liked, I’d be willing to experiment with it.”

So it appeared they’d experiment with it *together*.

Then again, maybe Cole did this all the time. Maybe he’d mastered being a master, which would mean the only person who didn’t know for sure what would happen here was her. Another little shiver edged up her spine, radiating outward through her limbs, as she thought, *Don’t act nervous, even if you are. Don’t be shy or embarrassed. Embrace this.*

“Go put it on.” He pointed to the next room.

Her heart pounded a mile a minute as she gathered the corset and stockings, then stepped into his bedroom and turned on a lamp. As she stripped down to her plain white underwear, she glanced in the mirror above his dresser and was suddenly very glad he’d provided the lingerie for the evening.

Shedding her bra and undies, she wrapped the plush corset around her, securing the metal hooks and pulling the laces tight. A perfect fit, the corset accentuated her hourglass shape and thrust her breasts nearly to her chin. The lush velvet barely concealed her nipples and the garment's silky lining rubbed against the taut nubs, making them harder still.

Next she pulled the silken stockings slowly up her legs, attaching them to the garters suspended from the hip-length bustier. It was only as she glanced toward the mirror once more that she realized she hadn't opened a pair of panties to go with the ensemble. Every pore of her body seemed to tighten at the realization. She dropped her gaze in the mirror to her clean-shaven slit, gaping open to reveal her hungry clit and pussy lips. It looked pretty, and oh-so-ready, and she couldn't wait to show it to Cole.

As she began walking toward the living room, the elastic garters slid against her hips and ass, creating a lovely bit of friction on her sensitized skin. The tight corset hugged every curve, clinging deliciously to her stomach, waist, and breasts. By the time she stepped through the doorway, she felt like the ultimate Christmas toy for Cole—and she didn't even need to be unwrapped.

* * * * *

Cole could have sworn his cock grew another inch at the sight of Amy in red velvet. Her honey blonde hair fell in soft waves about her shoulders. Her luscious breasts, before now just shadows of cleavage or mounds hidden beneath sweaters, were on proud display from her rosy areolas up, their ample curves pushed high on her chest. Between the red straps of the garters, her hot, bare pussy glistened for him. He'd never pictured Amy as the kind of girl who would shave her pubic hair, yet only a small tuft of it remained above the naked lips of her sweet cunt.

Every ounce of his body was super-charged with her acquiescence—now he only hoped she'd agree to *all* his requests. He'd spent the last year with the wrong girl, and when Lisa had told him Amy had a crush on him, he'd at first felt dumb as a stump, but

just as quickly had been hit with the feeling that she was the *right* girl. For now, and for a lot longer, too. Her compliance with his sensual game so far bolstered that feeling.

He wanted desperately to lower the red velvet and suck on her nipples, wanted to ram his cock deep into her lovely pink pussy. And it would be all too easy to lose control at the very sight of her, but he had to restrain himself. Holding back would bring them both more pleasure in the end, and God, how he wanted to bring her pleasure.

"Very nice," he said, before pointing to another gift. "Now open that one."

He watched intently as she knelt by the tree and ripped the paper off the next box, discovering a pair of black leather thigh high boots with four-inch heels. Boots made for fucking. Judging from the slight heave of her breasts within their velvet confines and the instant anticipation filling her gaze, she liked them. She glanced at the side of the box, then raised her eyes to his. "How did you know my size?"

"The same way Santa knows what to get for all boys and girls. Magic." Actually, he'd peeked in her bag when she'd bought a new pair of shoes on their lunch break last Saturday.

She offered a soft smile. "What next?" Her voice came out heated, breathy, her excitement beginning to build just like he wanted it to.

"Bring them to me," he instructed.

Taking the tall boots from her hand, he placed one on the floor in front of her. Curling his hand warmly around her nylon-clad calf, he helped her ease her foot down into the soft black leather. With painstaking movements, he tightened the laces, inch by inch, drawing the boot snug to her ankle, calf, thigh. Tying a bow at the top, he lowered his mouth to her thigh, delivering a gentle bite just next to the garter. She let out a light moan that traveled straight to his cock.

He laced her into the other boot in the same slow fashion, aware that she watched his every move, felt his every touch as he bound her into the leather. When he was done, he lifted his gaze to her face. "Walk over to the fireplace. Let me see you."

As she strolled across the room, the tight, high boots made her shapely legs look a mile long. It might be Christmas Eve, but she sizzled hotter than the fourth of July. Pausing by the hearth to let him study her from behind, she wiggled her bare ass ever-so-slightly, then turned and made her way back, her hips swaying, her eyes filled with unmistakable heat. She stopped directly in front of him and he studied the curve of her cunt, as well as the pink clit jutting out, waiting for attention. Attention it wouldn't be getting for a while yet, according to his plan of slow but intense arousal.

Even so, he reached out, unable to resist gently cupping the nude mound in his palm. She shuddered as he raked his fingertips over the ultra-smooth skin. He pulled his hand away and looked up into her crystal blue eyes. "Only bad little girls shave their pussies."

Her gaze was glassy, sexy, expectant. "Then that proves just how bad I am. I should definitely be punished."

Cole pulled his legs together, his cock still standing at full attention, stretching up over his abdomen. "I'm going to have to give you a spanking, naughty little girl. Bend over my knees."

Instantly, he found her soft curves stretched across his thighs, her round ass centered over him as she used the arm of the chair to support her upper body. Damn, just feeling her heat against him sent another furnace blast of excitement to his cock.

"You've got a pretty ass," he said softly, then brought the flat of his hand down hard across one cheek.

She cried out, a sound he perceived as half pain-half pleasure, and the slight sting to his palm echoed up through his arm, down through his torso.

He slapped her ass again, hard, and this time her cry was definitely a hot groan.

"Tell me you're bad," he ordered.

When she didn't respond right away, he struck her ass again. "Tell me."

“Oh, spank me, Santa,” she cooed in an utterly sexy voice. “I’ve been a bad little girl. Spank me hard.”

His cock stiffened even further and he rewarded her with more arousing whacks to her lovely ass, where a red mark had begun to appear in the firelight.

“Oooh, yes, spank me! Spank me!”

God, she was hot. So fucking hot that he was sorely tempted to sink his fingers down between the crack of her ass into her wet pussy, more than ready to feel the slick heat of her warm, tight passage—but no, this was supposed to be punishment, after all, and she sounded like she was having far too good of a time. Her pussy would have to wait.

After a few more nice hard slaps to her luscious ass, he stopped abruptly. “Get up.”

When she stood before him again, her eyes brimmed with a new fire, a darkness that told him—oh yes—she was having a very good time getting disciplined.

He pointed to another gift, which she knelt beside and began to unwrap, looking as anxious as a kid on Christmas morning. “Oh...” she gasped softly when she saw the red handcuffs and red satin sleep mask—or in this case, holiday bondage mask. Setting the box aside, she rose back to her heels and turned her gaze on him, as if waiting for his next instruction. He had to hold back a satisfied smile at how deeply and easily she’d let herself be drawn into the game.

“Hand me the cuffs, but first turn your back to me and bend over very slowly to get them.”

She pivoted away from him and leaned at the waist to pluck up the red handcuffs, giving him a luscious rear view of her pink slit.

“Very nice, baby,” he murmured, taking the cuffs from her outstretched hand. “Keep your ass to me and put your hands behind your back.” He locked the cuffs around her wrist—one snap, then two—his stomach contracting with the excitement of subduing her. “Now go sit down on the couch.”

Her eyes took on a glassy sheen and her cheeks diffused with rosy anticipation as she settled on the nearby sofa, the firelight dappling her skin. Finally rising from his relaxed position in the chair, he picked up the red mask and walked toward her.

“Spread your legs.”

She parted her thighs on command and he dropped his gaze to her pretty cunt. She looked so wet that she had to be soaking the couch cushion with her juices. He stepped between her knees and said, “Now move a little closer to the edge.”

Sitting up straighter, she inched forward until he commanded, “Stop.”

Her face was at eye level with his cock, only a few inches away. Her gaze locked onto his erection and she looked downright hungry. Damn, she really *was* a bad girl. He’d hoped like hell, but had never really believed she would be so into this kind of foreplay. Her hunger and lack of fear got him even hotter.

He slid the satin mask over her eyes, covering them completely. She sat very still, calm, giving her lip a sexy little bite. He wished he had a camera so he could photograph her like this, so he could freeze the vision and keep it forever—his perfect little submissive, just waiting to see what he would demand of her.

“Open your pretty mouth for me, bad girl.”

She parted her lips wide, letting her tongue lay lightly on her bottom lip—clearly waiting for his cock. He smiled. Dirty, wicked little girl.

“There’s something I want you to taste,” he said softly. “Are you ready?”

She nodded, mouth still in perfect cock-sucking position.

Reaching behind him to the coffee table, he picked up the thick candy cane he’d placed there earlier, sliding it slowly onto her waiting tongue. Beneath the red satin, the corners of her mouth turned up in a small grin as a sound of amusement escaped her throat.

He leaned near her, whispering “Suck it for me.”

As her lips closed firmly over the stick of candy, his cock jolted. He slid the candy cane deeper into her accepting mouth, once, twice, three times, and when he slowly pulled it back out, she flicked her tongue over the end of it so sensually that he almost felt it at the tip of his erection.

Setting the candy cane aside, Cole reached out, stroking his hands through her hair, repositioning himself so that his cock was dangerously near the heaven of her lips, tinted dark candy red from the peppermint stripes. He heard his own breath come faster as he wrapped his fist around the base of his shaft, nudging the head lightly against her mouth.

She opened for him, but he pulled back, away – punishing himself as much as her.

Her smile gone, she whimpered in frustration.

“You want this, baby?” he purred. “You want this cock in your mouth?”

“Mmm, yes.”

He considered teasing her some more, making her work harder, making her beg, but he didn’t think his body could take it. So he steadied his hard-on level with her face, then eased it in.

Her moan of delight as her wet lips closed around him made him tremble. Damn, she was good. He slid his cock smoothly, deeply into the recesses of her warm mouth, watching how calm she remained, calm but determined, leaning forward to take even more than he offered. He moaned and pushed deeper, deeper still, until well over half of his erection was buried between those pretty red lips.

He pulled in his breath slightly as a cool, tingling sensation echoed through his hard-on—from the peppermint lingering in her mouth, he supposed. He’d never felt anything like it and it added infinitely to the pleasure rippling through his body.

His cock pulsed like mad, and for a few seconds he thought he might explode, but then she backed off, falling into a warm rhythm, taking it in, sliding back on it, taking it in, sliding back. “Mmm, yeah, baby,” he growled. “Just like that.”

Just watching her provided nearly as much enjoyment as her mouth did. He'd never seen a woman appear so voracious, yet so submissive at the same time. His long, deep strokes between her lips soon turned into fucking her mouth—gently but thoroughly. He loved her trust—she couldn't see, couldn't touch, but she trusted him not to push too far, not to give her anything she couldn't handle. "You suck my cock so good, baby," he breathed over her.

* * * * *

Amy let his words fill her senses as much as his enormous cock filled her mouth. One part of her could scarcely believe she could even wrap her lips around his thick shaft, let alone take it all the way to her throat, but by the time he'd slid it in, she'd wanted it so damn bad she hadn't even thought about being intimidated by his size. She'd just accepted it, reveled in it, swallowing as much of him as she could.

Not being able to see increased her sense of how big he was as she relished every solid inch that moved in and out of her mouth. Having her arms trapped behind her back was at once frustrating and exciting—it took away her control, yet she *wanted* it that way, wanted him to have as much power over her as he wished, wanted to be his Christmas sex slave.

"Do you want to see, baby? Do you want to see what you're sucking?"

"Mmm," she answered around his big cock, nodding. She enjoyed being blindfolded for him, but if he was offering to let her feast her eyes on him, she couldn't bear to turn it down.

He swept the mask away from her eyes and she spied the tremendous column moving in and out of her mouth. She wished she could take more of him, *all* of him, but he was at least nine or ten hard, beautiful inches. After admiring the sight of his hot cock, all silk over steel, small veins curving around it, she lifted her gaze to his, locking on his eyes while she sucked him. The way he towered over her made her feel all the more like his sex slave.

She would have loved to suck his cock all night, but finally, he withdrew his hands from her hair, his shaft from her mouth, which was suddenly tired and swollen upon his retreat.

She smiled up at him. "How do you want to punish me now, Cole?"

At the use of his name—the first time tonight she'd called him anything but Santa—a flash of unexpected warmth passed through his gaze before his sterner look came back, along with another wicked grin. "Turn around."

Amy sucked in her breath at the request, and then turned her back to him, getting to her knees on the couch. *Fuck me*, she thought. *Please fuck me*. She arched her ass toward him.

But he was only unlocking her handcuffs. Like her mouth, she didn't realize her arms were sore until they were free.

Running one hand smoothly over her ass, he said, "Sit back down."

By the time she did so, he was crossing the room away from her, giving her the chance to see his firm, sexy ass for the first time. He knelt next to the tree, plucking up the last small gift. "One more," he said, returning to place the present in her hand. It looked like a tie box, but smaller. Or a jewelry box, but bigger.

Amy's heart pulsed against her chest as she pulled off the shiny paper and lifted the lid. She gasped at the sight of the red vibrator inside. It seemed to vastly widen the boundaries of what might happen now, making her slightly nervous again, even as a thickening hum of excitement rippled through her body.

"Look at me," he said, his voice deep, unyielding.

Somehow, with the vibrator lying in an open box on her lap, it was a little more challenging to lift her gaze. She forced herself to look up and her breath caught in her throat. A lock of dark hair peeked from beneath the Santa hat, dipping over his forehead. His eyes glimmered with determined lust.

There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for him tonight, nothing she wouldn't let him do to her.

And with that thought, she let go of the last little bit of self-consciousness in her soul and turned the dirty girl loose. "Are you going to put this in my pussy?"

Please say yes. She had to have it now—she thought she would die without it. Her poor cunt felt so empty and neglected.

He shook his head. "This is a punishment, remember?" He quirked a grin. "Even if you *have* liked it so far."

She bit her lip. "Then what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm not doing anything with it. You are."

He pushed the shiny, smooth phallus into her hand and a fresh frisson of heat trickled down through her body. He wanted her to fuck herself with it while he watched.

Despite her eagerness so far, Amy wasn't usually quite so brazen as she was being with Cole. Any other night in her life, any other man, and she'd have probably said no. But with him, she didn't even hesitate. She was his bad girl. His sex slave. He inspired her to shed all her inhibitions. She *wanted* to fuck herself for him.

So by the time he'd lounged back in his easy chair, still fully erect, she'd lifted one high-heeled boot onto the couch, bending her leg at the knee, giving him a full view of her open pussy.

When she looked down, her slit was gaping, wide and pink, all her folds glistening wet.

Raising her gaze to his, she found his eyes glazed, his expression dark and lustful.

He never said a word; he didn't have to.

Amy twisted the end of the vibrator and a buzzing noise filled the air. Then she poised it at the lips of her cunt.

The smooth red cylinder slid in effortlessly, all the way to the hilt.

"Fuck," he whispered, his expression awe-filled.

Licking her upper lip, she began to move the vibrator in and out of her wet opening. She'd never let a man watch her pleasure herself before and she'd never thought she wanted to, but having his eyes on her made every ounce of her body tingle with delight.

The stimulation inside her pussy filled her with pleasure, but...oooh, her poor clit ached, begging for attention. Using her other hand, she reached down to stroke her middle finger across the protruding pink nub. Mmm, yes—she let out a sigh of relief at her own touch, moaning as the searing heat spread through her cunt and out through her body, her arms, legs. "Oooh, yeah," she purred.

"Baby, you're so damn hot," he said in a low, dangerous voice. "But don't come yet."

She knew from experience she was capable of more than one orgasm. "Why? I need to."

He simply shook his head, a stern warning. "No."

She didn't ask anything more, even as tempted as she was to ignore him and finger herself to ecstasy. She clenched her teeth and forced herself to stop touching her clit—for him. A sound of frustration left her throat; ceasing the sweet pressure on the hungry little nub at this point was pure torture.

"Good girl," Cole said, leaning back a little deeper in his chair. "Now fuck that pretty pussy for me some more."

* * * * *

He could get lost in watching her, Cole thought, in watching that vibrator disappear into her wet pink cunt. Just above where the red shaft sank so deep, her clit jutted out, swelling bigger than it had been when she'd first come out of his bedroom. He wanted to lick it, ease her ache, but not just yet. It was killing him, but in the long run, he knew stretching out her anticipation would bring her deeper pleasure.

Since his own patience was waning, though, he made a split-second decision. "I think you've been disciplined enough, so now I'm going to give you your *real* Christmas present."

She withdrew the red vibrator from her pussy, peering up at him with a sexy smile. "What is it?"

He grinned, and spoke slowly. "A long, hard Christmas fuck."

A look of pure joy stole over her face as she said, "Mmm," then leaned back on the couch, her legs spread for him.

Cole couldn't wait another second, and he couldn't move slowly any longer, either. Each passing moment that he wasn't buried inside her was becoming agony. Pushing up from the chair, he reached the couch in just a few long strides and, positioning himself between her thighs, glanced down. Her beautiful pussy beckoned, parting for him like a pink sea. Her inner lips remained unfolded from the vibrator, her passage a dark opening that needed to be filled with every inch of his hard, burning erection. Without further delay, he shoved his cock deep into her warm, wet cunt, releasing a mighty groan.

When she sobbed beneath him, he stopped, gasping out, "Are you okay?"

"Mmm, yes," she whimpered. "So good, so big."

The words made a smile of sexual pride unfurl across his face. "I'm glad you like it, baby."

"Your big cock is making me crazy," she purred up at him, lifting her hips off the couch to meet his next stroke.

It was all he could do not to growl. "Aw baby, *you* make *me* fucking insane with excitement."

Sliding his hands up the plush velvet at her sides, he closed his fingers over her ample breasts, kneading them through the soft corset.

The firm, massaging touches made her moan deeper, louder, made her pump her pussy against his cock harder. Fuck, she was able to take him so *deep* in that hungry little cunt and he slammed into her with more and more power as she met each solid thrust.

Curling his fingers into the top edge of the velvet, he pulled down slightly, revealing her nipples. God, he instantly wanted to feast on the gorgeous pink beads. Still fucking her, he flicked his tongue over one hard pebble, making her bite her lip as she watched. Then he lowered his mouth fully onto the peak, sucking on it as eagerly as she'd done with his cock. She whimpered and moaned and gripped his hair between her fingers to hold him there as she arched her chest, forcing more of her soft breast into his mouth.

He continued plunging his cock into her juicy opening as she struggled against him, pushing, grinding. He fucked her long and hard and deep, as he'd promised, and he was almost amazed he didn't feel near explosion. He could only assume his promise to her was somehow allowing him to keep control even as intense pleasure blanketed his whole body. And he knew it wouldn't have felt this way if he'd just fucked her from the beginning. Together they were gleaning a deep pleasure wrought from anticipation, from drawing out their lust.

"Fuck me from behind," she pleaded suddenly, her voice gone ragged.

"What?" It caught him off guard. She'd been so obedient up to now, even when he'd insisted she quit fingering her clit. But this new demand from her, when he'd least expected it, sounded good.

"Fuck me from the back! I feel it deeper that way. My pussy feels fuller."

He couldn't help taking advantage of the opportunity. "Beg for what you want."

"Please, Cole, fuck me from behind. *Please!*"

The hot little whimper in her voice was enough for him—hell, who was he kidding; he couldn't have resisted giving her what she desired in that moment if he'd tried. Every ounce of his control had disappeared.

After he drew his cock out, she got to her knees and turned over, bracing herself on the arm of the couch. "Now," she pleaded.

Spreading the cheeks of her ass with his hands, he slid his slick erection back into her warmth.

"Oh God," she moaned at the entry, and he could have sworn her pussy actually took him in deeper this way, seeming to swallow his whole length in a heartbeat.

"Is it good?" he asked, pushing in tight.

"So fucking good," she breathed. And as he placed his hands on her hips and began to move in and out of her warm, deep cunt, she panted, "My g-spot loves your cock, baby."

He could only growl in reply, her words making him pummel her pussy harder.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me hard!" she shrieked.

He grunted with each harsh stroke he drove into her, loving how well her cunt swallowed him, savoring the way she cried out now with each stiff thrust.

"Oh, God! Faster, faster!"

As Cole fucked her—*slam, slam, slam*—he felt like he'd died and gone to heaven. He'd only dreamed of a girl who loved to fuck the way he did, who loved the intensity, the hard heat, who wanted him to ram his cock into her wet pussy as hard and fast as he could. She was so receptive to him that he wanted to somehow give her more. Glancing down next to his knee on the couch, where she'd abandoned the vibrator, he suddenly knew what else he could offer her.

"You want more, you naughty girl, you?" he whispered near her ear.

"Mmm, yes. Please." She sounded desperate.

Taking up the vibrator even as he continued to slide his cock in and out of her, he slipped the red shaft into his mouth to get it wet, tasting the salty juices her cunt had left behind. Then, using his free hand to part her ass a little more, he positioned the

vibrator's blunt point at her tight little hole and slowly began to push it in, using short but firm thrusts.

Beneath him, she let out a moan of surprise. "Oh, are you...are you...?" The tiny fissure began to expand, to accept the tip of the vibrator. She moaned again.

"I'm fucking your ass with our little red toy."

"Oh God." She sounded doubtful. "That thing isn't so little. And I've never..."

"Shhh," he told her. No, it wasn't little, but he thought she could take it. God knew she'd taken everything else. He sensed her body wanting this, needing it, without her even knowing. As if to confirm the thought, her asshole spread a little wider, taking the thickest part of the vibrator inside.

"Oh..." she whimpered beneath him.

"Does it feel good?" He continued gently fucking her pussy even as he pushed the second shaft deeper.

"Mmm...oh God...yes."

Soon he was sliding the vibrator in and out of her sweet little asshole in the same rhythm he fucked her cunt.

* * * * *

The pleasure of being doubly fucked was nearly overwhelming to Amy. She screamed out at each and every thrust, feeling as if her pussy and ass might come apart at any second—but oh God, it was good. She couldn't believe she could endure a double penetration—she'd never been fucked in that opening before and had never expected to be, let alone at the same time a huge cock pierced her cunt.

Pound, pound, pound—the two shafts entered her, filling her beyond all comprehension, making her so weak it was all she could do not to collapse beneath the weight of such heady bliss. And just when she was beginning to wonder how much longer she'd be able to stand the incredibly thorough fuck, Cole pulled his cock out of her.

“Wh-what are you doing?”

His voice was softer than before. “Giving you something you need even worse.”

She didn’t move an inch, aware he still held the vibrator in place in her ass. It felt strange, new, to have nothing in her pussy, but something so big and prevalent in the opening behind.

Slowly, he maneuvered himself onto his back, continuing to hold the toy inside her, until he slid his head between her thighs. Amazingly, he was still wearing his sexy Santa hat, reminding her of how this delicious holiday seduction had begun.

Smiling up at her, he dragged his tongue across her clit. She flinched, the move driving the vibrator into her ass a little deeper, which sent another jolt of pleasure to the distended nub—God, it was like a sensual game of ping pong in her nether region. She was more prepared for his next lick, though, so she sank into it, pushing her swollen clit into his mouth, no longer nervous about propelling her ass farther onto the vibrator.

“Can you turn it on?” she purred, realizing for the first time that she could have still more sensation back there.

“Oh yeah, baby,” he growled, clearly excited by the request, and a second later the shaft came to life, humming pleasantly in her super-tight passage.

Talk about heady pleasure. She had to grit her teeth to withstand the heavy, filling sensations that buzzed through her as he licked her clit and fucked her ass at the same time. She threw herself into it even more, wanting all the joy she could soak up, pushing her pussy against his busy mouth, rocking back against the vibrator in her ass. “Oooh yeah,” she moaned as her asshole clenched around the humming tool.

She looked down into his warm brown eyes as he sucked her clit and found him watching her. She licked her lips while she tweaked her sensitive nipples between her fingertips, sending thick bursts of pleasure through her chest and downward. Reaching to spread her pussy wider for him, she used the first two fingers of one hand while the other hand massaged her weighty breast, still half covered in luxurious velvet. The

snug corset moved against her body, making her feel as if she were being caressed *everywhere*.

“Lick me, baby,” she whispered. “And keep fucking my ass. I’m getting close. So close.” Mmm, yes, the desire was twisting tighter and tighter inside her, hurtling down the delicious path toward satisfaction. “Oh yeah, close, baby,” she breathed. “So fucking close. So...oh, God, I’m gonna come. I’m gonna—” A super-charged orgasm like none she’d ever known roared through her, breaking off her words with a tremendous moan. She let out ferocious cries with each hard pulse of a climax that was so strong, so intense and strange, that it was almost painful even as it delivered the ultimate pleasure.

Finally the frenzied contractions waned, leaving her limbs shaky, her body spent, yet...

Oh God, this never happened to her. Never. She was *still* excited. She’d had plenty of multiple orgasms, but it always took a little time to reinitiate her body, to get her pussy hot again. Already now, her cunt was hungry, her clit aching, her entire body humming with electrical currents even though he’d just withdrawn the vibrator. And this new arousal brought with it a fury, a hard craving that overcame her weakness and transformed her into an aggressive animal, a woman who needed more of him and was going to take it. No more little sex slave tonight. Cole had had his fun, his turn at domination—now it was time for her to call the shots.

“Sit up,” she said gruffly, backing off of him and grabbing his arms to hurry him along.

The moment he complied, she lifted one knee across his lap and pushed his shoulders back against the sofa. A glance down at his cock revealed he was still thoroughly hard for her, so she wasted no time, rising up on her knees and lowering her needy pussy down onto the engorged shaft.

Oooh, yes—her pleasure compounded with each hard inch she took inside. When she sank her weight onto his hips, swallowing his entire cock into her cunt, the

sensation was nearly overwhelming, this particular position making his shaft feel even larger. It was as if he was stretching the boundaries of her pussy, forcing it to accommodate something much bigger than it had ever held before. She clenched her teeth, caught between pleasure and pain, adjusting to the massive pillar impaling her. "So big," she whispered.

"Can you handle it?" His tone conveyed a sexual challenge.

"Of course I can handle it. I love it." And she did. Even if this position took some getting used to with him, she adored his big cock; the mere sight of a tool so large was enough to get her wet, *keep her wet, forever*.

Slowly, she started to ride him as her pussy grew accustomed to how immense he felt inside her now. And soon she was rocking, fucking, moving in tight little circles because, that quickly, she sensed another orgasm on the horizon, and her clit was begging her to rub it against the base of his cock. He cupped the sides of her exposed breasts, raking his thumbs across the taut pink nipples as if playing an instrument.

Both of them were panting when she said, "This is just like a fantasy I had, except we were in your big red Santa chair and you had on your Santa suit and I had on my elf dress."

Cole grinned. "That's so hot, baby. But this is better."

"Why?"

His eyes twinkled with mischief. "Because here, I can do this."

She cried out in surprise as the vibrator met her ass again. This time he slipped it in much easier, again filling her in two holes. He began sucking her nipple, drawing it hard into his mouth, as he fucked her ass with the toy and her pussy with his big, beautiful cock.

It was too much, too much sensation to withstand, but on the other hand, maybe it was just enough because—oh yes...oh God! The waves of pleasure broke again, hard and furious, pounding through her like hot heartbeats centered in her cunt. "I'm coming! I'm coming, Cole!"

She rode the climax out, nearly overcome with the way he pleased all the sensitive spots on her body at once, and this time, when the orgasm faded, she really *was* spent. But she managed to keep riding him, stirred to fuck him even harder when he yelled, "Aw, God, Amy...me, too!"

As he pumped his cock hard up into her, she went still, and when the pulsing sensations vibrated against the inner walls of her cunt, it filled her with a whole new kind of bliss. He groaned with each burst, and she loved having taken him so deep into pleasure.

When his moans diminished to panting, when his body turned still beneath her, she placed her hands on his cheeks and kissed him. Their first kiss.

She had a feeling it would be the first of many.

* * * * *

An hour later, Amy snuggled naked with Cole on the couch beneath a blanket. They nibbled at the cookies she'd brought and drank eggnog while *Miracle on 34th Street* blared from the television in black and white, sending a new glow across the dark room to vie with the firelight.

Setting her glass aside on the coffee table, she cuddled against his broad, sinewy chest. "I'm glad you invited me over for eggnog tonight," she said with a playful smile.

His grin was just as teasing. "Maybe we can do this every year."

"Mmm, a whole new reason to look forward to Christmas."

Cole gave his head a lazy, confident tilt. "Well, maybe it doesn't have to be only at Christmas. As long as you have the urge to be naughty, you can have me all the time."

Beneath the cover, her pussy began to tingle anew. She pulled back from their cozy embrace just enough to brush her beaded nipples against his well-muscled stomach. "I'm getting the urge to be naughty right now."

"Mmm," he moaned, setting aside the tin of cookies. His hand disappeared beneath the blanket to graze Amy's inner thigh. "Do you know how long I've been waiting for a girl who likes playing the kind of game we played tonight?"

She shook her head.

"Too long, baby. Far too long. And to think you were right here all the time. I had no idea how hot and sexy you could be, Amy. But it's the best Christmas present I could possibly get."

She wanted him again, desperately now, so she pulled him into a long, slow kiss, her tongue sparring gently with his as his fingers sank softly into her slit. Her pussy began to swell with delight.

"Do you know what the moral of this story is?" he asked.

She shook her head and watched his grin widen.

"Bad little girls get nothing but Cole for Christmas."

About the author:

Lacey Alexander is the pseudonym of an award-winning author whose romance novels have been published by Harlequin and Kensington. Additionally, over forty of her short stories and articles have seen publication. Lacey lives in Kentucky with her husband of fifteen years and she loves being a full-time writer. When not creating romance and romantica, she enjoys crafts, American history, and travel, and she particularly likes incorporating her favorite destinations into her work. She is an active member of Romance Writers of America and Novelists, Inc.

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