



**Seducing Santa**

By

Ann Cory

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## **Seducing Santa**

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DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

For all the times I found myself under the mistletoe, happily kissing the man I love, my husband.

## Seducing Santa

### Chapter One

Ivy paced around her office to the amusement of her best friend and co-worker, Janet.

"What if I wrap myself up in a bright red bow and throw myself in his arms?"

"That's certainly one way to get his attention. Can't say you've ever been one for subtlety."

"Well, I'm getting desperate. If he doesn't ask me out soon, then I'll have spent an entire year crushing on someone with zero results. Not since junior high have I had such a poor average. You know, I wasn't one of those shy girls, but I swear they had more dates than I did. There's just something threatening about a woman speaking her mind and having bold qualities these days. Especially when it comes to sex."

"Maybe he's a virgin and you intimidate him."

"Like hell. Have you seen his body?"

"No. Have you?"

"Not exactly, but I've imagined him with all his clothes off and it was a great visual. Trust me, he's gotten laid plenty. Damn, now I'm distracted."

"Don't know what to say, toots. I've never seen you act so goofy over a guy before. Not sure whether I think less of you for it or not."

"Thanks."

"No problem. What are best friends for?"

Ivy let out a long, low grumble. "It's all so frustrating! He avoids me like the plague. If I walk into the fax room, he hightails it out of there. When I'm on my way to get myself a cup of coffee and ask if he'd like some, he shakes his head and looks away. Would it kill him to say two words to me?"

"What would you say to him if he walked in the room right now?"

"I'd say, Mitch, darling. I masturbate every night just so I can fall asleep after thinking about you all day. Could you please give a girl a break and shove your cock in? Just once?"

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Janet nearly spewed her coffee all over her blouse. "Girl, you are a riot. I think you should do just that. If nothing else, you'll give him one hell of a fantasy image."

"I'm sick of only having a fantasy image. When I turned the big three-o last month, it was a huge wake up call. Time is not going to wait for me to settle down with the perfect guy, I've got to get out there and start doing cattle calls for one."

Janet patted her friend on the back. "Sounds like you have it all figured out, hon."

"Yeah, you'd think so. Here I am at the top of my game, making good money, own a car and a house, and still single. Not just newly single, but painfully single for over a year. I tell you, Janet, I'm two steps away from putting an ad in the paper and I swore I'd never do that."

"You don't want to take a chance that you meet up with some sleaze ball who takes you out, and then really takes you out, if you know what I mean."

Ivy banged her fist on top of her desk. "If it weren't for the fact that Mitch is the man I want, I'd be able to move on. But I want him."

Janet shook her head and picked lint off her skirt. "You want him because he doesn't want you."

"Not true. I have no intention of a one-night stand. I want him for the long haul. I have to come to terms with the fact I'm desperate, so now I have to step it up a notch. Tomorrow I'm going to make him talk to me. One way or another."

"I'm here for you, toots. Supporting you all the way. Do me a favor though, would you?"

"What's that?"

"Tell him the masturbation part. I swear it will make him sit up and take notice."

A wicked idea popped into Ivy's head, and she smiled to herself. "The old girl still has it."

"Has what?"

"Has it going on up here," she said, tapping her forehead. "You just wait. I'm going to get my way and have fun doing it."

"I smell mischief of the Ivy kind." Her friend laughed and walked toward the door. "I'll see you in the morning. Call me if you need me to talk you out of anything crazy."

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Ivy whipped her chestnut colored hair over her shoulder and glared at her friend. "Bye, Janet."

"Toodles!"

She plopped down in the plush leather chair and rested her feet up on the desk, rocking back and forth. How hard could it be to snare a man? Obviously, when it involved Mitch Summers it was going to be tricky. Still, at this point she was willing to try anything. The plan she was concocting in her devious mind had to work. It just had to.

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### Chapter Two

After a quick dinner of leftover pasta and wine, Ivy grabbed her laptop and climbed into bed wearing only a nightshirt. She drummed her fingers on the nightstand while waiting for the thing to load. The moment she could, she brought up her work email and started a page normally reserved for office memos. At the top, she typed, *Secret Santa Selection*, and then her name underneath. She wrote a short paragraph explaining that it was a new thing Bridgewater was implementing each Christmas to add a little holiday spirit to the workplace. Then she made the bottom of the email look all official-like with the normal business slogans and added her boss' name as a finishing touch. Mitch would think it was a corporate decision to do secret Santa's this year and one thing she'd heard about him was, he never questioned anything the boss did.

Ivy scanned the memo over three times before she typed in Mitch's email address. With her finger poised over the SEND button, she had a twinge of doubt. What if she wasn't his type? She would wind up looking like a total fool. On the other hand, maybe he didn't know how to approach her? She was assertive enough for the both of them. There was nothing to lose at this point, except him, and she didn't have him to begin with.

A sly smile played at her mouth and she pressed the button.

She grabbed the remote and clicked through a bunch of boring programs before deciding to hit the sack early. Closing her eyes, she fantasized Mitch was next to her, his naked body there for her to ravage. She imagined his dark wavy hair, deep-set blue eyes, firm chin, and hunky smile. The burning desire to run her hands along his body drove her nuts. His ass fit perfectly in his slacks, giving her a good reason to walk behind him whenever possible.

Ivy's feral fingers found the damp crevice between her thighs and sought out her throbbing clit. It didn't take long before she felt the buildup starting in her abdomen.

"Mmm, Mitch you bad boy, take me now and take me hard."

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She rubbed her clit faster and her legs shot straight out, tensing as she rocked her pelvis. Her hunger for his cock was overwhelming and she couldn't wait to know what it really felt like.

The orgasm finally let loose and she squirmed as her fingers dipped into her creamy release. She rolled over onto her stomach and waited for the aftereffects to subside. What she wouldn't give to curl up next to Mitch's big strong body, and fall asleep. The scent of her intense emission was strong on her fingertips as she brushed a strand of her hair from her face. It took her several minutes before she relaxed and tried to sleep. She hoped her dreams would be filled with visions of Mitch dancing in her head.



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### Chapter Three

Ivy made sure to pass by Mitch's desk. "Good morning!"

His eyes passed hurriedly over her body but he didn't say a word. Refusing to let that deter her, she made a point to wiggle her ass with a little more pizzazz underneath her tight, black skirt with the slit that ventured pretty high up the back.

When she got to her office, she grabbed her phonebook and skimmed along the entries looking for a lingerie shop that delivered. On her third try, she found the number of a boutique nearby and dialed it.

"Season's greetings. Heidi's Pleasure Cove, how may I help you?"

"Hello, Heidi. My name is Delores and I work over here at the Bridgewood law offices. I'm calling on behalf of Mitch Summers and wondered if you could deliver a special gift. It's his anniversary and his wife just loves lingerie. Do you have something fit for the holidays?"

"We have a sexy little red number with white trim that comes with a pair of matching crotchless panties and thigh-high stockings. It's our best seller. What size would you need?"

Ivy cleared her throat to keep from laughing. She really was clever. "I'd need it in a size six, unless it runs tight then an eight will do. And please put the name Ivy on the envelope, written small and indiscreetly."

"Sure thing. And a six should fit fine. I can have it there in twenty minutes. How will you be paying for this?"

She jimmied her credit card out from her purse and recited the number. Janet walked in just as she was hanging up the phone.

"Uh oh."

Ivy gave her a strange look. "What?"

"You've got that, cat-swallowed-the-canary kind of expression on your face, which means you're up to something. You going to spill?"

"Not until you close the door."

Her friend quickly slammed the door and strode over, throwing herself into one of the high back chairs. "So? Who were you talking to?"

"Heidi."

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Janet's right eyebrow vanished up into her blonde wispy bangs. "Don't think I know anyone named Heidi."

"From Heidi's Pleasure Cove."

"Oh right, that boutique down the block. They sell some sexy stuff there. If I had anyone to wear it for, I'd probably waste several paychecks there. Thinking of buying something hot to wear?"

"In a way, I did. Only... Mitch is going to give it to me."

"Are you serious? How'd you get him to do something like that?"

Ivy leaned in closer to her friend. "This morning I sent a memo to him that he was my secret Santa. Signed by the boss."

Janet's mouth hung open a second, long enough for Ivy to see what color gum she was chewing. "No way!"

"Yep."

"You're a sly one. I knew I kept you around for something. I've got to see this."

"The idea is that he opens it up thinking it's a package for him, possibly from his own secret Santa. I'll just happen to walk by right then and catch him with it."

"Then what?"

Ivy shrugged her shoulders. "Not sure, it'll play itself out. It should arrive in about twenty minutes or so. Since your office is closest to the elevator, could you page me if you see someone delivering a box?"

"You know I love being part of naughty plots." Janet gave her a wink and scurried off.

While she waited, Ivy sat at her desk playing with the hem of her skirt instead of working. She nearly jumped out of her seat when the intercom beeped.

"Yes?"

"Code naughty," Janet whispered, followed by a snicker.

Ivy stood and grabbed a folder to make it look like she was on her way somewhere. Peering around the wall, she watched a young looking brunette hand Mitch a box and then walked back to the elevator. This was her cue.

She strolled toward him and watched as he was set to open the box. As he pulled off the lid, she took bigger steps until she was standing right across from him. He pulled back the tissue paper and studied what was inside.

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She set her folder on his desk and leaned forward. "Whatcha got there?"

Mitch was visibly startled and looked up at her, his cheeks blazing crimson. She could clearly make out something red and flimsy with fluffy white trim.

"Wow, you have some fine taste in lingerie. What pretty lady did you buy that for?"

"I -- uh -- think there was some mistake."

Ivy snatched the lid from out of his hands and turned it in every direction until she noticed the name written in tiny lettering. IVY. She set her mouth in a large O and batted her eyelashes at him.

"Oh, Mitch, you're so sweet! I had no idea you were buying me a Christmas gift."

His flustered expression made it difficult for her to stay in the role.

"No, you don't understand..."

"I get it now, silly me. I bet it was supposed to be a surprise and I walked up at the wrong time."

"Oh it's a surprise all right," Mitch mumbled and handed the package to her.

"Well, if it's any consolation, I love it." She removed the bustier from the box and watched as the panties and stockings fell to the floor. Some of her co-workers giggled and started talking among themselves. Frank Colver was so bold as to give Mitch a good pat on the back.

"Way to go, man."

Mitch shook his head vigorously "No, wait. I didn't... I mean I --" He threw his hands up and sighed. "Merry Christmas, enjoy."

Ivy rushed behind his desk and left a stain of scarlet lipstick on his cheek. "You've made me very happy. Now I'll need to think up something to give to you in return!" His ears turned as red as his face and she smiled secretly to herself.

"Don't worry about it." He got up and pushed in his chair. "I think I need a coffee."

She nodded and put the lingerie back in the box. Tucking it under her arm, she grabbed her folder and headed toward her office. But not before giving a nod to Janet who was watching, wide-eyed.

After she closed her office door, she made an invisible line in the air. "One down, one to go."

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Back in her chair, she typed up another memo, this time with the caption, *Meeting*. Ivy knew the Garden Room would be empty for the rest of the week due to the fact that it served more as a storage room than a business room. She looked over her schedule for the next day and saw she had an open window from 10am to noon. Quickly she typed out the pretend agenda, complete with Mr. Bridgewater's signature, and sent it off to Mitch.

The rest of the day kept her knee-deep in proposals, filing and contracts of potential clients. But, no matter what she did, she couldn't erase the smirk from her lips. She said he was going to talk to her, and talk he did. Tomorrow was Christmas Eve and she believed it would be the promise of new things. Now she was getting into a festive mood.

Her phone rang and she focused back on work-related things. It was going to be a long day.

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### Chapter Four

Janet met her at the elevator just as Ivy was on her way out.

"Didn't think six o'clock was ever going to get here."

"Tell me about it," Ivy agreed. She laced her arm through her friend's and they stepped into the elevator together. "Did you see the look on his face?"

"While you were busy gloating in your office, the poor dear stayed red-faced all day and ooh, he was mumbling up a storm. I didn't think you could pull it off, but I'm so glad you did!"

"Me too. Now I have to step it up a notch."

"With what?"

Ivy shook the box in her hand. "With this."

"You mean you're going to wear it tomorrow?"

She nodded her head. "Damn straight. I didn't spend a hundred dollars on a skimpy outfit without the intention of wearing it."

"You're fast proving persistence pays off."

"Finally. Though it could still go either way. I'm hoping for a Christmas miracle. I've never asked for one before, so maybe this is my year."

The elevator stopped at the parking garage and they both walked out. Ivy disengaged her car alarm and opened the door.

"See you tomorrow," she called to Janet and climbed in. Gently, she patted the box and set it on the passenger seat.

When she got home, she went straight into the bathroom to do some major preparation, starting first with waxing her bikini area. She wanted to have everything just right, in case her plan came to fruition.

Smooth, clean, and horny as hell, Ivy slipped between the sheets and ran her fingers over her silky mound. From inside the nightstand drawer, she pulled out a petite, blue vibrator. She slipped it between her thighs and pressed it against her slick nub. Her nipples instantly perked up from the coolness of the toy. It had been a gag gift at a party, and had turned into a loyal friend. Clicking it on, she felt the powerful vibration go right through her, making her breasts jiggle. Sure it was a quick fix, but it

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got her off and helped diminish her sexual appetite. If she got her way, there'd be a bigger, thicker replacement from her secret Santa.

A small cry escaped her throat as her juices coated the tiny gadget. She removed it and wiped the tip with a nearby tissue. The hunger was sated for now, but it wouldn't last long. Dessert would have to wait.

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### Chapter Five

After a quick shower to help wake her up, Ivy put on the red bustier and was pleased with the way it conformed to her breasts, giving them a rounder, fuller appearance. The material was see-through and showed off her peach-colored nipples perfectly. She'd never worn crotchless panties before and reveled in how liberated she felt.

The stockings were a bit of a challenge; she was notorious for getting runs in the damn things all the time. Grateful for their sturdy quality, she got each thigh-high on and did another check in the mirror. She decided on a classy pair of black slacks and a jade green silk shirt to cover up most of the impish outfit, leaving several buttons undone.

Ivy kept her make-up light, and donned earrings and black pumps to complete the look. With one final glimpse in the mirror, she ran the brush through and smiled at her reflection. On her way out the door, she grabbed a protein bar and two bottles of water. She'd need some fuel to pull off her next Christmas goodie.

\* \* \*

Most of her time was spent making endless copies and organizing the main computer database. Her eyes never strayed far from the clock.

Around 9:30am, she slipped into the Garden Room and arranged things to give it a cozier feel. She fiddled with all but one of the light switches so only a small patch of light shone from the far corner. Ivy slipped off her pumps, slacks, and shirt and made herself comfortable in the chair. She leaned her head back and calmed her nerves. This would be the riskiest thing she'd ever attempted in her life, but she refused to lose her cool now.

She counted down the final minute on her watch and took a deep, cleansing breath.

"Showtime."

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### Chapter Six

The door to the meeting room creaked open and she watched Mitch fumble for the light switch. After several failed attempts, he gave up and started to walk away.

"It's okay, the lights aren't working. Come in."

He closed the door and did a double take when he saw her.

Ivy toyed with a strand of her hair and opened her legs enough to reveal the slit in the panties.

Mitch's mouth hung wide open for a few seconds before he tried to regain his composure. "I -- I'm sorry, I received a memo that there'd be a meeting in this room, I guess I read it wrong."

Afraid she'd miss her chance, she jumped up and slid her arms around his waist. Her bountiful breasts pushed up together and she watched his eyes linger over them.

"Ivy... I..."

She put a manicured finger to his lips and followed along the outline of his mouth. "Please, I need to tell you something. If I don't say what's on my mind, I'll regret it forever. There's nothing I hate more than looking back at a part of my life and wishing I'd done things differently. Will you give me a few moments?"

Mitch nodded his head. She led him to a chair and then sat down across from him. His very presence made her body temperature go up several more degrees. Leaning back, she let her fingers slide along the fleshy tops of her breasts.

"I've had a crush on you for about a year. Did you know that?"

Mitch licked his lips as his eyes followed the movement of her hand. He shook his head.

"Well, I have. In the beginning I was content to flirt here and there, make eye contact, and just say hi. But then I found myself falling for you. I'd try to find ways to be in the same room as you, only, when I succeeded, you took off like a bat out of hell."

Her nipples prodded at the bustier, making their appearance known. She circled them, feeling them stretch beneath the fabric. Her eyes



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traveled down his body and rested on what looked to be the beginnings of an erection. With renewed hope, she kept up her efforts, letting her thighs fall open.

"You really didn't know I liked you?"

"No, I thought you were just being friendly."

"I see."

Beads of sweat lined along her forehead. Her breath quickened, making it harder to talk in an even tone.

"Let me ask you something. Do you like me? I don't even mean in the way I like you, but just a general acquaintance-type kind of feeling?"

"Yes, I like you very much."

Ivy smiled, letting her fingers fall down her front, landing in her lap. She leaned back and stretched her legs out, keeping them parted.

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I was under the impression you wanted nothing to do with me, which is why I resorted to desperate measures to get you alone. I was kinda hoping for a Christmas miracle."

She watched him shift in his chair, the bulge in his pants more visible.

"My feelings for you have become so overwhelming that I can't fall asleep at night without pleasuring myself."

She parted her thighs wider and traced her fingers around the edges of the panties, now drenched with her wetness. Her fingers curved and dipped along the soft folds of her sex.

"I pretend you're in the room with me, your naked body poised above mine, telling me all the dirty things you want to do to me."

Her voice faltered as she stuck a finger all the way in and swiped her clit. It was extra sensitive and longing for immediate contact.

Mitch continued squirming in his chair. Sweat formed along the sides of his face and above his upper lip.

"Tell me exactly what you want, Ivy."

"You. I want you for Christmas. I want to know what you feel like inside me. I'm tired of imagining it, dreaming it, craving it so badly I taste it."

He moved from the chair and knelt before her.

"Damn you, woman. From the moment you walked in the office, you stirred me. Strutting around the office in your short skirts, tight tops unbuttoned enough to set my adrenaline into high gear, always shaking that shapely ass of yours."

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"Why... why didn't you talk to me?"

He pulled his shirt up over his head and she studied his broad chest. Manly, that was the word that popped into her head. Everything about his being was manly.

His hands fumbled with his belt and he stood up long enough to remove his pants and boxers. For a moment, his stiff, glorious cock was only inches from her hungry mouth. Before she could do anything about it, he knelt back down in front of her and placed his hand on hers. "Allow me to finish what you've started."

Ivy removed her hand and let him take over. The feel of his hot fingers inside her almost made her come on the spot, but she fought to hold back. She'd waited too long for this to have it be over quickly. Carefully, she pulled the bustier down under her breasts, freeing them from their restricted state. Mitch knew exactly what she wanted. As his fingers explored her pussy, his tongue teased her receptive peachy nipples, suckling them until she cried out.

He pulled away and lowered his head, burying his face between her thighs.

"Your feminine scent is a huge turn on."

Ivy bit her lip; her heart was pounding wildly inside her chest. Crotchless panties would be on her list every year from now on.

His tongue glided along her hairless sex, flicking lightly against her swollen nub. Her body convulsed and she propped her legs over the sides of the armrests, fully exposing her glistening mound.

Mitch lapped at her entry, splaying her lips wide, stretching them so he could thrust his tongue deep inside, followed by his fingers.

"I've wanted this so bad," she groaned, her head lolling from side to side.

His tongue and fingers expertly drew her closer to an orgasm, taunting each of her senses until the room grew fuzzy.

He leaned back to bring her legs around his waist. Ivy gripped the armrests and braced herself for his initial entrance. The width and length of his cock expanded her sex to a point she hadn't expected. He took a sharp breath in and then slid in further. She watched his thick shaft travel in and out, glossy from her excitement.

"You feel incredible inside me," she murmured, her body ready to burst.

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Mitch plunged again and again, her legs were shaking around him, completely out of control. Her inner muscles gripped him tight each time he pulled out, grabbing on like a suction cup, milking him as hard as she could. He was relentless and sped up his thrusts.

Ivy couldn't take it any longer. She held her breath and waited as a massive quake shot through her entire being. Half crying, half laughing, she felt the rejuvenating force take her. Through glazed eyes, she watched him as he pounded his way to his own orgasm. He shuddered several times, his face clenched, eyes closed. When he finally looked at her, his eyes sparkled.

Part of her had wanted to take him in her mouth and give him a memorable blowjob, but once he was inside her, she'd quickly changed her mind. At least for now.

Mitch unwrapped her legs from around his waist. He stood and held out his hand. She moved her trembling body into his powerful embrace, resting her face against his chest. His pulse thudded in a drum-style tempo. Her knees were still weak, but she wasn't about to move yet.

"I like hearing your heart beat."

"Consider it part yours."

She bent down and picked up his shirt, helping him get dressed again.

"You're even better than I imagined."

"My ego doesn't mind being stroked."

He tightened his belt to the fifth hole and buckled it. She loved the way his cock filled out his pants.

Mitch ran the back of his hand along her cheek. "So you got your miracle and I finally got busy with the sexiest woman in the office. I'd say we made Santa's good list this year."

"Yes, we did. Christmas came early."

"What were you going to do if I walked out of the room and your plan fell through?"

"Admit defeat and give up my fantasy. Then I would've probably lowered my standards and tried for Bob," she teased.

Mitch's eyes practically popped out of their sockets at the mention of the name. "Bob! You mean the short little mailroom guy with the big clunky glasses and shifty eyes?"

Ivy laughed at his accurate description. "Yes, that Bob."

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He planted his hands on his hips and gave her an incredulous stare. "You'd go from a year of chasing after me straight to Bob?"

"Well, yeah."

"I think I'm hurt. The guy doesn't even know what matching socks means. Why in the world would you go for him?"

"Because at least he would be a sure thing," she laughed. "Besides, I heard he took some questionable pictures of me with some zoom lens camera, showing me walking away and bending over. You could see right down my shirt."

"Actually, I took those pictures."

She stared at him in disbelief. "Serious?"

"Guilty."

"Pervert."

He laughed. "Had to have something to get myself off with at night. Call it a guy thing, but I needed a visual."

"Uh huh. Thanks for sharing."

Ivy pulled on her slacks and shirt, careful to not miss any buttons. There'd be enough talk in the office as it was; she didn't need to add more fuel to the gossip fire.

Her pussy was still reacting to being stretched so wide. It was obvious her tiny blue vibrator would never do from here on out. She slipped on her shoes and did her best to smooth out her disheveled hair.

"I honestly can't believe you took those photos. You're a sly dog."

"Now that I've seen the real thing, I won't need pictures."

Mitch took her hand in his and reached for the doorknob. As he opened it, Janet nearly fell into him. Her face resembled a painful sunburn as she muttered a string of apologies.

"Yes, well, imagine that. I thought I heard voices coming from in here." She looked from Ivy to Mitch and back to Ivy.

To keep her friend from further embarrassment, Ivy gave her a quick hug and shooed her back to her office.

"I see your friend is just as devious as you."

"Janet is... well, Janet. Since tomorrow is Christmas Eve, I wondered if maybe you'd be interested in coming with me to the office party, and take me for a spin on the dance floor?"

"Don't you ever let the guy lead?"

"I'll be happy to let you lead, on the dance floor."

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Mitch shook his head and took both her hands. "No, I mean, when are you going to let me do the asking?"

"Oh. I don't know. I'm sure we can work out a compromise."

"You independent women of today, make it hard for a man to do the chivalrous thing."

"By all means, be my gallant knight. I don't have a problem with you taking charge every now and then. You assert yourself wherever you like, and I'll let you know when it's not working for me."

He laughed heartily, his deep blue eyes twinkling. "I can live with that. I'd like to assert myself this very minute and give you a kiss."

"You won't hear any argument from me. In fact I..."

Mitch covered her mouth with his and proceeded to take her breath away. His moist lips still smelt of her juices.

Ivy sank into him, basking in the glow of their first kiss, a kiss that was more than worth the wait. She parted her lips and welcomed the swipe of his tongue, inviting his warm breath to rush down her throat. The longer they kissed, the more aroused she became. Finally, she had to break away from him and regain some control.

"Something wrong?"

"No, but unless you're going to tear my clothes off right here and now, I need my heart rate to return to normal."

Mitch reached to her pants and had them down around her ankles with very little effort. He closed the door and took off his belt. "Who said we had to go anywhere?"

"But, shouldn't we get back to work?"

"Work can wait."

He quickly stripped off his slacks and sat in the chair, patting his bare thighs with his hands. "Come sit on Santa's lap you gorgeous thing you. I have a very big secret that I can't wait to share with you."

"I have a feeling I'm going to like this secret. Over and over again."

The End

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### **Author Bio**

Erotic romance author Ann Cory invites you to sample her literary offerings in the hopes of leaving you with an acquired taste for sophisticated reading. Other sensual works with Ocean's Mist Press include A Personal Assessment, Haunt Me Taunt Me, and Seducing Santa. Visit her website <http://www.anncory.com> for information on upcoming delectables.