



ANN  
CORY

A SLEIGHING  
GOOD TIME

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A Sleighing Good Time  
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ina stood on her toes to place the last ornament on the tree. With a step back, she nudged Mariah, wanting her opinion on how it all looked.

"So, what's the verdict?"

"I think it looks fantastic; an honest dream come true. Our first Christmas together and you've thought of everything, down to the littlest of details."

"Not quite."

Gina loved the way Mariah's right eyebrow arched when she was curious.

"Do tell!"

She scrounged around in a bag and pulled out a small, thin box. Reaching in, she grabbed a handful of silver strands, tossing it along the branches of the tree.

"Tinsel! Okay, now you've thought of everything."

Gina grabbed another handful and shoved it down her girlfriend's shirt. The quick brush of fingers along supple breasts aroused her instantly.

"Braless? Nice touch."

"I was thinking the same thing. Very nice touch. Please don't stop."

The fireplace crackled in their moment of silence. Glints of red and orange reflected off the shimmering tinsel.

"What do you say we turn the heat up a little more



in here?"

Mariah pulled off her shirt, exposing her sumptuous breasts. Thanks to weekly trips to a tanning booth, the silver hoop on her nipple shone like a beacon against her darkened skin. Strands of tinsel fell to the floor, tangling around her polished toes. Gina removed her own shirt, shrugging off her self-conscious thoughts about her small breasts. Reaching behind, she unfastened her bra, letting it fall to the floor. Mariah looked on approvingly, helping her relax more.

"So, my little wanton lover, have you been a good girl or a naughty girl this year?" She winked and moved closer, her finger tracing the provocative silver hoop. The way it dangled enticed her to give it a slight tug with her teeth.

"If I'm naughty, it's because you've made me that way."

"That's what I like to hear. I'm fond of your bad-girl ways."

Gina tugged on the dainty hoop with her teeth, growling playfully. Her fingers traced along the delicate line of Mariah's collarbone. A light layer of goosebumps formed along her bronzed skin, bringing her nipples to full attention.

"Reward for your naughty behavior is a thousand lashings...with my tongue."

She pulled Mariah down to the floor, sprinkling tinsel across her body.

"You're the kind of gift I like to unwrap every day of the year."



Her fingers nestled beneath heavy denim fabric, working the first button free. White lace suggestively peeked out, tempting her further. The next four buttons came undone with a sense of urgency, followed by an arousing scent of peppermint.

"New shaving cream?"

"Mm-hmm."

"I love it when you shave down there."

"Wouldn't have it any other way."

Gina worked the jeans down along Mariah's thighs, long, lithe legs she loved to spread, taking her time. When she got the denim to her ankles, she pulled them off her feet and tossed them aside.

"How is it a bad girl like you is wearing such a pure and innocent color?"

"I do it with the hopes you'll punish me."

She wove her finger underneath the white lace to test the waters. A wet stream told her all she needed to know.

"Ready for those lashings now?"

Without waiting for an answer, she pulled off the distracting panties. Nestling close, she ran her hands along the smooth, freshly shaven skin.

"You are very bad."

She swept her tongue along the silken folds, lapping up the saccharine liquid like a starving cat. Mariah moaned softly, her inner thighs shaking fiercely. Puckering her lips, Gina suckled at her clit, drawing out the sensitive nub until it was raised and raw. Aggressively, Gina's fingers splayed apart her mint-scented sex, darting her tongue deep between



the spongy folds. Back up along the hairless trail, her tongue sought out the raised clit again, this time flickering her tongue against it. Mariah's body thrashed about the tinsel, panting and moaning loudly. With two fingers she entered the drenched walls, forcing them in as far as they could go. She never ceased to be fascinated with how wet her girlfriend became. It drove her wild to think about it.

Gina plummeted her fingers inside faster, two and then three, stretching her wide open.

"I'm close, oh, I'm so close," Mariah whimpered, her body rocking side to side.

Gina suckled at her clit harder, draining the life out of it while her fingers worked their magic, hitting the sweet spot numerous times. Her own panties were thoroughly soaked, and she wouldn't be surprised if her jeans were, too.

A small series of gasps turned into a full-blown cry as Mariah's body buckled. Tongue ready, Gina lapped her up, relishing the delicious aftertaste.

"You always bring me to such intense orgasms. I thought I'd explode there for a second."

Crawling forward on her forearms and knees, Gina lay beside her writhing lover, pulling tinsel out of her long, ebony locks.

"I hope that tongue-lashing taught you a lesson."

"Of course. When it comes to you, bad means good."

"Don't ever change."

"Can I get you off?"

"Not tonight, I wanted to have it be your night. I'm



unbelievably content right now. I swear, I could fall asleep right here with you."

Mariah yawned, snuggling her body in close. "Same here."

The fire crackled and popped a few times. Gina watched the flames dance about until her eyes closed. Aromas of sex and peppermint lulled her to sleep.



Gina bounded down the stairs wrapped in a large blue towel, hoping to get to the phone first.

"Hello? Hey, Geoff. Uh-huh. Perfect! I can't believe you set the whole thing up so fast, and on Christmas Eve, no less. Okay, see you tomorrow night at seven."

She hung up the phone and ran her hands through her still damp hair. Everything was in place for the special night she had planned. Now if she could only keep it a secret for one more day.

Mariah poked her head out of the kitchen, a large wooden spoon in her hand. "I need your assistance." She wiped her hands on the front of her apron and turned down the burner. "I want you to taste the sauce and see if I need to add anything more to it. Salt, pepper, oregano...more basil, whatever. Then I want to know what you were talking about on the phone."

Mariah scooped out a small helping of sauce with the spoon and blew on it. "Open wide."

Gina leaned forward and let the sauce awaken her palate.

"Damn, girl, how did I get so lucky as to find a



woman that cooks as well as you?"

"It's fine, then? Flavors all work together?"

"I wouldn't add a single thing to it."

"Thanks. I'll let it simmer for a few hours, and it will be ready for dinner. I was hoping we could open our favorite bottle of Pinot Noir to drink with it."

"I'm game. When it comes to Pinot, you never have to ask me twice. I better get some clothes on."

"Not so fast." Mariah reached over and tugged the towel off, wrapping it into a fierce-looking whip. "You were going to tell me about the phone call. What did Geoff want?"

Gina waved her hand in the air. "Oh, it's nothing, really. I think he's going Christmas caroling or something."

"What was this about seeing him tomorrow night, then?"

"He's going to come over and sing for us, silly. I've never really heard him sing before, so I promise it will be entertaining. Any more questions, or did you want me to stand here and freeze to death?"

"Personally I enjoy watching the way your nipples stiffen. You look good cold."

"Careful now, or you're going to get me all worked up. Mind if I take the car for a couple hours? I have some last minute shopping to do."

"No problem. It will give me a chance to wrap your gifts and keep an eye on my sauce. Drive careful out there."

"The sun's been out and it's already after one. We almost slept the day away. Most of the snow on the





roads will be melted by now, so roads should be fine."

Mariah gave her a hard look.

"Okay, yes, I promise to drive careful. I'm going to throw on some clothes, be right back."

Taking the stairs two at a time, Gina did a karate kick to open the door. It didn't take her long to choose her favorite outfit. She sat on the bed and slid her legs inside a pair of russet-colored corduroy pants. To top it off, she went with a cream-colored sweater and a gold necklace. She looked in the mirror and tousled her almost dry locks with her fingertips. Winter wrecked havoc with her hair, making it unruly and subject to frizz. For a finishing touch, she added a thin layer of clear lip-gloss along her lips, rubbing them together. Coin purse in hand, she headed out of her room.

"Don't forget your gloves," Mariah insisted, greeting her at the bottom of the stairs.

"I won't. See you in a couple hours. Behave yourself." She leaned forward, leaving a sticky kiss on her girlfriend's cheek.

"Behave? Not likely."

Gina fished her keys out of her coat pocket and trudged along the snow to her car. Their neighbor's son was a blessing in disguise and happily shoveled the driveway for five bucks a week. The backbreaking chore wasn't her thing, and she thought it was money well spent.

Out on the road, she was pleased to see the traffic moving at a comfortable pace. As she'd predicted,



most of the snow had melted, leaving only a few patches of slush here and there.

Parking at the mall was a nightmare. Inside, people were packed in like sardines, wriggling and struggling against one another to get somewhere.

Most of her shopping was done, but earlier in the week she'd seen a sexy little number she thought perfect for Mariah. She saw it as soon as she walked in the lingerie store. A black satin chemise that laced up both sides, guaranteed to show a lot of flesh.

Looking around at the sale section, she came across a couple pairs of lace and silk crotchless, hi-cut panties. Perfect as an early gift to open before the big surprise Christmas Eve.

Purchases in hand, Gina walked up to the counter and frowned at the long line. The only thing that kept her going was the image of Mariah modeling the lingerie for her.

By the time she got out of the store, she was warm and feeling edgy. From now on, she'd do all her shopping early.



It was nearly four-thirty when she arrived home. The scintillating aroma of homemade spaghetti sauce met her at the door.

"My mouth is watering like a rabid dog. When are we eating?"

Mariah closed up her book and went in the kitchen to check on the progress. "I'd say another half hour and it'll be good to go. Successful shopping trip?"



"More like annoying shopping trip. You would think at thirty-two I'd realize shopping right before Christmas is only going to be stressful."

"You like living on the edge."

"So it would seem."

"Care to show me what you bought?"

Gina held up the dark green bag, shaking it teasingly. "You'll find out soon enough."

"How soon?"

"You're terrible to shop for, woman, always so curious. Don't worry; because I know how you get, I got us a little something for tomorrow night. Beg all you want, but I'm not giving it to you any earlier."

Mariah's lower lip puffed out and she batted her eyelashes.

"Please, pretty please, tell me what's in the bag."

"Don't do that pouty thing. It's a terrible turn on."

Gina couldn't take any more taunting and ran upstairs, hiding the bag behind some clothes in her side of the closet. The smell of the sauce was stronger in their room and drove her wild. A loud rumble proved her stomach was in agreement as well.

Still feeling warm and sticky from the mall, she washed up in the bathroom and went back downstairs to help set the table.

"Did you want me to open the wine now?"

"Yeah, you probably should. It's going to need to breathe a little."

Gina twisted the corkscrew around and pulled hard until the cork popped out. Grabbing two wine glasses, she filled them each halfway.



"This stuff goes down smooth. Such a nice, full body, second only to yours, and what a unique nose! Pepper, dark chocolate, and hints of deep black cherry, this stuff is sinful."

"I'm glad we discovered it together, makes it more special that way. Okay, I think the sauce is done."

"Finally. I'm drooling all over myself. You want me to drain the noodles?"

Mariah nodded her head. "Thanks. I'm going to cut up the garlic bread. I added extra garlic just for you."

"You spoil me, and I love you for it. I plan on being a total pig tonight, so feel free to pile on all the sauce you want."

"I made plenty. Eat to your heart's content."

Gina piled mounds of noodles on her plate, knowing full well it was too much.

Sitting down at the table, they raised their glasses in the air.

"To the first of many happy holidays together."

Mariah clinked her glass harder than she'd meant to, almost spilling the burgundy liquid.

"Careful now, or I'll lick that wine right off your skilled fingers."

"Tempting. Now were you referring to my skill as a cook, or as something else?"

"I'm going to say both."

Gina wrapped the pasta around her fork, making sure to load it with plenty of sauce. The first bite was nothing short of magnificent. Tasty hints of oregano, basil, and garlic brought instant gratification to her mouth.



"Excuse my moans and groans but I rank this sauce right up there with damn good sex. Talk about an orgasm. What this stuff is doing to my taste buds is highly erotic."

Mariah discreetly covered her mouth with a napkin as she laughed. "No one describes things the way you do."

"The thing is, I'm being totally serious. You keep me well fed, almost too well fed." Gina patted her stomach for added emphasis. "And another thing, this Pinot is going down way too easy. Mind if I open another?"

"Not at all. Want me to get it?"

"Nah, I'll be right back. You've done enough work for today by making this sauce."

She returned with another bottle and poured them each a plentiful glass.

"Can't wait to have leftovers. I don't know why, but I think spaghetti tastes better the second time around."

"I've always thought so too. I'm very...happy right now. Content, you know? I don't mean the warm fuzzy thing, it's hard to put into words."

"I think I know what you mean, and I feel the same. Had you asked me a couple years ago about living with another woman, I would have laughed it off. It's probably the best thing I could have done. I owe that to you."

"You're getting romantic. I used to think I liked this wine for the taste, but I think I like it for how loose it makes your tongue."





"Ah, yes. You know what they say, 'in vino veritas' and all that. My tongue may be loose, but my words are from the heart."

Several glasses and hours later, Mariah helped Gina up the stairs and into bed.

"The room is spinning," she mumbled, her face buried in the pillow.

"Yes, I know. Go to sleep."

"I ate too much."

"That's an understatement."

"I drank too much, too."

"That's a bigger understatement. You'll feel better after you've had some rest. Now don't fight it. Sleep."



It was after eleven when Gina woke up, her head still fuzzy.

"Morning, sleepyhead, or should I say afternoon?" Mariah set down a mug of piping hot coffee.

"I'm going to have a hard time getting back in the groove of things when I go back to work."

She stretched her arms high above her head and took a sip.

"Thanks."

Mariah shrugged. "No biggie."

Remembering what day it was helped Gina forget the affects of the hangover for a second.

"Merry Christmas Eve, sweetheart! I can't wait until tonight."

"I don't buy this Geoff singing thing, I know there's more to it. What exactly do you have





planned?"

"I can't tell you, it's a surprise."

"It will mean more to me if I know. That way I can prepare for it."

Gina shook her head and quickly regretted it. The room spun around several times before she focused on Mariah's porcelain face.

"There's nothing to prepare for, really. It's all taken care of. Don't try and ruin my fun here, this is a gift."

"Fine. Have it your way. But I call first shower." Mariah jumped up from the bed, heading to the hallway.

"Not if I get there first!"

Gina dodged behind her girlfriend and turned on the water, letting it come to temperature. "Beat you."

"I'd call it a tie. Looks like you'll have to share." Mariah stepped in and closed the shower door behind her.

A spray of warm water splashed at their bodies. Gina loved brushing her fingers through Mariah's long black hair. Her own hair was a honey blonde, curly and shorter than she liked. On their first date, Mariah had named her 'honey dew', and the name stuck. Secretly, she loved it.

Pouring a dollop of shampoo in the palm of her hand, she worked it into her lover's ebony strands.

"I love washing your hair."

"While you're working it into a lather, you're working me into a frenzy."

The scent of vanilla filled the shower as they took turns washing and rinsing each other's hair.





Mariah filled a bath mitt with body wash and used it to caress Gina's neck and shoulders. Coyly, she let the mitt travel down her breasts, circling each one in slow, languid motions. Foam trickled down Gina's stomach and between her thighs.

"What do you say to letting me shave you?"

"I've been hoping you would ask."

Without warning, the water grew icy cold and their screams echoed along the walls. They dashed out of the shower, shivering. Sharing a towel, they helped dry one another.

"We'll have to finish what we started later." Mariah ran a comb through her hair, parting it on the side.

"You can count on it." Gina threw open her closet, grabbing the two pairs of panties. "By the way, you're going to want to dress warm tonight."

"Why? So when Geoff comes by to sing we can stand outside with him?"

"No."

"Can't you give me one small hint? This is torture."

"Okay. We are going somewhere outside. Does that help?"

Mariah flashed her a pretend glare. "You're impossible."

She tossed the panties to her partner, eager to see her reaction. "I'd like you to wear this underneath your clothes."

Mariah unfolded the panties and held them up. "Crotchless? You've got to be kidding me, these are wild!"







"I had a feeling you'd like them."

"I like the way your mind thinks."

Gina smiled and slipped on her own pair. "They feel a bit weird, but kinda funky too. Go on, try them."

"You're right; weird, but a good weird. Thank you so much! Can't you give me any other hints about tonight?"

"Nope, and quit asking."

She finished dressing and took the box with the chemise out of the bag.

"What's in there?" Mariah followed her downstairs, trying to catch a glimpse of the present.

"This one you'll have to wait to open until morning."

"You've done too much, honey dew. The only thing I really want I have, just by having us here together."

"Yeah, I know, and I feel the same. Please don't feel bad; it's not a competition or anything. I'm in the mood to spoil my special lady, that's all. I promise you're going to like it."

"What do you feel like doing before I heat up leftovers for dinner?"

"Why don't we bake cookies?"

"You've sure had food on the brain a lot lately."

"I can't help it. Sex and food. When I'm not having one, I crave the other. Cookies will suffice."



Full of pasta and cookies, Gina impatiently watched



out the window. It wasn't quite seven, but she hoped Geoff would arrive early. He'd been her friend for years and besides being sweet and accepting of her interest in women, he was also reliable.

She glanced over at Mariah and watched her tap her foot as she read. Keeping secrets from her lover didn't sit right at all, but she wanted to see the look of surprise on her face. In a way it made her feel good to know how important trust was. She vowed to never keep secrets, unless it was in the way of a gift.

A large gray Buick pulled up into the driveway, bypassing the mound of shoveled snow. In a flash she was out the door, almost falling on her ass.

"It's about damn time you showed up!"

"I'm not late, woman, settle down."

She punched him in the arm and dragged him inside by the collar of his coat.

"Mariah, our ride is here. You ready to go?"

"Yep. Good to see you again, Geoff." Mariah gave him a quick hug and looked from one to the other.

"Okay, guys, I've waited this long. Out with it. Where are we going?"

"You mean you haven't told her?" Geoff feigned a look of surprise, but couldn't hold it for long.

Gina shook her head. "Nope, and it's been eating me up inside."

"Well, tell me. What's the big secret?"

"Remember when you were telling me about the time you were a little girl, and you'd had your first white Christmas?"

"Yes."



"You said the magical part of it all was riding in the sleigh while dozens of snowflakes fell."

"It was such a surreal moment. It's something I'll never forget. Why do you bring it up?"

"I wanted to restore that memory for you, and sort of add an extra element to it. Me."

Mariah's eyebrow arched. "I'm not sure I'm following you. Are we going for a sleigh ride?"

"Uh-huh."

A high-pitched scream escaped Mariah's throat. She thrust her arms around Gina and hugged her tight.

"You are the best. Have I told you how much I love you?"

"Feel free to tell me all you want."

Mariah clapped her hands and jumped up and down. "Geoff, you're such a dear to help arrange this."

"Trust me, it's all Gina's doing. I'm only along to do the driving so you guys can have some alone time. There's not much fun involved for me. In fact, it's mainly torture."

"Here I thought you were going to sing for us."

"I can if you like, but I guarantee it would ruin the mood."

"How will we ever pay you back?"

"The only thing that comes to mind is a big waterbed and the three of us in it together."

Gina punched him in the arm again, only this time with feeling.

"What? Oh come on, I was joking. Sort of."



"Wouldn't matter, we're spoken for."

"Figures. Two of the hottest chicks I know and they're into each other. I never get a break. So, you beauties ready to go?"

"Yep, just gotta grab some coats."

"I have blankets in the trunk too, in case you need them."

They followed him outside and climbed in the back seat of the car. Christmas songs played softly from the radio, adding to the festive spirit.

"We're just about there." Geoff turned up *Jingle Bells*, whistling along.

Moments later, the car stopped in a parking lot before a large field.

Geoff opened the door and swung around to face them. "I'll be right back. I'm going to grab the sleigh."

Mariah stepped out, her boots sinking up to mid-calf. With her mouth wide open, she looked around. "It's breathtaking."

Gina came up behind her, her arms wrapping around her waist.

"I love the way the moon glows against the snow. One big blanket of white, stretching as far as the eyes can see."

Geoff pulled up next to them in a sleigh drawn by a glorious Clydesdale.

Mariah put her hand to her mouth, eyes glistening with tears, "Oh, great, I'm getting all emotional."

"I hope those are tears of happiness."

"It is. Thank you, so very much."

Gina grabbed the brass handle and hoisted herself



up into the sleigh, turning around to help her lover up.

"This is so exciting! I'm glad you let it be a surprise."

"Told you. Hey, it's actually comfortable in here." Gina bounced up and down a couple times before settling back against the cushioned seat.

"You lucked out with the weather tonight, ladies. Light snowflakes and no breeze." Geoff tapped the reins and the horse trotted forward, pulling them effortlessly along the snow.

Gina observed her girlfriend. She was like a child, her eyes sparkling, darting everywhere, and her skin was flushed with excitement. It meant so much to share this special moment with the woman she loved. She leaned forward, moving Mariah's hair away from her ear.

"Did you know you are the most beautiful woman I've ever known?" she whispered faintly.

Taking her gloves off, she let her fingers trace the face of beauty she woke up to every morning. "Everything about you is amazing. Your eyes, smile, even the way you carry yourself. I'm lucky to share this special night with you, the woman who stole my heart."

Mariah took off her own gloves to wipe away a fresh batch of tears.

"Thank you. Your words warm *my* heart."

"Might I steal a kiss?"

They leaned into one another, heat exchanging from their lips and tongues. Soft, fragile kisses grew





into hungry, passionate ones. Any sense of cold had long since drifted away. The temperature soared the deeper the kisses ventured.

Gina paused long enough to remove her coat before unbuttoning her lover's. She rubbed her hands together and brought them under her checkered sweater, excited to find the ample breasts, again braless. Gently she flicked her finger against the silver hoop. Their lips met again, moist tongues igniting the fires within.

Gina traced the hardened pebbles between her fingers, struggling to keep her wits about her. Craving more, she raised the sweater up and took one nipple and then the other in her mouth, swirling her tongue around their crested peaks. She knew Mariah's breasts were highly sensitive, and reveled in suckling them hard.

Her hands snuck under the heavy fabric of her pants, diving down with only one place to go. Between the parted strips of lace, her fingers met the delicious dampness. She'd be back to the store for more crotchless panties; they were the only way to go. Mariah parted her legs further, moving her body against the fingers willing her into submission.

"You are incredibly wet, my dear."

The only response she heard came in the form of groans and sighs. Gina couldn't handle the distance between their bodies. Quickly she pulled up her own sweater and pressed into Mariah, their nipples sashaying against one another. She was surprised to find her lover's fingers pushing their way between



her thighs, swabbing away at her soaked labia. They devoured one another with lips, tongues and teeth. Fingers glided in and out as smoothly as the sleigh on snow.

Mariah stroked her clit, rubbing along the stiffened muscle with surprising friction. Tears filled Gina's eyes, the sweet sensation almost too much for her.

"Damn, sweetheart, I wanted to get you off first, but I can't wait."

She closed her eyes to shut out the blurred vision. Her thighs trembled as she neared the incredible release she'd been waiting days to feel. Mariah closed her teeth around a nipple and bit softly, shooting pings of sensation through her veins.

"Faster, baby, oh, please, rub me faster."

Her pelvis gyrated against the three fingers thrusting inside her. A burning desire raced forward, her pulse pounding and drowning out the whinnies of the horse. Almost. The orgasm played with her, taunting her with its promise of freedom and complete satisfaction. It dabbled for only a second longer before the first spasm rebelled, quieting the urgency.

With her head thrown back, she bit her lip; the moment had come. She gasped for air and let out everything she experienced into a long, guttural cry. Her body recharged long enough to give Mariah her all, bringing her with her over the edge.

The scent of their sex mingled in the cool, winter's night air. Their sweat-covered bodies clung to one another until the final aftershocks dissipated.





Laughing, they kissed playfully.

"Are you ladies about done? I'm hard as a rock up here and can't do a thing about it."

Mariah flicked her tongue along Gina's now softened nipples, watching the envy in Geoff's face.

"You're horrible. Horrible, I say! This is torture for me."

"You weren't supposed to be watching," Gina scolded.

"Look, just listening to the both of you was enough to get me excited. I couldn't help but sneak a peek. Once I saw what you were doing, it was hard to look away. It's an incredible thing to see, really. You had me entranced. The least you could do is donate a hand or a mouth for a good cause."

Gina scrunched up her nose. "Eww. I'm not into guys. You know that. Use your hand if you're so desperate."

"Unlike you, I can't do it in public."

"I bet if we climbed up there, you'd forget you were in public."

"Would you?"

She laughed. "No, silly. You're on your own. Back here is a private party."

Mariah reached for Gina's face, gently tracing her cheeks and lips. Pulling her close, they kissed, a sensuous, deep kiss. They held hands as Geoff turned the sleigh around to head back.

"Merry Christmas," Mariah whispered.

"Our first Christmas together, and a lifetime more to come, in more ways than one."





Geoff sniffed from up front. "I hope someday I'm as happy as the both of you."

"Maybe you will get lucky and have a couple fine-looking women sitting naked on your lap later tonight, expressing to dear old Santa what they so badly want this year."

"Now that is a thought to keep a guy warm the whole night through."

"How much longer do we have before we're back to the car?"


"Half an hour, why?"

Gina knelt down on the floor of the sleigh, her fingers reaching for Mariah's pants.

"I think the spirit of Christmas has resurrected itself again. Are you ready for more of those lashings?"

"Lash away, lash away, lash away all...night."



 nn Cory's work can be seen online and in print magazines and anthologies. Her favorite erotic-induced themes include Gothic, paranormal, lighthearted, romantic, alternative, vampires/shape shifters, and historical. Some of her titles coming soon from eXtasy Books include Royal Robes and Bard of Bristol. Visit her website <http://www.anncory.com> to find out what else she has up her sleeves.