



Ocean's Mist Press

# Tigra-Luna LeMar

Santa,  
Sam's Been  
A Bad Girl



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**DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

**To the one person who has been there for me every time, D.M Dulton. To my Falcon, Rick...I love you.**

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### **Chapter One**

Samantha walked around the bed and inspected the sheets. She needed to make sure they were spotless, because no one liked sleeping on a dirty bed--especially if someone else had been sleeping in it. She grinned. Owning her own bed and breakfast was not in her cards, but when the judge said it was hers, she jumped at the chance. Her dream was to work as a photographer and take care of her kids, while her husband worked. She had never had her own business before--never even thought about it--but she had learned a lot over the years of running it for Mick, her deadbeat ex-husband. Now, she owned it with her friend, Danielle Henry; and business had never been better.

She had learned quickly how to do everything--from the books to the cooking. Hours of watching Martha Stewart, as well as foreign and domestic cooking shows had prepared her. She would practice for hours after Mick Hamilton had stumbled into the house drunk and crawled into bed after his night of cheating. She didn't know it then, or maybe she had a feeling he was cheating. She didn't want to face it that her perfect husband could do something so *horrible* to her.

The fire department had shown up to her place at least six times because the neighbors saw smoke pouring out of her kitchen window. Sam became extremely embarrassed when they showed up, because it seemed they chose the hottest set of firefighters to come to her rescue. Then, she'd have the task of explaining to them that she was trying to cook something new. After a while,

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she gave up, and hired her own cook because she had fired the one that Mick had hired as soon as she found out the B&B belonged to her.

Smiling, she plumped one pillow, then the next, before placing them neatly on the bed. She reached into a pocket on her apron and pulled out two mints. Placing one on each pillow, she picked up a basket of warm, clean towels and walked to the bathroom.

"Sam!" a familiar voice called from outside. She stuck her head through the window.

"Would you stop yelling and come inside?" she waved.

"I wanted to make sure you were here," Danielle called, running up the front steps into the large Victorian house.

Soon, the beautiful blonde was walking into the room that Samantha had been cleaning after the guests had checked out.

"What's up?" Samantha asked, while inspecting the bathroom one last time before turning out the lights.

"I placed that ad in the newspaper for you," Danielle said, beginning to pack the dirty linens into an empty basket and placing it at the door, "I only *hope* we get one of those handymen like the one from *Oprah!*"

"Man, you watch *way* too much TV!" Sam laughed. The two grabbed the dirty stuff and left the room. They closed the door behind them.

"But a girl can dream."

"True. I mean I'm looking for love, but I want to be practical this time. I don't want the hot man if all he's gonna bring me is drama. I've had *enough* of that."

"I hear that."

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Samantha and Danielle sat together on the front lawn as they shelled fresh peas from the pods for the large Sunday dinner they were planning. It was a lot of work, but they were up for it.

The two friends had known each other since they were babies. Their parents were friends before, and had insisted that the two stuck together. They grew up together and had helped each other through the rough spots that life tossed at them--from pimples on special occasions to failed relationships.

Samantha's biggest rough spot was her marriage, while Danielle's was learning to walk again after a near-fatal car accident. The two cherished life a lot more now, and knew that they should not just *settle* for anything *or* anyone. Samantha was looking for love again--even though her first Prince Charming had turned into a frog. Danielle was looking for her first real prince.

"I remember the day we started high school," Danielle giggled, dumping a handful of peas into the bowl. "That was *different*."

Samantha grinned. "That was terrifying," she agreed, "but we had an unfair advantage."

"What was that?"

"We didn't really have to make friends, because we had each other!"

"Think it messed us up, that way? Not having to meet people and all that?"

Both women stopped their work and looked at each other. "Nah!" they echoed together and laughed.

"Hey, Thelma and Louise," Benjamin "Cappy" Rodriguez called from the kitchen window. "You wanna hurry it up? This dinner ain't gonna cook itself!"

The two women looked at him and waved, before turning to giggle with each other. They knew how irritable Cappy got when dinner wasn't prepared on *time*.

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It was late evening, and everyone in the house was *finally* asleep. The last of the crickets could still be heard singing outside. Once in a while, a vehicle drove by--causing the headlights to bounce off the inside walls and furniture of the bed and breakfast.

The two friends could now kick back and relax with a nice glass of wine. Samantha was not normally a drinker but with the guests who were in the house at the moment, it was either alcohol or murder. She began wondering if she snapped and killed someone in the house, which of the guests it would be.

There was an old woman in Room Two who thought young people had no morals, and didn't deserve to be set loose on society. She said that they were all little hooligans who would get their "comeuppance," soon enough. Now that Sam was thinking about it, that wasn't irritating at all: it was funny! With her vivid imagination, she could see a gun-toting granny who had severe arthritis, bursting into a house to whack all the young people who lived there. Sam giggled.

"What?" Danielle asked, confused.

"Nothing," Sam sipped from her glass.

Danielle nodded.

Then, there was the newlywed couple in Number Four who argued all the time.

"Makes you wonder which one is going to kill the other for the insurance money," Danielle grumbled at one point while serving the guests dinner.

It had taken everything in Samantha not to drop the large jug of juice and roll on the floor laughing.

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"You think they should be *married*?" Samantha broke the silence. "I mean...arguing like that is not good for *anyone's* health. Trust me, I've been there--done that."

Danielle seemed to be thinking hard. "I don't know," she responded. "They argue like cats and dogs. Who am I kidding? They argue worse than cats and dogs--" The still night air was interrupted by passion-filled sounds coming from above them." And they *make up* pretty well, too."

Samantha felt her cheeks warm, and was happy that she was black. When she blushed, it didn't show. "Yeah, I guess. That makes me wonder about the insurance thing, though."

"Me, too."

"Really?"

"Yes, why didn't you think of it with Mick?"

"Danielle!"

"What?" Danielle wanted to know. "I mean...think about it. How the hell did you live with that jerk all those years, and not even *think* of pumping him full of lead or dropping arsenic in his tea?"

"I don't know. I guess when you think you're in love, everything fogs up. You know what I mean?"

Danielle didn't say anything. Instead, she took a sip from her wine and nodded.

The darkness opened, giving passage a truck--swallowing up the night again like a glob behind it. The only sound heard were: the soft engine whirring away along with crickets, the smooth rush of water smashing against rocks, and a dog's occasional barking. Once in a while, *something* would run across the road—a squirrel or skunk. Rayden didn't care; he liked the silence of the night,



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but hated what it represented. The night stood for sleep, but each time Rayden closed his eyes, his demons went on the defensive--attacking and scaring him. His large body trembled from the thought of being afraid, and he tried to remember the last time he'd *truly* felt fearful. It made him sad because the only time he remembered being afraid, was the night he found out that Rion was *gone*.

He was frightened to hope for the best, yet thinking the worst broke his heart over and over again. Fear had no place in his life. It shouldn't have. Fear only swallowed him and made him into a paranoid monster. Everyone wanted nothing to do with it. But that could've been a *good* thing. That meant they would leave him alone with his thoughts, but he couldn't stay with them. He couldn't face them everyday—knowing that Rion's death was *entirely* his fault.

The sound of the ocean running parallel to his vehicle soothed him, so he reached down and flipped off the radio that played soft rock music. He wanted to remember this night as oen of the only ones—in three years—that he had *any* form of *peace*--however fleeting he knew it would be.

He ran a tired hand over his eyes and squinted to clear them. He wanted to stop for the night, but he didn't know if he was far enough away yet. After the trial was over, he had wanted *nothing* to do with Anderson Bay. He had packed only what was needed, and he took off. That was three years ago.

Running felt wrong to him, but still he couldn't stop. Stopping meant he would have to turn around and face what was chasing him, and he didn't think he was strong enough. Stopping meant closure and forgiveness, and he wasn't ready for that. He wasn't ready to forget, and he would be *damned* if he was going to forgive!

A tear trickled down his sun-kissed cheek, and he brushed the back of a hand against it. He wouldn't cry. He would be strong, and he would get even.

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Rayden pulled into what seemed like a tourist attraction parking lot and surveyed the area. From where he parked, he could see the water. A few lovers were walking hand-in-hand on the beach as he climbed out of his truck and onto the hood.

Rayden felt the urge to tell the men to run for their lives. He ached to tell them that women would suck the life out of them and leave them with nothing. He yearned to tell the men that women dangled bait in front of their faces; then when the men fell in love, the women would snatch the bait away! Rayden wanted to yell that women were like black widow spiders: they *ate* their lovers when they were finished with them.

Inside, Rayden was screaming for the men to walk away before it was too late, but he didn't say anything. He sat their on the hood of his truck--stewing in his own shame and pain. He sat on the hood of his truck, dying slowly inside.

He rested his back against the windshield, and crossed his arms in defiance over his chest. His brown hair blew in the wind as he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. Rion would have *loved* the smell of the ocean.

## Chapter Two

Samantha was cleaning up the dishes from breakfast, and Danielle decided to go into town and get some groceries. It was almost ten in the morning, and Samantha had finally gotten into the groove of the day. She had gotten her routine down to an art, and things were running smoothly.

Humming Metallica's "Enter Sandman," she was startled when the front doorbell rang. Had she forgotten to put up the NO VACANCY sign again? Wiping her hand into her apron, she walked to the front door and pulled it open. The man standing there took her breath away. To her, he was a mixture of James Bond and Indiana Jones. Then, add a pinch of Shemar Moore, some Viggo Mortensen, and sprinkle in some Brian Littrel. She must have been staring, because his mouth seemed to be moving, but all she could hear was a buzzing sound inside her head. Shaking herself, she smiled.

"Can I help you?" she finally managed to ask.

"I hope so," he said, giving her a slight smile. It was a smile that didn't quite meet her eyes. "I'm here about the handyman job listed in the newspaper."

"Oh!" she laughed nervously and stepped to one side, extending a hand to him. "Please, come on in. I'm Samantha Davis--the owner of the joint."

"Rayden Sinclair," he told her, shaking her hand and dropping it as though it were on fire.

"Well, Mr. Sinclair. My partner has gone into town for some groceries and should be back in about one hour--if you'd like to come in?" Closing the door behind them, she led him into the kitchen and motioned to the large table. Please, have a seat. Would you like something to drink? Coffee? Tea? Juice?"

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Rayden smiled genuinely despite himself, and took the seat she offered.  
"Coffee please; black."

He was shocked when the door had swung open, and this woman introduced herself as the owner. The teenager in the café in town told him to ask for Sam, so he was expecting a man. He didn't know if he could work for a woman--simply because of his dislike and distrust of them. When she placed a mug in front of him with WORLD SERIES CHAMPS 2005 BOSTON RED SOX emblazoned on it in front of him, he *had* to chuckle.

"Break it and die!" she threatened.

"I take it you're a Bo Sox fan?" he asked, taking a sip from the mug.

"The biggest," she grinned. "How about some breakfast?"

"I'm not even here ten minutes, and you're trying to fatten me up."

"Well, it's in my blood," she giggled.

Rayden watched her as she stood there, waiting for him to tell her what he wanted to eat for breakfast. All his mind kept telling him was run. In order to stop her from being so close to him, he told her that toast and jam would be sufficient.

Her skin reminded him of smooth, delicious dark chocolate. He wondered if she *tasted* as good. Setting the cup down, he rubbed his open palms over his face, and rested his elbows on the table.

"Sam, I couldn't find the margarine--" Danielle stopped in mid-sentence,  
"Ah, Sam...there's a really *hot* guy sitting at our table!"

Sam was *so* embarrassed. She watched as Rayden stood up to help her friend with the grocery bags. "Dani, this is Rayden Sinclair; he's here about the handy man job."

"God does answer prayers!" Danielle giggled.

"Excuse her. Her *libido* thinks for her," Sam grinned.

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"That's all right."

There was something about Sam that spoke to him, and that infuriated Rayden. He didn't want *anything* to do with a woman. Being intrigued by one this soon after meeting her, was *never* a good sign.

As they sat down for the interview, he kept his eyes on Sam. He loved the way she fidgeted under his gaze, because she knew he was staring. He gave Danielle a lop-sided smile as she asked him questions, and he answered them with a cool ease that showed his familiarity with the work for which he was being interviewed. He didn't really have to think too hard about any of the answers, because he had been asked them before--over and over--for the last three years.

Sam felt his eyes on her. She felt heat rising from the soles of her feet. Her heart began to hammer slightly as she tried to look as normal as possible. She shuffled the papers and looked at Danielle. But when she had to look at their prospective employee, she looked past him--through him, even. She couldn't make eye contact; she didn't want him to see how much of a physical attraction she had to him. She didn't even want to shake his hand after the interview was over to congratulate him on getting the job. Her palms were sweating.

"Follow Sam, and she will show you to your place," Danielle said, looking over at her friend.

Sam gave Danielle a "you take him" look, but Danielle continued to look back down at the papers in front of her, and began signing them. If Sam didn't know better, she would have *sworn* that Danielle was smiling.

"After you." Rayden's voice dragged her from her pondering. She gave him a tiny, nervous smile.

"This way," she said, hurrying out of the main house.

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Rayden watched her hips as she walked in front of him. She began speaking, but he was hypnotized. He liked the way her hips swung rhythmically from side to side, and the sexy way her jeans hugged her curves. He liked the way baby blue matched her skin, and caused the hot chocolate color to look so cool and touchable.

Shaking his head, he almost crashed into her when she suddenly stopped in front of a smaller house.

"This is *it!*" she said, wiping her palms against her thighs and stepping aside after opening the door. "It's not much, but you have your own kitchen. You can cook food here, or you can eat with us in the main house." She walked in and gave him the grand tour. "There's only one bedroom. You have one and a half bathrooms, and as you can see, the place is furnished. But be careful with the hot water, it tends to run cold for a few seconds when you turn it on."

"Thank you," Rayden said, wondering why he was acting the way he was. It was like he was back in high school--drooling over Beverly Sykes. The said thing was, after he *finally* got into Beverly's pants underneath the bleachers in his senior year, he wished he *hadn't*. She smelled funny, and she had no idea *what* she was doing.

"You're welcome," she told him. "You can start, tomorrow. We're already missing half the day." She turned to leave, then stopped. "Oh, you're welcome to the use of the computers and library in the main house."

Rayden walked her to the door and watched her leave. He folded his arms across his chest, and leaned against the frame to watch her beautiful ass swing in perfection as she walked back toward the main house. When she turned around and waved to him, he felt like a spy. He nodded his head slowly, then stepped back into his new home and slammed the door shut.

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"Well, thanks a lot, you traitor," Sam spouted when she re-entered the house.

"What?" Danielle asked, hurrying around the kitchen as she prepared lunch. "I didn't do anything."

"Whatever."

The two prepared a lunch of ham and cheese sandwiches, lemonade, and fresh fruit. After their guest had eaten and retired to their activities, Sam was passing the window where Danielle stood, staring out. The woman was transfixed. "What are you--?" She stopped as she saw what Danielle was looking at.

Rayden was in the corral with Sam's horse, Thunder. Rayden was shirtless and running with the horse as though he were a wild man--strong and free. She almost dropped the book in her hand as she stared. "He's *so* sexy," Danielle spoke in a low whisper.

Sexy wasn't the word Sam would've used, but she agreed. Rayden had thick muscles that danced to his movements when he ran. Then, he stopped suddenly and ran the other way with Thunder having the time of his life trying to play tag with Rayden. His brown hair blew in the wind. His tight jeans accentuated every muscle in his legs, butt, and thighs. Samantha sighed dreamily, and walked away from the window with reluctance.

"What's your problem?" Danielle asked, walking after her friend.

"Nothing," Sam mumbled, bending down in front of the washer. She yanked the door open and began stuffing in the whites. Danielle took the hint and walked out of the laundry room, leaving Sam with her thoughts.

He had no right to be that sexy, Sam thought as she dumped laundry detergent into the machine. Why did God make men like that when men were

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nothing but trouble and pain? What woman in her right mind could give up a man like Rayden? And why was she feeling like a teenager with a crush?



### Chapter Three

It was just after ten that night when Rayden finally decided to take the chance and leave his room again. He had been trying to avoid seeing Sam, because he knew he would get a raging hard-on just by remembering the way her hips swung, or her smell as he stepped past her into the house, or the way her eyes flickered nervously when he stared at her for too long.

She was making him feel things he hadn't in years, and that was not acceptable to him. He wanted to stay in his dark corner and stay away from a woman's love or touch. He needed to stretch his legs. That run with the horse earlier, was the best work-out he'd had in months, and it left his legs stiff and sore.

As he walked, he heard a hushed voice. Bending into creeping style, he hurried forward and peeked over. There in the water, with the moon-light shining against her wet skin, was Samantha. Across from her, was her friend-- Danielle. They were having a late-night swim, and he was spying on them again.

"So what's stopping you?" Danielle asked, "You're not married anymore, so that can't be it...and if you tell me you're feeling bad because it feels like you're cheating on that eel, I'll have to shoot you!"

"I don't know," Sam said, swimming around her friend. Then, she stopped in front again. "And feeling bad about cheating on that ass isn't the reason. I guess I just want a man to love me and *mean* it, you know? Just once, I'd like him to touch me and it's real. I mean . . . I don't know if I expect happily ever after, but a kiss that makes your insides boil, has got to be worth *something*. Right?"

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"Right."

"Am I being unreasonable?"

"No, Sam. What's *unreasonable* is that men aren't like that, anymore. Most of them don't believe in romance *or* that kiss that made your insides boil—for that matter. So if you find that one who loves you and wants to take care of you, go for it."

Sam rested her head back until her hair was in the water, then she lifted her head. She used her hands to smooth her hair back and smiled.

Rayden thought his insides were going to seep through his skin. He felt his cock pressing against the front of his pants, begging to be let out. He closed his eyes. Her wetness and the moon shining on her skin drove him mad. He crawled back, and then took off running in the dark back toward his house. His legs ached, but he didn't stop until his door was locked behind him, and he was in his bedroom with his face stuck into a pillow. In his head, Sam's sweet, wet skin glistened under the moonlight--taunting him, calling to him.

"Did you hear something?" Sam asked, straining her eyes to see into the darkness.

"You're not only in denial, but you're paranoid! I think you should see someone!"

"Dani!"

"What?"

"I'm being serious. I think I heard something." She continued to look around for a while after she had heard the rustling.

"It's just wind, Sam. If you're so sure, let's go back to the house. It's getting late anyway, and we should get some sleep before tomorrow."

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On their way back, Samantha stared over at where she knew Rayden's bedroom window was. The light was out. She couldn't *believe* he was already asleep. Images of him shirtless and frolicking with Thunder made her moan.

"Are you all right?" Danielle asked as they climbed the steps to the main house.

"Fine," Sam said. "Christmas is coming. You know how weird I get around that time of year."

That night, as Sam tossed and turned in bed, wondered why Rayden was always in her mind. She walked over to the window, and looked out. She didn't know what made her do it, because she had never done that before. She saw Rayden in the light on the porch. He has set up an old punching bag out there and was going at it like there was no tomorrow. Sam glanced at the clock and wondered what he was trying to escape. She wondered what was the deal with his being shirtless all the time.

Wrapping a robe around her lingerie-clad body, she walked down the stairs and across the yard. "Couldn't sleep?" she called to him, and he stopped to face her for just a second before attacking the bag again.

"Something like that," Rayden told her.

"Mind if I join you?"

"Only room on the bag for one, but you're welcome to hang around."

Sam sat down on the step and rested her back against the rail as she watched him. There was *something* about his body--the way the sweat shone off it in the dim light of dawn. His muscles--toned and conditioned--moved with each jab or each punch. She smiled and looked away from him. What was she expecting?

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Rayden watched her from the corner of his eyes. She was staring at him as if he were her next meal, and that made him hot.

"Hey Sam," he called. For the first time, she noticed that the sounds of his fists slamming into the bag had stopped.

"Yes?"

"What are you wearing underneath that robe?"

Something told her to tell him that it was none of his business and run back into the house as fast as her feet could carry her. Instead, she stood up and undid the tie. The robe fell to the ground behind her, and she watched as Rayden's eyes turned to molten silver. She *loved* that.

He walked over to her, slowly peeling the gloves from his hands. He let them fall to the ground before grabbing her by the waist and lifting her. She wrapped her legs around his waist. Instinctively, his mouth found hers.

Rayden couldn't remember kissing another woman like that. There was such raw need there that it shocked him. He felt almost primal as his head went from side to side to find the perfect position to kiss her. His tongue was doing battle with hers, causing his head to spin and his hard cock to press against her moistness. A groan left his throat as he stood there, with her wrapped around him--in more ways than one.

Sam's hands went up to cup his cheeks--as if to keep him kissing her. She thought if he stopped, she would die. Slowly, she felt him climbing the stairs. Then, there was a slam. She should stop that. It could not lead to anything good. It couldn't. He was the hired help! He was just passing through. The whole thing was insanity! He could be a horrible lover! He was so good!

She felt her back on a hard material, and she sighed dreamily.

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"Don't be scared," he said, as he took both her wrists and pressed them above her head. Then, she heard a clicking sound and looked up. Both her hands had been cuffed to a curtain rod that was drilled into the wall.

"Rayden, where did you get these?" she wanted to know. Sam was a little scared. It wasn't everyday the man she was making out with pulled out a pair of handcuffs!

"Do you really want to know where I got them?" he asked, as he slowly went down to his knees and kissed her stomach. She whimpered when his tongue trailed fire across her stomach. "Or would you rather know what I intend to use them to do to you?"

Biting down on her dark lips to try and regain some semblance of control or brain power, she groaned. But Sam knew it was fruitless.

Rayden smiled up at her--a smile that would make any woman fall to her knees and do as he asked. "I thought so." He pushed her legs apart slowly, and placed small, hot kisses from her knees upward.

He brought his nose across her and inhaled. "See, Sam?" he wanted to know. "*This* is what a woman should smell like: hot ...fire..."

She closed her eyes in anticipation of what was coming next. One of his hands went up and tweaked one of her nipples, then the other. She sighed with contentment. His calloused fingers reached down and gently pushed her pussy lips apart. She stopped breathing. *He can't be doing what I think he's going to do*, she thought.

Rayden pushed his tongue deep within her--once, then twice--then he moved his mouth upward. He began licking at her as her juices began streaming down her thighs. She tasted so good that he knew it would have to happen again. He did not know how he would live if he couldn't taste her again. But would he have the courage to ask her to do it one more time?

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Sucking on her clit, he pushed his long index finger into her, and began fucking her.

Her hips were gyrating and bucking, trying to get more. Sam moaned, whimpered, and muttered his name. Nothing she could do would do any justice to the things she was feeling. Nothing she would ever experience again would rival what his tongue was doing to her. Her back arched, and she yanked at the cuffs at her wrist because she needed to touch him.

"Ray," she panted., "So good!"

Her words became one long word, and she slurred them. Her eyes rolled back into her head, but that didn't stop Rayden. His tongue kept going--along with his fingers.

"Come on Sam, feed me!" he ordered, fiercely. "Cum for me!"

His words should have disgusted her, but they didn't. She wanted to cum for him. She *wanted* to feed him. Licking her lips, she shoved her cunt forward, getting his finger deeper, and his tongue harder against her sensitive bud. When it finally hit, a long wail escaped her lips. She went up on her tiptoes, and her body began shaking.

That didn't stop Rayden. He kept eating at her, and his breathing got faster. He wanted *more*. When she finally went limp, he stopped, and licked his lips before standing up. Her body was still slowly rocking back and forth, as small tremors overtook her.

Ever so gently, he un-cuffed her, and she collapsed against his chest. He picked her up and laid her on his sofa, and brought the Afghan over her. Kissing her forehead, he looked through the window that she had been blocking earlier. The sun was coming up, now. He smiled and stuffed the handcuffs back into the waist of his pants, then he headed into the shower.

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Sam couldn't hide what had happened with Rayden from Danielle. The woman was like Columbo. But Danielle kept on giggling, after that. "I wish a man would cuff *me* to his window and have his way with me!"

"God, Danielle ...it was *so* amazing! I think I passed out for a second," Sam confided. "His tongue--" she sighed, a shiver passing through her.

"I can *only* imagine."

"No, Dani. You *can't*."

Danielle was looking through the window as she helped to tidy the room that a young married couple had just checked out of. "To look at him, you wouldn't be able to tell he's a freak."

"Dani!" Sam exclaimed and rushed over to look out. She giggled at the memory. "What do you think? Should I make it happen again?"

"I say *definitely*."

"But he might not be looking for a commitment."

"Are *you*?"

"Not until I get to know him better."

Danielle placed her hands on her hips. "And how much more is there to know about the man? I mean ...come on, girlfriend; he had his tongue--."

Even *Danielle* had to blush at the thought of the handcuffs and his tongue. "Look Sam, just use protection. That's all."

Sam nodded. "You're right. I *am* entitled to some fun."

"That's right. Now, go out there and have you some ...ah...fun!"

Samantha laughed and rushed down the stairs.

"Hi," she breathed, walking over to the corral where Rayden was busy brushing down Thunder.

"You're awake," Rayden smiled.

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Sam sat down on the corral's fence. "Are you gonna tell me where you got those cuffs?"

"It's not important," he told her, turning to look at her only for a second.

Sam nodded. "I see." She went quiet for a bit, and just watched him. "Any other *tools* in that bag of tricks that you'd like to share?"

Rayden stopped and faced her. "I can't do that again. What we did this morning shouldn't have happened. I lost control, and I'm sorry."

That stunned her. He was having second thoughts? "Hang your sorry! Why can't it happen again?"

"Because it just shouldn't, all right?" He tried to walk away, but she grabbed his arm, and he swung to face her.

"No! It's *not* all right!"

Rayden shot her a look that caused her hand to fall away from him, and she backed away. For a second, she was scared of him. That was enough time that he needed to get away and back into his house. Then, he slammed the door. She frowned. "It can't happen again?" Sam stuck her hands on her hips, and tilted her head to one side. "We'll just *see* about that!"



## Chapter Four

It was the middle of November, and the weather was freezing cold out. Lake Nipissing was already becoming icy in anticipation of the big freeze. Mistletoe hung over every door, and Christmas carols blared from the speakers of stores, elevators, and all over the radio.

Winter was definitely on its way, and the good people of the small town were already well on their way in preparation for it.

Christmas was coming. The air began to sting a little more as the weather turned colder for the December 25<sup>th</sup> snowfall. The sun began setting earlier. Sam sighed as she looked out through the window. Another season of B&B occupancies was over for her and Danielle. She was glad because she didn't have to wake up early to make everyone breakfast, and she didn't have to do load after load of laundry until summer.

She watched Rayden as he climbed a ladder to turn the sign from VACANCY to CLOSED UNTIL MAY. She inclined her head a little to see his ass, and she shivered. She remembered what that ass felt like as he pushed into her. It was hard and firm under her hand. It had tightened and loosened as he came.

"You thinking about the other night, aren't you?" Danielle's voice interrupted her musings.

"Yes, how can he *not* want to do that again?" Sam reluctantly turned from the window to sit down at the table with Danielle.

Danielle poured them a cup of tea before sitting. "I don't know; maybe he's *gay*!"

Sam shook her head. "No, he *can't* be gay--not when he makes me feel so good. At least, I *hope* he's not gay. What am I saying? He's not *gay*!"

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"Married?"

"No. He doesn't look the type?"

"Erectile dysfunction?"

"Definitely not," Samantha laughed "But I *will* find out."

"I take it you're not taking *no* for an answer?"

Sam giggled and walked back to the window to look out. But this time, Rayden wasn't there. So she walked back to sit. "You got *that* right. But how do I do it without being sued for sexual harassment?"

Both women sat deep in thought and sipped from their cups until they were emptied and refilled twice. "I *got* it!" Danielle blurted out, causing Sam to almost fall from her chair. "Aside from the fact that my bladder is about to explode, you have to make it so he *can't* say no."

"How do I do that? I mean all he'll do is tell me he's sorry, then run for the nearest exit. Why the hell are men so complicated?"

Danielle held up one finger, then bolted for the bathroom. After a minute, there was moaning, flushing, then the sound of the tap running. Danielle walked back to sit down with a bright grin on her face, "My goodness, that felt good!"

"Good for you. Now, can we go back to my crisis?"

Danielle laughed. "Oh, yes. Okay, in answer to your question. Wear something sexy, and pay Mr. Rayden Sinclair a visit. What man can say no to a woman in so little clothes?"

Sam grinned shyly. "A gay one? One suffering from erectile dysfunction? Besides, I don't think he wants to see me in lingerie again. Probably that's why he doesn't want to, anymore."

"Stop *saying* that," Danielle admonished. "Just promise me you'll at least *think* about it."

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Sam nodded, and Danielle smiled. "I'm going to bed. Maybe, I'll dream of ways for you to get your sexpot for Christmas. And Sam, I want all the details, tomorrow."

"Ah--" The look on Sam's face only made Danielle laugh as she hugged Sam and turned for her bedroom.

"I doubt there'll be any news, but we'll see," Sam told Danielle.

"I'm sleeping in, tomorrow," Danielle announced as she waked toward her room.

"Me, too," Sam told her. If not in my bed, then in his, she added thoughtfully.

Getting up, she walked over to the window and almost swallowed her tongue. It had started snowing, and Rayden was getting the horse into the barn. That was strange. It had never started snowing this early before. She had to get Rayden out of the guest house, and into the main house. The guest house's heater was busted, and no one seemed to know how to fix it.

She put a coat on and dashed out the door. She found Rayden whispering sweetly to Thunder. "I think he likes you," she said, and he whipped around. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you."

"That's all right," he said, turning back to patting Thunder's neck before picking up a shovel. "May I help you with something?."

Sam remained silent. He was treating her as though she were some stranger whom he just thought needed something.

Rayden turned to look at her again, and knew *instantly* what was wrong. "Sam," he whispered, as she held up her hands.

"*Save* it. You said you couldn't, so we'll just leave it at that. You wouldn't be the first man to push me away, and you won't be the last. But that wasn't why I came out here. I came to tell you to grab your things from the guest house

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and move into room three in the main house. Otherwise, you're going to die of frostbite."

He nodded, and she turned and left.

It was almost midnight when Rayden finally entered Room Three in the main house. He had spent a few hours in the guest house, trying to build up the courage to stay under the same roof as Samantha. It wasn't that he was afraid of her. It was just he didn't know if he was going to be able to control the urges that he was feeling.

Thinking about her made him want to tie her to something, and make her orgasm until she couldn't stay away. He wanted her to ride him, to suck him, and to love him. *Love?* He *needed* her to love him.

"Way to go, Ray," he muttered angrily at himself. "How do you always get yourself into these kind of things?"

When he entered, he was distracted by the room. It was fit for a king. A giant bed sat in the middle. Pictures of oceans and waterfalls adorned the walls. The furniture was dark mahogany wood--his favorite. He turned as he saw the fire roaring in the fireplace, and walked over it to hold his hand over the heat. He was surprised he hadn't been frostbitten already, because he seemed to have lost his gloves.

He stopped short when he saw her. Sitting there on the ground--in all of her naked glory, except for a pink mask--was Samantha. His heart stopped, then began pounding as though it wanted to jump off his chest.

"Sam?"

"Turn the lights off, Rayden."

"What are you doing?"

"What does it *look* like?"

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As though not having a mind of his own, he found himself moving over to the light switch. With a flick of his wrist, the lights were off, and the Sam's dark skin was bathed by the light from the fireplace. It just served to make her more beautiful. He walked slowly back to her and stood--just looking down at her. She smiled, and he felt his stomach tie into a knot.

"Look up, Rayden," she pointed slowly.

He reluctantly turned his eyes from hers and did as she ordered. *Mistletoe*. He blushed into the dim light, and felt like a sixteen-year-old having his first naked woman in his room.

He looked back at her to see her smiling.

Rayden watched as she moved from sitting to kneeling in front of him. Her hands were on the waist of his pants--undoing the buckle first, then the button, and the zipper. Sticking her hands under his boxers, she grabbed his already hardening penis, and massaged.

He let his head fall backwards, casting his long hair over his shoulders and down his back. "Let Sammy take care of you, Rayden. "Her sexy voice wooed him as she pulled his dick from his pants. "Let her make it all better."

"Sam, we ...God!"

"Don't say anything, Rayden. Just *feel*."

That scared him, but he opened his eyes and looked down at her. There was something about a naked woman wearing a mask and a smile that just made him feel *so* wild. Gritting his teeth, he watched as she wrapped those beautiful mysteriously sexy lips around the head of his cock. He held his breath and waited. Then, it came. Her tongue flicked back and forth over him. His knees buckled, and he had to hold on to the wall to keep from falling over.

"Sam," he breathed out. She began sucking on him--so gently as she stroked him after her mouth.

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He used one hand to hold the back of her head --not to direct her, but just to have some part of her to touch.

He tasted manly...a beautiful, sweet, and musky taste. It was a taste that caused groans of desire to escape Sam's lips. She began moving faster as she felt his hand against her head, pressing her head forward to meet his thrusting hips. She opened her eyes to see his head was hanging down. He was watching her. She should feel dirty, but not with those silver eyes looking down at her with so much need.

She used her tongue to bath the shaft before pulling him back into her mouth.

"Stop--" he grunted, and staggered away from her.

Confused, she wiped her index finger across her lips. "Did I do wrong?"

"No, I just didn't want to--" He stopped and rested against the wall and tried to learn how to breathe normally again. "Come here, Sam."

"This was my seduction, remember?"

Nodding, Rayden smiled and pulled off his pants. He then took off his shirt and dropped it on the floor. He walked to the bed and climbed on. "All right, Sam," he told her. "Seduce me."

That made Sam smile. At least, he was up for it. She began dancing slowly, moving her hips from side to side in a sexy way. She turned her back to him, bent over at the waist until her ass was sticking up in the air. She turned her head to see him licking his lips, and knew *exactly* at what he was looking. She smiled and wiggled her behind for him before standing up with measured steps--dancing around his bed. He turned his body full on to keep his eyes on her.

It had been so long since Rayden had gotten a private dance like that. The last time, he was twenty-seven, and the woman wasn't as good-looking or as hot as Samantha. This dance was wreaking havoc on his libido, and all he wanted to

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do was just reach out, grab her, and pull her to sit on his face. His cock was free and in his hands, so he slowly stroked it.

"You're a *tease*," he whispered in a husky voice.

"I know you are, but what am I?" she teased as she brought her hardened nipples close to his mouth.

Sticking his tongue out, he licked at one, then the other. "Oh!" she sighed. She pulled away before climbing onto the bed and sitting astride his lap. She leaned in, and Rayden pulled one of her nipples into his mouth. He bit down softly on it, sucking the hurt away.

Sam gripped his shoulders. One hand slowly moved up the back of his neck to bury its fingers into his hair.

Rayden moved his head to the other breast and showed it the same attention he had the other. He heard her purring, and he felt proud. He had never managed to make a woman *purr* before, because they never took the time to enjoy his mouth.

Sam smiled and grabbed Rayden's hands. She pressed them to the headboard and leaned into him--causing him to fall back against the bed. Moving upward astride him, her clit now dangled over his open mouth. Each time Rayden's tongue touched her sensitive bud, she lifted herself.

"So you want to *play*, huh?" Rayden asked from underneath her.

Sam giggled.

"Let me taste you, Sam."

"Ask nicely," she said, sucking air between her teeth when she felt him blowing at her. The cool air against her hot, wet flesh drove her mad.

"Please, let me taste you," he whispered.

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Sam pressed her pussy down into his waiting mouth. Slowly, her hands slipped from his, and he wrapped them around her waist. Then, her torture began. His tongue, teeth, and lips worked together to make her body shake.

She began riding his tongue--faster and faster. She knew it was coming, and it felt as though if she didn't cum, she was going to die. Just as she was about there, Rayden lifted her from his tongue, and off his face. Sam felt like crying.

Climbing off the bed, Rayden walked his naked body toward his bag. Sam watched his well-toned ass as he bent over to rummage through his stuff.

"You, Mr. Sinclair," she murmured, "have one *incredible* ass."

Rayden laughed as he seemed to have found what he was looking for, and walked back to her.

"Thank you," he kissed her. "On your back, Sam."

Without hesitating, Sam rolled over. "Open your legs, and close your eyes."

Again, she did as he asked her. He then was back on the bed--lowering himself between her legs. She felt something soft against her clitoris, and her hips jerked off the bed. She heard him laugh, and she gasped. The soft touches came back. This time, they were more insistent, supping back and forth over her sensitive bud--driving her mad. Finally, his tongue was added to the mayhem.

"Uh huh!" she blurted out. "Yes ...like thaaaat!"

Her hips shot off the bed. Her shoulders pressed deep into the pillows, her mouth opened wide, and her body fell off the cliff.

She was falling. Her body shook. His tongue and his gadget were still latched to her clit.

When he finally let her go, she opened heavy eyelids, and looked down at him. "What...what..."



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He smiled. "What did I do?"

She swallowed and nodded as her body still felt limp.

He held up a feather in the dim light. "I heard these things were good for something," he told her with a smile.

"You have *no* idea..." she told him. "How about round two?"

"Woman, you're *insatiable*!"

"You want me to stop?"

"Don't you *dare*!"

## Chapter Five

Samantha Davis, the divorced, former private school student and goodie two-shoes was now bent forward over the upstairs balcony--snow falling around them--with an extremely sexy, half-naked man on his knees behind her, with his tongue shoved deep within her. Her head fell forward as his tongue danced in and out of her. "Ray!" she screamed, and tried to control her breathing.

Her breath was coming out in short bursts. Her head swam on cloud nine, and she figured that was how someone felt when they were high. She had a smile on her face, and she almost bucked over the railing when a large finger entered her. A long groan escaped her throat, and her body betrayed her and fell over the precipice of pleasure. Down, down, down it went until she began trembling. All she could do was reach behind her and grab the back of his head. Holding it in place, she pressed backwards to get his finger in deeper.

Rayden smiled. He *loved* watching her like that: wanton and free. He allowed her to ride his finger *and* his tongue at the same time. When she finally fell to her knees, he turned her around, and lifted her chin. He sat down and brought her into his lap, and covered her lips with his. He wanted her to taste herself on his tongue.

The kiss was unlike *anything* she had experienced before. Mitch's kisses were wet and sloppy. Rayden's kiss was hot, sexy, and not sloppy. His open mouth kisses made her feel naughty and open to possibilities with him.

"It's time," he whispered, scooping her up in his arms. He carried her and placed her on the white carpet in front of the fireplace in his room.

Rayden moved over her and smiled down at her as she bit down on her lower lip and winked up at him. He moved his hard cock to her entrance and

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sank forward. He watched her eyes as they rolled back in her head, and her mouth hung open. He *loved* that reaction from her. It made him feel like a man. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore, so he closed his eyes and inhaled through clenched teeth. She was tight, wet, and silky around him.

He began fucking her at a slow and rhythmic pace, at first. Then, when she began clenching around him, he grunted, and began moving faster.

Sam's nails dragged down Rayden's back as she began meeting his powerful thrusts. Sam felt filled to the brink, and she loved it. He was larger than Mitch, and he *knew* how to *use* it. Her whole body went still, then began shaking all over. She saw stars behind her eyelids as she laid there under him.

Rayden wasn't finished, though. He pulled out of her, and stood her up. Walking her over to the bed, he leaned her over the bed, with her ass hanging off. Licking his index finger, he found her entrance with it. Then, he shoved his penis into her from behind.

Sam clenched two handfuls of the satin sheets on his bed. She closed her eyes, whimpered, and began pushing backward to meet his thrusts. She pressed her forehead into the bed and screamed as he drilled into her.

"So good...so so so good!" she cried out in ecstasy.

Sitting on the bed, Rayden pulled her to sit astride him--facing him. He impaled her, and while she rode him, he reached out and took one breast into his mouth.

With his tongue swirling over her nipple, his cock shoved deep within her. He finally let go.

To Sam, it was like someone spread her pussy lips and was using the hose to blast water inside of her. Her head slipped backwards, and her hands gripped the sides of his face to keep his mouth on her breast. She began cumming. It was harder than the last few times he had caused her to orgasm.

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Both slumped to the bed, and Sam was sprawled on top of Rayden. Together, they lay there, trying to catch their breaths. Sam was unbelievably satisfied. Rayden couldn't even speak for a while.

"We need to *talk*," Rayden whispered after about one hour.

"Do we *have* to?" Sam wanted to know as she shuffled to get up.

Rayden's hands tightened around her. "Yes. It's about *why* I came to town."

"All right."

"I'm *running*, Sam," he told her, feeling her body stiffen.

Sam went still. *Is he a criminal?* she thought. Had she just had unprotected sex with an outlaw? That thought caused her to tighten around Rayden's cock, and he groaned, "I see you like the thought of me being a crook," he smiled when she lifted her head and looked down at him.

"It's *not* your fault, Sam. Women were built to be attracted to the bad boy."

She blushed. "I didn't *mean* to--"

"It's all right. I'm not running from the *law*. My son, Rion, was killed in a home invasion three years ago. I was at work--NYPD."

"Oh, Rayden, I'm *so* sorry."

He smiled up at her, looking sad, "Me too, Sam. I blamed my wife because he was only six, and she left him at home to go and cheat on me. He heard a knock on the door, and he opened it because he probably thought it was one of us."

"So you're angry at her and *all* women?"

"How did you know?"

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"I threw myself at you, Rayden," Sam explained. "You handcuffed me to your window and opened my eyes to the pleasurable side of sex. Then, you told me you couldn't do it, anymore--even though I knew you *wanted* to."

He sighed. "I'm sorry about that...but after Rion died--"

"When was the last time you *slept* with a woman?"

"Four and a half years ago," he told her.

"But I thought your son died *three* years ago? Weren't you married *before* that?"

"Yes, but she stopped *needing* me."

"I don't see *how*. I just had you, and I want you again..."

"You *could* be pregnant, Sam," Rayden told her.

"And that *scares* you? You don't have to stick around, you know."

Rayden lifted her off him, and sat her down on the bed before sitting up.

"I would *never* do that. I wasn't there for Rion; so I'm not going to make that mistake twice. You understand? Besides, I'm tired of running, and there's someone here I want to stick around for."

"Your unborn child--if I'm pregnant."

"Yes. And *you*. I want to see where this goes, Sam. I would kick myself if I didn't."

She pressed back against him and closed her eyes. She felt him gently rest backwards again. "So *that's* where you got the handcuffs." He heard her giggle at her statement that should've been a question.

"Well, as a good cop, I was told to *never* reveal my sources."

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### Chapter Six

It was two days before Christmas, and Sam was amazed at how the small northern Canadian town had changed. The leaves were all gone, but the town was *still* breathtaking. So far, the citizens seemed to be taking another winter in stride, but she gave them a month. Stores no longer had Thanksgiving decorations, but had started putting out the Christmas ones the day after the turkey was carved. Christmas cards were being sold--even *before* Thanksgiving.

She exited one store and entered another. She had the *perfect* gift to put underneath the tree for him. She was tempted to get up early Christmas morning, shower, get dressed in the skimpiest lingerie she could find, and lie sexily under the tree to wait for him.

Snow covered everything, and Danielle had gone to visit her brother and his wife for the holidays. At least, that was what she told Sam--but knowing Danielle the way she had, Sam *knew* better. The reason Danielle had left was to give Sam some privacy with her new man, because Danielle didn't particularly like her brother's new wife. Sam spent almost three days in town looking for the perfect gift for Rayden. She had finally found it. She wrapped it up, and carried it back to the house. She only *hoped* he would like it. She hadn't bought a gift for a man since her ex, and he only wanted *Playboy* and porno items for Christmas. She should have *known* he was an idiot.

Silent profanities floated out of the living room as there were some bangs and shuffling. Rayden had been fighting with the Christmas tree all day, and had finally gotten it to stand up on its own. Standing up to admire his handiwork, he felt two arms around his waist. He moaned and pressed back against the familiar imprint of large double D breasts.

"Do you *like* it?" he asked her.

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"It's *beautiful*." Sam kissed his back.

Rayden turned around and wrapped her in his arms. "This is my first Christmas in three years that I will actually *enjoy*," he admitted.

"I know." She looked up into his face and watched his lips come down over hers. When the mind-numbing kiss ended, she sighed. "Thanks a lot. Now, I forgot why I came here."

Rayden laughed and kissed her again. "Maybe I can make you *remember*."

"Maybe. Kiss me again."

Rayden obliged her, and she moaned.

"Now, I remember! I made you something."

Walking over to the coffee table, she picked up a small white box, and handed it to him.

"It's not Christmas day, yet." He arched a brow at her. "You're being a bad girl. And you know what they *say* about Santa and bad girls?"

"I know," she winked at him. "And you can...ah...*punish* me, later." She reached up and whispered. "I'm not wearing any panties."

"Well, ma'am, you got yourself a deal." Rayden opened the box and pulled something out. It was an angel ornament with a heart for his chest. It was for the top of the tree. *Rion* was written on the heart.

"I thought you might want to put him on the tree, first."

Rayden had no words. He just walked over to her, and wrapped her into his arms in a fierce hug. Then, he kissed her head, her forehead, her nose, her mouth, and any part of her face he caught.

He then turned and gingerly placed it on the top of the tree. He stepped back and looked up at it.

Sam didn't need words. His reaction was *priceless*. She walked beside him and wrapped her arms around his waist.

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"I have another present for you that you can open, today," she whispered to him.

He turned to face her. "You're spoiling me."

"Yeah, but you *love* it," she winked at him, moving to the sofa. She lay back against it, hiked up her skirt, and spread her legs. "I'm *ready* for my *punishment*."

\*\*\*\*

Christmas morning dawned, and Samantha woke up feeling extra warm. She was cuddled into Rayden's chest. She placed a kiss on against his smooth skin, and he opened his eyes.

"Merry Christmas," he whispered, lifting her chin to kiss her.

"Mmm," she moaned, "Feliz Navidad!"

Sam scampered out of bed to the door. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To get your present," she said over her shoulders, her bare feet padding against the wooden floor.

Rayden rolled onto his back and tried to remember the last time he felt that good on a Christmas morning. A part of him felt guilty, but another part told him that he had to move on and live his life.

"Here you go." Sam walked back in and flopped down on the bed. "It took me a while to find; I hope you like it."

Rayden watched her for a bit as she bit down on her lower lip, looking nervous. He ripped into the box like a child, and was speechless when he saw his present. "It's *signed*?"

Sam giggled and nodded. "Yup . . . by the entire Red Sox team--from the year they broke the 'curse of the Bambino'."



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Rayden pulled the ball from the box, tossed it up, caught it, then he pounced on her. His tongue found its way into her mouth, and she groaned and wrapped her legs around him.

She couldn't believe he liked it, but from the way he was kissing her, she could tell he *more* than liked it. She whimpered, and he pulled back. "Wait a second: you have to open *mine*, now."

"Can it *wait*?" she whined. "I'm kind in the middle of something."

"So am I." Rayden brought her hand down to his naked penis and wrapped her fingers around it.

"But *humor* me," Rayden said, leaning over and pulling something from underneath his bed. He handed it to her.

She looked at him as the tiny velvet box was placed in her hands. She opened it. "It's not an engagement ring," he whispered. "It's a promise ring. I know I'm a little *old* to be giving--"

"I *love* it!" Samantha exclaimed, hugging him. "It tells me that you are least *thinking* of a future with me."

"And that makes you *happy*?" Rayden asked, sitting forward to slip the ring onto her brown finger.

"Words cannot explain . . . Merry Christmas, darling."

Rayden felt proud and leaned in to kiss her. "Merry Christmas--" he kissed her. "Now," he asked, tossing the boxes from the bed, "where were we?"

"I think," Sam kissed him, "we were . . ." another kiss, "about *here*."

The End