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# Naughty is Nice

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*Holiday eBook Freebie*

During the holidays, sometimes the nicest things are the naughtiest.

Dedicated to the faithful readers of Samhain Publishing. Here's hoping each and every one of you has a wonderful holiday and the happiest of New Years!

Naughty Is Nice  
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## Chapter One

"Thanks for dinner, Kylie. It was delicious." Joy leaned back and tried to suck in a deep breath. "Dammit, I think I'm about to burst."

"Amen to that. Why do turkey dinners with all the fixings leave you feeling like a balloon ready to pop?" Kylie unbuttoned her jeans.

Joy laughed. "You know, these pants were loose when I got here. I think I'm gonna have to cut them off tonight when I get home."

"Well at least we didn't have to do the clean up. We can just sit here and bask in our gluttony."

Joy shook her head. "I still can't believe the fellas hopped up to do the dishes like that."

"In this house, the cook doesn't clean. You and I just spent the better part of our day cooking up a feast that those three ravenous beasts consumed in less than twenty minutes," Kylie joked.

"Isn't that always the way? Five hours of fixin' for five minutes of feastin'. I really want to thank you for inviting me, Ky. Tonight was fun."

"You know you can spend the night and do Christmas morning with us."

Joy grinned at Kylie's tenacity. Her best friend seemed appalled at the fact she'd decided against making the long trip to visit her folks this year. Fact was, she couldn't afford the plane fare and a week with her parents wasn't exactly her idea of celebrating the holidays. She was fairly certain her folks were the model for George Costanza's parents on *Seinfeld*. "I'll be fine at home."

"People aren't supposed to spend Christmas alone," Kylie argued.

"Maybe not in your world, but I have to tell you, I can't think of anything nicer than lying in bed all day watching a Harry Potter movie marathon and eating junk food. Of course after tonight's dinner, I'll probably need to fast all damn day just to fit in the bed."

"Well, if you get bored, come over," Kylie added one last plea.

"If I get bored, I'll just work on my holiday wish list some more."

"Isn't Christmas day a bit late to be writing a wish list?" Kylie asked.

"This list is different. Here," Joy reached into her purse and pulled out a piece of folded paper. "I've been working on it for a few days. What do you think?"

Kylie took the paper and perused it for a moment. Joy struggled not to giggle at her friend's face.

"This is a sex checklist," Kylie said, confusion in her voice.

"Well yeah, sort of. I've decided to grant myself a few wishes this year."

"With who?"

Joy frowned. "I haven't exactly figured out that point yet, but there's still time. I'm completely serious about doing every single one of the things on that list before next Christmas."

"This is a helluva list, Joy. Can I make a copy of it?"

Joy grinned. "Yeah, like you aren't living in a sex fantasy world everyday! You're my inspiration. I'm telling you Ky, I've had it with boring love affairs. I'm dating duds, in and out of the bedroom. Crap, all I have to show for this year is Ron, the science teacher and Matt, the accountant."

Kylie scrunched up her nose. "That is a pretty sad statement for your year."

"Tell me about it. The only lesson I learned from Ron is that you should never date someone from work and Matt the Missionary Man was dull as dirt."

Kylie laughed as Joy used the nickname she'd given the boring accountant.

"Laugh if you must, but I'm serious. If I don't have some halfway decent sex this year, I'm going to spontaneously combust. There's just so much you can do with sex toys alone."

"Hey Joy," Nick called as he came into the living room. "Damn snow started falling again. If we don't get a move on, the roads will be slick as hell."

"Okay," Joy said, hastily shoving her wish list back into her bag. She'd ridden to Kylie, Heath and Colt's house with her neighbor and friend, Nick. Nick and Colt were partners at the police department, while she and Kylie taught at the same high school. She and Nick were two of the few trusted friends who were privy to the truth behind Kylie's committed relationship with not one, but two men. Joy had been shocked when she'd first learned that Kylie was involved in a ménage, but after meeting Heath and Colt, Joy's initial reservations turned to utter envy. Her friend was a very lucky woman to have landed two such faithful, handsome men and Joy had no doubt their relationship, though unusual, was one that was destined to last forever.

"Thanks again for inviting me," Joy said as she and Kylie hugged each other. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," Kylie answered. "And here's hoping you get everything on your wish list!"

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"You've been awfully quiet tonight," Nick said. Joy had been his friend for close to two years and the woman was *never* quiet.

"Just thinking," she said, looking over and smiling at him. He was struck again by how pretty and peaceful she'd seemed all night. She was typically a ball of energy, bouncing off every surface in whatever room she happened to be standing in. She talked too fast and too much and every time he was around her he felt as if he was constantly struggling to keep up.

"What are you thinking about?" He wasn't used to trying to initiate a conversation with her. He'd gotten used to her doing all the talking while he threw in a few nods and grunts every once in awhile so she knew he was listening. Fact of the matter was, he found her insights into life fascinating and entertaining.

"I don't know. The holidays."

Again she stopped talking and Nick was left wondering. He was slightly surprised to find he didn't like not knowing what was going on inside her pretty little head.

"What about the holidays?" he prodded.

Joy laughed softly. "I don't know, Nick. I guess I'm just reflecting a bit on the year. Thinking about things I'd like to change in my life."

Nick frowned. Change? Why the hell did she need change? As far as he knew, she was happy with her life. At least, she always seemed happy. "Like what?"

She shrugged and he found himself starting to lose his temper, something he rarely did. He pulled into Joy's driveway and got out. As always she had her door open and was halfway out before he could get around to her side. "Dammit Joy, the pavement is slippery. Why don't you ever wait for me?"

Joy took his proffered hand with a grin. "My gentlemanly neighbor. We've discussed this before, Nick. I'm perfectly capable of getting in and out of cars on my own."

"Nothing wrong with a man opening a door for a woman, Joy. Damn women's libbers."

"Hallelujah! Mr. Caveman managed to sneak in an appearance in the eleventh hour. Leaving it a bit late aren't you Nick? I mean I'm almost to my front door."

"Very funny. Where's your key?" He asked the question, then stood back on the front porch and smirked. Joy didn't disappoint him.

"Oh crap, I should have looked for it in the car," she said as Nick nodded. That was pretty much her standard line. Now they would spend the next five minutes freezing their asses off while she dug through her gargantuan handbag. His luggage was smaller than her purse and he couldn't for the life of him understand why she felt like she needed to tote around so much shit all the time.

"It's in here somewhere," she muttered and Nick glanced at his watch. Three minutes down, two to go. She continued to rifle through the bag and a piece of paper fell out. She failed to notice so he bent down to pick it up as she continued searching.

"Aha! Here it is. What was my time?" she asked.

"Four minutes and twelve seconds. A new record," he teased.

"Woo Hoo! Good night, Nick. Thanks for driving."

"Merry Christmas, Joy."

She leaned forward and pulled him into a friendly hug, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. Nick was surrounded by her warm, cozy smells, a pleasant mix of peppermint and cookies and hot chocolate that made him think of home.

"Merry Christmas, Nick. I hope the snow stops soon. I don't like the thought of you driving three hours in this mess to your sister's house tomorrow."

"I'll be fine. I've got my trusty four-wheel drive. Sure you don't wanna come with me?"

"Hmmm. Spend Christmas day with your sister and her seventy-two screaming children or laze about in bed all day. That is a tough choice."

"She has five kids and only four of them scream. The teenager just sulks. Thanks for reminding me what I'm in for," he answered sarcastically as she laughed.

"You love them all and you know it. Be careful and I'll see you day after tomorrow."

"Night, Joy."

She turned and went into her house and Nick stayed put until he heard the lock click into place. He started to walk back to his truck when he realized he was still holding on to the piece of paper she'd dropped. He turned back to her door, ready to knock when his eyes landed on the heading.

My Christmas Wish List.

Nick grinned at the length of the list. Joy's tiny, neat handwriting covered nearly three-fourths of the page. He scanned the items slowly and felt his jaw drop.

*Holy shit.*

Joy was planning to give herself quite a merry Christmas. He continued to peruse the list wondering if some of the things she'd listed were even legal.

He folded the list and put it in his pocket, his mind running a hundred miles a minute. The changes Joy was thinking about making in her life were erotic as all get out.

*Who the hell is she planning to do all this stuff with?*

That single question plagued him as he moved his truck from her driveway across the street into his. He was uneasy with the thought of her trying any of the things on that wish list with anyone, but him. Nick leaned back against the headrest, not moving from the truck as the impact of that thought jolted through him.

When he and Joy had met, they'd both been in relationships. They'd become friends through Colt and Kylie, bringing along their partners on outings and picnics. Her relationship ended, but by the time he'd broken up with his girlfriend, she'd started dating someone else. It always seemed when one of them was free, the other wasn't. For the last few months, they'd both been single, but after so much time as friends, it seemed like neither one of them looked upon the other in a romantic light.

Now Nick couldn't get over the feeling that Joy was meant to be his and he'd be damned if he'd let another man snatch her up before he could. He pulled her list out again and grinned. He was about to make all of Joy's naughty Christmas wishes come true and with any luck, he'd make sure both of them had a very happy new year as well.

## Chapter Two

It was dark when Joy opened her eyes. She wondered what had woken her up and then she heard it. Footsteps on the carpet. In her room. She started to bolt up and scream when a hand clasped itself over her lips. Her heart raced with fear until she heard Nick's voice whispering in her ear.

"Relax Joy. It's just me."

She sighed with relief. Nick had a key to her house for emergencies. But there didn't seem to be an emergency right now and she was overcome with a flood of anger. When he released her mouth, she pummeled his chest with her fist. "You scared the shit out of me! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Have you been naughty or nice this year, Joy?" he said as he gripped her hands and pulled them above her head on the pillow.

"What?" she asked, struck by the sexiness of their positions. He was sitting on the side of the bed, leaning over her. The quilt had fallen down amidst her struggles revealing her tiny sleep shirt and panties.

"Have you been a good girl or a bad girl? Think carefully about your answer. You wouldn't want to lie to St. Nick. He'll know the truth."

She couldn't believe this was Nick. He was the epitome of the strong, silent type, yet here he was asking her a sexually provocative question in the middle of the night. She was turned on beyond belief as her holiday wish list floated through her mind. Nick would be the ideal man to grant a few of those wishes. She'd had a crush on him for ages, but she'd decided their friendship meant too much for her to risk it on a love affair, especially considering their track records in broken relationships.

"I'm waiting for your answer," he whispered, his breath hot on her cheek. For a second, she thought he'd actually kissed her, but surely that was her imagination.

"I've been very good," she answered.

"Mmm. Then you should be rewarded." He turned his lips to hers and kissed her. Seriously kissed her. Joy was swept away by the amazing feeling of his mouth on hers, gently prodding until she parted her lips and let him possess her fully. His tongue tangled with hers as he released her wrists and moved his hands to her cheeks. He held her face softly in his large grip and Joy had to squeeze her legs together to fight against the sensations building up below her waist. The kiss seemed to last for hours.

"I found your wish list," he said when he finally allowed her to come up for air.

"What? How?" She struggled to rise as she felt her face flush with embarrassment. He held her tightly, his body pinning her to the bed, refusing to let her budge even an inch away from him.

"It fell out of your purse when you were looking for your keys."

"It was just a joke," she said weakly, mortified that he'd read all of her darkest, most secret fantasies.

"Tsk, ts, ts. What did I say about lying to St. Nick, Joy?"

"Nick, I don't under—"

"We're going to work our way down that naughty list. Together."

"We are?" Even in her confusion, she could feel her body responding to his words.

"Yep. You want to be a bad girl and I'm going to help you."

"It's a pretty long list," she said, shaking her head at her inane response.

"Well then we better get started because I can tell you right now, I'm the only man you're going to enact those fantasies with."

Joy's body shifted into overdrive at his possessive claim. "What happens when we're finished with the list?"

Nick offered her a mysterious grin, but rather than answer her question, he said, "Put your hands above your head and stop fidgeting."

"I can't help it," she said as she moved her hands into the position he'd demanded. "I want you, Nick. Please."

He grinned at her impassioned plea and she fought the urge to throw him onto his back and take what she needed from him.

"Patience," he whispered as he leaned down to kiss her.

She turned her head at the last minute and his lips grazed her cheek. "I'd like to make some headway on the list, Nick and it's already past midnight. I don't have time to be patient."

He chuckled. "This isn't going to be a one night engagement."

"But you're leaving early to go to your sister's—"

"I'm not leaving tomorrow. I'll call Val in the morning. What kind of Santa would I be if I left before you opened all of your presents?"

She grinned at his sexy joke. "Can I open one right now?" She reached down and began to unbutton his shirt, but he shook his head.

"Undressing a man isn't on your list," he said as he gripped her wrists and pulled them back above her head.

"Give me a pen. I wasn't finished," she cried.

Nick chuckled. "You can add more later." He reached up and Joy realized there was something tied to her headboard. "I brought over a few of my ties. Thought they might come in handy."

How long had he been in her bedroom before she awoke?

"You're a sound sleeper, Joy. I'm going to have to install a burglar alarm on this house."

As he spoke, he secured her hands to the headboard with the ties. Once he'd finished, she tugged on them, surprised to find she couldn't free herself.

"Bondage," he whispered in her ear. Number one on her list.

He stood as she lay helpless on the bed. For a moment, she lost sight of him in the dark room. The sound of a match being struck across the room drew her gaze and she watched Nick light a candle on her dresser. He moved to her nightstand and lit one there as well. The flickering candlelight allowed her to watch as he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off. She'd seen him shirtless hundreds of times as he mowed his lawn in the summer and the sight never failed to stop her in her tracks as he was certainly built to please.

She rubbed her legs together again, but was halted by Nick's hands on her waist. "I told you to stay still."

"I'm trying."

Nick laughed. "No you aren't. Here, I can take care of this." He pulled her panties down her legs and Joy closed her eyes against the incredible sensation of his hands running along the outside of her thighs. Finally, she thought.

"Beautiful," he said quietly and she opened her eyes to find Nick's gaze on her pussy. He moved to the bottom of the bed and pulled up two more ties, which he quickly used to secure her ankles spread-eagle to the bottom of the bed.

"Now you'll have to behave," he said gruffly.

She was wrong. Nick wasn't finished playing. She moaned at the feeling of complete vulnerability.

He moved back to the side of the bed and began to remove his jeans. She felt her heart race faster as Nick's cock made its first appearance in her world. Like everything about the man, it was large and hard and perfect.

"Oh Nick," she breathed out as he moved over her. His hands roughly pushed her T-shirt up to her neck and his lips descended on her breasts. She sensed his patience was wearing as thin as hers.

*Thank God.*

He toyed and teased her breasts until the nipples stood out in tight, hard buds and she heard herself panting, desperate for him.

He dragged his lips down her stomach, teasingly dipping his tongue in her belly button before reaching the place where she most needed him.

"Sweet," he murmured as he tapped her clit with his tongue, parting her pussy with his fingers.

"Nick," she breathed when she felt his tongue circle the opening to her body before he pushed it in.

Her hips shot up at the feeling of him fucking her with his tongue. In and out and still it wasn't enough.

"You," she cried, "I need you."

He responded to her plea, moving over her body quickly. "Are you on the Pill?" he asked. She nodded once before he thrust fully inside her. The rough motion was all she needed and she screamed as her orgasm rumbled through her body. Nick held still while she trembled around him. When she regained her wits, he started to move again, his thrusts hard and fast and potent. She felt another climax build and she marveled at how quickly he could bring her to such heights.

As her orgasm came again, she heard Nick's cry mingle with her own as he filled her with his warm seed before he fell to her side. He reached up and kissed her softly and with such tenderness, Joy felt her eyes fill up with happy tears.

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Joy lay on the couch in Nick's arms quietly watching the Christmas tree lights flicker. Dusk had fallen and she reveled in the knowledge that she'd just had the best Christmas day of her life. Nick had kept her up most of the night granting her wish after wish. They'd had a late breakfast together, then dozed and made love off and on all day.

"What are you thinking about?" Nick asked and Joy grinned as she recalled him asking her the same thing in the truck.

"The holidays and all the things I'd like to change about my life this year," she said with a teasing smile, repeating her answer from the previous evening.

Rather than the scowl she'd seen cross his face last night, he grinned. "I think change is good. I've got some ideas about those changes."

"Oh yeah, like what?"

"Well, for starters, I was thinking maybe you should work on adding a few more things to that wish list of yours. We've put a pretty big dent in the original list and we wouldn't want to run out."

"What happens when we finish it?" She'd asked the same question last night, but Nick had evaded it. This time his answer took her breath away.

"We're never going to finish that list, Joy. I'm going to spend every night for the rest of our lives making all of your wishes come true."

She sat up and turned to look at him.

"What no words?" Nick teased. "Never thought I'd see the day where I did all the talking."

"I think I've decided I like being naughty with you. I love you, Nick."

"I love you too, sweetheart. Now what do you say we mark off a couple more items? I was thinking about numbers six and twelve."



Joy laughed, picking her list up off the coffee table. "Making love under the Christmas tree and anal sex?"

"Thought it might make for an interesting mix. Like you said, naughty is nice. Very, very nice."

## **Author Biography**

Writing a book was number one on Mari Carr's bucket list and on her thirty-fourth birthday, she set out to see that goal achieved. Five years later, her computer is jammed full of stories — novels, novellas, short stories and dead-ends and five of her books have been published. High school librarian by day and mother of two busy teenagers, Mari Carr found time for writing by squeezing it into the hours between 3 a.m. and daybreak when her family is asleep and the house is quiet.

To read more about Kylie, Heath and Colt, check out Tequila Truth available at Samhain Publishing now.

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