

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*

*Santa's Helpers*  
JENNIFER DUNNE

White *Hot* Holidays

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Santa's Helpers

ISBN # 1-4199-0472-8

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Santa's Helpers Copyright© 2005 Jennifer Dunne

Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower.

Cover design by Syneca. Photography by Dennis Roliff.

Electronic book Publication: December 2005

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

### **Warning:**

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. This book has been rated E-rotic by a minimum of three independent reviewers.

Ellora's Cave Publishing offers three levels of Romantica™ reading entertainment: S (S-ensuous), E (E-rotic), and X (X-treme).

*S-ensuous* love scenes are explicit and leave nothing to the imagination.

*E-rotic* love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination, and are high in volume per the overall word count. In addition, some E-rated titles might contain fantasy material that some readers find objectionable, such as bondage, submission, same sex encounters, forced seductions, and so forth. E-rated titles are the most graphic titles we carry; it is common, for instance, for an author to use words such as "fucking", "cock", "pussy", and such within their work of literature.

*X-treme* titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Unlike E-rated titles, stories designated with the letter X tend to contain controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

# *SANTA'S HELPERS*

Jennifer Dunne

## Chapter One

Marissa pulled the shutters of Santa's Toy Shop closed and dropped the hook that would prevent one of the other elves—or any nosy mall patron—from accidentally opening the door while she changed. The stand-alone garden shed, donated by Lolly's Lumber, was painted Christmas red with green shutters, the roof mounded with piles of fake snow, and its scalloped trim painted a pale blue-white that glittered like icicles. On Christmas morning, the Lolly brothers would draw a lucky winner from among all the entrants who had filled out the forms with their names and addresses, and some lucky person would get an extra, unexpected Christmas gift of a slightly used garden shed. She suspected the winner's first act would be to visit Lolly's day-after-Christmas sale and buy paint in a less garish color.

The shed had been plenty roomy for getting dressed in her elf outfit when her stint at Santa's Wonderland started back in November, but the collection of wrapped presents for the Giving Tree had long since overflowed the designated shelves and was taking over all available floor space. The folks from the charity responsible for handing the gifts out were supposed to be picking up the presents today, so at least she'd have room to undress when her shift was over.

Her ever-active imagination prompted her with a vision of how the undressing might work out. She'd slip into the shed, exhausted by the craziness of Christmas Eve in Santa's Wonderland, too tired to notice that someone had followed her inside the shed. Her first clue would be when strong hands grabbed her around the waist, and Dean's low voice whispered in her ear...

*"Don't turn around."*

*"Okay," she whispered in response, a surge of adrenaline spiking her pulse and breathing, and waking her from her after-work stupor.*

Dean's hands slipped under her miniskirt, stroking up her stocking-covered thighs to tug her legs slightly apart. The fingers of one hand drifted down between her legs, brushing back and forth across her clit with teasing barely there caresses, while he placed the other higher on her abdomen, his fingers working their way between the hem of her turtleneck and waistband of her tights to stroke her bare stomach. He pulled her hips back, until she felt his hard cock prodding her ass.

"Dean? What are you – "

"I want you, Marissa. I've been watching you prance around in your skimpy little elf costume for weeks now, hoping you'd give me a sign that you felt the same way. Today's our last day. I knew if I didn't make a move now, I'd never know how sweet your pussy tasted, or how good it felt to have you wrapped tight around my cock."

He flexed his hips, rubbing his cock up and down the cleft of her ass. Marissa moaned.

"Oh, Dean, I want you, too."

"That's all I needed to hear."

He ripped her skirt and tights down her legs, baring her ass. The cool air across her pussy drew her attention to how wet she was. Dean thrust his fingers inside her folds, stroking her throbbing flesh.

"You're hot and wet. Just the way I want you." He turned her so that she faced the empty wire shelves, and pressed on the small of her back with his free hand. "Bend over and grab the shelf."

She did as he ordered, her throat dry and her pussy wet. Her swaying breasts throbbed, the nipples tightening and tingling, aching for his hot hands to squeeze and caress them.

He stroked her pussy, again and again, until his fingers were coated with her juices. Then he put his wet hand on her ass, and probed her hole with his slick fingers.

"Dean!" she cried.

A second finger joined the first, stretching her opening, and she moaned with pleasure, bucking her hips to press his fingers deeper into her ass.

"Oh, yeah. Just how I like it," he whispered.

*He took his fingers away, replacing them with the tip of his cock, now wet and smeared with her juices. Holding her hips firmly with one hand, he guided his hot, wet cock into her ass.*

*"Oh, God. You're too big, Dean. I can't take all of you. Not there."*

*"You can, and you will."*

*He grabbed her hips tight with both hands and thrust, hard and deep, burying himself to the balls in her ass. Marissa screamed. It was so good. Better than she'd ever felt before.*

*Then he started moving, pulling back and thrusting deep, again and again. She clenched her hands around the wire mesh of the shelves, the metal digging into the flesh of her fingers, anchoring herself against the force of his thrusts.*

*"Please, Dean. Please! Finish me off."*

*He increased the speed and force of his thrusts, rocking her nearly off her feet. Then, with a final surge that actually lifted her feet from the floor, her ass impaled on his cock, he came, flooding her ass with his hot seed. He lowered her feet to the floor, and reached between her legs to rub and squeeze her clit.*

*With a hoarse scream of satisfaction, she came into his hand. Still gripping the shelves, her ass braced against his hips, her breasts swayed gently with the echoes of Dean's thrusts. He stroked lightly between her legs, his slow, soft caresses helping her come down from the height of her passion.*

*"Oh, yeah. That's what I wanted, all right," he whispered.*

*"Me too."*

*Finally, he allowed her to turn around and look at him. His lean and compact body was gloriously naked, displaying his rippled abs, solid chest, shoulders wide enough to rocket a fastball from right field to first base before the batter was halfway there, and long, powerful legs that could beat out a throw to home on a sacrifice bunt. He'd told her plenty of baseball stories over the weeks they'd worked together. Now she knew what else those powerful legs were good for.*

*And between his legs, his cock hung limp, still glistening with his cum. Even completely spent, he was impressive. And she'd taken all of him. The memory of how he'd stretched and filled her ass made her pussy pulse hot and ready, eager for his cock to fill her there as well.*

The door of the Santa's Toy Shop garden shed rattled in its frame, startling Marissa out of her daydream.

"You in there, Marissa?" Dean called through the door.

Her cheeks flamed. How long had she been standing here, thinking about making love to him? Had her shift already started?

She glanced at her watch. Five minutes after eight. He was late this morning.

"Just a sec. I'm getting dressed," she called back.

Trying not to knock against the pressboard wall—she had an irrational terror of tipping the shed over while she was half naked—she shimmied out of the embroidered jeans she'd worn to work, revealing the red-and-white-striped tights she'd worn beneath them. Her thong panties were damp from her daydream, but the tights were okay. She pulled on her green crushed velvet miniskirt and adjusted it with another swivel of her hips. She traded her comfy cotton roll-neck sweater for a plain white turtleneck and green crushed velvet vest. Her elf name, Belle, was embroidered on the left-hand side of the vest, in scrolling white letters, above the topmost of two buttons shaped like giant peppermint candies. She slipped her feet back inside her sneakers, then covered them with the green felt boot toppers. Finally, she put on her red-and-white Santa hat with the jingle bell.

As a student of fashion and fabric design who'd just finished a six-month work assignment for a design house in New York's fashion district, she felt a dull, creeping horror every time she confronted the ridiculous costumes they were forced to wear. The outfit's one saving grace was that it was well constructed and comfortable.

She took a deep breath, and psyched herself up to face Dean without revealing her thoughts. Compared to that, dealing with the mob of last-minute shoppers already lined up to see Santa, even though Roger wouldn't arrive for at least another half hour,

would be a piece of cake. Christmas Eve. Her last day as an elf. Her last day to let Dean know she was interested in him. Somehow, she'd find a way to do it.

There wasn't enough wall space to hang a mirror in the shed, so she patted herself down to be sure everything was tucked in and presentable. Too bad she couldn't get Dean to do the final check. Her mind wandered to an image of his strong hands smoothing over the velvet of her elf costume, fondling her ass and her breasts. That led to more thoughts of him pulling her costume off and taking her up against the shelving, packages cascading unheeded to the floor around them.

Shaking her head to dispel the image, she stuffed her clothes on top of her coat and purse in the tiny cubbyhole assigned to her. She lifted the latch, and smiled at Dean.

He was dwarfed by his oversize jacket, white leather with the navy blue screaming panther on the back, that marked him as a member of one of the university teams. The jackets were sized to fit the bulky football players, not baseball and track athletes.

Dean wore the jacket every day, regardless of weather. It was well below freezing today, but rather than wearing a winter coat, he'd layered a thick cable-knit sweater underneath it. It was a shame to bury his fine physique under so much clothing. She wished they'd met during the summer, when she could have seen him in a T-shirt that clung to his chest and broad shoulders, and skimpy runner's shorts.

"Sorry I'm late. I had to park in the overflow lot and take the shuttle in. Give me a minute to get changed, and I'll help set up."

"No problem. I was late, too."

He ducked into the Toy Shop garden shed, and after a brief flurry of banging he emerged in his elf costume. Like her, he had to wear candy-cane-striped tights, elf-boot shoe toppers, a white turtleneck, a green velvet vest fastened with peppermint candy buttons, and a red-and-white Santa hat. Instead of the miniskirt that completed her costume, however, he wore a pair of green velvet knickers with shiny brass buckles at the waist and beneath each knee. And his vest bore the elf name, Jingle, in swirling white script.



He hated the costume, but she had to admit, she liked looking at him in it. The turtleneck hugged his shoulders and upper arms, emphasizing his well-formed biceps, triceps and deltoids, while the vest showed off his wide shoulders and narrow waist. The knickers fit tight across his lean thighs, stretching to show off his sculpted ass whenever he bent down to pick up a toddler. And the crushed velvet made her want to run her hands across the fabric, brushing the soft nap as she stroked it over his firmly muscled body.

Not that she'd ever told him that, of course. They were friends, and had to work together. She couldn't face him if she found out she was the only one who felt any attraction.

As the other university student hired to play Santa's helper, he'd worked the same evening and weekend shifts as she had, until school closed for the break, and they went to full-time elf status. Shared adversity was supposed to bring people closer together, and she suspected that was true, since they'd become friends over the past few weeks. At first, it seemed she had nothing in common with a frat-boy jock studying economics, but they quickly learned they shared a love of indie music and an irreverent sense of humor. From that beginning, they'd built a strong friendship.

She wanted more than friendship from him, though. Just the sight of him made her blood heat, but so far she hadn't been able to determine if he was also attracted to her. She had until seven o'clock tonight to discover his true feelings. And then, if all else failed, she'd come right out and tell him how hot he was. If he didn't share her feelings, she never had to see him again.

Dreaming of Dean's deep, penetrating kiss, Marissa had no trouble smiling at the woman clutching a camcorder and two restless toddlers at the head of the line.

"Santa will be arriving soon. Would your children like to pet the reindeer?"

Marissa gave the waiting children a couple of reindeer treats each, showed them how to hold the treats in the palm of their hands so the reindeer could lick them, and opened the outer gate to the reindeer pen. If the children stuck their hands through the

bars of the inner fence, the reindeer would eventually come over to get the treats, and they could pet them.

Glancing over at the petting zoo every once in a while to make sure the kids weren't doing anything they shouldn't be doing, she started unlocking the computer and photography equipment. The garland-wrapped tripod was a fixture of the Santa's living room set, but the digital camera that topped it was dutifully locked away at the end of every shift.

Dean threw open the shutters of Santa's Toy Shop, then bounced out, grinning broadly.

"Last day. You ready for the madness?"

"Did you see how many kids are in line already? We'll be lucky to get any breaks today."

He shrugged then leaned down to plug in the photo printer. Marissa paused to admire the way his crushed velvet knickers stretched taut across his ass. He was one fine-looking elf.

Dean continued talking as he connected cables. "I hope Roger's up to the challenge. At least he hasn't shown up drunk so far. But don't forget to test any water before you give it to him. He spiked his cup with vodka last night. Said it was medicinal, to relax his throat for all that ho-ho-ho-ing."

"Right. Why didn't you say something last night when it happened?"

"It was right before closing. And you were in a hurry. Hot date?"

"I wish. No, last-minute presents. For some reason, my cousins are coming for Christmas Eve dinner, instead of New Year's this year. I'd been counting on picking up their gifts at the after-Christmas sales."

"That's rough."

"Tell me about it."

"So, you're leaving right after work tonight, too?" He brushed off his hands, and strode over to the counter.

"I told them I'd be there by eight."

He frowned down at his costume. "I can't wait until this day is over. I'm putting this behind me and never thinking of it again."

Marissa blinked. He was never going to think of Santa's Wonderland again? Did that mean he was never going to think of her again?

"It's not that bad."

"Yes it is, *Belle*. I'm a grown man, calling myself Jingle and wearing an elf suit. I'll be so glad to be rid of it. I think I'll burn it to celebrate my liberation."

"You can't do that. If you don't return your elf suit clean and in good repair, you'll forfeit the security deposit. That's an entire paycheck. Plus you'll lose any bonuses for meeting your photo sales quota."

He blew out his breath in a gust. "Next year, I'll have a real job."

## **Chapter Two**

They'd ushered at least two hundred kids through Santa's Wonderland before the To-Go mall delivery service brought Roger his lunch, ostentatiously carrying the bag with the restaurant logo clearly visible down the line of waiting families. Roger declared it was time for his lunch break, and headed for the privacy of the Toy Shop.

Marissa headed down to the food court to pick up two orders of burgers, fries and shakes for her and Dean. Behind her, she could hear Dean calling out to the assembled children, "Who wants to help feed the reindeer?"

A chorus of shrill voices shouted, "Me! Me! Pick me!"

She'd been on reindeer duty before, and cheerfully let Dean take over today's feeding, while she walked down to the food court and back. Unlike the earlier reindeer treats, the official food and water required entering the pen with the twenty-pound bag of reindeer chow and a garden hose. About the size of a shaggy German Shepherd dog with antlers, the reindeer looked lazy and slow moving, but let them see an open gate, and they were off and running like racehorses. When one of the reindeer escaped during the first week of the petting zoo, mall security had taken nearly two hours to catch it, chasing it up and down the corridors like a scene out of a slapstick Christmas comedy movie.

Dean was willing to risk having to throw himself in front of a reindeer stampede and use his body to block another escape, rather than being spotted by one of his many cousins or fraternity brothers walking through the mall dressed like an elf. Apparently wearing green velvet knickers over red-and-white-striped socks was acceptable if you were actually in Santa's Wonderland, but not anywhere else in the mall.

Marissa felt an upwelling of sadness in stark contrast to the incessantly cheery background music of Christmas carols piped through the mall's sound system. An elf

suit was okay in Santa's Wonderland, but not anywhere else. How did Dean feel about her? Was she an okay friend in Santa's Wonderland, but one he'd be embarrassed to be seen with anywhere else?

The indecision was killing her. Carrying the fast food back to Santa's Wonderland, she resolved to come right out and ask him. After all, if she didn't like his answer, she didn't have to see him after today.

Marissa watched in wonder as Dean wolfed down his fries in what had to be a speed-eating record. Then turned his most charming smile on her. She was helpless to resist that smile, and he knew it. Giving in gracefully, she pushed her half-finished bag of fries across the counter to him.

"Yes, you can have mine."

"Hey, I'm a growing elf!"

"Uh-huh. Keep doubling up on the fries like that, and you're going to be off the track team and onto the sumo wrestling team."

"Right. Because being seen in peppermint-striped socks and a green velvet elf suit isn't enough humiliation. I want to compete in sporting events wearing a diaper."

"Actually, it's called a mawashi. It's a superwide belt."

Dean blinked at her. "Don't tell me after all these weeks trying to talk to you about football, baseball or any other normal sport, I finally find one you follow, and it's *sumo wrestling*?"

She laughed.

"No, silly. I had a semester of Japanese fashion. It covered more than just kimonos."

"Whew! That's a relief!" He mimed wiping sweat from his forehead. "'Cause I had no idea where I was going to find tickets for a championship sumo match."

Her heart froze in her chest. This was it. Her tongue was inexplicably dry and stuck to the roof of her mouth. She sucked up a mouthful of chocolate shake, and managed to swallow it.

"Are you saying you'd like to go to a sporting event with me?"

"Well, yeah. I've been trying for two weeks to find one you'd enjoy."

"You have?"

"Yeah. I mean, I knew you'd like going to a concert, and that was going to be my fallback plan, but I thought it would be nice going someplace where we didn't have to scream at each other."

Marissa grinned. "So, you're asking me out on a date?"

"I guess I am."

"I'd love to go out with you. We can figure out where, later."

"Great!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" Roger boomed, coming out of the Toy Shop garden shed.

Marissa nodded her head toward the throng. "Your turn to do escort duty."

Dean stuffed the last of her fries into his mouth, and hurried through the curtain to address the crowd of children cheering for Santa. "Okay, kids, get back in line with your parents. Santa wants to see good little boys and girls."

\* \* \* \* \*

By late afternoon, Marissa regretted giving away her fries. She was starving. The worst part was she was surrounded by candy, mocking her hunger. Elves were not supposed to touch the decorations. They especially weren't supposed to eat the decorations. But this was the final day of Santa's Wonderland. There would be no more surprise inspections by Carol, the elf manager.

The next time there was a lull in photo customers, she grabbed one of the decorative peppermint sticks planted around Santa's Wonderland, pulled off its rainbow-gummy flower, and stripped away the plastic wrap keeping it safely non-sticky. No wimpy little candy cane, the peppermint sticks were at least an inch thick, and eight inches long. The sugar rush from this should keep her going until the dinner break. Although sucking on

it made her think of Dean, and what his cock would taste like, filling her with an entirely different kind of hunger.

Dean dragged a young girl through the snowflake-patterned curtain, and dropped the matching memory stick on the counter. Then his eyes widened, his gaze locking on the peppermint stick.

"Are you going to eat that whole thing?" he asked, in an awed whisper.

She closed her mouth around the top third of the stick then slid it out in a showy lick, dropping her gaze meaningfully to his knickers before looking up again. "I just might."

He shook his head, then his whole body, as if he was loosening his muscles before a track competition. He grabbed the empty memory stick and plunged through the curtain, back to the waiting crowd of children.

Marissa smiled at the little girl and her mother as she fed the memory stick into the computer and brought the images onto the screen. "You look so adorable on Santa's lap. Which picture do you want?"

She set the peppermint stick on the counter so that she could enter the mother's selections in the computer, and ran her credit card while the pictures printed. She tucked the 8x10 images in the special Santa's Wonderland die cut folders, then put the folders and the sheet of wallet-sized photos into the bag made of treated paper, so the freshly printed images wouldn't stick or smear.

"Here you go, ma'am. Merry Christmas."

Her last task was to clear the memory stick then put it on the counter where Dean could grab it the next time he came back.

A child's terrified wails pierced the air. Another kid too young to understand about the Santa-toy connection, only seeing him as a big, loud, brightly colored, bearded stranger.

A woman rushed through the curtain, an infant wearing a white-and-gold star costume clutched in her arms. Dean followed, shaking his head.

“Too bad. The kid looked really cute until Santa reached for him.”

Marissa shrugged. “Happens.”

She popped the peppermint stick back into her mouth, running it in and out.

Dean groaned. “Are you doing that on purpose?”

“What do you think?”

Pursing her lips around the peppermint stick, she dragged it slowly across her lower lip, then pushed it into her mouth, pumping it in and out without licking it off so that it glistened wetly. It was actually kind of a turn-on. She pictured her fist wrapped tightly around the base of Dean’s cock, his hot length sliding in and out of her mouth, velvety soft skin whispering back and forth over her lips while her tongue caressed him. Her nipples tightened, and heat started building between her legs, until her pussy was as wet as the candy.

Dean closed his eyes. “I can’t watch. Not and still go out in front of all those kids.”

She dropped her gaze to the front of his knickers, where a distinctive bulge poked at the green velvet. Her pussy throbbed, eager to feel the teasing contrast of soft, supple velvet over hard, hot cock. She wanted to stroke him, crushing the velvet against her palm as she wrapped her fist around his cock and squeezed, pumping up and down his length until he came in his tights. But that would definitely get her fired for behavior unbecoming to an elf.

She tore her gaze away from his bulging knickers.

“Maybe you’d better be photo elf for a while. I’ll go escort the kids.”

He opened his eyes. “Thanks. But leave the candy here.”

She gave the peppermint one last slobbery lick, and smiled at the corresponding surge in his knickers. “Whatever you say.”

He groaned, and buried his face in his hands. “I’m a dead elf.”



Marissa escorted six more children through a visit with Santa, each time dropping them off to Dean for their parents to buy photos commemorating the occasion. She paused with every visit to pick up the peppermint stick and give it a quick lick, playing up the motion for all she was worth. She slicked the candy in and out, ran her tongue up its length, then closed her teeth on the tip and sucked until her cheeks nearly touched, well aware of Dean's heated gaze following her every move.

When she came back with the seventh child, a crier whose parents weren't buying photos, her peppermint was gone.

"Where's my candy?"

"Under the counter. I had to put it away, or I'd definitely lose my safety deposit on this costume, watching you lick it."

She grinned, and shook her jingle bell at him. "Naughty, naughty. Better be careful Santa doesn't hear you, or you'll get coal in your stocking."

"What I want for Christmas, Santa can't deliver."

"You want something special beneath the tree, huh?"

"Beneath the tree, in the back of the sleigh, against the chimney...I'm an easygoing elf. I don't care where."

A warm flush swept over her skin. It had started out as a joke, but they were both serious now. Her heart thundered with excitement. The attraction wasn't just one-sided. He felt it, too.

"I'm just back from a six-month co-op. My lease doesn't start until next semester," she warned him.

"The frat house is closed for the holidays, but I've got keys. If you don't mind no heat—"

From the other side of the curtain, Roger bellowed, "Elf!"

"We'll keep plenty warm." Grinning, Marissa dashed back through the curtain.

They didn't have a chance to talk without being overheard for the rest of the afternoon. Finally, at five o'clock, the reindeer handler came to collect his reindeer, and Santa took another break while Marissa and Dean helped herd the beasts into the truck. Their jobs consisted of bracing the portable fences so that the reindeer wouldn't try to knock the fence over and run away, while the handler shouted and clapped his hands from behind them, urging the reindeer to run away from him and into the truck.

"The reindeer have to eat their magic corn so they can fly tonight," Marissa explained to the waiting children. "Santa will be here for another two hours before he has to go back to the North Pole."

Then the team from the Giving Tree charity showed up towing a pallet truck full of crates. They emptied the presents stored in Santa's Toy Shop into the crates, to much excitement from the few children remaining.

Roger came back from his dinner break just as they sealed the final crate. His nose was much redder than when he'd left, and he swayed slightly where he stood, legs spread and hands on his hips.

"Want to see me shake like a bowl full of jelly?" he asked.

Marissa and Dean traded panicked looks.

"Santa's sloshed," she whispered. "Now what do we do?"

"If we can get him into his chair, maybe no one will notice."

They each took an arm, and carefully guided Roger up the ramp and through the curtain to Santa's living room. He collapsed heavily into his chair, pulling them down with him.

"Jingle and Belle, my two favorite elves," he crooned.

"And you're our favorite Santa," Dean answered, his voice muffled against Roger's red velvet suit. "But all these children want to see you, too, Santa. You can't disappoint the good little boys and girls."

"Ho, ho, ho!" he boomed, flinging his arms wide. Marissa tumbled to the floor, sitting down with a thump. Dean caught himself on the arm of Santa's chair, hanging for a moment before pulling himself upright. "Come to Santa, children!"

"One at a time!" Dean shouted, as the crowd surged in response to Roger's invitation. "Come to Santa, one at a time!"

Marissa stood up, brushing off her miniskirt. "Please, don't do anything embarrassing."

Roger ignored her, waving his black-mittened hand at a boy who was about ten years old. "Come to Santa, little boy. And tell me, what's your favorite Christmas carol?"

*"Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer,"* the boy answered immediately.

"Mine, too! Elf, sing Rudolph for this good little boy."

Marissa closed her eyes briefly. So much for not doing anything embarrassing. This night could not end soon enough. But if it kept Roger from falling out of his chair, she'd sing.

"You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen..."

## Chapter Three

Marissa operated the photo printer for the final visitors, while Dean tried to keep them from discovering just how jolly Santa had become. He had a pretty good singing voice, and cheerfully belted out whichever Christmas carol Santa asked him to sing, regardless of whether or not he knew the words.

"Frosty the Snowman, was a holly, jolly guy. With a corncob pipe and an ugly hat that was at least a half-foot high."

She giggled at his improvised lyrics, and popped the last peppermint shard into her mouth. In deference to Dean's need to keep up elf appearances, she'd shattered the stick against the counter and eaten it piece by piece rather than sucking on it. But she hadn't been able to stop thinking about that holiday package in his knickers, and how soon she'd have a chance to unwrap it.

The faint sound of the Pachelbel Canon playing over the loudspeakers was interrupted by a burst of static. "Attention mall shoppers. The mall will be closing in fifteen minutes."

Dean escorted a boy and his father through the curtain, dropping the memory stick on the counter and picking up the replacement. "Only two more."

She beamed at the father as she plugged the stick into the computer and pulled up the images of his son. "Would you like 5x7s, 8x10s, wallet-size or postcards? He looks particularly cute in this pose, where he's tugging on Santa's mitten."

"Yeah, we'll take a 5x7 and 8x10 of that."

She rang up the sale and packaged the photos, Dean singing an energetic if not particularly accurate rendition of *Santa Claus Is Coming To Town* in the background.

The next father bought a single 5x7 of his daughter. And the final couple purchased two photo packages, one of their son sitting on Santa's lap in the traditional pose, and

one of him trying on Santa's hat, the heavy white fur edging drooping down to cover one eye.

"Attention mall shoppers. The mall will be closing in five minutes."

Dean leaned against the photo counter, watching her print out the final photos and package them for the proud parents. They both waved and called "Merry Christmas" as the last of their customers headed home.

"Finally. I thought today would never end." She pulled off her hat and ran her fingers through her hopelessly flattened hair.

Putting his arm around her waist, he pulled her close and leaned in for a kiss.

"Ho, ho, ho! Santa needs to get into his sleigh and start delivering presents to all the good little children," Roger boomed.

"Santa needs to get a cab and sleep it off," Dean muttered, resting his forehead against her hair.

Marissa sighed. "Can you shut down all the equipment while I go check on Santa?"

"Sure." Dean released her and turned away.

She paused halfway up the ramp to admire the way his green velvet knickers stretched across his tight ass as he bent to unplug the printer. Sighing again, she pushed aside the curtain and confronted Roger.

"Hey, Roger. Mall's closed. Are you gonna be able to get home okay? We can call a cab for you if you want."

He waved a black leather mitten in the vague direction of the West entrance. "My sleigh is waiting for me."

"Uh-huh. Who's driving the sleigh?"

He sighed, his bushy white beard puffing out with his breath. "My wife's picking me up."

"All righty, then. Say hi to Mrs. Claus for me."

"Merry Christmas! And to all a good night!" Laboriously, he levered himself out of the chair, then tottered down the ramp to the photo area. "Merry Christmas, Jingle!"

She heard the faint jingle of Dean's hat as he shook his head. "You too, Roger."

"Attention mall shoppers. The mall is now closed. It will reopen for your shopping pleasure tomorrow at one o'clock in the afternoon."

The incessant holiday music clicked off, replaced by the chorus of security gates clanging shut. A few last-minute shoppers strolled down the main walkway past the kiosk vendors shrouding their wares for the night, but most of the mall employees ducked out the service corridors. In five minutes, the place would be deserted.

Dean pushed through the curtain and strolled into Santa's living room. "Everything's shut down and put away in the shed. I'll drop the deposits off at the bank on my way out."

He dropped into the fake-leather chair, and patted his knee. "What do you want for Christmas, little girl?"

Marissa giggled and sat on his lap. He cupped her hip, snuggling her closer to his body. She circled his top peppermint candy button with her finger, her nail scratching lightly across the velvet of his vest.

"I want a big package, that I can unwrap tonight."

The teasing light faded from Dean's expression, replaced by the heat of desire. His gaze focused on her mouth.

"How about a little candy? Or something else sweet to eat?"

She licked her dry lips. "Sweet is good."

Slowly, he lowered his head, giving her one last chance to change her mind. She closed her eyes and tilted her face up to him.

"Merry Christmas, Eddie!" the Charm Shack clerk called to the Magic Moving Mirrors vendor as she passed on the other side of the Santa's Wonderland set.

Dean jerked his head back. "We can't do this here."

Marissa shivered, suddenly deprived of his warmth. She ached for his touch, her breasts taut and tender, and a throbbing between her legs that begged for his hard, hot cock to press against her, inside her, until she screamed his name in release. If the chair was just a little bigger, she'd twist around so that she could straddle him.

"I want you, Dean. I've been dreaming about it all day."

"Me, too." He shifted restlessly in the oversized chair, and his velvet-clad cock brushed the side of her thigh. He groaned. "Santa's Toy Shop."

She slid off his lap, eliciting another groan. Glancing over her shoulder to make sure he was following her, she scampered down the ramp, through the curtain, and past the empty photo area to the painted garden shed. She slipped inside.

Now that the Giving Tree presents were all gone, as well as the bags of reindeer chow, it was almost spacious. She crossed to the window and closed the shutters, latching them shut. Remembering her daydream from this morning, she glanced at the empty wire shelves and shivered in anticipation.

Dean entered the shed behind her, pulling the door closed and dropping the hook to keep it closed. Thin lines of light slipped between the shutters and beneath the door, giving the interior a romantic twilight quality.

He reached for her as she stepped toward him, her arms sliding around his neck. Then his mouth found hers, and he was kissing her, hot and urgent and breathless.

His hands slipped down, over her ass, then came up beneath her miniskirt. Cupping her ass, he pulled her forward, pressing her hips to his. His cock was fully erect, straining against his velvet knickers, and he ground it against her while his lips and tongue worked her mouth.

She let her hands drift down, stroking the soft velvet nap over the hard muscles of his shoulders and back the way she'd longed to for weeks, until she cupped his ass, too. It was just as tight and firm as she'd imagined. She slipped her fingers inside the waistband of the knickers, the tights, then beneath the elastic of his boxers. Plunging her hands down, she palmed his bare ass.

He groaned, breaking the kiss and arching his head back, eyes closed. They were both breathing heavily, hips circling as their fingers stroked and kneaded.

"Touch me," she whispered.

He fumbled beneath her miniskirt for the waistband of her tights, then got his hands inside, her thong panties no obstacle. He palmed her ass, his hands radiating heat. Marissa sighed with pleasure. He felt so good against her skin. Then he pushed one hand further, reaching between her legs.

His fingers slid into her wet opening. She clenched her legs, capturing his hand so he couldn't escape.

"Oh, that's good."

He swiveled his fingers inside her. "You're so hot. So wet. I can't wait to taste you."

"Taste me?"

Dean dropped to his knees, stripping down her miniskirt, thong panties, and tights as he went. He pulled off one elf boot and tugged the tights over her foot, leaving them puddled around her other ankle. Nudging her legs apart, he cradled her ass in his palms, and buried his face between her legs.

"Dean!" she gasped.

"Hmm?" His mouth closed over her opening, then his tongue slipped inside her, sweeping a hot, wet circle, before he drew back to lick her clit.

She fisted her fingers in his thick hair, and hung on. His tongue stroked back and forth, pausing occasionally so he could exhale his warm breath across her throbbing flesh. The one time a lover had tried going down on her, she'd felt like her pussy was an item on the bargain menu at the local burger joint, the way he slobbered and slurped at it. She'd never imagined it could feel like this. She wondered what else Dean would be able to teach her. Then she couldn't think of anything except how good he was making her feel.

She started to tremble, her legs quivering uncontrollably as she panted for air.



Dean wrapped his muscled arms around her thighs, bracing her against his shoulders.

"I've got you. Let it come, baby. Let it come."

He suckled her clit, pulling her into his mouth, then scraped the sensitive hood with his teeth.

Marissa exploded.

Vaguely, she felt him continue licking her, each slow stroke sending ripples of pleasure through her limp body, as her consciousness drifted in a warm sea of contentment. The movement of his tongue gradually slowed, then stopped, and he pressed a final soft kiss to her still-pulsing flesh.

"Can you stand on your own?"

She made a questioning noise. It might've meant "Why are you talking to me when I'm floating in happy land?" or "Why would I want to do that?" or even "Don't you realize I don't have a single muscle capable of performing work anywhere in my body?"

He chuckled, his breath gusting across her damp mound, and carefully released her. She swayed, but remained standing.

"Just a second, baby. I've got a real treat for you."

"Like that wasn't?"

"That was nothing compared to this."

He turned to the pile of equipment he'd brought into the shed earlier, and retrieved a peppermint stick. The plastic wrap crackled loudly as he unwrapped it.

"Another peppermint? But I'm not hungry anymore."

He grinned, and knelt before her. Holding her steady with a warm hand against her bare ass, he pressed the peppermint between her legs, rubbing it back and forth against her folds.

Marissa moaned, her pussy opening to his touch. The peppermint stick slid faster as her fluids coated it.

“Are you sure you’re not hungry for this?” Dean teased.

“I changed my mind. I want it.”

He altered the angle of the stick, and instead of rubbing between her folds, the next stroke pushed the thick peppermint against her opening. There was a moment of resistance, the flat-topped shape not well-suited for entry. Dean kneaded her ass with his free hand, until her pussy opened wide and the peppermint slid inside.

She moaned again, clenching her inner muscles and fisting her hands in his hair.

Slowly, he began to move the stick up and down, changing the angle slightly each time, and learning the inner contours of her body as he stroked the candy against the wall of her vagina. He pushed it in deeper with every thrust, and she flexed her knees, rising and falling in time with his motion, taking the candy even deeper. Her flesh tingled where it touched. His hot palm on her ass guided her up and down, encouraging her to ride the peppermint stick. She grew hotter and wetter, pulsing around the candy.

“Feel how easily it’s moving now?” Dean asked.

“Uh-huh.”

“You’re dissolving it, your juices mixing with the melting sugar.” He pulled the candy out, and licked her pussy.

“Dean!”

“So sweet,” he whispered, pushing his face between her legs to suck on her hot, swollen flesh as his hand on her ass held her in place.

Her legs shook. Arching backward, she tilted her hips up, spreading herself for his tasting. “Please, Dean. Make me come again.”

He chuckled, his warm breath gusting across her swollen pussy. “You want a real sugar rush? I think it’s wet enough now.”

“What are you —”

He lifted his hand from her ass and wrapped his arms around her legs, bracing her against his shoulders again. Then something warm and wet prodded the cleft between her ass cheeks, probing until the tip slid into her opening.

She clutched his hair, thrusting her pussy against his mouth in a desperate attempt to escape the unexpected invasion. His tongue flicked out, spearing her, and she dissolved in liquid heat. Her legs quivered, her pulse pounding in mingled fear and anticipation.

Slowly, inexorably, Dean pressed the peppermint stick against her opening until her muscles gave way, and it slid into her ass. It stretched and filled her the way she'd always dreamed, a foreign invasion that branded her irrevocably as his.

She moaned, hot liquid flooding from her pussy. He lapped it up, licking and sucking. Then, slowly, he pumped the peppermint stick in and out of her ass.

Marissa sobbed, clinging to his velvet-covered shoulders for balance as her legs threatened to collapse completely. Every exquisite thrust filled her to the point where she thought she'd rip apart if he tried to put any more inside her, and every withdrawal left her gasping with pleasure and begging for more.

He pushed the peppermint stick up her ass, and hot liquid gushed from her pussy. He sucked wetly, his tongue delving among her folds. She moaned, spreading her legs even wider, clenching her ass around the candy, and rocked her pussy against his mouth.

“Please, Dean. Please. You're killing me!”

His mouth closed over her clit, his tongue flicking across it until she thought she'd go mad from the unrelieved tension. Her arms and legs trembled, and she couldn't breathe. Then he pulled the peppermint stick from her ass, nipping her clit as her body released the candy.

She came in a cascading rush, her legs giving way completely as her mind overloaded with pleasure. She slid down Dean's body, until she was kneeling on the floor in front of him, resting against his velvety chest. And still, she trembled.

"Sweet," he whispered.

Marissa just nodded, unable to speak.

"You liked it?"

She nodded vigorously.

"Ready for more?"

She'd been pleased by his fingers, his mouth, his tongue, and even a peppermint stick. But she wanted more than just pleasure. She wanted to connect with Dean, to share the moment of ecstasy as they brought each other to shivering, shuddering climax.

"Can we make love this time?" she asked.

He grinned, his lips stained pink from the secondhand peppermint. "Yeah. But I don't want you lying on this floor. It's filthy."

He unbuttoned his vest and shrugged out of it. He reached around her, shaking it out with a snap, then guided her backwards to sit on his spread out vest. She ran her fingers back and forth across the soft nap, enjoying the sensation. It was so soft. And warm.

Tugging gently, he removed her remaining elf boot. Her tights, thong panties, and miniskirt tangled around that ankle followed. He unfastened the buttons of her vest. His breathing deepened, and he brushed his fingers lightly over her breasts, stroking them through the thin cotton turtleneck and skimpy bra.

"Are you gonna kiss me there, too?" she whispered.

"I'm gonna kiss you everywhere."

But instead of continuing his caresses, he slid his hands up to her shoulders, and guided the vest down her arms. He folded it neatly, then held it to the back of her head.

"Hold this, and lie down."

She did, stretching out with her vest as a pillow. In the twilight warmth of the shed, she watched the play of shadow and darkness as he rose to his feet and quickly stripped off his own elf boots, tights, boxers and knickers. He was gloriously naked beneath his turtleneck, his cock thrust out proudly before him. She'd imagined his cock long and lean, like the rest of his body. In reality, he was shorter but thicker—three fingers wide, not two. Her pulse stuttered and her lungs labored for air. She trembled, her heated pussy already opening at the thought of him thrusting inside her, stretching her wide as he filled her.

Marissa licked her lips, her gaze fastened on his cock. He'd tasted her. Would she have a chance to taste him, now?

He circled around her, going behind her head where she couldn't see him. What erotic surprise did he have in store for her?

"Dean?"

"Just a sec." She heard him pawing through the possessions in his assigned cubby, followed by the sound of foil tearing. "I have to get protection."

When he came back into her field of vision, his cock was sheathed in a pearly white condom. The folds of flesh he'd kissed so thoroughly began to throb, eager to welcome him into her body, and she felt the heat and moisture building.

She lifted her arms, inviting him into her embrace. "Make love to me."

## **Chapter Four**

Dean knelt between her legs, leaning forward with his hands spanning her waist. "That turtleneck has to go. I want to kiss every inch of your skin."

Marissa sat up enough to pull the turtleneck over her head, then tossed it aside.

His voice dropped to a husky growl. "The bra, too."

She reached behind herself to unhook it, arching her back. Dean groaned as the scrap of satin and lace fell away, revealing her swollen breasts capped with tight, hard nipples, already fully aroused. He tightened his grip on her hips.

"You're killing me, Marissa."

"Yeah?" she whispered, her voice barely louder than a breath. "What do you think you're doing to me? For weeks now I've dreamed of you, strong and commanding. I even dreamed of you taking me up the ass. But my dreams were nothing compared to reality."

He groaned again. "That's not helping."

He let go of her just long enough to rip his own turtleneck off, revealing a glimpse of well-defined pecs and six-pack abs, just as she'd imagined them, then covered her naked body with his own. His heat burned into her, as his firm chest flattened her breasts beneath him, and his hard, hot cock was trapped between their abdomens.

Dean glided his hands up and down her arms, raising a shiver of gooseflesh in his wake, then twined his fingers with hers. He stretched her arms above her head, holding her in place, then began torturing her with gentle nips and nibbles. He kissed her neck, her shoulders, and her chest, before turning his attention to her tight and aching breasts.

She moaned, bucking and writhing beneath him, but he would not be hurried. Knowing that he controlled every aspect of their lovemaking only increased her

arousal. He swept his tongue in slow circles around each breast, gradually rising closer and closer to the nipple. Before he reached the apex, he retreated, beginning again with rings of open-mouthed kisses. Once more he approached her painfully tight nipples, but backed away before he gave her the final kiss she needed.

"Please, Dean. Stop teasing me." She wriggled her hips, wet and ready for his possession. Wrapping her legs around his, she opened herself fully beneath him. The base of his cock pressed hard against her mound, but it wasn't enough. "Please. I need you inside me."

"Soon." He scraped his teeth up the side of her breast, making her whimper in frustration. Then he nipped the hard, tight bud, zinging a shock straight to her core.

"Dean!" She arched upward, lifting him with the force of her bow, then fell back to the velvet covered floor. Warm liquid flowed over her folds. She panted, stunned and unable to catch her breath.

Then he nipped the other breast.

A second jolt speared through her. She trembled, her body shaking uncontrollably.

He released her hands, and levered himself off her. She cried at the loss, whimpering and reaching blindly for him, to pull him close again. Then he slid the tip of his cock into her wide-open channel.

Grabbing her hips, he thrust, hard and deep, penetrating to his full depth inside her, filling her more fully than his fingers or the peppermint stick ever could. She sighed in pleasure. This was what she'd wanted, what she'd needed.

"Yes. Like that."

"Mmm. You are so tight and wet. It's like you're holding my cock in a fist dripping with melted butter."

She squeezed her inner muscles, clenching his thick cock deep inside. He gasped, then groaned.

"Oh, yeah. Yeah. Just like...yeah."

She squeezed and released, again and again, feeling herself starting the spiral of tension even though he wasn't moving inside her. Breathing heavily, she clenched her inner muscles and bore down on his rock-solid cock.

Then he began moving, too. He slid his cock almost all the way out, teasing the ridge of muscle around her opening with the width of its head. With quick, short strokes he tormented her, whipping her to a sobbing frenzy, before he plunged fully inside her.

"Again!"

Three more short, sharp strokes, then another hard, deep thrust that pinned her to the floor. He repeated the quick, teasing strokes, then sank to his full depth, making her cry out in need.

Then he was lost to the passion he'd created, thrusting hard and deep, again and again, his fingers digging into her hips while he buried his face between her breasts, his arms and shoulders straining to bear his weight.

He inhaled a deep, ragged breath, then huffed it out in a warm gust that tickled her sensitive breasts. A quiver of reaction rippled through her pussy, and he groaned in agonized pleasure.

"Yeah. That's it, baby. Come with me."

He pulled back and thrust one last time, his head arching back, his body rigid. Then his cock went flaccid, spent within the confines of his condom.

Marissa clenched her inner muscles, bucking against his limp cock. "No! Please! I'm so close!"

He rolled to his side, as if he was going to leave her now that he'd found his own pleasure. She cried out, grabbing his sweaty shoulders to keep him close to her. But he wasn't leaving. He shifted his weight, so he could reach between their bodies with one hand. He thrust three fingers inside her, stretching and pressing, then rubbed her clit with his thumb.



She gasped, reaching and straining for the prize, so close yet tantalizingly out of reach.

He rubbed harder. "Come on, baby. You can do it. Just a little further."

Her release burst over her like a sudden thunderstorm, racking her body with pulses of high voltage and uncontrollable muscle spasms. She whispered his name, over and over again, tears running unchecked down her cheeks. The moment was everything she'd longed for, everything she'd dreamed about.

Dean rolled to his side, holding her body tightly against his, his arms and legs cocooning her in warmth and safety. She trembled beside him, but gradually, his muscles prevailed, and she subsided, completely drained and relaxed.

He pressed a gentle kiss to her temple. "You were amazing."

"No, you were amazing. That was, just, wow."

He chuckled softly. "Elfin magic?"

She blinked, then buried her face in his chest. "Oh, God. We're in Santa's Toy Shop at the mall. What if the shed had fallen over while we were making love?"

He laughed. "Do you have any idea how much this thing weighs? I'm good, but I'm not *that* good."

Marissa nuzzled his sweaty chest, inhaling the aroma of strong, virile man, and licking his salty skin. She ran her tongue along the edge of his chest muscles, then licked up to his flat nipple. It stiffened beneath her soft strokes.

"I've thought about this for so long, what it would be like to kiss you, to touch you, to feel you moving inside me," she murmured. "Every time you bent over in those tight elf pants I wanted to run my hands over your ass."

"That miniskirt was torture. Whenever you leaned down to talk to one of the kids, I kept hoping it would ride up just a little higher, and flash a glimpse of your candy-cane-patterned ass. And the way you were sucking on that peppermint stick today." He closed his eyes and groaned, his cock stirring sluggishly against her thigh. "I was torn

between picturing the peppermint stick wet with the juice from your pussy, and imagining your hot, wet mouth sucking on my cock. Sometimes I pictured pumping you with the peppermint stick while you sucked my cock."

"We've already done your first peppermint stick fantasy, and you know how much I enjoyed it. Maybe we should try the second one, and see if you like it as much as I did."

His eyes flew open. "You want to suck me off? I didn't think girls went for that."

"Well I wouldn't do it for just any guy. But—"

Her cell phone trilled the theme from a spy movie.

Marissa's eyes widened. "Shit! What time is it? Never mind. I know. That's my alarm. I've got to get going now, or I'll be late for the Christmas Eve dinner."

"Can't you call them and let them know you're running late?"

"And tell them what? That I had to stop and make love to my coworker before I left? Dean, this is my *parents*. And my cousins would never let me hear the end of it. No. I've got to go, now. If I hurry, I can still make it."

She fished her phone out of her cubby, turned off the alarm, then cursed nonstop while she grabbed her scattered clothes.

Thong panty. Bra. Then jeans and sweater from her cubby. Beside her, Dean scrambled into his own clothes, going commando rather than trying to free his boxers from the tangled mess of tights and knickers.

She pulled her sweater over her head. "I smell like sex. Where's the puke spray?"

"I'll get it. You finish dressing."

Dean unlatched the door of the shed and went out into Santa's Wonderland in only jeans and a sweater, his feet completely bare. He had very nice feet.

Damn it, she didn't have time to think about his feet! She stuffed her own feet into her sneakers, ripping the stupid elf boot toppers away. Then she ran her fingers

through her hair, wishing again that there was a mirror in the shed. She picked up her coat and purse, checked for anything else in her cubby, then exited the shed.

The lid on the false present banged shut, and Dean hurried back through the curtain, the aerosol can of holiday fragrance they used to cover up the smell of children's vomit or urine clutched in his hand.

"Hold your breath."

He sprayed her with the concentrated pine and cranberry fragrance, giving her crotch a liberal dousing and the rest of her a light spritz.

"Don't worry about your costume. I'll take care of everything. You run."

"Sorry."

She turned and ran for the East exit.

She pushed through the double doors, gasping at the cold air biting her nose and throat. Too late to zip up her coat now. Clutching it closed, she raced for her car. It was one of the few vehicles left in the lot.

Marissa pulled open the door, jumped in, and slammed the door shut hard enough to rock the car. The ignition caught on the second try, and she raced from the lot.

She sped past glittering homes and businesses. But she didn't see them. Her thoughts were entirely upon what had just happened, remembering the feel of Dean's hands and lips and tongue on her, in her, and shattering her again and again. Her skin tingled, her blood pulsing hot and heavy, and throbbing between her legs. Three times hadn't been nearly enough.

"Oh, damn!" She'd never given Dean her cell phone number.

Would he still want to call her, to make plans for that date they'd discussed? Or was he one of those guys who lost interest after he got into a girl's pants?

No, Dean wasn't like that. He'd call her. Or at least, he would have, if she'd given him her number. Damn, damn, double damn.

She'd just have to find a way to call him. There was no way she was waiting until January to see him again.

## **Chapter Five**

Taking advantage of the unusually deserted roads, Marissa managed to get home just before eight o'clock. Her cousins didn't leave until midnight, and she collapsed into bed as soon as they were gone. She was too exhausted to dream of Dean.

She woke on Christmas morning delightfully tired and sore, remembering everything they'd done. But she had no time to indulge herself. The house was already awake, and waiting for her to shower and dress so they could exchange presents. Then they attended the holiday service in the packed church, and prepared and ate the Christmas feast of roast turkey, stuffing and five kinds of vegetables, followed by apple and pumpkin pies.

Relaxing in the post-dinner quiet, Marissa thought about what had happened the night before.

At first, the memory filled her with a warm glow. Just thinking of the way Dean had touched and kissed her, how he had teased her until she thought she'd die from the tension before granting her a glorious release, made her skin tingle and her pulse pound. Her breasts tightened, aching for his touch, and her clit throbbed in anticipation. If she slipped her fingers inside her panties, they'd come away wet.

That reminded her of his fingers thrusting into her vagina, kneading and stroking, while his thumb rubbed her clit until she exploded.

She struggled to breathe normally, her skin too tight over her hot and pulsing body. Excusing herself from the conversation that she'd been ignoring anyway, she retreated to the half bathroom at the far end of the house. She locked the door with trembling fingers, then pulled down her panties and slid her fingers between her hot folds.

Closing her eyes, she imagined Dean's hard cock thrusting into her, and tried to mimic his three short strokes before he buried himself all the way to his balls. In her mind, she heard his husky whisper, urging her onward.

"Come on, baby. You can do it."

But she couldn't do it. Not without him. The memory wasn't enough. She needed Dean himself, feeling the heat of his sweaty flesh as their bodies slapped together, smelling the salty, spicy scent of him.

Desperately, she shoved three fingers deep into her vagina, as far as she could go. She clenched her inner muscles around her fingers, stroking the slick, wet walls. With her other hand, she mauled her clit, rubbing it faster and harder with each stroke.

A rushing filled her ears, the light in the bathroom fading, and she was blinking, panting for air, feeling the slow, heavy pulse throb against her fingers.

She pulled her hands away and stood on quivering legs. After washing her hands and between her legs, she straightened her clothes and unlocked the door. It was no good. The brief release only made her body hunger for Dean, and the shattering orgasms she experienced in his arms.

The difference between the mild release she could give herself and the transformational experience with Dean proved that what they shared was more than merely physical. Partly, it was the way he was so attentive to her desires, so focused on giving her pleasure. But it was also the way he knew her so well that he anticipated desires she hadn't even known she'd had.

She needed to see him again, and soon. What about that date he'd suggested? Was he planning on waiting until school started up again in January? That was forever away from now!

But she'd never given him her cell phone number, and she didn't have his. Clearly an oversight. Carol had kept a master list of everyone's phone numbers, and if she'd needed to reach him for any reason, such as car trouble that would delay her and leave

him the only elf on duty, the policy was to call Carol, who would decide if any other workers needed to be called.

Marissa knew that Carol would not think her current situation warranted a phone call, and would probably dock her pay for daring to call her on Christmas day.

The longer she thought about it, the more worried she grew. Dean was a senior, a varsity member of both the baseball and track teams, and a member of a frat house well known for their joint parties with loose and willing sorority sisters. Their one encounter had demonstrated beyond a doubt that he was a skilled and experienced lover, far more experienced than she was.

Was she reading more emotion into their encounter than she should? They'd become more than just friends, but what if they were simply "friends with benefits" rather than boyfriend and girlfriend? She couldn't wait until January to resolve this. She'd go insane.

Belatedly, she thought of trying his landline. He'd said he was staying with his parents until the frat house reopened in January. She wasn't sure exactly where he lived, but there couldn't be that many DeMarcos in the phone book.

She hunted up the phone book in the kitchen, then realized she wasn't certain how Dean spelled his last name. She'd only ever heard him say it, not seen it written out. Was it DeMarco, Demarco, DiMarco, or Dimarco? Counting all four spellings, there were twenty-seven DeMarcos listed. If Dean had been the eldest son, she'd have taken a guess that he was named for his father, and look at listings for D. or Dean. But he was the youngest, which didn't help at all.

Thinking that he might try the same thing, she looked up her own name next. There were thirty-five Bradleys. That was even worse.

She put the phone book away, and stared dully out the window. More snow had fallen overnight, layering the shrubs and grass in a glittering coat of white. It was beautiful. But she'd rather be looking at the gray and churned up slush lining the campus walkways, because then she'd know how to find Dean.

Not in the mood to be sociable, she retreated upstairs to her bedroom. Sooner or later someone would track her down and force her to smile and do the pretty with her relatives, but for now, she could sulk in private.

The cheery trill of her cell phone interrupted her funk. Marissa grabbed it, eager to confide in one of her girlfriends.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Marissa," Dean replied.

"Dean? But, how —"

He laughed, the sound soothing all her earlier fear and frustrations. "It wasn't easy. I realized last night you'd left before I could get your cell number. I was hoping the fashion department had a department directory, like the economics department does. So I called my friend Rudy, who's on the baseball team with me. His apartment mate is dating someone in the fashion department. She was home for the holidays, and couldn't look you up, but knew someone who'd stayed on campus. So I got your number, and called."

"You did all that for me?" Her warm glow threatened to become a nuclear meltdown. Definitely more than just friends with benefits. He *really* liked her.

"I'd do more if I had to. I told you, I want to see you again."

"I thought maybe you meant in January, after school starts."

He hesitated. "Did you want to wait until then?"

"No! But there were twenty-seven DeMarcos in the phone book, and thirty-five Bradleys, and I didn't know how we'd be able to link up before then."

"You tried to get my number, too?"

"Uh-huh."

"Listen, what are you doing this evening? Are you free?"

"Yeah. My house is filled with adults napping after too much roast turkey, and teenaged boys zoning out in front of video games. They won't miss me if I go out."



"I'll come over and pick you up. We can look at the holiday lights."

Marissa smiled. The two of them, alone in a car, able to talk and touch to their hearts' content. "Sounds wonderful."

She gave him directions, then quickly changed into a pair of jeans embroidered with scrolling ivy, and a fuzzy green and red sweater.

"A friend's coming over to pick me up. We're going out to look at the holiday lights," she told her mother.

Marissa fidgeted, looking out the windows to check the street, then going up to her room for her pocketbook, then checking the windows, then getting her coat, then checking the windows again. She saw an unfamiliar SUV roll to a slow stop before her house.

Dean got out and headed up the walk, holding something hidden in his hands. She had the door open before he could ring the bell.

He held out a small stuffed bear wearing a Santa hat and a green vest, with its arms wrapped around a large peppermint stick. A red bow was stuck on the side of the candy.

"Merry Christmas. It reminded me of you."

Her cheeks flamed. It was an innocent looking gift, and the bear was downright adorable. But she knew what it reminded him of. Laughing, she walked hand in hand with Dean through the twilight to the SUV.

He opened the door and gave her a chivalrous hand up into the SUV, necessary because the snow made stepping on the running boards a tricky proposition. Once he'd gotten himself settled, and the SUV moving, he reached over to hold her hand again.

"When I woke up this morning, it was the first Christmas I wasn't thinking about what presents I was going to get, or how my family would react to the presents I was giving them. All I could think about was making love to you last night, and how much I wanted to see you again."

"Me too." She squeezed his fingers then lifted his hand up to kiss it. The kiss turned into something more, though, as she ran her tongue across the back of his hand and down his index finger, then pulled his fingertip into her mouth and suckled it.

Dean groaned and squirmed in his seat. "Oh, God. Not while I'm driving."

"I should stop, then?"

"No! I mean, yes. For now."

She gave his hand one last open-mouthed kiss then released it. Dean clenched the steering wheel with far more force than necessary.

They talked of inconsequentials for the rest of the ride, discussing which bands would be appearing at local clubs in the next few weeks, and if they were worth hearing. Meanwhile, it grew rapidly darker, until it was full night by the time they reached the park.

Dean paid the ten dollars for their car, and they joined the line of vehicles slowly inching their way through the park, admiring the glowing displays of lights.

"You're not really driving now," Marissa commented. They passed underneath an arch supporting the various poses of a red-nosed reindeer that blinked on and off in sequence so that he appeared to leap across the road. "And your SUV has tinted windows. No one can see what we're doing in here."

He swallowed audibly. "What do you have in mind?"

"You got me a Christmas present, but I didn't get anything for you. If you unzip your pants..."

The SUV lurched to one side, and Dean quickly corrected it. "You want to—"

She reached over and cupped his cock, already hard and straining against his chinos. His hips bucked, thrusting his cock into her hand, and his words dissolved into a groan.

"Do it. I've got to keep my hands on the wheel, so you'll have to free me."

She fumbled with his belt and the button, the angle making it awkward. The rasp of the zip echoed through the SUV. He lifted his hips, and she pushed his chinos and boxers down to his thighs, freeing his cock. It surged upward, thickening as she watched.

After a moment of considering the logistics, she knelt in the footwell on her side of the center console, then leaned across to put her face in his lap. She inhaled deeply, smelling his arousal, feeling the heat of his blood pulsing through his cock against her cheek. She turned her head and blew lightly across his skin.

His stomach clenched, cock quivering. "Marissa..."

She reached over and clasped the base of his cock in her fist, the short brown curls of his pubic hair teasing her skin. Opening her mouth, she guided the tip of his cock inside. She closed her lips around the shaft, her teeth resting lightly beneath the head.

His hips bucked, pushing his cock deeper, bumping the roof of her mouth.

She squeezed her fist, not hard enough to hurt him, just enough to remind him that she was the one doing this, not him. He settled back in his seat with a sigh.

"Okay. Take me as fast or slow as you want. But remember, the drive through the park only takes twenty minutes, and we've already wasted five."

And there was a guard at the end, to direct cars to the craft fair, snack shop or park exit. A guard who would look through their window, and see exactly what was going on.

She nodded, eliciting a rough groan from him as her mouth rode up and down his cock. Then she turned her attention fully to pleasuring him.

Squeezing and releasing the base of his cock, she swirled her tongue around the head, and slid her lips up and down the shaft. Dean's breathing shifted, growing loud and ragged.

She stroked her tongue across the tip of his cock, teasing his slit. He gasped, his hips rising out of his seat then falling back.

She worked her mouth down his cock, shifting her hand to cup and fondle his balls as she swallowed the base of his shaft. His head was all the way to the back of her throat, but she was breathing deeply through her nose, relaxed and enjoying his labored groans and whispered entreaties.

“Oh, God, yes. Please, Marissa.”

She sucked, hard, drawing him even deeper, crushing her lips into the nest of his pubic hair. He cried out, a strangled cross between a whimper and a bellow. One of his hands released the steering wheel to cup the back of her head, pressing her face into his crotch.

Then she began to ride him, sliding her mouth slowly up his length until his head caught on the backs of her teeth, then plunging down to swallow him completely.

Dean panted in time with her efforts, exhaling loudly with each downstroke. His fingers tightened on her scalp, adding more force to each thrust.

“Marissa, I can’t... If you don’t want to swallow, get off now.”

In reply, she squeezed his balls, and stroked his length with her tongue as she descended. His cock quivered, straining as she rose to the tip. She tasted pretzels in cream cheese dip, and realized the first drops of cum were hitting her tongue.

She licked his tip again, tasting the thick, salty fluid. It was the consistency that had confused her taste buds.

He made another strangled cry, this one with an edge of pleading. He pressed against the back of her head, and she slid down his cock harder and faster than she had yet.

Dean’s hips lifted and his cock exploded, flooding her mouth with hot, salty cum. She swallowed, eagerly sweeping her tongue over his shaft and head, and sucking hard to keep his flaccid cock extended until she’d drained him completely.

Licking her lips, she sat up, and returned to the passenger's seat. Dean clutched the steering wheel and stared out the windshield with a glazed look on his face, mechanically following the car ahead of him.

They were almost to the end of the display.

"Dean, pull up your pants. We're almost at the guard station."

"Yeah." He fumbled one-handedly and got them up and zipped, although he didn't bother with the button or belt. "You...that...I..."

He shook his head, obviously at a loss for words. Marissa waited patiently, thrilled at how completely she had destroyed his composure.

"So, was that your best Christmas present ever?" she teased.

He swallowed a few times, licking his lips and blinking, then took a deep breath. "Marissa, will you go out with me? I mean steady? Be my girlfriend?"

"I'd love to."

"*That's* the best Christmas present ever."

The SUV rolled to a stop before an elderly man wearing a bright orange fleece vest over his heavy sweater, and Dean lowered the window.

"Where're you headed?" the guard asked.

"The snack shop. I'm starved."

Marissa giggled, joy and arousal making her giddy. "I already ate. But I could have seconds."

Dean interrupted the guard's instructions. "Never mind. Which way to the park exit?"

*The End*

## About the Author

Email: ***yeep@aol.com***

Website: ***www.jenniferdunne.com***

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

## Also by Jennifer Dunne

Hearts of Steel *anthology*

Hot Spell *anthology*

Luck of the Irish *anthology*

Party Favors *anthology*

R.S.V.P. *anthology*

Sex Magic

Single White Submissive *anthology*

Tied With a Bow *anthology*



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com) for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)