

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*

*Christmas to  
Remember*  
ANNIE WINDSOR

White *Hot*  
Holidays

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Christmas to Remember

ISBN # 1-4199-0475-2

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Edited by Heather Osborn.

Cover design by Syneca. Photography by Dennis Roliff.

Electronic book Publication: December 2005

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# *CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER*

Annie Windsor

## *Dedication*

To Dot the Ever-Wicked, at <http://www.devilishdots.com>. Thanks for the toy info!

## Chapter One

“You’re fired.”

Megan Caulfield didn’t think she heard the man right. She shifted in the conference room chair and stared at the skinny little pencil pusher in the black suit, the one who had just spoken the two words sure to ruin her life.

Dwayne Grenchler, the new CEO of Sweet Dreams Cosmetics, sat across the huge oak table with his fingers spread across a file in front of him. Damn, but he looked pleased with himself. The weasel-bastard actually *smiled* at her.

In a window overlooking Central Park, snow started to fall. A dull ringing plagued Meg’s ears. Stark white walls and hunter green carpet squeezed in on her. The room suddenly felt so small she didn’t think she could breathe. Her hands clenched into fists in her lap. “I’m the best chemist you have. I created the entire Dreamwalker perfume line.” Then, as if it made any difference, “It’s a week before Christmas – and I promised the Children’s Fund half of my December check. How can you fire me a week before Christmas?”

“Holidays are just another number on the calendar.” Grenchler’s condescending smile never faded. “If you had your head in Sweet Dreams instead of kiddie charities, you’d understand that. And you should read your memos. I terminated the Sweet Dreams dollar-for-dollar contribution to that free-ride waste of time the first day I was here. “

Meg’s insides curdled. She bit her lip to keep from screaming at Grenchler, or slapping him, or worse – crying. The Children’s Fund depended on Sweet Dreams! Without employee contributions and the corporation’s matching funds, the big Christmas Eve shopping spree would have to be cancelled. Hundreds of children would wake to a cold Christmas morning with no presents, no food – nothing.

She wouldn't cry, damn it. Not yet. What a bastard!

Grenchler gestured to the other man in the room, the one standing near the door. "Personnel's here to go over termination papers, a generic reference and insurance continuation issues."

Meg couldn't even look at Nick Myra's achingly handsome face. She wanted his muscled arms around her. She wanted to wrap her fingers in his thick black hair and hear him tell her to wake up, that Grenchler and his "company slim-downs" were just bad dreams. But she was getting fired. That fantasy would never come true, would it? She'd leave the company, and she and Nick would never see each other again—and she had been so sure the man was an inch from asking her out, despite company rules about fraternization with fellow employees.

She would have said yes, too.

Normally, Meg was all about rules. Her roommate Nancy even called her "tightly wrapped." Nick Myra could tear through the most well taped package, though. Of that, she had no doubt.

At last, she managed to raise her chin enough to see Nick. He stood with his head down and his arms folded, as quiet and unreadable as ever.

Grenchler tapped the file on the table. "While you two talk, I'll have someone pack your desk and locker, and Security will walk you out." He stood to leave.

"My desk—my locker?" Meg got to her feet almost as fast as Grenchler did. "Security? You've got to be kidding. I've worked here for ten years! You think I'd cheat my own company?"

"My company, Ms. Caulfield." Grenchler's weasel-bastard smile turned smug. "I expect you out before lunch."

He started for the door.

Heat flared across Meg's cheeks. She hurried to follow him. "You've only been at Sweet Dreams for four days. You don't know me. You don't know what I can do!"

Grenchler paused at the end of the table. His eyes swept over Meg, head to toe and back again. "Unlike the previous CEO of Sweet Dreams, I pay attention to numbers, not...other assets."

From the corner of her eye, Meg saw Nick's head snap upward. His arms dropped to his sides and his fists clenched.

Grenchler's high-pitched chuckle stabbed through Meg's ears and lodged in her brain. Before she could stop herself, she clenched her own fists and raised them. "Other assets? What the hell does *that* mean?"

## Chapter Two

Nick moved before Grenchler even opened his mouth.

By the time the CEO started to shout for Security, Nick had stepped in front of Meg and blocked Grenchler's view of her. Nick had never been one to use his powerful build to intimidate, but in this case, looming over the sniveling worm had the desired effect. Grenchler snapped his mouth shut and backed toward the door.

"I'll take care of Ms. Caulfield," Nick offered with as much professional courtesy as he could muster, but he let his tone communicate his true feelings. *One more word and I'll give you a bird's eye view of Central Park.*

Grenchler nodded. His lips smacked as he swallowed repeatedly. "Well, then," he managed between conspicuous gulps. "See that you do. I'll have her things taken to the front desk."

From behind Nick, Meg said a few harsh words under her breath.

Grenchler whirled and stalked out of the conference room. The door slammed behind him.

Nick turned back to Meg, half expecting her to attack him next. If she wanted to, he'd let her. He'd do anything to soften this blow.

Instead, she just stood there with her arms wrapped around herself, looking so fragile he wanted to hold her. Her rich brown eyes misted and her mouth trembled.

Nick couldn't stand it. How could any woman be so perfect and not know it? She hid herself behind thick sweaters and an even thicker silence, lost herself in her work, but Nick sensed the fire in her heart. She was locked inside herself, and he wanted to set her free. He wanted to claim her. What wasn't to adore? Brilliant thinker, chestnut hair pulled back so tightly her eyes slanted, that lush, curved figure like a Rossetti painting come to life—and those eyes. Those unbelievable eyes.



If she started to cry, Nick thought his heart would tear in half.

Before he could stop himself, he strode forward and put his hands on her shoulders. She didn't resist as he pulled her close, even leaned into him and rested her face on his chest. The soft press of her body against his, and her whisper-soft scent of warm vanilla captured his senses completely. He thought about icebergs and the north wind and his ugly aunt Gertrude—anything to make his cock behave. Everything about Meg Caulfield threatened Nick's self-control, but he couldn't take advantage of her now, not when she'd been wounded by that prick Grenchler.

*I tried to give him a chance, spirit of the season and all. But he'll get his, very, very soon.*

"I'm sorry," Nick murmured, resisting the urge to press his face into Meg's hair, tug it loose, and stroke the soft waves as they cascaded down her back. "I had no idea until he ordered me to bring your file up here. I would have warned you."

Meg sighed as she pulled back. Tears glistened on her cheeks. "Thanks. But the Children's Fund. Grenchler's a monster to strand all those kids."

"I know." Nick wanted run his lips across her cheeks and brush away her tears. He wanted to tell her not to worry, that he'd make everything okay, but how could she believe that? She didn't know him, except for the six months they'd worked at Sweet Dreams. She didn't know who he was, or anything about his unusual family and friends.

Damn it, he should have asked Meg out after the takeover meeting last week. He'd thought she might be ready, maybe even willing to consider some alone time with him—but again, she'd been vulnerable. Afraid about her future.

Meg reached up and touched his cheek. "Let's go over my benefits and get this over with. I think I need some alone time."

God, he wanted to kiss her.

But how?

When?

This woman deserved perfection. He had to show her how he felt at just the right time, just the right place, in just the right way. Maybe then she'd trust him enough to relax, to turn loose, let down her hair—in every way—and let go all that trapped passion he sensed in her fascinating depths. And maybe she'd believe him when it came time to tell her the truth about a few little secrets, like why he'd left home and come to New York in the first place.

Yes. Maybe he could salvage some good from Grenchler's debacle.

*I have to do it right. I have to win this woman's heart. After all, she took mine the day I met her.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Meg hadn't been gone thirty seconds when Nick pulled out the special red phone he kept in the hidden pocket of his suit jacket.

He didn't have to dial. The phone activated when he flipped the lid, and responded to the read of his thumbprint by dialing the only number it could.

His cousin answered on the first ring.

"Yo, Nick!" Chris shouted over the din of hard rock Christmas carols and raucous laughter. "It's been a while. You have enough of New York yet? You're missing the parties. Come home!"

Nick cleared his throat and got ready for the teasing. "I need your help."

A distinctly female voice giggled nearby, and Chris turned loose with a drunken belch before yelling, "What?"

Nick ground his teeth and tried again, this time shouting into the phone. "If you want me to come home, I need your help!"

The music turned off in a split second. Nick heard Chris excusing his guests, and when his cousin came back on the line, he actually seemed sober.

"I'm here, buddy. Nick? You still there? You sounded way serious."

“Dead serious.” Nick let out a breath of relief. For the first time since Grenchler buzzed him that morning, his muscles relaxed.

“Let’s get to it then. What can I do you for?”

Nick explained in as much detail as he thought Chris could remember, then said, “Now I’ve got another call to make. Oh, wait. I almost forgot. Dwayne Grenchler.” Nick gave the CEO’s birth date and address to his cousin. “That asshole goes on the naughty list. Way up toward the top.”

When Chris laughed, Nick could feel the arctic chill through the phone. “Done, Cousin. And I hope I see you soon.”

## Chapter Three

Meg walked home through Central Park with her head down, carrying two bags of office supplies. Staplers, paper clips, notepads full of organic, animal-friendly formulas she'd never get to test, and way too many pens and pencils. After ten years, her career boiled down to sticky notes and highlighters. Oh, and an insurance continuation letter, and her last paycheck—a third of what she needed to make her bills, forget about her charity contributions. This would be a Christmas to remember.

Not.

*No Nick. I also have a complete absence of Nick.*

Meg sighed at the memory of being in his arms for those few wonderful minutes. Snow dampened her hair and kissed her face in all the places she wanted to feel Nick's warm lips.

*I didn't even get his phone number. I could have said something, for God's sake.*

Tightly wrapped. Yep. Nancy had a point. Her bags got heavier and heavier, but she made herself slog past Lennon's memorial at Strawberry Fields, and onward, toward the apartment she shared with her best friend on the Upper East Side.

An apartment she suddenly couldn't afford.

"I need a job," she muttered to a passing cart and horse.

The driver didn't look up. Inside the carriage, a couple snuggled underneath a Christmas-red blanket. They were laughing and kissing.

Meg wanted to sob.

*What am I going to do?*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sell sex toys, of course!" Nancy shifted her ample bosom in her bustier, and straightened the lace on her French maid costume. "You'll make a fortune—and best of all, you'll have me for a boss. *Decadence* is so ready to grow. I told you last month I can't keep up anymore. I need you."

Meg sat in their apartment rocking chair and felt her face turn red. She gaped at "sassy maid" Nancy, who looked remarkably like an erotic version of a children's doll she dared not mention, lest Nancy shove a vibrator up her nose. Blonde and way past built, Nancy had heard that particular comparison one too many times in her life.

"You're delusional, Nance. I can't sell sex toys. I can't even *say* 'sex toys' without turning red as a candy cane stripe."

"Get over it." Nancy grabbed Meg's arm, pulled her out of the rocker, and hauled her toward the table where Nancy had spread out her—er—wares. "Besides, tell me one other job—well, *legal* job—you could get, Ms. Chemist, that would cut you a big fat check tomorrow night."

Meg's face grew hotter as she did her best to ignore the display of eggs, bullets, pocket rockets, dildos, dongs, vibrators, gels, creams, beads, clamps and clips. Especially that thick, motorized monster dick that looked so real. The one with scary-looking coils and controls that rivaled some of her lab equipment. That vibrator made her squirm just thinking about it. "I can't let you give me money."

"Give, hell. You'll work your cute little buns off for every dime." Nancy lovingly ran her fingers across her impressive array of toys. "I double-scheduled myself by accident, and I was going to have to cancel one of the toy parties. Now, I'll do Duke's, and you take the one at Spirits of the Season."

"Spirits of the Season? That bar with the stage and the dancers—and the waitresses who wear their boobs pushed up to their nose?" Meg stared at the monster dick even though she didn't want to. "Nancy, those girls look like they stepped out of a chorus line. They won't buy sex toys from someone like me."

Nancy laughed. "S-O-S girls know how to heat it up, and you don't have anything to worry about. The toys sell themselves." She picked up the motorized monster Meg couldn't quit looking at, the thick one with all the ridges, and she turned on the controls. The vibrator hummed...and its coils started to pump. Hard. Up and down. Up and down.

Meg stared at the thrusting wonder and licked her lips.

Nancy's grin turned positively wicked. "See what I mean? This one's called The Satisfier. Wouldn't you pay money to find out why?"

\* \* \* \* \*

A little over twenty-four hours later, Meg found herself walking down East Sixty-Fifth wearing a full-length leather coat, a lace body stocking with bow patterns all over it and spike-heeled ankle boots, wondering what in the name of all sinners and saints she was doing.

If the wind caught her coattails, she'd probably get arrested for indecent exposure. Never mind if she dropped the display case she was carrying. And damn, was it ever cold outside! Fresh snow crunched beneath her three-inch spikes, and every now and then, a breeze made it under her coat to tickle her nearly bare ass. The few times the chill slipped between her legs, she thought she'd scream—or moan. She couldn't decide.

And she couldn't be doing this.

Not her. Not Meg Caulfield, chemist and avowed champion of the tightly wrapped. She sure as hell couldn't believe how her body responded to the forbidden feel of that body stocking. It held her full figure as tight as any lover, rubbing, stroking and teasing every inch of her skin until her eyes wanted to cross. She couldn't keep getting wet, or her clit would freeze.

"Think about the Children's Fund," she mumbled to herself as she made it another block. No *way* was she calling a taxi dressed like this. She'd probably end up on some cable exposé like *Chemists Gone Wild*.

"Think about the kids. Just get through tonight, and you can make your Fund contribution plus a little more since that bastard Grenchler cut them off. You can survive until next month. Find another job. Put on clothes. Return to sanity."

The wind gave her ass another tweak, along with her stone-hard nipples. "Whatever you do, don't think about Nick."

She didn't need to trash her makeup by crying, and she sure didn't need to get any more aroused before she had to take off the leather coat and see if she remembered anything about Nancy's crash course in pleasure aids and sensual adult toys.

By the time she reached the wreath-covered door of Spirits of the Season, she was shaking not just from the cold, but from absolute terror.

A sign hung in the window, noting that the bar was closed for a private party.

Right.

Meg knew she *was* the party.

She was a chemist. She made environmentally friendly perfume, for the love of God.

How could she be a party?

Trying to breathe, she put her hand on the door handle, but couldn't make herself turn the knob. She'd been to Spirits once before for a bachelorette party, and it definitely wasn't her kind of place. Loud, rowdy, lots of sloshing beer, hot wings and peanuts — nope. Not her scene.

But, like Nancy mentioned at least ten times before sunrise, the waitresses got paid well, tips flowed like all that alcohol and they had plenty of money to spend.

*Think about the kids. Think about the kids. You've got to do this.*

Meg opened the door.

The entry was dark, and no one manned the podium to collect cover charges and check IDs. Soft strains of Christmas music wafted through a small crack in the heavy oak doors leading into the bar. Before Meg could open them, a little redhead in an elf suit came rushing out to greet her. If not for the skimpy costume—lots of velvet and lace, boobs shoved up to the nose—Meg would have taken the woman for much younger. A child, even.

“You’re here!” The woman-elf sounded excited. Her eyes moved from Meg’s face to the heavy case she carried. “Go right in and set up on the stage. I’ll just lock up behind you, so you’re not interrupted.”

“Thanks,” Meg managed. She wanted to scream instead. She wanted to run. But she opened those oak doors, marched into the bar—and stopped, stunned.

Spirits of the Season had been completely remodeled. Gone were the rough wood tables and board floors, and the stench of aged beer and filth. The walls had been painted a soothing, clean cream. Fine prints and oils hung at tasteful intervals. Fires burned in two fireplaces, one on the left and one on the right, and large, comfortable-looking pillows had been casually tossed on the carpeted floor in front of them.

Wow. Those fireplaces were real. Genuine firelight danced against polished, carved mantels, and the air smelled faintly of cedar.

A handful of tables covered with starched white cloths took up the center of the floor. Each one held a candle nestled in a rosemary or holly topiary trimmed like tiny Christmas trees. Red and white poinsettias filled the rest of the room, along with sprigs of evergreen laced with splashes of clear lights.

Meg felt herself relaxing into the beautiful scene until she looked at the stage.

The stage where she was supposed to set up her sex toy display.

*Yep. This is a Christmas to remember, all right. I rank it right up there with starting my period and getting my first yeast infection.*

A single long table waited for her, this one also covered with a crisp white cloth, and trimmed with several small wreaths. Meg glanced around, but she didn’t see any



waitresses. They must be changing into more comfortable clothes. At least she hoped they were. She didn't think she could talk about vibrators to a bunch of fashion models dressed in elf costumes.

You're doing this for charity. Get a move on, Caulfield.

Refusing to make herself any more nervous, Meg strode up to the stage, unfastened her case, and unloaded her displays onto the long table. Gels, creams, clamps, clips and beads along the top, like Nancy told her. Eggs, bullets and pocket rockets on the right. Dildos and dongs on the left, and scattered between them all, various sizes of the bow lace body stocking she was wearing for demonstration. Dead center she set up the vibrators, making sure to give The Satisfier a place of honor, right in the middle.

Now for the harder display.

Her.

In the body stocking.

Meg squeezed her eyes shut, but tried to remember what Nancy had said. *It's just you and the girls, honey. Everybody likes to look sexy. Show 'em how to do it!*

Heart hammering, Meg slipped off her leather coat, folded it and bent to slide it under the table, incredibly aware of the sheer fabric covering her ass and pussy.

A strangled cough made her stand up straight.

Oh, God.

That cough hadn't sounded feminine at all.

Were there male waiters at Spirits?

Meg wanted to snatch back her coat, but she'd have to bend over again to get it. She'd kill Nancy. She'd kill her dead and fling her body off the Empire State Building. Damn! How could she turn around?

What if Spirits was a gentleman's club now and she found herself facing a room full of hunks in tuxedos?

Shit.

Why did that make her wet?

Her face felt so hot she wondered if flames from the fireplaces had jumped across the room to burn her.

*I want to die.*

She didn't die, though.

She turned around.

Nick Myra stood, arms folded, in front of the tables and topiaries, looking like a Greek god in a silk tuxedo. His night-black hair glistened in the firelight, and his dark eyes studied her with an intensity that threatened to melt her to nothing but tallow.

"Merry Christmas, Meg," he said in a deep, husky voice. His gaze traveled from her face to her lace-clad nipples, and lower, to the barely covered dark patch of hair between her legs. "Damn, woman. Happy New Year, too."

## **Chapter Four**

Nick fought an impulse to storm the stage, kiss Meg until she begged him for more, and take her right there on the table, in the middle of all the plastic dicks and dongs. His hard cock throbbed. His breath hitched and caught, and his mouth watered at the thought of tasting her full, parted lips.

Her tightly bound chestnut hair shimmered in the candlelight and flickers of fire, and her gorgeous brown eyes had gone wide with shock. The pattern on that beyond sexy body stocking covered the tips of her nipples, but mouthwatering wine-red circles peeked through the sheer fabric. Her curves would tempt a monk to debauchery. Made for squeezing. Made for a man's hands to stroke and coax—and between her legs, the dark shadow of curls barely contained by the stocking's netting and bows...

"You aren't a waitress," she whispered, sweetly confused, and he fell in love with her all over again.

*Keep it together. Do this right.*

"I can be a waiter." He cleared his throat to control the raw rasp of desire. "I can be a barkeep or a cabbie or street vendor if you like, or a personnel director who worked with you and watched you and admired you. A man who wanted you but never found the right moment to ask if you wanted him, too."

Meg's eyes got impossibly wider.

He wanted to kiss her in the worst way, brand her lips with his, demand her passion with his tongue and fingers and cock until she moaned and opened wide for him, only him, always him. But he had to be careful. He had to be sure. If she had doubts, if she didn't return his feelings, it would hurt like hell, but he wouldn't press his advantage with any woman.

When she said nothing, he took a slow breath. "I rented the restaurant. The waitresses moved their *Decadence* party to another day – but your payment's taken care of no matter what." He gestured toward the bar's entrance. "It's on the podium by the door, twice your fee, plus a separate donation to the Children's Fund to cover the Sweet Dreams shortfall."

Meg still didn't speak. She just gazed at him with those bright, beautiful eyes.

Nick's cock ached so badly he wanted to groan. Instead, he made himself try again. "You don't have to stay, Meg. No tricks, no traps, no questions asked and you get paid anyway. I'll call you a cab or drive you myself if you want to go home."

She blinked. Her mouth opened and closed. Opened again. When she answered, her silky whisper seemed to wrap around his cock and give it a slow, deep squeeze. "I don't want to go home."

For a moment, Nick couldn't speak at all. He felt like someone had him by the balls and heart at the same time.

"You rented the restaurant," she said slowly.

He had to work to get his voice to cooperate. "It belongs to my cousin. He owes me a few favors."

"How did you know I'd be here?"

"I broke a rule," he admitted. "I used the number in your file and talked to your roommate before you ever got home."

"And how did you get Nancy to agree to all this?"

Nick shrugged. "I'm persuasive. And I promised her a great Christmas gift."

"Bet you did." Meg shook her head, still looking amazed. "What do you want from me, Nick Myra?"

His throat went dry, but he told her the truth. "Everything."

Her whole body turned an appealing shade of pink under her body stocking, but she didn't ask to go home.

"For starters," he said, "let your hair down. I want to see you like I've dreamed so many nights."

Meg's lips parted again. The surprised expression on her face shifted to doubt, but she raised her hands and tugged at her thick bun. He couldn't help staring at the way her heavy breasts thrust forward, at the hint of nipple teasing him behind the body stocking's lacy black bows.

Her hair tumbled free down her shoulders, chestnut waves rich and lustrous, every bit as luxurious and enticing as he'd imagined. God. What would the rest of her be like?

"Beautiful," he murmured, and she rewarded him with a shy smile.

Could his cock get any harder?

Nick gestured to the table behind her. "What did you bring to show me, Meg? I'd like my demonstration."

Her cheeks turned redder than holly berries. "Nick. I—I can't. I—ooooh." She fanned herself with one graceful hand, stirring wisps of hair around her flushed cheeks.

He grinned at her and wondered if his erection would rip through his pants. "You're standing on a stage, honey. Don't disappoint your audience."

Meg's eyes drifted from his face to his chest, to the unmistakable bulge of his silk-restrained cock. She gave him another smile, this one decidedly less shy. When she met his gaze again, he could have sworn he saw a wicked little spark in those warm, inviting depths.

His cock gave up throbbing and started to burn.

When she picked up a tweezer nipple chain with red flowers and little silver bells, he almost came.

"Well, sir. As you know, foreplay is essential in a satisfying sexual relationship." Meg's voice trembled as she gave the sales pitch, but the spark in her eyes grew brighter. She stroked the top of one breast with the chain, letting the bells dangle against her bow-hidden nipple. "Here we have a seasonal treat guaranteed to leave

your woman moaning more.” Up and down went the bells. They tinkled each time they bounced across the swelling center of that bow. “With this sliding ring, you can take her from tweak to pinch in the blink of an eye. These clamps are durable, easy to manage and sure to stay on even under the most passionate assault.”

*I’m going to die*, Nick thought as everything inside him caught on fire. *I asked for this, and I’m going to die.*

Picking up speed, Meg turned back to her display table. The next thing she selected was a tube of crimson lotion. “This is Liquid Fire, our top-of-the-line warming lotion.” She opened it, squeezed a little of the fluid into her palm, then began rubbing it in her cleavage.

Nick couldn’t stifle his groan.

He’d known she had this streak, that she could turn wild and hot with just the right nudge, but *damn*.

Meg let her hands slip beneath the body stocking to the full swells of her breast, where she stroked and massaged, and added, “It comes in several flavors, like apple, cherry, strawberry and chocolate—but I prefer cinnamon. A little more spice, don’t you think?”

He couldn’t have answered if she paid him.

Back to the table she went, and this time, she turned around with the biggest vibrator he had ever seen. Just the sight of her standing there with that plastic dick between her damp, lace-clad breasts almost finished him.

“Our most popular vibrator. The Satisfier.” Meg’s hot brown eyes bored into his as she ran her fingers up and down its length, hesitating on the head. “Thick and pleasing. Just what a woman wants.” She lowered her head and slid the tip into her mouth, pulled it back out, and smiled. “And best of all, realistic action.”

She turned the damned thing on and it started to pump.

Nick stared, transfixed, as she caressed the thrusting dick with her tongue, then lowered the vibrator and ran it across the tips of her breasts.

Lower. To her belly.

Lower again. To the dark curls between her legs.

The vibrator hummed and slammed against her pussy, and she moaned.

That was it. All he could take. His self-restraint shattered.

One minute, Nick was lounging by the tables and topiaries, and the next he was on that stage, standing right in front of her.

Meg switched off the vibrator and dropped it on the table behind her without looking. The mischievous glint in her eyes blazed into serious fire.

Nick grabbed her by the waist and pulled her to him so fast and hard that he lifted her off the stage. She melded against him, wrapped her arms around his neck and held on tight as he kissed her fiercely, blindly, feeding his desperate desire into each questing thrust of his tongue.

Her feather-soft lips parted as he slid his hands down and cupped her ass, squeezed the firm, warm flesh again and again. Meg tasted like mint and heat and everything female. She smelled like vanilla and cinnamon and he wanted to eat her whole like a Christmas treat.

Tongue to tongue, chest to chest, he kissed her and she moaned into his mouth. He felt the push of her breasts through his silk shirt, and he wanted the clothes gone. He wanted her naked, too. He wanted to feel every inch of her with no netting, no bows, no barriers at all.

Her body stocking shifted under his palms as he stroked her ass and let her slide toward the stage until her feet once more found purchase.

When he finally released her lips, she pulled his head down, down, back toward her mouth, and whispered, "Don't stop. I want you. I want you hard and deep. Now. Please."

She didn't have to ask him again.



## **Chapter Five**

Meg's thoughts spun out of control.

When she'd seen Nick standing in front of the stage, she'd almost fainted. When he asked about the toy display, she'd wanted to crawl under the table and hide. Then she'd seen the scorching flash of desire in his eyes, heard it in his voice and saw it in that incredible erection.

As for their first kiss – mother of God.

Fire flowed underneath her skin, blazing hotter everywhere his strong, sensual hands gripped her. She couldn't believe herself, how she'd teased him, and now, how she was begging him to fuck her.

But sweet heaven, if he didn't do it soon, there'd be nothing left but a puddle of Meg on the Spirits stage.

Nick's dark eyes drove into her.

Like black jasper, polished to a perfect shine.

She ran her palms against his rough cheeks, and he captured her mouth again with a deep, rumbling growl she felt from her tongue to her curling toes. His scent of cedar smoke and some bewitching spice made her dizzy, and his firm, demanding lips made her wet and wetter still. He tasted faintly of expensive wine. Every inch of the man had to be made out of steel, especially his cock, hard and hot against her belly.

She slid her hand down as their tongues danced and tangled, and she brushed her fingers across the heat of his silk-covered erection. He groaned and bit her lip just hard enough to make her gasp.

"You're killing me," he murmured. "You've been killing me since you walked in here." Then his mouth moved across her cheek, down the line of her jaw, to her neck.

When he bit the sweet spot just below her ear, her nipples hardened into throbbing nubs. Hot juices trickled down her legs, drenching the body stocking.

He nipped her again and Meg shuddered from the exquisite sensation. She clenched her fingers on his cock. She wanted him inside her. She wanted that sensual biting on her shoulders, her belly, her nipples, her clit.

"Please," she heard herself moaning. "Please, please..."

He swept her into his arms so easily she might have been weightless. His lips claimed hers again as he carried her, muscles rippling through his tuxedo against her barely covered skin. She slid her hands into his hair and tugged at the thick, silky strands.

Kissing her, caressing her even as he held her, Nick carried her down the stage steps and over to one of the fireplaces. Once more, he set her on her feet, this time amidst a bunch of red and green pillows, and pulled back to look at her.

"You're an incredible woman, Meg." The low purr of his voice made her shiver with anticipation. He stroked her hair, then brought his hand to her face and traced her jaw with his knuckles. Bolts of pleasure fired down her neck, across her nipples and straight to her throbbing clit. "A genius at what you do, generous and unbelievably attractive. I wanted to touch you the first day I saw you."

"Handsome," she said over the pound of her heart. "Graceful and mysterious. Where do you come from, Nick Myra?"

His smile made her melt every time she saw it. "North. From the cold and snow."

"I love snow." She kicked off her cumbersome heels. The carpet felt cushioned and soft under her toes as she stretched up to kiss him, as she savored the strong feel of his mouth and that distant hint of fine wine. When she pushed at Nick's jacket, he released her mouth long enough to shrug out of the coat and send his tie with it to the floor.

Meg made short work of his buttons, and she was gratified to touch bare, muscled chest as she pushed his shirt open. Toned. Cut. Pure male, like the cedar and spice she smelled each time he kissed her. He let her take his shirt off, let her squeeze and sample

his rock-solid biceps, the tight cords of his shoulders, and lower, to the rippling perfection of his pecs.

With another rush of that mischief that seized her on the stage, Meg ran her nails across both of his nipples. He answered with a rumble of surprise and pleasure, and another bone-melting kiss. Before he could let her go, Meg had his silk trousers undone. Feeling fire in her cheeks at her own boldness, she ran her hands down his abs and kept going to the pulsing iron of his cock.

He pulled back and sucked in his breath as she captured it with both hands, marveling at the girth, thrilled by the dimensions, dying to sample it every way she could imagine.

*Talk about The Satisfier...*

“Be careful, honey.” He pinned her with his polished jasper eyes as he gently squeezed her ass. “I can’t take much. You’ve got me too damned excited.”

Meg freed his splendid erection from his pants but kept it tight in her hands as she gazed into his eyes. She wasn’t sure she had ever wanted any man this much in her life. She’d had a handful of boyfriends, even a few serious relationships—but nothing this exciting. Not even close. Nick made her feel scandalous and daring and oh-so desirable. And that made her bolder.

Still holding his cock and staring into his fathomless eyes, Meg sank slowly to her knees. Her body stocking pulled and stretched, scrubbing her nipples and clit with each movement. Her breasts shifted, and she knew they were close to bursting out of the lace holding them in place.

Nick watched her with frank lust, and when she gave his erection a teasing squeeze, she saw him grind his teeth. Eager to sample him, Meg flicked her tongue against the swollen head, tasting a bead of salty pre-cum as he clenched his fists in her hair.

*What power I have. A smile tugged at her lips. I think I like being naughty.*

While he watched her, she guided his cock to her lips and sucked him deep into her mouth.

"Meg. God." His grip on her hair tightened.

She sucked him again, this time harder, deeper, feeling her cheeks expand and her throat spread to accommodate his impressive length. He tasted so good, so earthy and male, and the soft skin rippled as she moved her tongue against it.

Nick never closed his eyes. He watched her intently, moving his hips, sliding his cock in and out of her mouth.

*He wants to see this, she thought with a major thrill. He doesn't want to close his eyes because I'm his fantasy.*

Meg hummed her pleasure against his hard, throbbing flesh, and he groaned. She wanted to give him more, and more still. Using her fingers and lips and tongue, she worked his cock up and down, up and down until he groaned again and pumped with more force.

*Yes. Yes. Yes. Like that. Let go. Let me have all of you.*

Her breasts lurched in her body stocking. The lacy bows rubbed her straining nipples. Her pussy was so wet she could smell her own arousal, and still he watched her, watched her as he fucked her mouth harder, pulling her hair now, guiding her head.

"Meg," he said, hoarse with need. "Meg. I'm going to come. Meg!"

She loved hearing him say her name, loved being his fantasy. She sucked Nick and sucked him and cupped the swollen sac behind his cock, massaging his balls until he exploded in her mouth with a low roar.

Hot, salty fluid blasted down her throat, and she drank it, feeling naughtier than ever.

Meg didn't want to stop. She wanted to suck Nick's cock until he got hard again, until she made his knees weak.

Nick pulled away just enough to slide his cock out of her mouth, then carefully lifted her to her feet. Her breasts finally spilled over the top of her body stocking, and his gaze fixed first on her swollen, aching nipples, then back on her eyes.

“Now it’s my turn, honey,” he said in such a dangerous, hungry voice that it was *her* knees that went weak instead.

## Chapter Six

Nick stepped out of his pants and allowed himself a few seconds to drink in the sight before him.

Meg.

Beautiful Meg, bow-patterned stocking low around her shoulders, face flushed, eyes eager, mouth wet and her lips swollen from sucking his cock until he had one hell of an orgasm. Her lavish hair lay across her bared breasts. He brushed aside a curvy wave of chestnut, then rubbed one taut nipple with his thumb.

She gasped.

Her whole body rippled with pleasure, and Nick knew he should tease her at least as long as she teased him—but his cock had other ideas. He was already getting hard again, and he knew he couldn't wait long to be inside her.

"What do you want?" he asked as he slid the body stocking down and off her arms. When she didn't answer, he pinched her nipple gently. She moaned and arched toward him, offering herself to his hands, his mouth.

He wasn't a man to turn away such splendid gifts.

"Tell me what you want, Meg." He pinched both nipples this time, hard, and held on as she trembled and let out a ragged breath. "Let me hear your sexy voice."

"I want your mouth," she managed as he tightened his hold. Her eyelids grew heavy, and her brown eyes misted with desire.

"Where?" he demanded. Damn, she was splendid. "Say it."

Meg's cheeks flushed. Still shy, but wanting to be wild. "Suck my nipples, Nick. Please. I want to feel you sucking my nipples."

He couldn't help a growl as he cupped one breast, leaned down, and took the pebbled tip in his mouth. It tasted like cinnamon, sweet and warm as he teased the rough point with his tongue.

Meg moaned and gripped the sides of his head. "Yes. God, yes!"

Nick sucked the tender flesh between his teeth, biting softly, reveling in her throaty cries. When he bit down harder, she yanked his hair. At the same time she pushed her breast against his mouth asking for more.

He'd give her whatever she wanted, and then some.

Squeezing and sucking, he moved from breast to breast until she pulled his hair so hard his eyes watered.

"Please," she whispered.

Each time she said the word, his cock got harder.

"Please—what?" He stood and kissed her, tilting her head back with the force of his embrace.

It felt so right to hold her close to him, to stroke the satin skin of her bare back. He surrendered her lips long enough to push the body stocking down over her shapely hips. "What should I suck next? Tell me. Your neck?" He nipped the soft flesh under her ear. "Your lip?" He kissed her again and nibbled her bottom lip.

Each time he spoke, each time his lips touched her, she trembled. He felt her muscles tense with excitement, smiled at the gooseflesh breaking out across her shoulders.

The body stocking dropped lower. To her knees. To her ankles. Meg stepped out of it, naked, flushed, her nipples damp and swollen from his tender sucking. Nick could still taste the cinnamon on his tongue.

His.

She was his.

He wasn't letting her go, now or ever.

He kissed her again, squeezing her bare ass, rubbing her breasts against his chest. Then he picked her up, knelt and stretched her out on the soft carpet in front of the fire. Her hair spread across the red and green pillows like a Christmas angel come down to grant his every wish. He sat back, studying every aspect, from her brown eyes to the curve of her belly, to the damp hair and swollen folds of her pussy, ready and waiting for him.

His. Definitely his.

"You're the most amazing woman I've ever known, Meg."

She reached out and trailed her nails down his chest. "They don't have women up north in the cold and snow?"

Nick laughed. "Yes, but they're — Let's just say I'm a little too tall for them."

She looked confused, but she didn't ask any more questions because he stretched himself out on top of her and kissed all her questions away. All her answers, too, except for one. The one he wanted to hear.

"Where do you want my mouth, Meg?" He slid his hand into the wet heat between her legs, making her moan and writhe. She tried to talk, but he stole her words by sliding one finger into her pussy, slowly, slowly, in and out, then up to swirl around her clit. When she raised her hips to meet him, he stopped, and she smacked his arm.

"Tease," she gasped.

He ran his tongue across her lips. "So wet for me. I want to make you wetter. I want to make you scream. Tell me what you want, Meg, or I'll tease you all night."

She moaned as he cupped her pussy, and she arched her hips again. "Nick. Now *you're killing me.*"

"I like to see you blush. I like to hear your voice, asking me to give you pleasure. Letting me know you're mine. Say it, Meg. What do you want?"

She did blush, and she sighed, and she moved against his merciless hand.



“Lick my pussy,” she whispered, and blushed harder. “Make me come, Nick. Please. Please!”

## Chapter Seven

Nick's smile made Meg's blood boil with need.

This wasn't a dream. This was really happening.

She was here with Nick, naked in his arms, feeling the press of his renewed erection against her thigh as he moved on top of her and slid down, down between her legs.

Meg's body throbbed and burned for release. Hard to breathe, hard to think, hard to speak. And she knew she had to be red everywhere, admitting what she wanted, begging for it, using forbidden words for his ears only.

Moisture coated every inch of her lower lips and curls. God, she was losing her mind, or at least she thought she was until he buried his face in her pussy and ran his tongue from channel to tip and back again. Over and over he drank her in, pausing to taste her clit. Little licks, small nibbles, like he was enjoying a gourmet meal.

Rushing toward the edge, Meg raised her hips and pressed her sex into his face. He slid his hands under her ass and pulled her closer. His lips fastened on her clit and he sucked, and she really did lose her mind.

"Oh, damn. Oh, yes. There. Please. There!" Her fingers found his hair and she tugged him closer still. "Don't stop. Please don't stop."

White-hot rivers of ecstasy spread through her hips, up her belly, to her chest and down through her arms. Her nipples jutted higher, and her breasts seemed to swell, too, heavy with want.

Nick stopped sucking, but only long enough to murmur, "Beautiful. So beautiful, and you taste so good."

Then he took her clit in his mouth again and she bucked from the force of the bliss. Meg felt like Nick's tongue was everywhere, flicking that sensitive spot, then lower,

delving into her clenching channel, then higher, sliding along her inner lips in a maddening pattern designed to claim her sanity. He bit those lips softly, sucking and tasting, then turned them loose and raised his head.

“Pinch your nipples,” he said in a forceful rumble that would have made her do anything, anything. Her hands flew up to her breasts, and she took her own nipples between her thumbs and forefingers and pinched.

The sharp sensation shot straight to her clit as Nick groaned his approval and fixed his mouth back on the swollen, pulsing button once again. As he did, he thrust two fingers deep in her channel.

Meg rose up again to look at him, to watch what he was doing to her. He was her fantasy, too. Damn, yes. And so much better than she’d let herself imagine.

The pressure on her nipples, the image of Nick between her legs, licking her pussy, sucking her clit, and the feel of his fingers inside her sent her straight over the edge.

Meg’s orgasm hit her so hard her head slammed back against the red and green pillows. A wave of molten heat traveled every inch of her skin. She heard the force of her moan, felt her channel clench tight around his pumping fingers.

Nick’s tongue darted and touched, pressed and tapped as he drew out the waves of pleasure until she thought she’d melt into nothing, just fade into that soft carpet and never get up again.

He eased up, then pushed himself over her and settled his chest against hers, arms to either side of her head. When he kissed her, she tasted herself on his mouth and started blushing all over again. She had never done that before. New risks. New naughty excitement.

This man had her so bewitched he could have collected her soul in a jar and she might not have noticed.

“Incredible,” he murmured against her ear, sending a new round of chills all over her. “I could touch you forever, Meg Caulfield.”

"I'd let you," she whispered back, and kissed him, losing herself in his cedar-spice scent, in the smell of her pleasure on his face and lips.

"But you know the rules, honey." His cock pressed between her thighs, sliding along the length of her pussy, nudging at her wet, ready channel. "Tell me what you want. Let me hear you say it."

Meg gazed into his polished jasper eyes, knowing her cheeks had started to flame, but not even caring. She wanted this. She wanted him now, right now, and she'd say whatever it took to get that thick, hot cock deep inside her pussy.

"I want your cock inside me. I want you deep. I want you hard. Fuck me, Nick. Fuck me now. Please!"

His ravenous grin made her insides turn to mush. She loved how her words excited him, loved how he wanted her so completely, so absolutely.

Nick eased back down between her legs and sat back on his knees. In quick, deft movements, he grabbed his silk pants and removed a condom from the pocket. Never taking his eyes off of hers, he tore it open and slipped it on, sheathing himself while she watched and waited and wanted.

Oh, how she *ever* wanted.

He finished and shifted her on the pillows, pulled her closer and slowly, with deep, sensual caresses, lifted her legs up on his shoulders.

"Keep your eyes open," he said in his hypnotic bass. "Let me see inside you while I fuck you."

His fantasy.

*My fantasy.*

Meg's heart pounded so loudly she knew he'd hear it as he rocked her back on the pillows and spread her legs.

"Yes," she whispered. "Fuck me."

And oh, God, he did.

Nick's muscles flexed as he drove his cock inside her, all the way inside her, filling her up, stretching her pussy so wide she ached from the joy, that she cried out from the absolute possession.

He stayed still a moment, holding her legs tight against him, gazing at her like she was the only woman on the Earth, and all he would ever want.

Then he moved his hips with a slow, heart-claiming rhythm. Meg watched the point where they joined, watched his iron-hard cock move in and out, in and out, slick and shining with her ample juices.

"So deep." She touched his hands on her legs. "So good!"

Fire danced in his eyes as he plumbed her channel deeper still, pulling her against him with each slow, sensual plunge.

Meg's coherent thoughts gave way to sensations. She saw the fascinating dark of his eyes, the way his lips pulled back in an untamed smile. She felt his grip on her legs, the strength in his arms as he held her there, fucking her, fucking her so deep she rocked with each thrust.

Faster now. In and out. In and out. Her back scrubbed against the soft carpet while the pillows held her head and Nick had complete control of the rest of her.

She was at his mercy.

And she loved it. Loved every second of it.

His balls slapped against her ass as he pumped deeper, faster, spreading her wider each time. Her channel walls clenched and unclenched, and Meg moaned again and again. She couldn't stop. She didn't want to stop. She wanted his cock inside her forever, thrusting, thrusting, making her pussy his from the inside out. It was his. *She* was his.

The hot musk of sex filled the air, mixing with a touch of cedar smoke and evergreen and fire itself.

“Harder,” she begged, and he obliged. Rhythmic thrusts became insistent pounding, pushing her, stretching her, filling her up and up until she thought she would burst.

“Wait,” he ordered as he slammed his cock into her pussy again, and again, and again. “Just another second. Just another minute.”

Meg dug her nails into his arms and scratched, drawing a hiss of mixed pain and pleasure.

She couldn’t hold off. She couldn’t!

But the spark in his eyes made her want to. The way he looked at her with so much passion and affection made her determined – and somehow, she did hold back.

She bit her lip. She held her breath. And the heat built and built. Sweat broke across every inch of her. Her muscles gathered into tight, ready knots. Her belly clenched with her pussy, grabbing his cock, holding on as he drove in and out of her channel until the wet slap of flesh on flesh was all she could hear, mixed with the thunder of her own heartbeat.

“Now, Meg,” Nick shouted. “Come now!”

Meg turned loose her breath in one big rush, screaming as her body exploded.

Her teeth slammed together as liquid fire tore through each muscle, burning her so, so sweetly, forcing her up and up and up until she thought she might fly forever.

Her pussy spasmed over and over, clamping tighter on Nick’s cock as he roared with his own orgasm. He kept thrusting, slower, slower, sending aftershock after aftershock streaming through her spent body.

Nick fucked her slow and easy, bringing them both down until Meg could breathe again – but only in short, forced gulps.

She had never felt anything like that in her life.

*Merry Christmas to me...*

At last, he slid out of her, rolled over and cradled her against him in front of the soothing, beautiful fire.

Meg didn't want the magic to end. She didn't want to fall asleep, but she had nothing left inside her. Not even the energy to hold up her drooping eyelids.

"Go ahead, honey," Nick whispered. He kissed the top of her head. "I promise I'm not going anywhere."

## Chapter Eight

Nick held Meg long after she fell asleep, listening to her breathe. It was the sweetest sound he had ever heard, except for her moans and screams of pleasure.

When he finally dozed, he dreamed of making love to her, and when they both woke a few hours later, he pulled her into his lap and slid his cock inside her sweet, hot pussy again.

She rode him as he rocked his hips, sensual lips parted, eyes fixed on his, nipples rubbing against his chest. He pressed his hands against her back and felt the silk of her hair tickle his fingers. Perfect. Perfect for him. Meg Caulfield was everything Nick had ever wanted.

This time, she came with her lips against his, gasping, moaning, bucking against his cock until he spilled so hard into his condom he was scared it would break from the load.

Afterwards, he held her against him, and she seemed content to stay right there, keeping him tight inside her warm channel.

"What time is it?" she finally asked after kissing his neck.

"A little after midnight, I think."

"When do we have to leave Spirits?"

"Never." He nipped at her shoulder until she shivered.

Meg gave his hair a tug. "Be serious, Nick."

"I'm always serious. Ask my cousin Chris—no, wait. Ask my cousin Noel. They'll both tell you." He moved his thighs against her ass. A few more times, and he'd probably get hard again. "I have a lot more cousins, and they all have similar opinions. Especially Klaas and Juleman. They—"



"Nick..."

He sighed. "Okay, okay. How about I have one of my el—er—employees pick up the checks and take them to the Children's Fund before Christmas Eve, and you stay here with me?"

"Very funny. I know your employees." Meg bit his earlobe, but she still didn't move. "Why don't you go with me to take the money?"

At that, Nick shifted from nerves more than desire. Being in a room full of little kids might be a bad idea, especially this close to Christmas Eve. As much as he didn't want to, Nick gently lifted Meg off his cock and laid her back on the pillows, then got up and quickly got rid of his condom.

When he came back, he kissed her nose as he laid back down beside her. "I'll drive, but you have to go in. It's your good heart that made me realize how important the Fund was—and what harm Sweet Dreams did by backing out."

Meg stretched next him like a cat about to start purring. "We've got a lot of cleaning up to do around here. All those toys—"

"Nah." He kissed her chin this time, then her neck. "I'm buying the toys, so we can just stash the loot in one of my bags."

"What do you plan to do with a table full of sex toys, Nick Myra?"

"Use them." He slid down and took one of her nipples in his mouth, and sucked once, twice, then let it go. "One a night, for the next year. I want to see how the clamps look on your nipples...your clit...oh, and how each one of those dildos and vibrators looks inside you, in your mouth...you get the picture."

He sucked her other nipple, and this time he didn't let go until she moaned and wriggled underneath him.

"Like I said when I got here, Merry Christmas, honey." He bit her lip next. "And happy New Year, too."

\* \* \* \* \*

Late the next afternoon, snow fell heavier on New York, and the city turned into a beautiful white vision—everywhere but the roads, of course, which backed up to a near stop. Nick's driver had to take them around the block to make a better approach to the Children's Fund office.

Meg hadn't said much when Nick loaded her sex toys into a green velvet bag and handed them to the driver to put in the trunk, and she hadn't argued when the driver held out a package holding the svelte red dress, silky hose and red pumps Nick had special-ordered from his cousin Noel, the fashion freak.

Now, looking at her in the back of the limo all decked out in racy colors with her hair loose, her face flushed and her eyes wide with joy as she looked out at the snow, Nick wished he'd kept the sex toys with them. He could have had a little fun with that Satisfier vibrator right about now. But that would probably lead to a pumping action of his own, and they were getting pretty short on time.

Nick ran his hand along Meg's silk-covered thigh, gratified at her sigh of enjoyment. "Have you given any thought to what you want to do next? For a job, I mean."

She gave him a wry smile. "Sell toys for a while until I get my résumé together and start interviews. Nancy does well with *Decadence*. Maybe if I work with her, I'll keep loosening up."

An image of Meg demonstrating The Satisfier to a room full of eager men seized Nick, and for a few seconds, he saw way more red than Meg's dress. "Yeah." He coughed. "I think I like your current level of looseness. Probably loose enough. Definitely loose enough."

Meg let her hand slip across his trousers and settle on his cock. "I don't know. I think I could use some practice."

She squeezed.

He groaned and had to force himself to pull her questing fingers away. "I have another idea. Why don't you consider working for my family business?"

She got her fingers loose and went for his cock again. "You have a family business?"

"Sure. But it's up north, like I said." He caught her hand again. "Honey, if you don't stop that, I'll fuck you here and now. In the car. On top of the car."

"Mmm-hmmm." Her smile made his erection worse. "If you have a family business, what are you doing in New York working for Sweet Dreams?"

*Here comes trouble...* "I was hunting for a chemist. My Aunt Jessie wants to scale back, but we've had a hard time finding the right woman to replace her. I spent a year each at three other companies before I tried Sweet Dreams." Nick kissed Meg's hand, hoping she wasn't about to start looking at him like he had a few berries off his mistletoe. "I think you'd like Aunt Jessie. You'd definitely like her job."

She looked at him like he had few berries off his mistletoe.

He sighed.

She kept staring. "How far north are we talking about?"

"Um, pretty far." He let go of her hand. "Like all the way north. A place most people call the North Pole. It stays snowy all the time."

"North Pole," she said slowly, suspiciously. "I do love snow, but—well, what would I be doing?"

"Coming up with new formulas, just like at Sweet Dreams—only a lot more. Perfume, soap, bath oil, cosmetics, candy—pretty much everything. Anything you wanted to try."

Meg's brown eyes grew sharp and serious. "And the salary?"

"The salary's not what you're used to," Nick hedged, "But you can't beat the benefits and the job security."

Silence filled the limo.

Nick clenched his jaw, took a breath, relaxed. "I'd be going north with you – going home. My cousin Chris would probably give you a great big bonus to say thank you. He's tired of handling our holiday crunch without me."

The limo pulled up in front of the Children's Fund office, and Meg gave Nick another appraising once-over. "Anything else I should know about this job?"

"You'll have fun every day." He tried to smile. This wasn't going well. "You'll laugh all the time, and never ever grow old. Oh, and I'll be right there to help you try out all those *Decadence* toys."

This, at least, made her beautiful eyes spark. She rested her hand on his. "One at a time. Every night for a year. Is that a promise?"

"Solemn promise," he murmured, feeling it in the depths of his heart.

On cue, sparkly white snow flittered inside the limo, coating Meg's hair and shoulders.

*Damn. I forgot how strong the magic gets close to Christmas Eve.*

Meg stared at him and jerked her hand away. "What's going on, Nick? The North Pole. Snow in the limo. Are you trying to convince me you're – what? Some sort of Santa Claus?"

"Here we are at the Children's Fund office," he said in a hurry. "Go take care of the checks. We'll talk when you get back."

"Yeah." She kept staring for a moment. Then she got out and rushed inside the charity without looking back.

Nick groaned and banged his head on the limo door. Great. Just great. Blowing it didn't quite describe the current disaster.

The little green-coated driver got out at the sound of Nick's thumping head, and quietly opened the door. "Problem, sir?"

"You could say that." He got out and gazed at the now closed door of the Children's Fund. "The lady thinks I'm crazy."

“Well, then, sir, perhaps you should prove your insanity.”

Nick regarded the old elf with affection—mixed with a desire to choke him for being so wise. “You’re probably right.”

“I’m always right, sir.”

Without gratifying the elf with a direct response, Nick pulled out the red phone and pressed his thumb against the sensor. One ring. An immediate answer.

Thank God.

“Yeah, Chris?” Nick rubbed his free hand through his hair. “Help me out again, buddy. Here’s what I need.”

## Chapter Nine

Meg stood at the desk of the Children's Fund director and picked at her fingernail. *I slept with a crazy man who thinks he lives at the North Pole. I wantonly fucked a crazy man. Several times!* She looked down at her red dress, at the silky hose and sexy pumps and wanted to cry. *I finally find the perfect man, but...*

"Hello, dear!" The director, a kindly looking woman with long white hair bustled into the room and took Meg's hand.

"He thinks he's St. Nick," Meg said miserably.

"Excuse me?" The director gave her a confused smile.

"Nothing, sorry." Meg took her hand back and gestured to the checks. "Here's my contribution, and a donation to make up for the Sweet Dreams shortfall, just like I promised when I called."

"Thank you so much! Now come with me. We have a little surprise for *you*."

Before Meg could object, the director pulled her toward the office door. Out of the office they went, and down a hall, while the director chattered about generosity and rewards. The next thing she knew, she was dragged into a cafeteria packed with children and lots of red and green streamers.

"Here she is!" the director shouted. "This is Meg, children!"

"Merry Christmas!" shouted dozens of little voices.

Little eyes. Little smiles. Little waving hands.

Meg wanted to cry worse than ever.

For the next fifteen minutes, she was besieged by kisses and thank-you cards...then weird things started to happen.

One little girl with red curls stuffed a list in her hand and whispered, "I know you'll give this to him."

A boy with a blond crew cut slipped her a bag of rock-hard chocolate chip cookies sealed lovingly into a smudged and torn plastic bag. "These are for him," the boy told her with a stoic nod.

And so it went.

By the time Meg extracted herself and fled toward the front door of the Children's Fund office, she was carrying the note, the bag of cookies, a carton of milk, one doll, two candy bars, and three carrot sticks. And to make matters worse, she almost ran straight over Nick Myra's driver, who was standing in the lobby.

Odd.

She didn't realize the guy was so short when he picked them up.

*I was distracted from fucking the crazy man. Must have melted my brains.*

"Here, Miss Caulfield. Let me take those." From somewhere, the little man produced a small red sack, and relieved her of her gifts. "Mr. Myra wants to show you the family business. For that, we need to go to the roof."

"Oh, right. A helicopter? Because this building's too small to land a jet—and rich doesn't make up for nuts, just so you know." She folded her arms and waited for the driver to defend Nick.

"Yes, ma'am," was all he said.

Meg sighed. She could always make a break for it and run screaming down Broadway.

But she didn't. She followed the driver into the elevator.

Less than two minutes later, Meg Caulfield's world changed forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nick." She had him by the arm, almost too shocked to notice the bulge of his biceps. The driver had already beaten a quick retreat, saying something about finding his own way home. "Nick, those are real reindeer. And that's a real sleigh. Purple, with racing stripes and neon running lights."

"It's not mine." Nick sounded miserable, though he looked like a splendid god in the golden-streaked sunset. "It's Chris'. He *wrecked* mine."

Meg wondered if she had slipped on her way out of the cafeteria, fallen, and knocked herself silly. Tomorrow, she'd probably come-to in a hospital with a serious headache—and Nancy showing the staff how to wear Naughty Nurse costumes and use The Satisfier.

God, she hoped she hadn't hallucinated that whole night and day at Spirits of the Season.

Deep breath.

Deep breath.

*Better enjoy this while I can. It's gonna be hell when I wake up.* "Okay. So...what happens if I get in the sleigh?"

Nick gave the tricked-out sleigh a last rueful glance before he turned his full attention to her. Immediately, the lines of his face softened and his sexy black jasper eyes studied every curve she had. When he spoke, his voice had that telltale rasp, and she knew he wanted to kiss her.

"If you get in the sleigh, we become invisible to New York—to everyone—until we get to my place. If you get in the sleigh, we go visit my family and you can try out that job we talked about." He pulled her close to him and brushed his lips against hers, creating a wave of delicious shivers up and down her body. "If you get in the sleigh, you can try *me* out as many times as you like."

Okay, so, Nick might be crazy.



And Meg knew she really might be unconscious in some hospital while Nancy showed off her sex toys to the nurses.

But damn, could the man ever make her wet in a hurry.

Meg kissed him slow and deep, pressing herself against the hard, carved iron of his chest – and his swelling, tempting cock.

*I'm his fantasy...*

*He's mine...*

When they at last pulled back for a breath, she managed to ask, "And if I don't like your home? The job?"

"I'll bring you home with a few memory modifications, but I have to tell you now, you won't be forgetting me – and I won't be giving you up."

He kissed her again, and a third time. Meg knew the cold should be bothering her, but she didn't feel anything past that liquid fire igniting under her skin.

As his hands roved up and down her soft, formfitting dress, she murmured her next question against his mouth. "What if I like it all?"

His deep, rumbling chuckle made her nipples hard. "Then it's all yours. Forever."

"Are you Santa Claus, Nick Myra?"

Another clit-tickling chuckle. "No. That would be my uncle. But we help out – me, and all of my cousins. I have way too many cousins, Meg."

"Are they all as handsome as you?"

He pinched her ass until she squealed. "Absolutely not. Get in the sleigh."

\* \* \* \* \*

Flying.

Truly flying.

No wind, completely safe, but flying!

Nick took the sleigh for a wild, long spin around New York City. Meg gazed down at the crystalline tableau and almost couldn't breathe. Nick explained that she couldn't fall out of the sleigh, but she couldn't quite believe that. She sat in his lap and hugged him tight, and now and again rubbed her hip against his erection just to hear him groan.

"This is real," she said over and over again.

Each time, he kissed her.

Each time, she fell in love with him a little more.

A little while later, as he got ready to take the sleigh north, she snuggled her head under his chin and closed her eyes to remember her last long look at the city she had called home for most of her life.

"What about Nancy, Nick?" She ran her fingers along the strong line of his jaw. "Does she know? Will I be able to talk to her?"

"She knows." He captured her fingers and kissed them. "You can call her and see her any time you want, but she'll keep her mouth shut."

"How do you know that?"

He nibbled at her wrist. "She signed a contract. I gave *Decadence* an exclusive with the elves—and will they ever keep her busy."

Meg let herself get lost in the feel of Nick tasting her thumb. Her nipples got hard as she thought about his teeth, his tongue, the wet heat of his mouth on her breasts, between her legs...

Something niggled at the back of her brain, then exploded to the front of her thoughts. She pulled her hand away and scooted out of Nick's lap. On the big, wide seat of the purple sleigh, she turned to face him. "Wait. Stop. We can't leave yet."

He tugged at the reins and slowed the reindeer, his face tense with concern. "What is it, Meg?"

"Grenchler. He can't stay at Sweet Dreams! What about all the people we used to work with?"

"Oh, him." Nick laughed. "Don't worry about Grenchler, honey. I've got these three cousins—Dorian, Bacchus and Furio—they like to dress up like ghosts and scare scrooges into next week. Leave it to the terrible triplets. By morning, that bastard will be running through the streets of New York buying Christmas turkeys and presents for every kid he sees. "

Meg shook her head, amazed. "You really do have a lot of cousins."

"Way too many. Don't say I didn't warn you." He winked, and Meg's pussy flooded.

How would she ever get enough of this man?

"Pinch me." She sighed. "I know I must be dreaming."

Quicker than the reindeer could speed up again, Nick slipped his hand into the neck of her dress, found her taut nipple, and gave it a good pinch.

Meg cried out and slapped his fingers, but he only pinched her nipple again and grinned.

"What?" His smile was devastating as the pinches turned to caresses she felt everywhere at the same time—especially her clit. "You told me to!"

She got his hand loose and sank to her knees beside him in the sleigh, nipples aching, pussy throbbing and ready for a good, hard pounding. "I hope this thing has an autopilot."

"Why?" he asked, sounding a little nervous as she plunged her hands into his pants. "Meg—oh, God. Honey. What are you doing?"

She freed his thick, delicious cock and brought it toward her mouth, making sure to stroke him slowly, slowly, oh-so slowly, so he was too busy groaning to put up much resistance.

"Hold on, St. Nick. I'm about to give *you* a Christmas to remember."

## **About the Author**

Annie Windsor lives in Tennessee with her two children and nine pets (as of today's count). Annie's a southern girl, though like most magnolias, she has steel around that soft heart. Does she have a drawl? Of course, though she'll deny it, y'all. She dreams of being a full-time writer, and looks forward to the day she can spend more time on her mountain farm. She loves animals, sunshine, and good fantasy novels. On a perfect day, she writes, reads, spends time with her family, chats with friends, and discovers nothing torn, eaten, or trampled by her beloved puppies or crafty kitties.

Annie welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1056 Home Avenue, Akron, OH 44310-3502.

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