



Snowe Grey

Dear Mrs. Santa

By Snowe Grey

Erotiqué Press
Contemporary Romance

Dear Mrs. Santa

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Erotiqué Press
9735 Country Meadows Lane 1-D
Laurel, MD 20723

Copyright © 2005 by S. Grey
ISBN: 1-59080-965- 3 E-book
www erotiquepress.com

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information address Echelon Press.

First Erotiqué Press production: December 2005
Cover Art © Karen Syed
Edited by Peggy Roberts

Erotiqué Press is a division of Echelon Press Publishing.

Produced in the USA

December 22 – 5:45 p.m.

"Annie, did you see who was working tonight?" The plump blonde brushing her long, straight hair, crinkled her face into a smile. "Jon. He was here when I came up to change. Ohmigawd, I can hardly believe it," she started to bounce up and down. "Jon will be here and I can spend the whole night just staring at him. I can fill up my horny dream imagination." A blissful sigh escaped her lips.

The other woman in the mirror smiled back at her. She ran her fingers through her short, red curls and shrugged her shoulders. There wasn't a brush made that would change those springy curls into the long, silken locks of her co-worker. She shook her head slightly; her green eyes sparkled as she watched Shannon's excitement.

"A whole night of staring at that Adonis of the fire department would be great, only we really need to pay a little attention to work. You remember, work? The reason we are wearing these insanely ridiculous outfits?" Annie asked gently. "Unless this is something you often wear? Shannon, is there some fashion statement you want to make that I don't get?"

Both women wore long sleeved Polos, short, pleated shirts, tights, soft shoes with long curled toes, and little pointed caps. All green. Bright green, with a few tinkly red and silver bells. Bells that sounded so cheery the first twenty minutes that first day at work, and which now drove Annie crazy.

Shannon half turned and looked into the mirror trying to see her rear end. She eyed Annie ruefully.

"I wish I looked as good as you do in this stupid elf outfit.

Dear Mrs. Santa

It does nothing for anyone the least little bit broad in the beam. You look like a Christmas sprite, direct from Santa's workshop and I look more like the Jolly Green Giant, ho, ho, ho. If I wish hard enough, maybe I'll find Jon all wrapped up under my tree."

"Did you ask Santa?"

"Hardly. Besides, I see you drooling over Jon too. Maybe you should ask Santa."

"I don't know if Santa would understand. Maybe I should write to Mrs. Santa and ask for a hot hunk for the holidays."

Annie and Shannon laughed and walked out to the Santa's Workshop at Southpointe Mall. Shannon slipped behind the camera and Annie took up the list so she could keep the line moving. It was already the twenty-second of December and she would be so glad when this job was over. This was her last year at the art institute and next year she would be in Paris working as an assistant for some famous designer. Or so she hoped. One day, if she worked hard, it would be her name, Annie Lawrence, on the fashion programs. She could see them now, and it was a certainty that they would not be colored green.

"Annie? Uh, Annie?" A voice broke through the accolades she was accepting for her first fashion collection. She blinked her eyes and focused on Shannon's voice.

"Annie, Jon is looking over here. Isn't he gorgeous? Tall, lovely muscles, those melty brown eyes, incredible chest, and a cute, round, pinchable ass, that's all I want for Christmas, for sure. To hell with Santa baby coming down my chimney, Jon can come down anything in my house he wants. Or I could go down..."

"*Shh*, Shan, he might be able to hear you."

"Good, then maybe he'd take me up on it. I'd even let him

eat fruitcake in my bed. In fact, he could eat anything he wanted in my bed, including..."

"Shannon! There are little kids around here waiting to see Santa, not hear your rendition of Debbie Does Santa's Workshop." Both women laughed and turned back to their work.

The next time Annie looked over at the toy collection station, Jon was gone and another fireman stood there chatting with a small child. Her face softened into a smile. Ben might not be the handsomest of the volunteer fireman who manned the toy collection site, nor the most outgoing, but he was just plain nice. And good with the kids, too. When he worked late, he would always wait for the elves and walk them out to their cars. What a shame, she thought, combine his niceness with Jon's looks and he'd be the perfect man.

"Miss, are you listening? That Santa was rude to me. I don't have time to stand in line. I'm a very busy person and my husband is a very important lawyer. I do a lot of work for charity and my daughter just has to see Santa."

"Sorry ma'am. Everyone has to wait in line for his or her turn. It's the rules." Annie secretly was thrilled to tell the woman to go stand in line. She could afford to buy and wear those expensive designer clothes, but they didn't flatter her at all. She should be wearing a softer fabric, more pastel colors. And, she should wait her turn in line.

"I know those are the rules, but they can't apply to me. I just don't have the time and you don't want me to take this to the mall owner. Who, I may point out, has been at my Cherry Hill home several times? Now? You'll be letting us through?"

"Sorry ma'am, that wouldn't be fair to the others, would it?" Annie pointed to the line that went back through the sitting area and practically reached the food court. A line chocked full

Dear Mrs. Santa

of exhausted parents and over-active kids. "Everyone has been waiting."

"You can be sure," the woman spit out through very tight lips, "that this incident will not go unreported. You can expect to hear about this." She turned and dragged the little girl clutching her hand off.

"But Mama, I want to see Santa and I want to see him now. I want to tell him all the things I want for Christmas. Mama, you better let me see Santa or else."

"Come along, Meredith, this isn't even a good fake Santa. We'll go to Haverhill's Department Store. Much better people shop there, and the sales staff," she shot a last look over her shoulder at Annie, "the sales staff knows how to treat the better class of people."

"Can I have a new dolly?"

"Of course you can." The voices faded away and Annie stared after them. Then she shook her head and turned back around.

Ben was looking at her with that crooked smile on his face. He lifted both hands and gave her two thumbs up and a wink, then flushing slightly he turned back to the shoppers. Annie picked up her clipboard of names, gave it a long look, straightened her shoulders, and walked over to the fire department toy drive booth.

"Hey, Ben. How's it going?" Annie grinned and cocked her head at him.

"Hi, Annie. Going great. We're getting close to our goal."

"That's great. The winning engine company huh?"

"Winners all way 'round. My captain would be happy if we came in first, and the kids get lots of great toys. Saw you had a bit of a problem over there." He smiled sympathetically at her.

Snowe Grey

"That happens. Guess we're not her class of people."

"Perhaps we should be happy about that. Right?"

"Guess so, oops gotta go. Can't wander too far off from the kids."

"Annie, coffee later? At the food court?"

"If I can make it, Ben. I can't leave Shannon alone with the little monsters that long. One elf is no match for them. And worse than the kids, we're no match for the parents. I'll try. See ya' later."

"Later, Annie."

Dear Mrs. Santa

December 23 – 6:05 p.m.

Damn shoes hurt. Why, wondered Annie, would anyone pick out such uncomfortable shoes as a part of a uniform? She knew she could design something that looked better, and, more importantly, felt better. She lifted her leg and rubbed the arch of her right foot. Seeing a flash of color beside her, she pasted a smile on and turned to face another parent.

"Yes, welcome to Santa's, oh. Hello, uh, Jon. Don't tell me you're here to see Santa too?"

"Me? Nah. Being around fat people makes me nervous. If that guy would spend a couple weeks with me, he could loose several of those rolls."

"Yes, well, he's a great Santa. And no one would want a skinny Santa Claus anyway. What can I do for you?" Annie rushed the words out to cut his rant short. She knew that Shannon would be listening to every word her dream man spoke and she didn't want her to be hurt. Besides her friend wasn't fat, just a little plump.

"My date had to cancel on me, I've got nothing to do, and I was wondering if you wanted to go out for a drink."

"Me? I mean, uh, that sounds nice. Tonight?"

"Yeah, well I had plans, but they fell through, and I saw you standing over here and thought you looked kinda cute. I mean, I usually only dates chicks as good looking as me, but it's late, so what the hell. I thought I'd ask. I mean you're not busy or anything are you?" He smiled at her. Annie stared at him, his teeth were so white, and even, and sexy. She and Shannon joked that they probably glowed in the dark.

"No, I, not really. Just had some things to do at home. But, I am working a double shift tomorrow so I can't stay out late."

"No problem," Jon raised his hand to lean against the wall, his body pressing closer to hers as he leaned over her. "We can make it a real short evening, at least part of it anyway. Just a quick drink, then? We can discuss it later."

"Just a quick drink, right. Sounds good. Yeah, short evening." Annie realized that she was repeating whatever he said and sounded like a bemused idiot. "But really I have to get to bed early." She winced at her words and his wolfish smile. "I mean I have to get to sleep early. Alone, early."

"Well, tonight, early it is. We can just take the time to," he pressed closer, "get to know each other. See where this goes." Jon smiled slowly at her and Annie felt her knees weaken and her panties begin to dampen. She took a deep breath. He even smelled manly.

"Pick you up after work? Nine right?"

"Yes, nine. That's after work. At nine."

"Good," Jon reached out and slid his finger down the outside of her cheek from temple to chin. "See you out back at nine. Hurry, I don't like to be kept waiting. And good girls who are on time might get a special surprise. And not from Santa."

Annie froze as Jon leaned in, his tongue licked the lobe of her ear, and his teeth nipped it slightly. A small orgasmic tremor started through her. Jon winked at her and sauntered away. The twin cheeks of his ass moved in his tight pants and played a bongo solo on her clit.

"Annie, did I just hear what I thought I just heard? If I did, I am so jealous. Tell me every word."

Annie turned to see Shannon standing at her shoulder. A

Dear Mrs. Santa

silly grin decorated Annie's face.

"You did. I am going out with Jon for a drink. Tonight," She grabbed Shannon's hand and squealed, quietly of course. "I have a date with the most gorgeous guy around. He asked me out. Me."

"That's it. Tomorrow I diet until you can count my ribs. And to make it worthwhile, you have to tell me everything, and I mean every tiny detail, of your date."

"We'll see. Maybe not every detail, but I can give you the highlights."

"Elves? Are you working or are you chatting?" The Head Elf looked at them. "Perhaps you'd like to help these little darlings see Santa?" As she turned away Annie and Shannon could hear her mutter under her breath, "I'd like to feed them all to the reindeer."

Snowe Grey

December 24 – 8:45 a.m.

Shannon was pacing inside the locker area when Annie rushed through the door. She was late and was dead tired. Early did not usually mean three in the morning, although it had seemed much later than that when she finally got home.

"How was it? Tell me all. First, wait, start with why you're late this morning. Did you find it hard to get out of bed? Was that because there was something, or someone, keeping you there? Tell all. I can't stand it."

"Hi, Shannon," Annie stripped her clothes off and donned the Elf outfit. "I didn't have a sleep-over guest, but Jon kept drinking and visiting people at the bar and I couldn't drag him out of there till really late. I'm exhausted and for no good reason."

"But how was it? How was he? Did he kiss you at all? With his tongue? Oh God, I'm practically coming just thinking of it."

"Mostly we talked. Actually, mostly he talked."

"About what? Tell..."

"About his training at the gym. His tanning sessions, his running marathons. He told me all about his special nutrition diet and supplements, and his work out routine. And the body building competitions."

"Ooh, I can just see him in one of those little thongs. Does he have enough to fill one of those out? You know, if he wrapped a package for Christmas would it take a really, big bow?"

"Shannon, I didn't check that out. He's a little, well,

Dear Mrs. Santa

boring. I mean he never asked anything about me, or what I was doing. Only him."

"Who cares about anyone else when you're staring into those warm, chocolatey eyes? He could bore me anytime of the night or day. As long as he wanted."

"Yeah, well you might think differently after about two hours. And if we don't scoot out of here, the Head Elf will have our heads on a little green platter."

"It's gonna be a long day, I'm so glad the mall closes at five. All I'm going to want for Christmas is a good foot soak."

"That's probably all I'll get."

Snowe Grey

December 24 – 1:30 p.m.

"Hey, Annie." Jon's voice was very near. She felt him move up behind her, his body pressing along her back. Annie wasn't comfortable with that and moved slightly away.

"Hi, Jon. Here to see Santa and get your wish list in?"

"No, I don't think Santa can give me what I'm wanting for my Christmas gift. I think however, that we could discuss it."

"Oh? Well. Sometimes you don't get what you want for Christmas, you get what you need."

"In this case I think I need it as much as I want it. And we," he reached out and pulled on one of her curls. It sprang back and bounced against its neighbors. "Just the two of us can take care of that gift much better than Santa."

"It's a zoo here today, and I really gotta get back. Kids from here into the next court, and they all want to see Santa."

"No prob. I'll pick you up after work. Later." Jon walked off down the mall, the eyes of women following his every step.

"That's it, forget the diet, I starve myself. You lucky duck you."

"Shannon, he's not really all that great."

"Easy for you to say, I can see the bedroom look in his eyes. What I wouldn't give to be there for even a little while. And you, he's practically making love to you in front of Santa and everyone."

"Don't be ridiculous, he's like that with every woman."

"Not me. Damn his dreamy eyes and great ass. Whoops, Head Elf at eleven o'clock. Back to the camera I go."

Dear Mrs. Santa

December 24 – 5:02 p.m.

It was a long day, and by five o'clock Annie felt her feet would never be normal again. If she heard any more kids whining, crying, or screaming, she'd swear off motherhood. Except that some of those little ones, great shining eyes, excitement barely held back, were pretty cute. Maybe just one or two. Idly her mind wandered. Jon would father great looking kids, but then she had a vision of Jon and two little ones, working out at the gym and taking vitamin supplements. Maybe not.

"Annie, I've got a problem with the camera. You go on, I'll be okay. I just have to finish this up. Don't wait for me, escape while you can."

"Thanks Shannon, I will. See you upstairs."

Annie dodged her way through the crowd making its way along the mall walks. Repeatedly shoppers wanting to know where this store was, or if that store carried a particular toy, stopped her. She gave directions to the women's restroom, the men's restroom, and the parent's room. The last minute shoppers darting about in panic mode, a glazed look in their eyes. She turned the corner and saw the staff elevator begin to close.

"Wait, hold the elevator. Please." She ran and squeezed through under the arm that held the doors apart. "Thanks, Ben. I did not want to wait one more minute down there. Everyone seems to think I know where everything in the mall is just because I'm in this outfit."

"You look pretty nice in that."

"No one could look good in it, but thanks anyway. How did the toy drive go?"

"We went over the goal and set a new record. There's going to be a lot of little ones that get some special gifts tomorrow. I love the thought that every child gets a gift at Christmas."

Annie smiled at his earnestness. *He really was a great guy. Not too tall, short dark hair, hazel green eyes, and the warmest smile.* She turned to face the door and was lost in thought when the elevator gave a series of jerks, shuddered to a stop and the lights went out.

She groped out and grabbed Ben's arm. Pulling her closer to him.

"What happened? Why aren't we moving? Ben, I don't like the dark and I hate enclosed places. Make it go again."

"It's going to be fine, Annie. I have my radio here, let me call and see what's happening."

He turned the radio on and the small area filled with scratchy static noise. She could feel his arm moving.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

"I'm trying to get another channel in," he whispered back. "I can't get any reception. The elevator must be blocking it."

"Oh," Annie's voice was very small. "Do you think they know we're here?"

"They will. It's SOP to check all elevators."

"Oh, what's SOP?"

"Sorry, that's Standard Operating Procedure. The fire department will check all stores, rooms, halls, and elevators, we just have to wait for them."

"Oh."

"Annie?" Ben whispered back.

"Yes?"

Dear Mrs. Santa

"Why are we whispering?"

"I don't know." She whispered. Then loudly she added, "I guess it's kind of silly, it's not like we would be disturbing anyone even if we yelled. Maybe we should yell?"

"We can if you'd like. But it won't speed anything up. The guys will find us, we just have to wait."

"Yeah, wait." She moved closer to Ben and he put his arm around her.

"You're chilly." He rubbed his hand up and down her arm.

"This outfit wasn't made for comfort. If I were a real elf at the North Pole, you'd better believe I'd be wearing ski pants, a knitted wool sweater, thick socks, and hiking boots. No elf in their right mind would wear this."

"You're right," Ben laughed. "Unfortunately I don't have a coat that I can whip off and wrap around you, although I could offer you my shirt."

"Don't you dare. You'd freeze to death. This elevator isn't that warm to start with and I don't feel any warm air blowing out of the vent."

"Electricity is probably off completely. Bound to get colder. Here, let's sit on the floor and we can share warmth."

"That sounds great. I don't look forward to headlines, 'Fireman and Elf Found Frozen in Mall Elevator on Christmas Eve.'" She laughed. "I mean what a crummy way to make the news."

"I'll give that a pass, too."

The two of them made themselves comfortable on the floor, Ben put both arms around Annie and she put her bent legs between his, bending her arms on his chest.

"There, that better?" Ben's voice was soft and his breath was warm.

"Much," she snuggled closer. "So what are you missing while we sit here and wait for Santa's little helpers?"

"Not much," his chest shook with laughter. "I was going to help serve dinner at the mission, but they have all the help they need tonight. I sure hope we're out of here by tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow? We might have to wait till tomorrow?"

"No, I'm sure we won't. I just need to be at the mission tomorrow to serve breakfast. Every Christmas morning for seven years, and I don't want to break the streak."

"Seven years? That's a long time. What else do you do on your time off?"

"I have about a year and a half of night classes until I finish my degree."

"In what?" She squirmed around, getting closer. He held her a bit tighter.

"Primary education. I want to teach those little people."

"Kids? You want to teach kids?" She raised her head and looked at where his eyes would be, if she could see them in the dark. Then she dropped her head on his chest and he bent down, his mouth against her ear.

"Seeing life through their eyes is great. What a charge when they finally learn a new skill or get a concept. Nothing like it in the world."

"So you work as a fireman, and at the mission, and study in school? Anything else?"

"I have a band and we sing at a retirement home twice a month. If I have time, I help fix the bicycles that people bring in for kids. They are so excited when they get a bike. It doesn't matter that it's not new, it's just theirs now."

"So do you work out at the gym or anything? Marathons?"

Dear Mrs. Santa

"Now that I don't have time for. I'm too busy with people, not machines, to build my muscles up."

"Doesn't your girlfriend mind your being so busy?"

"Don't have one. I am looking for a woman who likes the same things I do, and taking a date to the mission to serve soup doesn't count real high on the 'to do' list of most women."

The feel of his breath on her ear caused a shiver to go through Annie. A delicious, wonderful shiver.

"Cold?" Ben's voice was concerned.

"What?"

"You shivered, you must be cold."

"No, that is, not really. You're very warm," Annie smiled to herself. This she could get used to. Such a nice body to cuddle, so firm, and he held her very gently.

"Good, I wouldn't want you to get sick." Ben's lips moved down, just under her ear and gave a tiny kiss on her neck. Then about a half an inch lower, and then his teeth nipped her. He raised his head and stared down.

Annie raised her hand to touch the side of his face. She stroked his cheek and their lips met in a tender kiss. Softly stroking his lips across hers, he ran his tongue across the seam in her lips.

"Very nice, very warm."

"Yes," she agreed. "What a wonderful way to keep warm. Do you think this is SOP on winter expeditions?"

"If not, it sure should be." He kissed her again.

Annie responded eagerly. It had been a long time since her last boyfriend, and he hadn't kissed anywhere as good as Ben. She opened her mouth to his probing tongue and welcomed him in.

The tip flickered inside and ran along the top of her mouth, tapped gently on the side of her mouth, and circled her

tongue. Everywhere it touched, it started a fire. She pulled back and ran her tongue along the edge of his ear.

"Fireman, light my fire. Then put it out."

"Elf, you've been lighting my fire since I first saw you. I never thought anyone could look so edible in green tights until I met you. Now I just want to start biting away from the tips of your toes, up to the top of your head. And all," his words were interspersed with deep kisses, all...the...places...in between. All...of...them."

"Oh, I'd like that. I'll be sure to tell you if you miss any."

"I won't." He leaned over Annie and his body pressed hers to the elevator floor. She squirmed under him, pushing her mons against his rapid rising trouser front. Unable to hold it back, she let out a soft moan.

"Tell me again, Annie. I've dreamed of you making just that sound. How about now?" His kisses trailed down her neck, and to the top of her polo. His fingers unbuttoned the three buttons at the neck and pulled it aside and his lips and tongue burned a streak of fire down.

Getting frustrated with only this little scrap of exposed skin, he worked the polo off her, letting it drop to the floor. His tongue snaked out and slid under her bra, circling around the areole, making her nipple harden to a tiny bud, ready to burst.

Annie thrust her pelvis up and cupped his ass with her hand, pushing it down to dig into her. She whimpered, he was doing magical things to her.

"Yes, there, more Ben, do it again."

Ben's hand reached around back and unhooked her bra. Loosening it, he pulled it slowly down her arms and his mouth descended greedily, taking her breast into his hot mouth. The fingers of his other hand stroked her nipple; plucking it to a

Dear Mrs. Santa

tune of lust only he could hear.

Annie pulled his tucked shirt out from his pants. Then she slid her hands around to the front of his pants, over the waiting hardness that she could feel against her. Trembling she undid his belt, unsnapped the waist, and pulled his zipper down.

"Not yet, Annie. We've got the time, I want us to remember this."

"How could I forget, stuck in an elevator? But what if someone comes?"

"I was hoping for that. I thought you might be too." He sucked on her soft, silky skin, running his teeth over the responsive nipple.

"I meant someone come to rescue us. I don't think there will be a problem with the other. I'm practically there now, God you're great. And big. I can't fit it in my hand."

"Ha, not that big, but certainly I think it will be enough. And any rescue will be so loud, we won't be able to miss it. Do you want to wait?"

Ben's lips moved back to hers and he adjusted his body so his hard cock fell between her legs. He rotated his hips and her body went shaky. She was unable to control herself and responded.

"Wait, no, I want you now. Even in this crummy elevator."

"This elevator is practically a part of heaven, and I plan to get us both there." He pushed his rod against her clit and she gave a long moan.

"Yes, Ben, oh yes." She raised her body to slide the skirt down, slowly rolled the tights down across her belly, and down her thighs. His tongue and lips traced a fiery trail along the newly bared skin, dancing along, electricity sparking on her skin.

Annie's hands unbuttoned his shirt, and lowered his pants. He sprang free, and she cupped him in her hand, squeezing tightly, but not too tight. She could imagine the hot blood rushing through the thick veins, and it throbbed and grew larger as she held it.

Her kisses rained on him wherever she could reach, and one hand explored his hard muscles, arms, back, legs, while the other pulled and kneaded the purple knobbed shaft.

Ben slipped down, and placed his hands under her ass. He pulled her slightly up and her thighs fell open. She could feel his breath in the darkness as his face descended upon her. Ben blew slightly, the warm breath dampened her small nubbin, and then it was cool to the air. Again he blew, and she shook.

"Kiss me, Ben, kiss me."

"Here?" He kissed her thigh. "Or here?" He kissed just above her mons. "Or perhaps here?" A soft touch, and a quick flick of his tongue on her clit. "Or do you mean something like this?" His mouth opened to pull her in. He sucked, and nibbled, and bit gently as she moved uncontrollable under his touch.

"Yes. Oh, oh, Ben, no, I don't want to come without you. Stop. No, don't stop. Now I don't know. Ohhhhh."

Ben lifted his face and spoke, lightly flicking her clit with his tongue, "We won't stop with just one. Come now, come just for me to feel, and touch, and taste. Come, explode into my mouth. Fill my tongue with the sweetness of your fireworks. Let me taste you as you carry me along on your rocket ride."

Ben lowered his face again, and Annie was unable to do anything but moan and cry. It was indeed a rocket trip, she flew very high in the air, sparkling and glowing, her blood building higher and higher, until in one earth shattering

Dear Mrs. Santa

moment, her body and soul splintered, and she hung there, the spasms holding her pinned against the sky.

Then softly, slowly, she drifted back to earth. Back to the slow, sensuous touch of Ben, touching, rubbing, and stroking her. Building her passion back again.

Annie lay there a heartbeat, wondering how she could ever move again. Never had she had an orgasm like this. It was overwhelming, too powerful for her. Unbelievably she could feel herself begin that ascent again, and she stroked Ben's hardened length.

"Ready again? Or do you need a couple of minutes?"

"Me? Ben, I'm wonderful, but what about you?"

"Annie, it was almost impossible not to come just being with you. But I held out and this is for you." He pushed himself against her fingers. "We have time and I want this to be a really great experience for you. It has been for me."

"Great? Ben. This has been incredible. And, oh," she moaned as his fingers played a song on her heightened nerves, "I think I'm ready for a second trip."

She stroked him, slid down his body, and moved her lips up and down the length of him. She knew he wouldn't fit into her mouth, he was too big, too hard, and she wanted as much of him as she could get.

Ben's breathing was ragged and she put her lips on the tip and slowly opened her mouth and slid him inside. As she reached the bottom the plum head, she ran her tongue around the ridge, smiling as she heard his intake of breath. Then she moved down, taking more of him inside, pulling him in, filling herself with the sweet saltiness of him. The heavy musky smell of him filled her senses, and her passion rose. Up and down she glided on him, listening to him make little noises in the back of his mouth.

"Annie, keep doing that and this will be the end of the night. And I want to be inside you and feel you come with me."

"Nice thought," Annie raised her head slightly. "But I think I like this, I've never put anyone's penis in my mouth before, but this is great. It's so soft and hard, and hot and when I close my mouth I can feel the blood rush through it. I think I'd like to feel your cum swell inside of me and spill out. I know I'd like that very much."

"Annie, you're killing me. Don't tell me these things. Later, we can do that later. For now, I want to slide inside of you, come here, Elf, and give me a Christmas surprise."

"A Christmas gift? Well I've already decided that you have one great candy cane there. Let's see how sticky we can get it."

"No more talk, I'm going to explode right now."

"Ummm." Annie rose and threw her leg over him, posing herself over him.

Ben quickly put a condom on.

She moved to where the tip of his cock was at the entrance of her throbbing body. Slowly, she moved her body down. Ben rose up to meet her and faster than she thought possible, he was inside her. Filling her up, she thought she could feel him at the back of her throat.

"Ben, you're so big. It's so good."

"It's gonna get better, here, what about now?" Ben started to move her up and down, and Annie threw back her head, eyes half closed in ecstasy.

"Yes, Ben, yes. Faster, I want it faster, and harder, and deeper. So deep. Give it to me deep, Ben."

"Gawd Annie, yes, move like that, just like that. Ahhhh, Annie, I can feel it coming. Here, I can...here. Now.

Dear Mrs. Santa

Aaaeeh."

Annie sat up straight and leaned slightly back, pushing herself as far down on Ben as she could. She could feel the pulsing of the road and the spurts of hot liquid shooting deep into her, caught in the latex sheath, and her body began to spasm around him.

Ben felt his pleasure erupt like a supernova, while her body clutching him tightly, over and over. He pumped until, spent, he felt Annie slump down, finished.

Rolling to one side, he pulled her close to him and they lay there, relaxed and sated. Just touching each other, occasionally giving a small kiss to the other.

"Hey, anyone down there?" A voice boomed down the elevator shaft. "Is anyone in the elevator?"

Ben and Annie sat up quickly.

"They're here, oh my heavens, I'm practically naked." Annie whispered to him.

"Only practically?" Ben chuckled. "We'll have to do better next time."

"Ben, they'll be here any second."

"It will take them a couple of minutes, sweetheart. But I really need to answer them, or they'll just wander away. But, we could do this again, so it does have its up side. Although, I don't know if I have another condom in my pocket, that's not something that I normally carry too many of, but I could change that."

"Ben, I want out of this elevator. No, I want us out of this elevator."

"Your wish is my command. Always my command, remember that."

"Is that a promise?"

"Absolutely." Ben kissed her and helped her to her feet.

As they both adjusted their clothing he called out. "Yes, two of us here. We're stuck between floors. What's going on?"

"Ben? Ben, that you?"

"Hell yes, Matt. I was beginning to wonder if the department was on the job or just off posing for some calendar."

"We'll have you out in a couple of minutes, Ben. Just hang on buddy."

"Will do, Matt." He turned to Annie and put his arms around her and drew her close. "Well, we'll be out before long. Then what?"

"What?"

"Well, I know Jon asked you out for drinks. I've heard other lovely ladies saying he's the best looking guy in the whole engine company. And, I know you went out with him last night."

"Yes I did. And then he took me home and I went upstairs alone."

"Alone?" She could practically see Ben's smile.

"Alone. I don't play bedroom bingo. But I was thinking you might want to stay over tonight. For tomorrow of course."

Ben immediately set the record straight. "I never meant to imply you slept around. Actually, Jon tried to imply otherwise earlier today, but I know when he's just doing locker room talk. But tomorrow? What about tomorrow?"

"Well, if we're going to serve breakfast at the mission, I don't want to sleep in and miss it, and I figure if you're there, I won't be oversleeping. I'm not sure that either of us will get any sleep. Oh," Annie pulled away, "but maybe I'm just assuming."

"You are," he pulled her back, "and your assumption is one hundred percent right on. After all we only have a year to

Dear Mrs. Santa

plan the next toy drive, and that takes a lot of long nights and close collaboration."

"Oh, I like that idea. Merry Christmas, Fireman."

"Merry Christmas, Elf."

The End

Snowe Grey

Meet the Author:

Snowe Grey is the author of "That Succubus Factor." Her writing is filled with comedy, vampires, Incubi, Succubae, and a few other denizens of the dark thrown in for good measure. It's a comedy of errors when the underworld realm interacts with the world of mortals. She lives in the Pacific Northwest in the land of Sasquatch, lake monsters, trolls who live under bridges and who knows what else.