

An Erotiqué Short

The Christmas Package

Snowe Grey

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Contemporary Romance

The Christmas Package

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❧ Part One ❧

Peggy was wide-awake now. That had been a noise in the other room. There was someone in the living area of her apartment. She snuggled deeper into the comforter, trying to hide. Maybe if she pretended to be asleep, the burglar might take whatever he wanted and leave.

God knows, that won't take him long. There sure isn't much to take. At least he won't get a hernia from struggling with all my stuff. I'd hate to have him hurt himself robbing me.

Carl had given her his holiday gift early. She came home from work the first day of December to find that he'd moved out, and taken everything except her clothes and personal items. He didn't leave so much as a cup and saucer.

Not only that, he had collected her share of the November rent, but hadn't paid it. She was facing eviction. It took all Peggy's savings to pay the delinquent rent, find a small, cheap apartment, place deposits, and move. She'd just begun buying a few things, most courtesy of the Goodwill, a used television, a radio that only got two stations, some dishes, some pots, and a frying pan. What little furniture she had was third-hand pressboard. Hell, she slept on a mattress on the floor. She could almost feel sorry for any thief that had targeted her home.

Then she remembered her coffee maker. Her expensive, imported, Swedish coffeemaker. It had been her one good item. She couldn't afford it, but lingering over a cup of coffee was practically her only indulgence. So she bought it. And now she was going to lose it. Some lowlife scumbag was

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going to steal her coffeemaker. Well, he'd find out that it wouldn't be that easy.

Peggy threw the covers aside and belted her robe around her. Then she looked around for some weapon. Where was a baseball bat when you really needed it? She was going to learn golf just so she'd have a club to use. Finally, Peggy snatched up a heavy hiking boot and headed toward the living area, which was conveniently located just on the other side of the flimsy bedroom door. A two-room apartment didn't have that many places to hide.

She eased the door open and put her eye up to the crack. Maybe this felon was a little, skinny guy and she could take him. Or not.

Whoever it was stood just out of sight. She could hear rustling. Then a male figure backed into view. And what a view. Peggy's eyes opened wide in appreciation. He was about six-foot three inches, heavily muscled, wide shoulders, thickly corded arms. He half turned and the view got better. His chest was smooth; the masculine bulges made her purse her lips in a silent whistle. His chest ended in washboard abs, and long, powerful legs. It was easy to see what a fine specimen of male he was because he was practically naked.

Around his waist he wore a leather strap with leather flaps hanging down over the bulging crotch and tight ass. Around his upper arms he wore thick, decorated gold bands, across his chest were heavily tooled leather straps, and his sandals laced up his thick legs. His long, honey colored hair was caught in back with a black thong. An ancient Norse god was standing less than ten feet from her.

He put his hands on his waist shifted his weight. She could see the chiseled planes of his face, deep topaz eyes, finely formed lips and firm chin. His cheekbones were high

and so sharp she thought she could cut with them. And on the right side, next to those dreamy, full, kissable lips, was a dimple. Just the one. Peggy filled her eyes. Never had she seen such a gorgeous man before. He was better looking than the ones on her calendar. Or even the hunks on those naked men playing cards her friend Suzy had.

He didn't have to steal, she thought, he could walk right up to her and ask her for anything, and she'd give it to him. Even her coffeemaker. All he had to do was stand there and let her look at him. She must have made a noise, because he turned towards the door and took a step in her direction.

"Hello, is anyone there?" The voice was low, and sexy, and very French. Peggy melted further. "Do I hear you? If you hear me or see me, I am in big troubles."

He waved his hand and the door moved to open. Peggy struggled to hold it back, but it pulled away from her and swung open. He stood at his tallest and looked down at her. His eyes swept over her from the sleep mussed dark hair, down to her bare feet and chipped toe nail polish. His smile was slow and wolfish and showed his even white teeth. *What big teeth you have, Grandma*, she thought.

"What are you doing in my apartment? I warn you, I have a weapon and I'm not afraid to use it." Peggy took a step towards him, waving her hiking boot about.

"Your shoe? That is your weapon?"

Peggy looked down at her big, heavy shoe, then she saw the long, wide sword he had hanging by his side. She looked back at the flimsy piece of leather she held. She raised her eyes to his.

"Yes, and I'm sure it can cause damage. People have been known to be killed by flying shoes you know. It could put your eye out."

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"Maybe, but I don't think so that this shoe will hurts me." He pounded his chest with his massive fist. "I am strong, the little shoe from your delicate foot will not make so much as a dents on me."

"It would too hurt. Delicate foot? Listen mister, my size tens aren't delicate and I don't appreciate your making fun of them." Peggy realized she was standing in her apartment at one in the morning arguing with a huge burglar. Was she crazy? "I think you should get out. Now, before my...ferocious watchdog wakes up and rips you apart."

The man sniffed the air around him and smiled. Although she'd heard the expression, the whole earth moved, until she saw that smile break across his face she'd never believed it. She did now. It was wonderful, like the sun coming out on the first day of spring. It warmed her heart and melted her body further down. She felt she could slip right down and form a puddle of lust.

"No dog, no man. Just woman. Soft, warm, sexy woman." His voice fell as he stepped closer. "A woman who sleeps alone, but does not wish to. A woman made to welcome a man into her body. Her soft body to cushion his hard one. Opening her body to him, budding into passion, stretching to hold him, and his ardor."

By now he was standing right in front of her and she was looking up at his face, mesmerized. Had he reached out and touched her, she would have fallen over backwards, legs falling open to him. Hell she might anyway. He was like no one she'd ever met before. If this was madness, bring on the straight jackets.

His hand touched her face, cupping her chin as he moved his mouth closer to hers. His lips played across hers, barely touching, yet searing her through and through. Her body shook

in response. Peggy tried to gather her thoughts. She stepped back, forcing her unwilling body to move away from his.

"What, uh, what are you doing here? This is my apartment."

"Oh, that," He shrugged and looked around. "I leave the presents of Christmas."

"You leave what?"

"The presents of Christmas. Only I think I have made the mistake. I bring the gifts to the children and you have none. But I was positive I had the correct address. Ah, I have made yet another mistake. I knew I should have taken one of the older reindeer, not this younger who knows nothing. He does not know the routes and he doesn't fly so well either."

"Presents? Reindeer? You sure don't look like any Santa Claus I ever saw."

"Of course not. I am the stand out Santa."

"You certainly do stand out, but what?" She was puzzled.

"You know, when the real Santa Claus cannot go swooshing about on Christmas, I do the stands out and take his place. I am the repairment Santa."

"Repairment? Oh, you stand in as the replacement Santa?" Her voice rose at the end. Now Peggy was worried that this man wasn't a burglar. Was there a mental hospital in the area she didn't know about? One from which patients escaped?

"Exact what I said. I am the replacement." He nodded and beamed.

"Of course you are. Are there a lot of Santa's where you live? Did you just walk out of your Santa home tonight? They might be looking for you." She was inwardly relieved. Although he might have escaped from some home and found his way into her apartment and was really big, he didn't seem

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dangerous. "Maybe we should call someone to come help you find your way home."

"I know my way home. I don't think that flying deer knows his way, but I do."

"The flying reindeer. Yes, we can help him find a home too. A nice zoo if nothing else. They like flying reindeer. Is he a nice flying reindeer? Do you like him?"

"I like him well enough. But as venison, perhaps served with a soupcon of red wine sauce, some shaved truffles, accompanied by a little risotto, perhaps some wild rice. Maybe with a fine Bordeaux. That is how I like my deer. However, I have promised not to shoot this one and eat him. At least not until I return him to the North Pole." The man crooked an eyebrow and smiled. "Later, well, who knows? Perhaps I shall wish a little hunting of the deer?"

"Now that's a good idea. But first, you should take him home. Perhaps we could sit down and have a nice little chat. I can make you some coffee."

"Ah, the café, I would like this. You have the espresso? Yes?"

"No, just coffee."

"Very well," his face fell in disappointment, "I am sure you make the better coffee than my cousin, Des. She makes the very bad café, but still her husband drinks it. I think he must love her a great deal to drink her café."

"Let me put it on. You can tell me how you ended up the replacement Santa. Then we can make that call and get you back home."

"Santa and his little elf peoples live where it is very cold..." he began.

"At the North Pole."

"Ah, you have been there?" His face brightened. "I did

not think that humans went there."

"No, I've never been to the North Pole. I was waiting for an invitation. I think it's nicer not to just barge into people's homes..." Peggy shot him a quick glance. "I mean I don't know the Clauses, the Clauseses, uh, Mister and Missus Claus."

"That is true. I shall tell them to invite you if you like. You will like them. The little elf people, sometimes they play the practical jokes. I do not like them, but my young cousin, Herky, likes them. He plays the jokes too."

"How nice. Here's the coffee. Cream? Sugar?" She held the jar of creamer and the box of sugar cubes out. Not classy, but practical.

"No, I drink it black. Oh, don't take the sugar away, I will need it."

"I thought you said you wanted it black?"

"Yes, black with creams and sugar."

"Whatever," Peggy shook her head in confusion. Then she sat down at the reproduction genuine faux, 1950's kitchenette table with three matching vinyl seat chairs. The chairs rocked a little, as did the table, but a matchbook stuffed under the shorter legs helped. He sipped his coffee and smiled at her.

"Good coffee?" She asked.

"No, but perhaps you will also find a husband who loves you and will drink it."

"Thanks, I think. So tell me, why Santa couldn't make the trip this year. I assume he usually does do the whole flying, delivery thing? And the list? Naughty and nice?"

"Yes. I could check to see if you are on the list. Perhaps you were the naughty and nice? Yes? Anyway, Santa and the North Poles peoples got the very bad flu. They were so ill,

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throwing up everywhere. I tell you true," he leaned over the table and touched her hand, "it was disgusting."

"I'm sure." She stared at his hand where it touched hers. It was warm, big, and somehow very comforting.

"So they could not make the trips. Santa called in some favors and voila! He has help to deliver the gifts."

"You don't look like any elf I've ever seen. Aren't you a little tall?"

"Of course. I am not an elf. I am an Incubus." He looked at her in expectation of her delight at entertaining an Incubus at night.

"Ink Cube Bus? What's that?"

"That is me," he rose out of his chair. "I am Lionel, one of the premiere Incubus in the entire worlds. I am the very famous Incubus in the Corps."

"That would be the Incubus Corps?"

"Naturally. My picture was in 'Demon Magazine.' Have you never heard of me?" He looked appalled when she shook her head. "Unbelievable. I am legendary." He sat down suddenly.

"Gee, Lionel. I've been sort of out of things," Peggy rushed in. She didn't want this giant to get angry and she was a little sad at the unhappy look on his face. "I was real tied up with my ex and things. I don't keep up with all the news."

"That must be it," he looked relieved. "You are not in the know. You may call me, Lion. My special friends call me Lion. I can be your Lion, eh?" He flashed a little boy, crooked smile at her and her insides melted.

"The name certainly suits you. Tell me again what an InkUBus does. I sometimes forget these things. A fault of mine. Bad memory you know."

The eyebrow rose again. "An Incubus," he stressed the

pronunciation. "An Incubus is a nocturnal spirit who visits women in their sleep and lives their sexual fantasies with them. Some nights I am a pirate, or a barbarian. Maybe a scoundrel, but always I make the love to the woman, and she is fulfilled and satisfied. I am the best." A smug look crossed his face.

"Maybe you think I should be modest, but there is no need. I have a cock that is so large that women begin to come when they see it. Here I will show you." He jumped up and lifted the leather flap. "I shall unloose the thong."

"No," Peggy held her hand up. "That's really not necessary. I can, um see, that it's very large." She stared at the huge bulge. "Honestly, very large."

She tore her eyes away from the moving life barely contained within the leather loincloth.

"Why the ribbon? Is that some Incubus thing?"

"The ribbon?" He sounded confused. "Ah, this ribbon." Lion slid his hands along the ribbon around his hips.

"Santa insisted that we all dress in some Christmas apparel. But, I could not fit into the elf's suits. They are very small people, while Santa's clothing was too short and too wide. I had not any suitable clothes. So I made one." He smiled triumphantly.

"And therefore you are dressed as?"

"The Christmas Package." He threw his arms out wide. "You see before you the Christmas Package."

"I sure do," Peggy muttered. "And that's quite a package." She smiled and giggled a little.

"See you also." The incubus waved his finger at her accusingly. "I do not understand this thing."

"What thing?" Peggy tried to stifle her giggles. But every time she thought of him referring to his package, she started again.

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"When I telled my cousin, Des, and her husband, Gideon, about the Christmas Package, they both laugh. Santa and Mrs. Claus laughed very much. I do not understand. Everyone likes the Christmas Package, but they all laugh. It is a fine Christmas package." He frowned down at his bow covered bulging crotch.

"It certainly is." Peggy bit on her inner cheek to keep the laughter inside.

"Eh, I do not understand, but it does not matter. I must go now. It is late and I have much to do. I have many gifts to give to the sleeping childrens."

"Perhaps we should make that call now and have some nice people come over and help you find your home?"

"I explained that is not necessary. You are very sweet to think of me. I think your ex was very stupid to leave such a beautiful, exciting woman." He stood and took a step towards her.

"He found someone else. Blonde, young, and very busty. Three things I am not." Peggy rose and moved to put a chair between them.

"Ah, but the woman of experience, that is more exciting. You both bring what you know into the bed. A woman of experience is a fine thing to have. One with such wonderful, soft, silky skin." Lion moved the chair aside and stepped closer.

"Soft skin is easy when you're fat."

"You are not fat, you are as plump and ripe as a round partridge. As succulent as biting into a ripe pear. The juices of the pear run down your chin and drip onto your chest. Making you sticky all over. Like the juices of a woman make you sticky when you make the love. Those juices run all over you also."

Peggy caught herself leaning in towards him. She pulled back. The man was crazy. He thought he was a nocturnal spirit substituting for Santa. This was not normal. Peggy sighed. What a loss. That was one package she wouldn't mind getting for a gift.

"You wait right here. I'm going to get my cell phone. It's right next to the bed, wait right here. Don't move." Peggy rushed into the bedroom, swooped up the cell phone, and ran back into the living room. "And, I think I have an old sweatshirt and jogging pants that might fit you. They'll be tight, but at least they'll be warm. You're going to catch your death of cold running around half-dressed."

"Here I am, L..." She looked around. "Where are you?" Peggy looked around the room. He wasn't there. There wasn't any place he could hide, he hadn't followed her into her bedroom, and the door was locked and had the security chain on it. Had he opened the door it would have made quite a noise.

Quickly she checked the windows. Still all locked and sealed. But he was gone. No sign of him, except the two coffee mugs on the table.

Peggy looked around again. Could she have imagined the whole thing? Of course she had. *Get a grip, girl. Incubus? Santa? You'd better believe you imagined it.* It had been a long time since she and Carl had sex, he'd claimed to be so busy. She'd understood and waited. As it turned out he had been having sex, but not with her. Maybe this fantasy was because it had been too long.

Wearily Peggy turned off the coffeemaker, the lights and went back to bed. This was one Christmas Eve she wouldn't be forgetting. She fell asleep as her head hit the pillow and dreamed of finding Lion again, only this time in her bed.

❧ Part Two ❧

Peggy turned over in her sleep and drew close to the form lying there. She threw a leg across him and dropped her head on his shoulder. *Mmmmm*, Carl smelled good. He was so warm, those strong arms of his; she ran her fingers down his chest and hard abs. He must have been working out. That's probably why he was out so late at night. She burrowed her head down deeper and began to drift off again.

Carl? Smell good? Carl considered deodorant optional. He considered his natural scent to be manly, even when it reached that certain point when it was unbearable. At no time would his incipient potbelly be this firm. The arms? Definitely not Carl. Well then, who the hell was in bed with her? Cautiously she rolled her head back and slowly opened one eye.

A pair of bright topaz eyes looked back at her and a glow-in-the-dark set of teeth flashed in a grin at her.

"Ah, I have returned. Perhaps you might wish a Christmas gift? One that Santa could not bring you?"

"It's you," Peggy struggled to sit up, pulling the sheet up to cover the low cut sexy nightgown. The strap fell off her shoulder. She'd bought it for herself after she'd moved. It reminded her she was a woman. But then, so did the male figure in her bed.

"Look, whoever you are..." she began.

"You were correct. You have not the good memory. I am Lionel, your Lion. I was here earlier tonight? You do not remember?"

"Yes, I remember. Well, I thought I remembered. Wait, this cannot be real. Why don't you just tell me who you are and what you are doing here?" Then Peggy had a thought, "And," she added, "how you got in here?"

"The last is easiest, I come down the chimney. Just like Old Saint Nick, yes?"

"I don't have a chimney. And no way would you fit down the flue if I did."

"That is true. Very well, it is complicated, but I can go anywhere where a woman sleeps alone. I just think of her, and voila, there I am."

"And why are you here?"

"I came because you seemed lonely. Because you are beautiful, desirable, and I am a man. I cannot resist your call to me. That need of your body calls out to me, and I respond to it."

"What a crock. I don't have any body needs that call out to you."

"But, Cherie, you do." His finger moved to her face and traced the line of her cheek. "The heat within you reaches out to me, and catches me." His finger wandered down her neck and pulled the sheet away. "Your body knows that it desires what I can give it, what I long to give it. What it longs for," he leaned close and whispered in her ear. "What my body wishes to share with you. To please you."

Peggy opened her mouth to protest, but his fingers lay across them. "No, do not deny it. I know this with every cell that is within me. I can hear the song of your heat and I respond to you. I am here only to give to you, only to please you. Only to serve and worship at the altar of your desire."

"I, I don't have desire for you." Peggy licked her lips as she told the lie.

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"That is not true. You ache to have me, driving between your legs, driving into you, filling you. I wish to sink into the hot depth of you, feeling you give way, and then have your body clench around me, to hold me tightly within you. Our bodies speak to each other as man to woman." He kissed her lightly on the corner of her lip. "Mostly especially, woman to man."

Lionel drew her down with him, pulling her half on top of him as he settled her around his body.

"Come, my love. Linger here with me. We will give to each other and fill the lonely places within us. When we rise, we will keep that feeling of wholeness and carry it forth into life. You will know that you are all that a man wishes, dreams of, everything he desires. Let me show you."

"I shouldn't. I don't know you. I don't know if you are even real."

"Does it matter? This night is of the Christmas magic, let go of your logical mind. Just as I could not stay away from you, had to come back to you, as I have never wanted to do with any other woman, I ask you to come with me into that realm of unreality. Soar with me into the blissful waiting night." He pulled her mouth to his and kissed her deeply.

Her cautious inner voice must have decided to take Christmas off for Peggy wound her arms and legs around him and kissed back, deeply exploring the taste and scent of him. She reveled in the maleness of him, opening herself to him. Whatever happened in the rest of her life, she would have this one night to remember. One glorious, mad, passionate night.

"No this can't be." She just had to make that one last-ditch effort, she could fall for this apparition so easily.

"If this is not real, then what will be the harm? If I am a dream, then let us embrace it. Come with me into the dream."

Peggy looked at him. This was madness, it wasn't real. But he was right, if this wasn't real then why not? Maybe this was her body telling her it needed the release of orgasm. Maybe she should listen to it. The lord alone knew how she managed to dream up such a hunk. There wasn't a male alive that held a candle to him. She was dreaming of him here, in her bed, asking to fulfill her fantasy and dreams. So what if she fell in love with him? Oh, why the hell not?

"Yes, take me there. Show me, Lion."

"There will be more tonights for us. I am a creature made to pleasure women, and it is my delight to do so. But you, your heart calls to me and I hear it in a way I have never done before."

He rolled her over until she stared up at him, caught in the dark depths of those tawny eyes. His hair fell down, covering the side of her face like a curtain. She could feel the soft silk of it against her cheek. The roughness of his hand excited her as he ran his fingers along her skin.

He nuzzled her at the base of her neck, nipping and licking at that very spot that turned her knees to jelly. Had the house caught fire at this moment, she would have cheerfully let it burn around her. The fire could have been no hotter than the building flames within her.

His tongue moved lower, caressing her skin. Softly he took a nipple into his mouth, wetting it, then blowing gently on it. It tightened. Peggy shuddered. Lionel smiled and moved to the other breast. Kissing it, he circled his tongue around and round the nipple until Peggy whimpered and arched toward him. His lips closed slowly over the bud, sucking at it, taking it in and out of his wet mouth. As he sucked on it, her body moved in response. The rhythm mimicked the dance of making love and her body followed. As the pressure built

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higher, Peggy squirmed and bucked under the steady pull of his mouth. He began to suck longer, deeper and she moved higher, up and up. His fingers moved to the other nipple and began to pinch and pull on it in the same rhythm. Peggy could not hold back. With a cry, she reached her peak and fell over it, tumbling down into the star sparkling night. By the time the shudders had quit her body she was taking in deep breaths of air, trying to catch herself.

Smiling, Lion rolled her boneless body over and straddled her back. Peggy was blissful. He kissed her across the back, and began trailing kisses down her body. As he tickled them across her ass, Peggy tensed. His tongue danced over the taut skin and she held her breath as he began to nuzzle the underside of her ass cheek. She shot up as Lion nipped her gently, his teeth closing on her tender flesh.

"What the hell did you just do?" Peggy could hardly get the words out.

"Did you not like it?" His tongue laved the bite.

"Oh yes, I liked it. You let me show you how much I liked it." She tried to roll over. Her voice was low with sexual need.

"No, tonight is for you to feel. I am having the great fulfillment of watching you respond to my touch." His fingers trailed down the crease between her cheeks and stroked down to the waiting nubbin.

Peggy gasped and pushed her ass higher.

"You wish this?"

"Oh yes, now. I can't wait."

She could feel Lion move, apparently putting on a condom, and then felt the tip of his penis begin to probe the one spot no man had ever entered.

"That will hurt," she breathed. Right now there was no

pain and she wished she could open so widely that he could enter easily. Only the fear of the coming pain held her back.

"No, my Cherie," Lion leaned over and whispered in her ear "I will not enter you, just play until you are so hot and ready for me you cannot wait. But for tonight, this will only be play."

Peggy thrilled at the way he emphasized tonight. Anal sex had never appealed to her, but with Lion it was different. Even as he spoke to her, the tip of his rod pressed further into her, exciting her by the unknown intrusion.

He eased his way to an upright position. Slowly he pulled back and withdrew the scant quarter inch he had entered her. Then slowly he pushed back in. In and out he moved, using the lubrication of the condom to ease his way and hers.

Peggy felt her ass catch on fire. She moved back and forth, trying to force him deeper into her. She tingled, and bolts of electricity ran from her anus to her clit. As he pulled and moved in and out, the lips that guarded her clit moved against it. The friction drove her higher.

She moved faster and encouraged him to go deeper.

She felt him move slightly and she could feel him slide his hand down her body. His fingers gently caressed her throbbing clit. Then stoked harder, and harder. As he pulled at it, plucking it with a firm touch, he continued to rock back and forth, entering, and leaving her anus. Peggy was wild with a passion she never expected to feel.

Lion began to press and stroke her clit with his thumb. Peggy let out a little scream when, slowly, so very slowly, Lion slid two of his fingers into her wet, welcoming passage. His firm strokes were nothing like the grasping, unskilled fingers when she remembered Carl groping her. Moving back and forth, he spread those lips wider, then slid a third finger inside.

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He reached deeper into her.

Her head thrashed back and forth on the pillow as she bit down into the feathers, trying not to scream and howl. Every place he touched her, her body burned. The flame so hot it consumed her.

Then her orgasm was upon her, she could feel the head of Lion's great penis inside her that untried place, could feel the great jets of hot liquid being forced out, and could feel the reservoir fill and begin to swell, pushing inside her. His fingers moved back and forth inside her. His rough-skinned thumb brushed across her clit. She came to a shuddering, soul searing orgasm.

Lionel fell to the side of her, half rolling her over and pulled her close. He laid tiny kisses upon her mouth and nibbled on those same lips.

"Cherie, that was so good. Ah, I have truly seen the angels. You were fantastic. Any man would worship at your feet for a night filled with such fulfillment. Your passion has made me complete and I become addicted."

Peggy stirred slightly, totally unable to move or speak. Still dazed by the powerful feelings that had swept her to the most climatic moment of her life.

"Hush, ma Cherie. Now we sleep. This is not over. For us there will be other nights."

Peggy smiled and snuggled close, her nostrils filled with the heavy musk of sexual fulfillment that scented the air. She drifted off to sleep, dreaming of the best Christmas package she'd ever had.

Lionel pulled her closer. He must remember to notify the Corps tomorrow that he would be taking some time off, no more missions for him. Not now, and maybe not at all. A tender smile crossed his face as he remembered the faces of the

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sleeping children as he'd delivered gifts. He'd always thought of children as noisy, messy things. Screaming, crying, whining little annoyances. But somehow, tonight, with visions of their sweet faces in his mind, and this wonderful, caring woman in his arms...

He held her, remembering how she offered him coffee and was concerned about him getting home. He was a stranger, yet she was more concerned for him than afraid for herself. Such a woman was not so easy to find. Maybe this Christmas he had received the gift.

The End

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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.