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Holiday Spirit

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Holiday eBook Freebie

Note to Readers: I hope your holidays are filled with warmth, family and love. And maybe even a little holiday spirit. <wink>

Holiday Spirit
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Chapter One

"Bah humbug," Elly Watson mumbled under her breath, and then, with much more force than necessary, planted her booted feet on her desk with a loud clunk. When the sound gained the attention of those around her, she lifted her glass of cranberry cocktail and saluted her drunken colleagues.

Some office party this was turning out to be...

Dammit, she wanted to be the one in the back room photocopying her ass, not the one who had to stay sober and man the phones.

But oh no, she couldn't be partying with the others because the goddamn *spirits* didn't stop haunting to celebrate Christmas like regular old mortal folks.

Nope. The holidays didn't slow them down one bit, which meant that she, after having drawn the short straw from the stack earlier that morning, was stuck with the graveyard shift.

If that wasn't bad enough, ladies' man Lucas Nichols, a.k.a. Chicago's hottest bachelor - a man she'd been lusting after for the last six months - had also gotten the short end of the straw. Now she had to spend the night locked in the small office with him, her hormones shouting louder than the Bing Crosby carol blaring from a nearby speaker, with no way to hit the mute button, or any other *button* for that matter.

Feeling edgy, distracted, and downright horny, Elly pulled the elastic from her hair, shook out her shoulder length locks and then pushed to her feet.

Desire moved into her stomach as she maneuvered around her desk and cast Lucas a long, lingering glance. A melee of sensations rushed through her and her nipples tightened blissfully in response.

Leaning against the dessert table, Lucas tossed a big piece of fruitcake into his mouth. When he licked his fingers, savoring every last morsel, meticulously laving his fingertips clean with the soft blade of his tongue, she damn near orgasmed right then and there.

Her senses exploded as she watched the action in mute fascination, and somehow she just knew, ladies' man Lucas would be as thorough and meticulous between her legs as he was with his dessert.

Elly popped a cream filled chocolate into her mouth as she studied him a moment longer, taking in his roguish good looks, his dark hair, and even darker eyes. Her gaze panned the length of him, admiring all six foot four inches, stopping for a brief moment to linger around the vicinity of his crotch, where the word *inches* suddenly took on a whole new meaning.

When he caught her gaze, he smiled. The quick flash of teeth told her this bad boy would gobble her up quicker than any gooey piece of Christmas fruitcake.

She swallowed. Hard.

Of course, there was one surefire way to quiet her restless hormones. By giving them what they wanted. And what they wanted was a hot passionate night with Lucas. Plain and simple. It wasn't like she wanted a relationship with him or anything. She didn't. At least she didn't think. Yeah, she was pretty sure she just wanted to get down and dirty with him and answer the one question that had been plaguing her since she'd come on board six months previous.

Could he deliver what his reputation promised...?

Her gaze dropped to just below his belt buckle a second time. Damned if she didn't want to find out.

Too bad they had some ridiculous code of conduct clause in their contract. Fraternizing

might have gotten her predecessor injured - after all, one needed all their wits when going up against nasty spirits - but Elly wasn't stupid enough to let any inter office relationship or conflict interfere with her work. Actually, when she really thought about it, sleeping with Lucas would help put her antsy hormones at ease, thus making her a better Paranormal Investigator.

How was that for logical?

She took another swig of her cranberry juice and washed down the chocolate. A glance at the clock told her it was a little past six. She hoped like hell the spirits were as restless as she was on this holiday evening. Otherwise it was going to be one heck of a long night locked inside the office with Lucas.

A short while later, after the last of her colleagues had staggered out the door and crammed into a cab, the phone rang.

Thank God...

She desperately needed the distraction. Lucas tossed another piece of cake into his mouth and swiftly brushed his hands together before making his way to his desk.

Nodding her head, she gestured toward the shrilling phone. "I got it."

With her mood lightening now that she had something productive to do, she sank into her cushiony office chair, grabbed the receiver and pressed it to her ear. Of course, as far as she was concerned, getting wild with Lucas could be classified as productive, too. How unfortunate that her boss didn't see it that way.

"You got the ghost, we'll make 'em toast," Elly said in her most professional voice. Naturally, answering the phone in such a manner was strictly prohibited. Her boss would tear a strip off her hide if he'd been within earshot, especially since most people didn't take the agency seriously - until they were able to cleanse their unwanted spirits, that was. Yeah, answering the phone like that was grounds for firing. But her boss wasn't here and she was in a fairly shitty mood. Not to mention horny. So there.

"...245 Wilson Lane. Ghosts. And hurry..."

Elly leaned forward, perking up. "Whoa, whoa lady, slow down." Cradling the phone between her ear and shoulder, she grabbed her pen and scratched down Wilson Lane. She caught Lucas's glance as he listened to her end of the conversation. He angled his head and slanted his sensuous mouth with professional interest. His concern obvious in his expression.

"My neighbors, they're having sex like wild bunnies," the elderly woman rushed out.

Elly crinkled her nose and did an imaginary tip of a shooter glass. Why, oh why, did all the drunken nutcases come out of the closet when she was on shift?

After rolling her eyes heavenward, Elly asked, "And you just thought you'd call to let me know?"

Or rub it in...?

"No, no you don't understand," the woman bit out, her voice crackling like brittle bones as she hurried on to explain. "Gloria and Phil don't have sex. Ever. I should know. I've lived in the condo next to them for the last twenty years."

Elly fought a chuckle and made circles around her ear with her index finger. "Hey, it's Christmas eve, maybe they're just celebrating."

"This has been going on all day." Annoyance seeped into the lady's voice. "I think you need to come down here," she said, the firmness and impatience in her tone bringing back haunting memories of old lady Hicks, her strict elementary teacher.

Elly frowned, remembering the day Mrs. Hicks confiscated her candy bar. Chocolate wasn't good for growing girls, she'd said. What kind of bullshit was that? Elly just knew the old lady wanted it all for herself.

Marshalling her thoughts and redirecting her focus Elly said, "Okay, let me get the facts straight. They're having sex, have been all day, so you think-"

The lady cut her off. "Yes, I think some spirit has possessed them and is using their bodies to celebrate the holidays."

A holiday spirit? Now that was a first. Elly wondered if the lady had drunk too many holiday spirits, herself.

Her gaze locked with Lucas's and she repeated the words for his sake. "So you think a holiday spirit has possessed your neighbors?"

"Yes and you need to get down here fast, before their hearts attack them and they die from all that fornication."

Elly snorted, she hadn't meant to snort, really she hadn't, but how the hell could she be expected to take this seriously.

And who the hell used the word fornication anyway?

Concealing her disbelief, Elly pulled a professional face. "It sounds like Cupid is on the loose."

"Cupid?" the woman asked, her voice rising an octave. "Isn't that a Valentine spirit?"

"No, ma'am. It's one of Santa's reindeers. He's always causing havoc."

With that, Lucas laughed out loud. Elly covered the phone and chuckled.

Okay, so maybe it wasn't so nice to play with the weak and elderly, although something told her this lady was far from weak.

Elly cleared her throat. "You'd better give me your name and that address again ma'am, so we can check it out." Her cranberry juice rose in her throat and she shivered at the thoughts of walking in on poor old Gloria and Phil while they were...*fornicating*.

After jotting down the woman's name and her address, Elly jumped to her feet, grabbed her winter coat and pointed a finger at their equipment. "Grab the toaster, Lucas. There's a shagfest on Wilson Lane and it must be stopped."

Lucas tossed her his best sexy grin, and then grabbed the electrometric gage, the pulse meter, strobe light, and cage - the office's state of the art ghost hunting gadgetry.

"Poor old Cupid is not going to know what hit him," he said, offering her his best panty soaking grin. And suddenly, as Lucas's sexy smile warmed the greedy little spot between her legs, Elly was the one who felt like she'd been toasted.

Chapter Two

Less than thirty minutes later they pulled up in front of 245 Wilson Lane. "Over there," Elly said, nodding toward the little old lady peering through her blinds, her eyes as bright as the Christmas lights framing her door, and her hair as white and fluffy as a freshly made snowball. "Must be Grace."

With his voice full of teasing warmth, Lucas leaned in and whispered, "You think she just wants in on the action?"

Acutely aware of the moisture pooling between her thighs, Elly shifted in her seat. Christ, no wonder the guy had his own harem of women. That husky voice of his warmed her blood quicker than a double shot of rum and eggnog.

"I just hope we don't walk in on the action," she responded with a mock shiver.

They climbed from the car, grabbed their gear from the trunk and made their way up the snow covered walkway. Lucas pulled out the pulse meter and watched the way the needle red lined. They exchanged a knowing look while Elly rang the bell. No answer. Just then Grace inched open her door.

"I have a key," she whispered.

Technically they weren't supposed to enter without the occupant's permission, but under the circumstances...

"I'll open it for you," Grace said, reading their hesitation. After Elly nodded, Grace quickly opened the door and then hustled back to her condo. "I'll be listening from in here," she said, shutting the door behind her.

"I just bet you will," Elly murmured under her breath, waving her flashlight around while looking for the switch.

The second she stepped through the threshold, a burst of heat raced over her body, flushing her cheeks and warming her from the inside out. Okay, that was odd. Cold she expected, but the hot spot really caught her off guard. She tugged on her scarf and moved to the center of the room, Lucas tight on her heels.

Elly palmed the air. "What the hell-"

"What the hell is right," Lucas whispered into her ear, his muscular chest pressed against her back. He was standing so close she could absorb the heat radiating from his flesh. "Since when do spirits leave hot spots?" he asked.

"Beats me." She spun around and catalogued the room. "Let's go find Gloria and Phil and then toast this fucker."

Lucas called out to the home owners as they searched each room. A noise inside the back bedroom caught their attention.

Elly knocked. "Are you okay in there? Your neighbor Grace called to report a metaphysical disturbance. We're from the Paranormal Task Force Agency, here to investigate."

Suddenly the door opened and one very tired, very worn out looking man stood before her in nothing more than a pair of tighty whiteys and a huge smile on his face.

"We're okay," he assured them. "No problems here."

Elly looked over his shoulder and spotted a woman, who she assumed was Gloria, tying her robe. "You okay, ma'am?"

Lucas cleared his throat and then purposely put his mouth close to her ear. "The electromagnetic readings are off the chart."

Phil looked down sheepishly, as though busted. "Yeah, it wouldn't let us leave. It held us captive, turning up the heat in the room, and in us, making us do wild and crazy things." Phil

winked at Lucas. "I guess we must have finally satisfied its voyeuristic spirit since it just let us free."

Elly shook her head. Cripes, she'd never get used to the idea that ghosts had crazy fetishes.

Phil took a look at the nuke box Lucas clutched in his right hand and frowned. "You don't have to..."

"Afraid so, sir," Lucas said, unzipping his coat. "We have to contain it and take it with us."

Phil shrugged. "Guess it was good while it lasted."

"Perhaps you could head on over to Grace's while we cleanse the place," Elly suggested. "Right now, we have no idea how long it will take."

When his eyes lit up with excitement, Elly stepped back and cringed. If he was planning some sort of threesome with Grace, she didn't want to hear anything about it.

Elly did a sweep of the house while Lucas ushered the couple next door. As she moved through the hallway and stepped into what appeared to be a guest room, energy swirled around her, tingling her skin in the most provocative way. She fanned her face, astonished at just how hot the room was.

What the hell was this spirit up to now?

The sound of footsteps in the hall heralded Lucas's arrival. "In here, Lucas. The readings are off the chart."

When she heard him at the door, she spun around, noting that he'd removed his coat and now stood before her in a pair of jeans and a navy, button up shirt. Christ the man was drop dead gorgeous. If it got any hotter in there she wondered if he'd remove that shirt, too.

Or maybe even his pants...

As soon as that thought popped into her head, the temperature in the room seemed to soar. She set her equipment on the floor and shed her coat. "It must be a hundred degrees in here."

"At least," Lucas said, setting his gear down beside hers while his fingers worked the top two buttons on his shirt, affording her a view of a few sexy sprigs of dark chest hair.

Yummy.

Taking them both by surprise, the equipment slid across the floor and landed in the hall, the bedroom door slamming shut behind it.

"Oh shit," Elly cursed, spinning around, her mind orchestrating and strategizing her next move. "Oh, shit," she repeated.

Lucas tried the door. "Fuck, it's locked."

Feeling suddenly claustrophobic, she yelled, "Break it down."

Lucas put his shoulder into it, but it refused to budge. Elly tried the window and found it sealed shut. Goddamit.

When she spun back around to face Lucas a burst of sexual energy hit her like a wrecking ball, knocking her backwards. "What the fu-"

"Shit, Elly," Lucas said. He grabbed her and crushed her body to his before she landed on her ass. When his hands slid around her waist and she felt his mounting desire, her nipples tightened with arousal.

Passion like she'd never before experienced worked its way through her veins, stopping at every erogenous zone along the way.

"Are you okay?" When she caught his glance, the raw ache of lust in his eyes evoked a myriad of sinful thoughts. Apparently the spirit was having a good old time messing with their libidos.

She straightened and fanned her face. "I'm not so sure," she said honestly.

A look of genuine concern came over him. He pressed his hand to her forehead. "You're burning up. Do you have your cell phone?"

She reached into her coat and pulled out the phone, not that she expected it to work with all the electromagnetic interference.

She put it to her ear. "It's dead," she assured him. She tossed it onto the bed and undid a few buttons on her blouse.

Lucas tried the door again, cursing under his breath. He slid his hand through his thick dark hair and shook his head. "Rule number one is to never get separated from your equipment," he mumbled, his voice thick with arousal because of the situation they'd found themselves in. "Stupid, stupid, stupid..."

Elly dropped onto the bed beside her phone. "Now what?" She took a moment to mull things over as Lucas moved past her to try the window, his tight, squeezable ass - which was now at eye level thank you very much - dragging her focus with him. His spicy scent curled around her, bombarding her body with primal hunger. As warmth streaked through her, she pulled his aroma into her lungs.

In one swift move that took her by surprise, Lucas ripped off his shirt, his gorgeous, athletic body glistening with perspiration.

Hot damn!

Elly licked her dry lips, her temperature soaring. Sexual tension swirled around them, demanding all their attention. Her pussy muscles clenched as moisture pooled in her panties.

He reached for his belt. "The first thing we need to do is get our bodies cooled down."

And here she'd rather heat them up...

Excited by the prospect, her mind raced with wild and wicked ideas while visions of nakedness danced in her head.

With her body beckoning his touch, and never one to let an opportunity pass, Elly stood and crossed the room to stand directly in front of Lucas. She bumped his groin and could feel his thickening cock. A low growl crawled out of his throat and she felt the way his body trembled.

"What are you doing, Elly?"

She cocked her head. "Well, for our own safety, we could always go with rule number two," she said, her voice breathy, intimate.

He frowned and shook his head. "We don't have a rule number two." His muscles bunched, his glance drifted downward, halting near her cleavage. When his dark gaze shifted back to her face, a shudder raced through her.

Her dry throat cracked, her voice dropped to a seductive whisper. The sexual pull between them was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

Elly arched one brow and unbuttoned her blouse farther, exposing the soft black satin on her bra. "I think we have to give the spirit what it wants. It seemed to work for Gloria and Phil and we certainly wouldn't want to anger it without our equipment?"

Hey, this was as good an excuse as any to get him naked and have her wicked way with him.

Suddenly, the scent of her arousal saturated the small room. She watched Lucas's throat work as he swallowed, and took note of the way his nostrils flared as he drew in her heady scent.

"What do you think it wants?" he asked, as though wanting to hear her say it. The deep sexiness of his voice made her quake. His hand brushed hers and her skin came alive.

She drew a deep breath and tilted her head back, meeting eyes that were so dark and so full of urgent need that it made her knees wobble. She gripped his shoulders, her blood igniting to a boil.

"I think it wants to watch us get naked and have sex."

His mouth curved and he inched impossibly closer until the heat of his body scorched her. He caged her between him and the wall. A muscle in his jaw twitched.

He pitched his voice low. "Under the circumstances, I don't think we have any other

choice. I believe our safety depends on it.”

Before she had time to think, his lips crashed down on hers, his kiss fueling her hunger, driving the intensity of her need for him to dangerous levels.

His tongue slipped inside and lashed against her mouth. Good God, he tasted like sweet cake and spicy male all rolled up into one sinful Christmas present. She moaned, savoring the delectable taste of him as her hands raced over his hard body.

A whimper escaped her lips as his knee slipped between her jean clad thighs, urging them apart. She gyrated against him, rubbing her pussy on his leg.

“Jesus...” he whispered, his hand tugging off her shirt. He took a long moment to look at her. “You are so fucking hot.” In one expert movement, he unhooked her bra, releasing her swollen breasts. “Mmmm,” he moaned. He bent forward for a taste, swiping her nipple with his warm, wet tongue. “And you taste so damn good,” he murmured, paying homage to her other nipple as he gently kneaded her full breasts.

Blindsided by lust she arched into him, the erotic assault like fire on her skin. She raced her fingers through his hair, holding his mouth to her.

Goddamn, the man sure had a magical tongue. Dying for him to work his magic between her legs, she pushed on his shoulders, guiding him downward.

“I think this is what the spirit wants to see,” she murmured breathlessly.

His warm chuckle curled around her as he sank to his knees. “It’s a very naughty spirit, Elly.”

“Very naughty, indeed,” she whispered. “It’s probably on Santa’s naughty list.”

His fingers unhooked her button, and the hiss from her zipper filled the room. His eyes sparkled with mischief. “Are you on Santa’s naughty list too, sweetheart?”

“Every year,” she whimpered.

As sexual electricity whipped around then, he growled with pleasure and pulled open her jeans, just enough to expose her panties. “That’s good because I like naughty better than nice.” He tugged her silk panties down an inch and brushed his thumb over her blood-swollen clit. When he felt her wetness, he said, “Oh yeah, now this is my kind of naughty.”

The heat of his mouth felt so hot against her skin. She shimmied her hips, encouraging him to rip off her pants, but he didn’t seem to be in too much of a hurry. Taking his time, he pressed his lips to her belly and flicked his tongue over her flesh. His slow seduction nearly shut down her brain.

She tossed her head to the side, her body crying out for release as she shook with sexual frustration. She went wild as his fingers climbed up her legs and his mouth brushed against her inner thighs, escalating her tension.

A surge of excitement whipped through her when he gripped her belt loops and pulled her pants to her ankles. She kicked them aside, her boots following.

His fingers slid over the silky material of her panties, caressing her clit, drawing out her pleasure. Her body responded with a shudder. Moisture collected on her forehead and she closed her eyes against the flood of heat. Pressure brewed inside her, demanding to be sated before she went up in a burst of flames.

He pressed his nose to her panties and inhaled, then using his tongue made a slow pass over her sex, licking her twin lips through the material. She nearly erupted on the spot.

A hiss came from her lips. “Good, God...” she whimpered with effort, her blood flowing thick and heavy through her veins, her senses exploding. “You’re going to make me come.”

His deep, edgy laugh seeped into her skin. “That’s the idea, sweetheart.”

He gripped the thin elastic on her panties and tore them from her hips. “Oh my,” she moaned loving how he was going all alpha on her.

Lucas turned his attention to her passion drenched pussy and ran his fingers through her moisture. “Goddamn you’re so wet.” She bucked forward as his finger breached her opening. “And so fucking tight,” he said, moaning with pleasure. He brushed the pad of his thumb over

her clit while he eased his finger all the way up inside her.

Elly's breath caught as a wave of heat swirled around their bodies. "*Oh Jesus, yes...*"

He slipped another finger into the mix for a snug fit, and gently began to pump into her. His mouth found her clit again, where he sucked long and hard, pulling the engorged nub into his mouth and rolling it between his teeth. Her pussy muscles trembled and spasmed beneath his expert ministrations.

In no time at all, her bottled up lust rose to the surface and a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her mind shut down and she gave a broken gasp, her muscles tightening and contracting as a violent shudder overtook her. Grabbing a fistful of Lucas's hair, she pressed against him harder, riding out every delicious wave of ecstasy.

"That's it, Elly. Come in my mouth so I can taste you."

Lucas spent a long time on his knees, lapping up every last drop of her cream. As she watched him, her mouth watered, thirsting to taste him in return. She pushed on his shoulder and slid down the wall until they were eye to eye.

"Hey babe." He tossed her a smile while he licked the moisture from his lips.

She reached out and cradled his hard cock through his pants. "I want to fuck you." Lust darkened his eyes. The smile fell from his face. He groaned low in his throat. Signaling her intent, she gave him a gentle push until he was sprawled out on the floor in front of her. "With my mouth," she added.

Once she had him where she wanted him, she nestled herself between his legs and made short work of his pants and boots. She sat there staring at his crotch in frank appreciation.

"You have the nicest cock," she murmured, her pussy clenching in anticipation. Inching forward she made a slow pass with her tongue. His cock pulsed in response.

"Elly, fuck..."

She shot him a mischievous grin. "Oh we will, just as soon as I'm done tasting you," she teased, her voice full of promise.

She gathered him into her hands and squeezed gently. His liquid heat lubricated her palm as she skated her fingers over his shaft. She loved the way it darkened and swelled beneath her touch.

With excruciating slowness, she closed her mouth around him and noted the way he tracked her every movement. He pulled her hair back, gifting himself with a better view of his cock moving in and out of her mouth. Going lower, she drew his balls into her mouth, one at a time, sucking gently, until she was certain he was damn near ready to explode. Electricity continued to crackle around them, the heat between them tremendous.

"You are so good at that," he murmured, lifting his hips from the floor.

Her entire body began trembling with need, and her heart raced like mad, wanting nothing more than to feel his huge shaft inside her.

When she slipped one hand between her legs to play with her clit, he gripped her hair and tugged, pulling her mouth from his cock. His dark, passion imbued gaze excited the hell out of her.

"Fuck me, Elly," he growled.

"Yes..." she cried out breathlessly, hardly recognizing her voice.

"My pants. Condom. Now."

She grabbed the condom and quickly sheathed him. With her pussy aching to feel his thickness, she climbed over his body and impaled herself on him, driving his rock hard shaft all the way up inside her.

She threw her head back and cried out. "*Lucas...*"

"Holy fuck, Elly." His hands bit into her hips, pinning her to him. He made a face that suggested he was about to lose it.

She began rocking, driving him in and out of her, until they reached a fevered pitch.

With her blood pulsing hot, she could feel another orgasm pulling at her. She pumped harder, chasing it, her hands going to her breasts to pinch her nipples. Suddenly the rippling waves of an orgasm took hold. She took deep gulping breaths as she peaked.

Her erotic whimper filled the room. "Oh God, I'm-"

"Jesus, your cream is so hot on my cock," Lucas cried out, driving into her hard and then stilling his movements as he joined her in orgasm. Lust sang through her veins. She bent forward and pressed her mouth to his scorching lips. Their tongues joined and tangled as they both tumbled into climax.

She concentrated on every delicious pulse of his dick, until his spasms stopped.

When she finally caught her breath, she whispered, "That was amazing," and collapsed on top of him. Before her body had time to return to Earth, another wave of lust washed over her, taking her by surprise. Her eyes widened and she looked at Lucas. "Ohmigod-"

"I know baby, I know." With that, his lips crashed down on hers and he took her again and again.

Chapter Three

A long time later, Elly noticed the sun rising in the horizon. "Hey, it's Christmas," she whispered, shifting to face Lucas on the mattress, which they'd eventually made their way to over the course of the night.

He pulled her in tighter and released a sigh of pleasure. He looked so sexy and rumped that she couldn't keep her hands off him.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart." Suddenly the bedroom door clicked open and the temperature in the room dropped a few degrees.

Lucas chuckled and then gestured with a nod. "Hey, it looks like we are free to go now that we've given the spirit what it wanted."

She levered herself up on her elbow to take a peek and then dropped back to the bed, her own spirit sinking, not wanting the night to end. She tried for casual. "Yeah, looks that way. I guess we should get to work then."

Neither one of them budged.

She tilted her head and glanced into his dark, smoldering eyes. Awareness quivered through her and the elevated thud of her pulse hadn't gone unnoticed. Despite the falling temperature, warmth spread over her skin as she grew needy for him all over again.

Beneath the sheets his hands skimmed her breasts and her nipples tightened painfully. Heat pooled between her thighs and she drew a shaky breath and moistened her lips.

Oh God, so much for a one night stand with ladies' man Lucas. After a wild night in his arms there was no denying that she wanted him again. Today. Tomorrow. Forever. But without the ghost ruling his actions, would he want her again, too? Or would he go back to his harem of women?

She made a move to get up and with a shaky voice she said, "I guess we should go capture it so we can go home and celebrate Christmas. My parents are expecting me and I'm sure yours are too."

He stilled her movements. "I think we should wait."

"You do?" Excitement coiled in her belly when she saw the desire in his eyes.

"Yeah, because right now the only thing I'm interested in capturing is your body, with my mouth."

Heat flashed inside her and her heart filled with joy. She swallowed. "Don't you have presents to unwrap?"

"Baby that's exactly what I'm about to do." He peeled her sheet back, exposing her naked body.

Something powerful passed between them when she took in the warmth in his eyes. "Lucas—"

He shook his head. "God, girl, you've been making me crazy for the last six months. You're all I can think about. Day and Night. And now that I've got you, right where I want you, no way am I letting you get away."

Her heart thudded against her chest. "Really?"

"Yeah, really."

His dark turbulent gaze moved over her face and it filled her with need. He pitched his voice low and whispered softly, "All I want for Christmas is right here, Elly. This Christmas. Next Christmas. Every Christmas. You're the only present I ever want to unwrap."

As she felt him reach out to her, emotionally as well as physically, she took a moment to thank Santa for the best Christmas present he'd ever given her.

When she found her voice she said, "You know the boss is going to have our asses for this right?"

Lucas laughed. "He'll get over it." He wet his lips and all rational thought fled when one rough hand slipped lower to cup her backside. "Now speaking of asses."

Elly widened her thighs and whispered, "Capture away, Lucas. Capture away..."

Author Biography

A former government financial officer, Cathryn Fox graduated from university with a bachelor of business degree. Shortly into her career, Cathryn quickly figured out that corporate life wasn't for her. Needing an outlet for her creative energy, she turned in her briefcase and calculator and began writing erotic romance full-time. Cathryn enjoys writing dark paranormals and humorous contemporaries. She lives in eastern Canada with her husband, two kids and chocolate Labrador retriever.

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