



YVETTE HINES

Santa's Helper

A Phaze Snuggler HeatSheet by

Yvette Hines

Santa's Helper

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One

Her hands moved with furious frustration as they brushed and stroked her into ecstasy. She was under a time crunch. They were allowed a five-minute smoke break every three hours of a shift and, in a minute, hers would be up. She didn't even smoke and normally she wouldn't have taken her break, but today she needed it. Needed it like a dog after a bone to sate the deeper hunger of wanting a steak. During the last hour she'd been salivating almost in a full pant by the time she took it. *All he did was give me a kiss on the cheek under the mistletoe.*

Soft, fleshy fingers flickered across stiff flesh. *Almost there.* Her legs began to bounce and tremble as her three-inch green heels made silent taps against the carpeted floor. Her other hand held the forest green, wool miniskirt bunched against her belly, giving herself free reign as she balanced her hips on the edge of the small plank of wood posing as a seat.

Biting her lip, she kept minimal control over her sounds as she slid two fingers inside her heated wetness. The thought this may not be the time or place flitted in the back recess of her mind. But she couldn't stop, she needed release. The three years she'd worked around him brought her to this point. All of her unanswered urges culminated.

With her eyes closed, she pictured his face, his smell, and the feel of his firm lips brushing across her skin as her orgasm slammed her. Her body tightened and convulsed simultaneously. She gritted her teeth together to keep herself from screaming. Her last thought was of David.

"Nicole! Nicole!" a raspy old voice called out to her.

Heavy panting caused her chest to rise and fall rapidly as she opened her eyes and looked around the small room in a dreamy lust-clouded haze. Glancing around the enclosure of the dressing room, she noticed herself in the mirror. She looked a sight. Her lips were red from her teeth holding them captive and her eyes glassy. Skirt eschewed and the green costume bloomers and panties stretched at the bend of her knee.

"Nicole! Are you back here?"

Break time was definitely over. She stood on shaky legs and straightened her clothes. "Yes, Mrs. Marco," she answered, the old lady's voice came closer and the last thing Nicole needed was for Mrs. Marco to make it to the dressing room and sense what she had been doing. The scent of her wet sex saturated the air. She needed this job.

Turning toward the full-length mirror, she took a quick look at herself to check her elf costume, then unlatched the door and stepped into the aisle.

Mrs. Marco, the owner of the store, stood three dressing room doors away from the one Nicole occupied at the end of the row.

"What were you doing hiding in the dressing room?" Mrs. Marco's face twisted into a disapproving scowl as she asked accusingly.

I was finger-fucking myself. "I was taking my break," she replied with her false cheery smile.

"Well, that's why we have a back patio," she snapped. "The dressing rooms are for our customers." At five foot three inches, Mrs. Marco was more vicious than a miniature Doberman pincher.

Nicole sighed through her nose so her boss would not hear her. Mrs. Marco never liked her since the day she came to work for them. Steve Marco, the eldest son, hired her. In the first week Nicole discovered Steve did so with the hopes she would be grateful enough for the job to allow him into her pants.

"I know, but Jessica was smoking back there and I didn't want the scent in my clothes. Tobacco doesn't mix well with our perfume collection." Her smile broadened to the point of causing her face to ache. "I just needed a quiet place to gather my thoughts." *Or jack off to thoughts of David.* She didn't say that. The last thing Laverne Marco might want to know was that one of her employees had the hots for any of her three boys.

Mrs. Marco eyed her suspiciously. "Well, I'm sure it is past your break time now and you need to get back to your station."

No answer needed, Nicole headed by her.

"Nicole."

Having no choice but to stop next to her, Nicole turned and hid her telltale scented hands behind her back. "Yes, Mrs. Marco?"

The older woman's nose twitched and she looked at her for a long moment before she spoke. "I hope you have not forgotten that tonight is the store's Christmas party at our home."

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A bead of sweat rolled between Nicole's breasts. "No, I haven't."
Because you keep reminding me of it daily.

"I'll need you to get there as soon as you lock up the store, because I'll need someone to assist me."

Someone to be your beck and call girl. "I'll be there."

Nodding her head, Mrs. Marco dismissed her.

Hurrying away, she heard the older woman's voice call from behind her.

"Whatever that perfume is you've been spraying about, get rid of it. I refuse to have that particular scent in my store."

Damn it, caught wet-handed. "Sure thing, Mrs. Marco." Leaving the dressing room, she went directly to the bathroom to wash her hands before returning to her station.

* * * *

"So, Nicole, I guess I'll see you at the house." Steve Marco stepped around the perfume counter and walked toward her.

Steve made her skin crawl. As the floor manager, he ensured everything ran smoothly and every customer's needs were satisfied. A good-looking man, Steve stood an even six-foot in height, with thick black hair and brown eyes. Numerous times, he'd try everything from stroking her leg during an appraisal, accidentally brushing her breast when supposedly reaching for something, or Steve's all time favorite move of removing lint and strings from the back of her outfit, using the opportunity to grope her ass. No matter what Steve did, it turned her off. He was nothing like David. David was a gentleman. He never touched her or stared at her until she thought her clothes would evaporate. His voice always held gentleness and kindness when he requested something, not filled with innuendoes as Steve's did. David always gave her just enough attention to want more--like the butterfly kiss.

She walked around the stock boxes, placing a barrier between them. "Yes. I'm just going to finish putting up the colognes, then I'll be leaving."

Moving closer, he leaned on the top box and placed his face directly in front of hers. "I could stay and help you. I'd be happy to put things wherever you asked. Wherever you wanted," his voice dropped, hinting at his blatant meaning.

"No, thank you, Mr. Marco." She gave him the same singsong voice she had placed upon his mother earlier.

"Steve." Reaching his hand out, he slid his fingers down her arm.

Nicole snatched her arm away.

Not deterred, he continued, "When are you going to give in, Nicole?"

"Never." She turned away from him and began shuffling the bottles of perfume around on the shelf, knowing when he left she'd move them all back. However, she was willing to try anything to get him to go away. "Our relationship will always remain professional." *Unlike the one you're having with the rest of the saleswomen.* More than one time she'd overheard the subtle sounds of sex going on in his office when one of the other women was supposed to be taking her break.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him gaze at her long candy cane, stocking covered legs underneath her green skirt.

"How can you say such things to me dressed like *that*?" Steve's hand attempted to grab the hem of her skirt.

Nicole smacked it away. "Oh, it's very easy."

"Be careful, Nicole, that you don't bite the hand that feeds you." He gave her a leering smile.

She placed her hands on her hips and told him, "Be careful, *Steve*, that you don't get yourself a lawsuit."

He staggered back with his hand over his heart, pretending she had pierced him. "Oh, darlin', you said my name."

Nicole rolled her eyes at his antics.

"Steve."

A deep menacing voice called from behind her, sending heat sliding along her spine. Turning around, she gazed at David across the glass countertop. Her heart felt as if it almost stopped. David looked angry and another look settled deeper in his eyes, but she couldn't read it. She wondered if he thought the way his mother did, that Nicole had her eye on his older brother.

"Let's go, Steve. I need to stop by my house and pick up my gifts before we head over to Mom and Dad's." His gaze shifted away from Nicole as he looked past her shoulder to his brother.

He didn't even acknowledge me.

"No problem, baby brother."

"Ahh!" Nicole squeaked as she felt the sting of Steve's unexpected swat on her backside. Whipping around, she gave him a fierce look.

"See you later, sweet cakes." Heading toward the door with his brother, he called out, "Maybe we'll finish what we started."

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"In your dreams," she mumbled as she watched the two brothers walk out of the store and lock it from the outside.

How could two men be birthed from the same gene pool and be so different? Statistically, most women would find Steve the more attractive one with his excessively handsome good looks. But not her. Steve never once made her heart race just by walking into a room the way David did every time.

His chocolate brown eyes and thick black lashes peeping through his glasses made David studiously sexy. David's hair, unlike Steve's shoulder length waves, was kept neatly trimmed, never allowing a hair to be out of place. It made her desire to run her fingers through it and mess it up. An immaculate dresser, he always wore a dark suit and a tie. Being around him drove her crazy. David made her skin tingle for his touch and her thighs itch with the desire to wrap around his waist. He never failed to make a frisson of heat dance along her spine until it built and spread through her entire body, causing sweat to bead between her breasts. David's presence consumed her.

Keeping to his office, he handled the sales and marketing for the store. Occasionally he went for a week at a time with his father scouting for different locations to place future stores. He shocked her earlier today when, as he headed out to lunch, they bumped into each other in the hallway. She'd muttered an *excuse me*, but he never said anything at first, just gazed at her. Then he looked up over their heads and said, "Mistletoe," seconds before his lips brushed softly against her cheek, his lips firm. For a moment, his lips paused against her skin and warmth radiated from the place they touched and spread down the side of her neck, causing her nipples to tighten in its path. As the heat descended, pooled in her lower abdomen, her sex awakened and yearned to be touched.

Even that was enough to send her senses into overdrive. Then he gave her a smile, as if his giving her this kind of attention was a regular occurrence. While she'd stood in aroused shock, he left the store.

At that moment, she felt glad she didn't listen to Mrs. Marco when she told her the mistletoe was tacky and she needed to take it down. The kiss was worth the fifteen times the owner reprimanded her about its display.

Rushing through the boxes, she stocked the shelves in preparation of the New Year's sale. Grabbing her coat and hat from the backroom,

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Nicole turned off the main overhead lights and left the store, locking it behind her.

The snow swirled around, drifting underneath the bright streetlights as she made her way to the parking garage, pausing only briefly to wish the guard a Merry Christmas before she got in her car. Lady Luck was with her tonight as her car cranked up on the first try. She pulled out of the parking spot and headed to the Marco family home.

* * * *

"Nicole, you're finally here. I've been running in circles needing you." Mrs. Marco latched onto her arm as soon as she entered the house, not even giving her any time to remove her coat.

I could have been here an hour ago if I'd left with the rest of the sales staff, or better yet have one of them help you. That's a thought. "Traffic was moving at a snail's crawl with all of the fresh snowfall."

"Yes, yes." Not listening, Mrs. Marco ushered her deeper into the house, past the other guests, who stood around chatting as they sipped eggnog.

Nicole envied the holiday revelers.

When they reached the spacious kitchen, Laverne Marco gave her an exasperated look and said, "Nicole, how do you think you can assist me with your outside garments still on?" Rolling her eyes, Laverne called to the butler, who had been trotting behind them. "Richard, please take her things."

Amazing, how someone could be so oblivious to the confusion she caused around herself, Nicole thought as she removed her snow speckled hat, gloves, and long tweed coat and handed them to Richard with a small smile of apology.

Richard gave her a co-conspirator's wink, then left.

"I'm glad to see you still have the costume on." She stared at Nicole's seasonal apparel for a moment, then commented, "Truly, I didn't realize how small the elf outfit would be on you. I guess you're a lot larger than Gail, more than I had anticipated. The skirt was always longer on her."

Gail worked in the hosiery department and had been the Christmas elf the last two years, but since she was pregnant and would have the baby any day it was impossible for her to continue. Supposedly, the father of the baby was Gail's husband, but Nicole had her doubts and remained curious to see if the child came out with black hair and brown eyes instead of the blond hair and green eyes of Gail and her spouse.

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Taking a deep breath, and trying hard not to grit her teeth, Nicole reminded the older woman, "Remember, Gail is a lot shorter than I am, which is why the skirt is higher."

Laverne shrugged and waved her hand as if dismissing Nicole's opinion. "Your hips are wider than hers as well."

If you don't like how I look, then next year you can wear the damn thing.

"You've had it on this long, it makes no difference at this point." Moving on to the apparent purpose why they came to the kitchen Laverne began, "Now, Nicole. Please, can you instruct the wait staff on the importance of keeping the *hors d'oeuvres* fresh and on time? The guests have been here for thirty minutes with nothing but eggnog to satisfy them. Then, there are gifts piled up on the table in the living room. Can you please have them taken to the back family room?" As if assuming her wishes would be carried out, she turned and left the kitchen as she shrieked about God cursing her with boys instead of girls.

Sighing, Nicole began her "duties."

An hour later, she gathered the remaining gifts from the table and placed them under the ceiling high, white and gold decorated Christmas tree. Alone in the room, she used the time to take a breather as her gaze traveled up the tree's height. It put her three-foot tabletop Christmas tree to shame. A disgrace to the holiday season.

But, it would suffice for this year. Her parents celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary in Jamaica. They wouldn't be back until the second of January and her brother and his girlfriend took the opportunity of her parents being gone for an impromptu trip to Switzerland. At least her family thought enough of her to mail her gifts to her.

"Ho, ho, ho." A deep voice vibrated through the room.

Nicole stopped. Just the sound of David's voice caused her heart to speed up. Fearing if she moved too suddenly she would make a scene by passing out at his feet.

As she'd been alone in the room, Nicole hadn't thought about ladylike posturing when she leaned over, knees slightly bent with ass high in the air as she arranged the packages. Now she glanced over her shoulder and recognized David dressed in a Santa suit. Nicole watched as his gaze traveled across her backside. Heat flooded her sex as he eyed her.

Do you like what you see?

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As if he'd heard her, David's burning stare suddenly met hers. Clearing his throat, he held up two gift bags in his hand. "I...someone just brought these."

Are you flustered, Mr. Marco? Smiling internally at the thought, Nicole stood up and walked toward him to retrieve the gifts. Taking the bags from him she purposely brushed his black gloved hands with her fingers. Strong hands. He even made the Santa Claus suit look sexy. Using this moment to turn on a little charm, she smiled at him and spoke softly, allowing her voice to take on an intimate tone. "Thank you, Santa."

His gaze dropped to her mouth.

Kiss me. Nicole begged.

For a moment, it appeared as if he would do just that as he leaned in. Instead, he quickly stepped back from her.

She kept her disappointment at bay.

"You know, Nicole, you don't have to be my mother's beck and call girl." He straightened his glasses on the bridge of his nose as if his small moment of weakness caused them to slip out of place.

"If I want to keep my job I do," she confirmed.

David shook his head. "No, Nicole, your job is not in jeopardy. Why do you think Mom gives you more responsibility than the other staff?"

A single shoulder lifted and dropped quickly. "Because I'm easier to push around."

He chuckled.

She liked the sound, deep and masculine.

"No. It's because she can trust that you'll do the job right the first time. Every time," he declared.

"You say, potato...I say potato." Nicole commented, nonchalant.

Returning to the tree, she added just enough sauciness in her steps to cause the skirt to bounce slightly up and down, showing off the top of her red and white striped thigh-highs. Bending over at just the right angle, she gave him a full view of her green bloomers. She wished she'd the foresight to remove them so he could see her thong which matched her festive stockings.

Taking her time to right herself, she turned back to him. "Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Marco?"

"Yes."

Her breath hitched. She was afraid to breathe, hoping her Christmas wish would come true.

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His fake Santa mustache fluttered as he spoke. "Your maid duties are over. Come join the party with the rest of us."

Nicole exhaled. Not quite what she'd hoped for but, as always, she would take what she could get. "I'll be right there."

Looking at her for a long moment, he nodded then walked out the door.

Alone once again, Nicole grabbed her breasts and squeezed them, trying to reduce their ache. She wondered if David could see how tight her nipples were through the green and white top. For the second time today, she neared the point of coming by just being in his presence. Everything about him intoxicated her, especially his scent. He smelled like a man, non-distinctive soap and masculine sweat.

To Nicole's amazement, her attraction toward David escalated over the last six months, even though he'd barely been around. Maybe it was true that distance made the heart grow fonder. Every time he left, her emotions would seem to have doubled the next time she saw him.

Even now, just the few minutes standing around him, her body felt on fire. When she walked she could feel the pooling wetness between her thighs as the lips of her sex moved back and forth against each other and her clitoris brushed the inside of her panties.

As much as she needed to climax she couldn't risk the same stunt in the Marco household as at her afternoon break at work. Laverne almost caught her before, if it happened again, she would surely be canned and she liked eating and having a place to live too much to lose her job. Besides, they paid very well, regardless of all the meaningless crap Mrs. Marco put her through.

Two

"Attention everyone." Dale Marco's deep baritone voice rang out over the thirty or so guests in attendance.

When the room reduced to only small murmurs, he began to speak. "Everyone knows how hard I have been searching the West Coast looking for the best places to open up two more Marco and Company department stores, and we have finally settled on the areas. A couple of months ago we signed the contracts to buy the buildings, started renovations and ordered the stock."

The room fell silent as Dale paused for effect.

"On New Year's Day, Marco Beyond and Marco Beyond II will open up in Denver, Colorado and Seattle, Washington with my two sons Steve and David running each of the stores."

Everyone cheered, but Nicole's mood plummeted. Of their own accord, her lips twitched up into a weak smile. She felt ill, sick to her stomach, and in need of air. Crowded in the room with everyone, she couldn't think of a polite way to say...*Get the hell out of my way before I throw up all over you.* So she tried to take slow deep breaths, attempting to keep the bile from moving past the back of her throat.

Glancing over at David as he stood proudly beside his father, her heart wept.

David's gaze traveled the room then rested on hers.

No, she wanted to scream. Within days, he would be walking out of her life for good.

Dale Marco continued as he patted his youngest son on the back. "And as soon as Jeremy graduates from college and spends a few years training in the main store, we'll open up one in Tucson, Arizona."

Nicole bit down on her bottom lip, trying to keep her emotions under control. She could feel someone's heated gaze upon her. Shifting her eyes to the other side of Dale, she met the sparkling eyes of Mrs. Marco.

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At that moment, the certainty that the older woman knew how she felt about David assailed her. Nicole wondered if Laverne somehow orchestrated the move to keep her away from either of her sons.

Then she forced some reality into her thoughts, why would Mrs. Marco have anything to worry about? Three years without the slightest amount of encouragement from David, Laverne should have no worries. Her middle son did not seem at risk of giving his heart—or any other member of his body—to Nicole.

* * * *

"Goodnight, Mr. Marco, and thank you for a delightful evening." Nicole allowed Dale Marco to assist her in putting on her coat. Almost midnight and well past time for her to leave, as always, by the time she left, an hour had passed since the other guests departed. Unable to find a good excuse to escape early, Nicole busied herself with assisting the catering service in cleaning up. Thankful for the strenuous activity that kept her occupied and away from all of the well-wishers who believed it to be the best idea for David to move away and run one of the other stores. As Nicole moved in and out of the party, she heard the people's excited babble. It would give him independence. Allow him to grow.

It would keep him away—indefinitely.

"Nicole, it's always a pleasure to have you around. I don't know what my wife would do without you."

Find another insignificant creature to kick around. "I'm sure someone else would step in to take my place." She went with the safer comment.

Dale placed both hands on her shoulders. "That may be, but I hope you know how much we appreciate your work ethic."

You mean slave labor. "Thank you." Nicole pulled her hat on her head and over her ears.

Grazing her chin with his thumb, he finished. "It hasn't gone unnoticed."

Before tonight, Mr. Marco telling her that would have sent her heart soaring, but with the news of David's impending departure, it barely gave her a flutter.

Giving him a small smile, she turned and walked out of the house. Stepping gingerly but quickly through the snow-covered sidewalk, she headed to her car. The icy wind whipped underneath her coat flaps and chilled her legs making her fold her arms tighter around her body. Nicole

wished she had thought of bring a set of clothes to change into something warmer and appropriate for December.

When Nicole reached her car, she used the sleeve of her coat to brush the thick white snow off the front window. Praying the cold hadn't frozen her lock, she slid the key inside and turned. Relief showered her senses when she heard the lock release. Opening the door, she slid in behind the wheel and closed the door fast. Her teeth were chattering as large puffs of visible cold air danced in front of her face. Placing the key in the ignition, she attempted to start the engine.

Silence greeted her. Nicole tried again. Nothing. "Come on." She yelled as she smacked the steering wheel and tried it again to no avail.

Frustrated, she tried it for a third time, to have the eerie quiet settle into the car's interior once again.

"No, no, no," Nicole chanted.

After everything today, tears welled up in her eyes. She had fought them for the last two hours. She couldn't take anymore. This was not Murphy's Law, but more like Murphy's Curse. All of her pent-up feelings about David's leaving came flooding out. If the few times he went away had made her feelings for him intensify, then no doubt when he left for good she would forever be stuck in the limbo of unrequited love. Leaning forward, her head pressed onto her steering wheel, she caused her car horn to blow, making her cry even more.

Tap, tap.

With a tear soaked face, Nicole turned her head toward the small circle in the icy snow covering her driver side window.

Great, now someone is out there to witness my embarrassment. Reaching out, she unlocked the door.

It swung open wide and David stood in the gap, still dressed in his Saint Nick apparel minus the hat, hair, and beard. "Are you okay? We heard you honk and Dad sent me out here to check on you."

Her heart felt constricted as if a fist squeezed it, knowing he hadn't come out here on his own.

She sniffled. "My car won't start."

His eyes scanned her face and noticed the tears. Taking off a glove, David stretched his bare hand toward her and brushed her tears away with his thumb. "Don't cry, Nicole, you most likely left your lights on."

Her eyes closed for a moment as Nicole savored his consoling touch. The feel of his hand and blunted fingers felt warm, strong. David's touch was gentle.

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David removed his hand from her face and turned the dial for the car lights and sure enough, the knob clicked back into place.

"How stupid am I?" Nicole muttered to herself not truly wanting an answer.

"Not at all. It happens to the best of us." He gave her a reassuring smile. "Come on. I'll take you home."

"Thanks," she grumbled. She felt humiliated and ashamed that David had witnessed her crying. "My car—"

"Don't worry. I'll make sure it gets to your house."

He escorted her around the side of the house to his SUV and helped her into the passenger side of the car.

As they drove away, Nicole remained sullen, staring out the window and watching the snowfall as the city passed by. David drove in silence, seeming to respect her mood and allow her the peace she needed.

* * * *

"I'll walk you up." David opened her door.

"It's not necessary."

"Yes, it is."

She smiled at his kindness. "Are you excited about your move in the next few days?"

David shoved his hands deeper into his pockets and hunched his shoulders against the wind. "Yes. It's been a great learning experience working with my parents, but I've been ready to be in control for a while."

"I'm happy for you." Nicole told him the truth. Regardless of the sadness she felt with his impending departure she knew this was the best for him.

They stopped at her door.

"Well, here you are, home safe and sound." He adjusted his glasses.

Nicole adored the self-conscious gesture he made.

"Yup." She stood there in the cold, warmed by David's presence.

"I'm sure you must be exhausted with all of your hard work today."

She smiled at his idle chatter. David never spoke more than a few passing words to her in all the years she had known him. Maybe he would miss her a little when he left. That thought caused her pulse rate to speed up.

"Actually, I'm still pretty wired. I was going to make some hot cocoa."

Light shone in David's eyes.

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"I don't know the last time I had a cup."

Was David asking for an invitation? Her chest tightened and she struggled to breathe between words as she asked, "Do you want some? I have a secret recipe and I always make enough for two or three people."

"Do you have marshmallows?"

Nicole licked her lips nervously, the cold air chilling them immediately. "I do believe I have a few left."

"Then I'm game."

Excited to have more time to spend with David, Nicole turned, slipped her key into the lock, and opened her door. The warm interior beckoned them inside.

"It feels great in here. I was two seconds from becoming a block of ice out there." David removed his coat and gloves.

"You?" Nicole asked, taking off her coat and hat. "I'm the under dressed one."

Something flickered in David's eyes as he gazed at her state of dress. "Sorry, I forgot about Santa's little helper."

Nicole took his coat from him as she noted the gravelly sound of his voice. Refusing to have false hopes, she focused on hanging their things in the small closet by the door.

"I'll start the cocoa, you can make yourself comfortable. There's music over there on the shelf." She pointed toward a double rack in the corner by the television that held both CD's as well as DVD's. "Just put it inside the DVD player. I don't have a stereo."

"Don't worry, I'll make do."

Smiling at the sight of David standing in the middle of her living room, she headed into the kitchen. Quickly, she poured water into the electric coffeepot then pulled out vanilla, hot chocolate, Hershey kisses, liquid creamer, marshmallows, and two mugs. As she waited for the water to finish percolating she stopped and leaned against the counter. Her insides felt a quivering mess, evident in the shaking of her hands. Her walking, talking, and living fantasy now stood in her house, less than ten feet away from her. Nicole didn't know if she could trust herself around him.

David. Even saying his name silently made her sex swell and her clitoris tingle. Every ounce of the want and need she felt for him slammed her in full force. Her knees also trembled. Nicole didn't know how she would take the drinks into the living room without spilling them.

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Soft jazz music played in the other room as she squeezed her thighs together and slightly rotated her hips. Again her panties brushed the swollen sensitive tip of her clit.

"Can I be of assistance?" David's sexy voice inquired from behind her.

Turning in shock, she stared at David, who stood a foot away from her. *What did he see?* She asked herself, but as she saw her lust mirrored in his eyes, she knew. The shine and heat of his intense gaze gave it away.

As the coffeepot continued to gurgle in the background, Nicole found herself pulled into David's arms and his firm lips pressed against hers. His tongue glided across her bottom lip, coaxing her mouth to open. Nicole wasted no time in complying as her senses thrilled with the feel of his hot, moist tongue slipping across hers. She tasted him as he almost devoured her with his deep and passionate kiss.

One of his hands held her head, fisted her mahogany curls, as the other roamed her back, sliding down her spine to finally palm her ass pulling her closer to him, fitting them together.

Leaning back he said, "Nicole, I have never wanted any woman as much as I've wanted you."

She giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling his mouth back to hers. "I'm glad." Her mouth brushed against his as she spoke.

The kiss started again. This time she controlled it, showing him in her kiss what she felt for him, but not willing to risk putting it into words. They might have this moment, this night, but soon he would be gone regardless. She would keep their time together as a memory to soothe her emotions during the coming cold nights.

"I need you, Nicole. Don't deny me tonight."

David's brown eyes met hers.

As if I could. "Never," she told him.

Pulling her body into his, David held her, burying his face in the curve of her neck as Nicole enjoyed the feeling of being in his arms. David's arousal pressed into her mound.

"Your outfit has been teasing me all day." His lips brushed the shell of her ear. "Turn around. I want to see your candy cane."

Confused for a moment, Nicole pondered his request until she remembered the green bloomers had a stitched replica of the small Christmas treat on one side of the back.

Stepping out of his arms, she gave him a seductive smile as she pivoted, giving him her back, then raised her skirt.

"Lean forward and lift your ass high in the air," he said, his voice thick and full of lust.

Obedying the authority in his words, Nicole bent toward the counter and arched her back. Glancing over her shoulder at him, she noticed the small beads of sweat popping out on his upper lip. A shiver of anticipation caressed her skin as Nicole witnessed her affect on him. Over the past three years she'd been the one flushed and flustered around him, Nicole loved returning the favor.

David stepped forward and Nicole felt the warm pressure of his mouth on her behind over the candy cane.

He rose. "When I saw you bending by that tree I thought I'd come in my pants." Lifting his gaze to hers, he said, "I wanted to fuck you right there, regardless of my parents' house being full of guests in the other room."

Her breath caught in her throat. She took a deep breath. Her voice sounded shaky as she asked, "You did?"

David confirmed her question with a nod. "Are you wet, Nicole?"

Wet? Saturated better described her current state. "Yes," she answered, her voice quivering with desire.

"Show me."

Feeling bold in front of David, Nicole reached underneath her skirt, slid her bloomers down her legs, and stepped out of them. Dragging her hands slowly up the back of her thighs, she took her time lifting her skirt hem so he could see her red and white striped holiday thong.

She heard him groan at the sight.

"Don't tease me, Nicole. I'm already working on borrowed time."

Understanding his urgency, she hooked her thumb in the thin straps and pushed them toward the floor, wiggling her legs. The wisp of material fell quickly to her ankles, allowing her to step out of them. Then, without further direction, she bowed her body over the cool counter top.

"Spread your legs," he commanded.

She did.

"Oh, how you glisten, Nicole."

Nicole looked at him, not wanting there to be any doubt about the truth of her words. She admitted, "It's what you do to me. What you always do to me."

YVETTE HINES

Her knees almost buckled when David's hand reached out and touched her, sliding a finger between her aching lips. Nicole's teeth gripped her bottom lip, stifling her moan.

She heard a soft thump as he dropped to his knees behind her and began to taste her. Spreading her ass and thighs wide with his strong hands, David must have had every area of her sex available to him.

His tongue licked her slowly at first, stroking her clit with light touches then sliding up, over her sex, to her open cheeks. The feeling of his tongue swirling around the sensitive puckered hole caused her to grip the counter.

David seemed to show no shame in the pleasure it gave to her. Sucking her pussy lips into his mouth, he kissed her sex, deep and intimate, groaning as he flicked the stiff bud of desire. His tongue slipped between her moist lips he took his time in stroking the delicate skin between her hooded clit and the weeping opening of her sex.

Nicole's legs began to tremble and her thoughts became incoherent as all of her sense centered on his talented mouth.

Two of his fingers entered her body where she needed him the most and she tensed moments before she climaxed. Shuddering, her knees knocked up against the cabinet doors.

Still trembling, she became aware of the tip of David's cock as he moved it through her juices. She wanted to see it. Know what it looked like and see how her fantasy measured up to the stiff reality about to press into her.

Not giving her time to turn, David called out, "hold on!" Gripping her hips, he entered her.

Stretching her. Even dripping wet, she could feel the thickness against her pussy walls as he pulled in and out, each time moving a little deeper. "David..." she panted, not sure how much more of him she could take.

Pressing his hand to the center of her back, he instructed her, "Arch your hips higher. Take a little more."

His voice coaxed and soothed her, making her need to feel all of him, every glorious inch of his erect length. She didn't know his size by sight, but her pussy ached with pleasure as she received him, making it apparent that David was much larger than the other two guys with whom she'd had sex. Already feeling him in the depths of her pussy, she seized her bottom lip with her teeth then lifted her hips higher, rising on her tiptoes to receive him.

He rewarded her actions by wrapping his forearm around her hips and under her belly, supporting her.

His strength amazed Nicole. This man, quiet, introspective David, amazed her. His astuteness always excited her, but experiencing another facet of his personality made heat spread out from her belly and down her legs, making her toes tingle. She didn't think she could be turned on any further, but feeling his strength surround her caused Nicole to climax again. Her sex clamped down on him as she cried out and rotated her hips back, taking him fully.

"Yes, baby, all of it," David encouraged her.

He pulled out and the force of his returning thrust claimed her completely. The impact caused her feet to lift from the floor. On and on, he continued.

Nicole's hands pressed against the cabinet doors above her head, bracing herself. She loved it, loved him. A bit of sadness touched her heart as the thought passed that this may never happen again with David, but she pushed it aside. Tonight she would take all he had to give and not look for more tomorrow.

David raised her leg until her knee rested on the counter top, Nicole felt herself spread wider. David repositioned into an angle, which gave him full range to drive into her without causing her pain. Then he began to pump into her rapidly the repeated impact caused his thighs to make a smacking sound against her.

Oh, what a Christmas. The thought crossed her mind as a picture flashed behind her eyes of the novelty of her and David at that moment. She was an elf being fucked by Santa. "Harder, David," she cried out, wanting the image imbedded so it would be there to warm her every Christmas.

Her encouragement seemed to be his final undoing. Thrusting into her one last time, he held himself deep inside of her and climaxed.

The feel of his hard cock, jerking and pulsing inside, took her over the edge for the third time that night.

David rested on her back, but not enough to crush her, his intimate heaviness comforted her. Warmth radiated inside of Nicole when he didn't just pull away, leaving her cold and empty.

"Wow, you are amazing, Nicole," he praised her, kissing the back of her neck, then stepped back and moved her leg so that both her feet were back on the floor. Then he turned her, pulling her into his embrace. "Why did we wait so long for this?"

YVETTE HINES

She squelched the desire to confess her heart to him, not wanting to weigh the evening down with the heavy revelation of her feelings. *K.I.S.S.*, she said to herself, *keep it simple and safe*. "I don't know; maybe opportunity just never knocked."

Pulling back, he pushed her wayward curls away from her face and stared at her as if trying to read something more. "Maybe," was all he said, then gave her a deep kiss.

Her senses sang when he finally pulled away. She allowed her gaze to drop to the part of him that gave her so much pleasure. Nicole's heart thumped as she noticed the long length of him in repose; she could only imagine how he looked hard and erect. Relief's cool kiss glided over Nicole's skin at the fact she had not seen him first or she may have thought twice before having sex with him. Scratching that thought away, she knew nothing would have kept her from finally having David between her legs.

Raising her head, with a gentle touch to her chin, he said, "Thank you," when his gaze captured hers.

David, always polite.

She blushed and smiled. "You're welcome." Fidgeting from left to right, she asked, "So, do you need to go?"

His brow wrinkled. "No. Unless you're putting me out?"

"I just thought that—" She cut herself off. She couldn't even put the thought into words.

"Nicole, I have too much respect for you to screw you then leave. If you were looking for that you have the wrong brother."

She knew he was referring to Steve's tactic, not Jeremy. Nicole wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his frowning mouth. "I have the right brother."

"Okay, then, Santa's little helper. Get me my cocoa."

He swatted her on her skirted butt, causing the heat to rise in that spot of her bare cheek. She wiggled her hips against his hand. "Aye, aye, Mr. Kringle." She gave him an imitation salute, then turned toward the counter and began to make their drinks.

David left the kitchen.

Three

Ten minutes later, when she brought the tray with steaming mugs and a plate of chocolate chip cookies into the living room, David sat on the couch in a white T-shirt, slacks, and socks.

He smiled at her. "I'm sorry if I ruined your fantasy, but that suit is hot."

Sitting down, she placed the tray on the coffee table and handed him his drink. "David, you are my fantasy. Nothing else, and no one else." She gazed at him, allowing him to get a glimpse of her deeper emotions toward him. Nicole slipped her shoes off and tucked her feet underneath her.

He rewarded her openness with a kiss, then leaned back and sipped his cocoa. "Hmm, this is good. If you served this at the store during the holidays people would rush in just for a cup."

She traced the rim of her mug with a finger, then dipped it into the hot chocolate pool, sucked it into her mouth and savored it before saying, "It's a thought, but your mother is very traditional. I don't think she would go for it."

"I wasn't talking about my mother's store." The ceramic cup clinked as he set it on the glass tabletop.

Nicole stared at him. David stared back.

David removed her cup from her hands and pulled her into his lap. "Nicole, there's something I've wanted to talk to you about."

Her heart tightened as if a fist squeezed it, she focused her eyes on his chin not wanting to look directly in his eyes afraid of what she would see. "What's that?"

For the second time he grasped her chin and brought her gaze to meet his. "I don't know how you feel about me or about what happened between us tonight. I would hate to think that I had forced myself on you."

"No, David, never...I wanted this to happen." She captured his face in her hands. "To be honest, I've wanted it for a long time."

YVETTE HINES

David's eyes lit up and he smiled. "So have I." Running his hands down the front of her shirt, he squeezed her breasts, flicking his thumbs across her nipples. They responded by becoming erect.

Sucking in a breath, Nicole looked down and watched his hands play with her.

Gazing at his own hands, he said, "I want to see your breasts so bad, but I know if I do I will not be able to finish what I need to say."

Nicole grabbed his hands and held them in her lap an attempt to keep them both on task. "Then I'll hold your hands so you can focus better."

He groaned. "It doesn't matter. As long as I'm in the same room with you, you're all I can think about. All the things I want to do to you. You captivate me, Nicole."

Releasing his hands, she slid her fingers through his thick black hair and she told him, "The same holds true for me."

Leaning forward, he kissed her. Dipping his tongue into her mouth, they became reacquainted as the silk feeling tickled the inner part of her lips. David held the back of her head, positioning her to intensify the kiss, his tongue penetrating the deep recesses of her mouth as his other hand moved underneath her skirt and touched her.

Nicole spread her thighs, allowing him access to her throbbing wetness.

David's fingers slipped down her sex and entered her. His mouth and hand mimicked each other, both pushing and pulling in and out of her moist heat.

Gyrating her hips in his lap against his rising cock, she clinched her walls around his fingers.

Nicole thought she heard him growl when he broke the kiss apart and pressed his forehead against hers.

"Nicole." He paused as if paying homage to her name. "I want you to come with me to Denver."

She froze. Nicole seized the wrist of his hand between her legs, giving him enough pressure to understand she wanted him to remove it. When the scandalous hand rested on her knee, she asked, "Why? David, I'm giving myself freely to you tonight."

"I know." His voice was husky with sexual excitement.

Standing up, Nicole moved away from him. "I wasn't doing this to get a better position at the job," her tone raised.

"I know."

Continuing with her tirade, she began to pace. "I have loved you for too long to allow you to leave here thinking that I'm a company whore. Laying on my back to get ahead."

"If you were, you would have slept with Steve," he commented, still sitting in the same spot on the couch.

"If I were, I would have slept with Steve," she repeated, hearing his words but not fully comprehending his meaning.

"Nicole—"

"I've earned every promotion—"

"Nicole—" he tried to interrupt her again.

"And just because we've had sex is no reason—"

He called out to her again. "Nicole—"

She continued to pace and rant. "I know your mother doesn't believe—"

"*Nicole!*" David barked.

It worked, breaking into her train of thought as she stopped and gave him a wide-eye expression.

"Take off your clothes."

Giving him a perplexed look, she asked, "What?"

"Remove that outfit," David answered without hesitation.

"David, this is not the time."

"The timing is perfect." He whipped his shirt over his head, revealing the solid muscles of his chest.

Viewing his bare skin, Nicole could not deny the strong impact on her senses. "How do you figure that?" She placed her hands on her hips.

He unsnapped his pants, then slowly dragged the zipper down his prominent erection. "Because without interruptions I'm going to tell you why I want you with me in Denver, then I'm going to make love to you." David eyed her as he availed himself to her sight, allowing her to take in the view of the hard thick length of his cock.

The sight of him caused her mouth to feel parched. Nicole swallowed and licked her lips, trying to moisten them. Seeing him caused her heart to flutter with both trepidation and excitement, knowing that soon he would be inside of her.

Crossing her hands over her chest and scrutinizing him, she could not deny just hearing David's directness about his intentions caused even more wetness to flood her sex.

YVETTE HINES

"You want to hear what I have to say, Nicole? It's going to take the removal of your clothes." He punctuated his words by arching his hips and sliding his pants down his legs, then kicking them to the side.

David sat on the couch unselfconsciously and waited.

Nicole couldn't deny she wanted to hear what he had to say and knew the truth, but even more she wanted to be with him again. Make love to him.

Releasing the buttons holding her shirt closed, she pulled the side apart and revealed her bare breasts. The shirt fit her snugly, allowing her the freedom to go without a bra being that she was a cup size larger than Gail.

"Beautiful, just like I'd imagined." He grasped and stroked his stiff member, standing proud above black hair.

"Talk," Nicole encouraged him. Watching him stimulate himself would fast lead her to climaxing before he even touched her.

"Nicole, I was attracted to you the first day my dad toured you around the store, introducing you to everyone."

She was amazed at his control as his hand continued playing with his length. She stooped over and removed one stocking. "Continue."

"At first I thought you were going to be like all the other women who've worked with us and end up in bed with my brother. After you'd been with the store for a few months I overheard you giving Steve a set down when he'd cornered you in the stock closet and I knew you were different." His gaze dropped to her other stocking.

Smiling, Nicole removed that one. "And?"

"I first tried to tell myself that it would be inappropriate for me to ask you out. I figured you would just think I was like Steve and put me in my place as well." He still moved up and down. "But, I couldn't make my desire for you go away. Thoughts of you began to interrupt my work, I found myself walking out onto the showroom floor just to get a glimpse of you. I was becoming obsessed. I started to volunteer to travel with my father. Anything to keep myself sane."

Nicole took a step toward him, holding onto her last garment until the final moment.

He watched her advance. "It was no good. I still would find myself in my hotel room at night masturbating to my own fantasies of you."

She knew what he meant because very few nights went by in the last year that she didn't go to bed at night touching herself as she thought about him. Moving closer, her legs bumped the edge of the couch beside

him. "So now what?" She reached behind her back and undid the fastening of the skirt.

"You were right and wrong." He slid his free hand up the length of her smooth leg stopping behind her knee.

She arched an eyebrow at him, curious.

"You said that I only wanted you with me because we had sex. That's true." His thumb brushed the sensitive skin on the back of her knee. "Then you said that was no reason for me to ask you to move to Denver with me. You're wrong. It's every reason. Now that I have tasted you, felt your heat around me and heard you scream..." His hand stopped moving along his cock and his gaze locked on her eyes. "I can't continue my life without you. I need you and I want you with me. Tell me you won't make me suffer and live my life without you."

Overwhelmed with joy, her lungs expanded and felt as if they would burst with excitement. Her eyes burned and tears spilled over her lids and ran down her cheeks. "I won't allow either of us to suffer ever again." Nicole pushed the skirt over her hips as she permitted the green garment to pool around her feet. Then she stepped between his spread knees, kneeling before his engorged member, and took hold of it. "Like fools we've both denied ourselves years of pleasure with each other out of misguided honor and fear, but no more. Tonight is the beginning of us."

Leaning forward, she drew his hardened flesh into her mouth.

She could feel David pull her wild curls back from her face, giving himself a clear view of her oral ministrations. Glancing up at him, Nicole saw he watched her give him gratification. She suckled, squeezed, pumped and rotated her hand up and down his shaft as her mouth worked his swollen tip.

"Nicole." His voice came out raspy and low. "That feels so good."

Savoring the smooth hardness in her mouth, she lavished more attention on him. Soon she felt David's thighs begin to tremble as he neared his end and it thrilled her to know she had this kind of control over him.

"Enough!" he barked in sexual frustration and pulled her up to straddle his hard cock. Bringing his head toward her breast, he took a nipple into his mouth and alternated between her twin peaks until Nicole was just as aroused as she must have made him.

"Now, David!" she commanded.

YVETTE HINES

She felt and heard the sound of her nipple popping out of his mouth. Holding her hips as he obeyed her request and guided himself inside, not stopping until he was seated deep in her wet warmth.

Nicole screamed out in opulent pleasure of being filled completely by David as her sex muscles quivered around him. Clutching his shoulders she set the pace, riding him as he met her downward motion with a thrust of his hips.

On and on they went, giving each other words of devotion and promises, until the sensations became too much for her and she climaxed.

"Merry Christmas, Nicole," he whispered moments before her tight convulsing muscles sheathed around his length brought him to climax with her.

* * * *

Ding dong!

Nicole zipped up her third suitcase, then went to answer the door. Her heart raced with the expectation of seeing David again. He had left sometime in the early hours of the morning to shower, change, and talk to his family about their relationship. The first thing she did upon waking was write out her transfer request. She didn't know how his family would take the news of them being together, but she had David and nothing else mattered.

Walking up the hall, Nicole felt tingling sensation races along her skin as she recalled all the things they had done to each other the night before. Her cheeks flushed with heat as she passed the various places they made love: from the kitchen, to the living room and her bedroom. Stepping through her living room, she was almost breathless when she reached the door.

She pulled it open with a seductive smile on her lips.

Her smile frozen in place and all of the joyful feelings that had been bubbling inside of her moments prior were now twisting and turning, making her ill when she saw who stood on the other side of the door.

"I'm sure I'm not who you were expecting," Laverne Marco said as she stood, bundled up in a full-length fur coat, on Nicole's welcoming mat.

Nicole relaxed her face, no more need to smile. She knew Mrs. Marco was not here for pleasantries and hot cocoa. "No, ma'am, you're not." Stepping aside she said, "Come in."

Entering, Laverne stopped beside the couch without sitting down.

"May I take your coat?" Nicole offered as she closed the door and stepped into the center of the living room facing her.

Laverne pulled the coat tighter around her body. "No, I'll not be staying long. I came here to state my piece and then leave."

"As long as I get to have my say when you're through," Nicole clarified, folding her arms over her chest.

Eyeing her up and down, Laverne said, "So, tell me, Nicole. Do you think that because you have won the affections of one of my sons by giving him sex that you've moved up in the ranks?"

Shocked at the other woman's audacity, Nicole felt the muscles in her shoulders tense, causing pinpricks of pain to burn at the base of her neck. "I'm surprised that David told you what happened between us.

Laverne gave what appeared to Nicole to be a condescending smile.

"He didn't, I guessed."

Over the last three years, Nicole took all the tyrannical treatment she planned to take. This would be the day Laverne Marco got put in her place. "Well, since you're so interested in my private affairs, Mrs. Marco. First off, I didn't just give David sex...I gave him damn good sex all night long. Secondly, I don't think *that* puts me in a higher status...but the three years I've given to your family's store sure as hell should. And furthermore—"

The broad, toothy grin and the laughter erupting from Laverne put an instant halt to Nicole's tirade. She stared at the older woman in stunned silence. *Did I go too far...is the old lady finally cracking up?*

"Well." Laverne said, once she seemed to recover a modicum of decorum and regained some breath.

Nicole lifted a single eyebrow at David's mother, studying her, awaiting her next move to see if she should run, take her down, or call the emergency number.

"Ahh, it's an amazing sight to see someone grow a backbone overnight."

Laverne's words took Nicole back. "Excuse me?"

"Nicole, I've been watching you since the day my eldest son, the self professed playboy, hired you. There was something about you, a spark hidden inside. I'm getting old, one day I'll retire, and I needed someone I could trust. I continued to prod you over the years to see if it would ignite..." Laverne shrugged a single shoulder, "but nothing."

YVETTE HINES

Flabbergasted, Nicole asked, "You mean to tell me that all this time you've been making a slave out of me and practically driving me insane you were 'grooming' me?" Nicole made quotation gestures in the air.

The older woman nodded. "Yes, Nicole." She chuckled. "Who would have known that David was the key," she stated in a matter of fact manner.

Nicole blushed and David chose that moment to walk into the apartment.

He cautiously eyed his mother then turned to Nicole, his gaze intent as if questioning her.

"Hello, sweetheart," Mrs. Marco called out to her son as she stepped toward him.

David looked back at his mother. "Mom. Something told me that after I got dressed and didn't see you, you'd come over here."

Closing the gap between them, Laverne placed a hand on David's arm. "You were always my most perceptive child."

"Please tell me you didn't come here to attack Nicole? I thought you understood when I explained to you and Dad that I care very deeply for her and I have for a long time. You can't change that, Mom."

Nicole's heart felt like it swelled and stretched, allowing even more love for David to enter.

"I wouldn't think of altering that fact." Leaning up on her toes, Laverne kissed David on his cheek. "I'm heading back to the house now. After Nicole gives you more damn good sex, bring her to the house for Christmas dinner."

David's eyes grew as round as Nicole's mouth, as it gaped open at Laverne Marco's words.

"Mom—"

"Mrs. Marco—"

Nicole and David called out simultaneously.

Pulling the door open, Laverne turned back to them with a cunning smile. "Please, I have children and I've been married for thirty-seven years. I've had damn good sex more than three times." She winked and walked out the door as Nicole and David's laughter followed.

Nicole stepped toward David as he engulfed her in an embrace.

She kissed him, then leaned back and said, "I think your mother and I are going to be great friends."

About the Author

Yvette Hines loves romance and writing it is one of her greatest pleasures in life outside of her husband and two children. Her belief in happily ever after began when she was sixteen and started reading romance books. Now as an erotic romance author, she tries to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in her life. Residing in Virginia with her family, she is an avid member of Chesapeake Romance Writer. She loves to hear from her readers: sasseyyvettehines@yahoo.com or visit her at <http://SASSE-Yvette-Hines.blogspot.com>