

Santa's Boss

A man with a beard and short hair is in the foreground, looking at the camera. He is shirtless and has his arms crossed. In the background, there is a Christmas tree with lights and ornaments, a woman in a bikini, and a Santa Claus figure.

Adriana
Kraft

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Santa's Boss

By

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Chapter One

“Take me deeper, babe!”

On her hands and knees between her boyfriend's legs, Joy Danser worked her jaw muscles until her mouth and throat surrounded his entire cock.

“Better,” Ted Meeks groaned. He lay spread eagled beneath her on their bed. “Smooth and steady. Let's see how long you can manage.”

Joy wanted to snicker. Even after two years of living together, his need to make sex a challenge annoyed her. She'd outlast Ted. She always did. Relaxing her muscles, she bobbed slowly up and down his shaft. It would only take a sudden shift in pace or a deft twist of the hand around the base of his cock and he'd be spurting down her throat in a flash. Or if she squeezed his balls just right. Or, a surefire way of making him come would be slipping her middle finger in his ass. She could win this challenge whenever she chose to.

She suctioned slowly up his shaft until she only held its fleshy crown in her mouth. Ted's hands

curled around her shoulders as if he feared she might leave him. Chuckling around his cock she drifted back down its length until her lips again smacked against his loins.

Inching her way back up, she felt his hand slip between her legs and begin to palm her pussy. She blinked her eyes open wildly. All ten of Ted's fingernails dug into her shoulders. What the hell? Who the hell? She started to rear up.

A large hand pressed against her back. *Easy, Danser. It's just me, Santa. You wanted to believe, a deep male voice chortled. So, here I am.*

The words reverberated in her head. They hadn't been spoken aloud. She was sure of that. Santa! Damn, her job had finally gotten to her. She was going crazy. She swore she felt soft whiskers caressing her lower back and then her rump. She supervised the eight temporary Santas at the mall as part of her assistant manager position. Yes, she'd been envious of how easily the boys and girls believed and marveled when the Santas went out of their way to listen to them and please them. She'd only hired the best. Each had to have an authentic beard. It could be dyed white, but it had to be real.

My beard is authentic. You must feel that. Mustache, too.

Oh my. You can read my thoughts. His lips and mustache traced the contour of her rump. She

didn't balk when he grazed the insides of her thighs. She shifted her knees further apart.

That's right. Open for me. You may want to remember Ted now and then, or even he may begin to wonder what's happening to you.

Ted! Joy hurriedly moved up and down her boyfriend's shaft before slowing her pace, trying to collect her wits while remaining keenly aware of the hands and lips on her butt.

Good, came the voice in her head. Wouldn't want to explain to him what you're really doing – playing with Santa. A tongue slid along the crevice of her butt cheeks. Have you ever played with two cocks before?

Two cocks? Her heart thudded. Are you going to fuck me?

His muted laughter was deep. *Why did you spread your knees if you didn't expect my cock? His tongue caressing her vulva sent warm shivers from her pussy to her aching nipples. And I'm not going to fuck you – I'm going to make love to you. Don't you want Santa to love you?*

What about Ted? Can't he feel you, like I can?

No, he doesn't want to believe.

Joy groaned around Ted's cock as two fingers dipped into her vagina. Santa expanded her portal, preparing her for what he was about to do next. How was she going to breathe?

One breath at a time. His fingers sawed in and out. She fought back a squeal. You can always tell

Ted later, though he probably won't believe you. Who would? Relax, Danser. You've wanted to make love to Santa for a very long time. Tonight your wish comes true. Enjoy. This is my gift to you.

Joy braced herself as his cock replaced his fingers. Slowly, excruciatingly slowly, he entered her. Her vagina widened one centimeter at a time making way for him. She tried not to bite down on Ted.

There. He's home. Santa leaned over her and caressed her boobs. His breath washed over her back. His whiskers heightened her senses. *Delightful tits. I knew they would be.*

How did you... She never had a chance to finish her thought before he pulled out and slammed into her. She nearly bolted off Ted's cock. She wrapped a hand around its base and sucked as much as she could. But all her sensors were blaring from her vagina to her brain.

Santa — the phantom or whatever — never let up. It was as if she'd hooked up with a whirling dervish and was caught up in his whirlwind. He pawed at her clit and she was gone. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she slid up and down Ted's pole. She crashed. She burned. There wasn't time. There wasn't space. She couldn't think. She could only explode.

With her body shaking, she managed to swallow Ted as he spurted down her throat. Out

of breath, heart racing, mind whirling, she milked him until he called out in pain.

Reluctantly, she dropped him from her mouth, unsure what she'd find when she turned around. Crawling to Ted's side, she let him cradle her. She cranked her eyes open. Santa or whatever had left during her orgasmic hurdling. She'd been vaguely aware of the void, but nothing more.

"That was something else, Joy," Ted said, his voice laced with awe.

She cringed. "What?"

"I didn't know if you were ever going to give my cock back. And I don't recall you ever coming while giving head. That must've been huge for you, too."

Joy's vagina clenched. "Very huge. I'm exhausted. I can't talk anymore about it tonight."

"No problem." Ted rolled over and was quickly snoring.

Lying wide awake, Joy couldn't begin to piece together what had happened, or might've happened. Had it all been a dream? How could it be anything else?

Her loins ached. Her hamstrings still burned. Her vulva was sticky with her juices. Her eyes shot wide. She'd clearly orgasmed, probably more than once. She'd lost track of her own orgasms. Was that often a problem when dealing with two cocks?

Two cocks! Oh my God. *Something* happened. She sniffed her fingers. A lot had happened. But how? Why? Who? Santa?

Trying to slow her heart rate, Joy thought through her limited options. She hardly was much of a mystic herself, though according to her great-grandmother she'd once visited in Scotland, mysticism coursed through her blood. She'd never felt it before. So why tonight?

Maybe Sophia Nardiz could explain the phenomenon—she claimed to deal with the paranormal. Joy hugged herself. Santa had felt so real. Even the beard. But it couldn't be. Was she really losing her mind?

Sophia managed the Magic Gypsy store in the mall. A palm reader, she clearly delved into the arcane arts. They'd met a couple years before, after Nick Polaris first opened the shop. He managed a half dozen or so stores in the Chicago area. She'd had lunch with Sophia on several occasions and always enjoyed her insightful yet laid back manner.

Nick actually played one of Joy's temporary Santas. Apparently he'd done the role for years at various stores. This was his second year for the mall. He refused to be paid. They'd chatted a couple times about the place of Santa in the lives of children and how so many adults felt bereft without Santa. She thought she'd had Nick talked

into playing the Easter Bunny in the spring, but so far he'd evaded her on that one.

When he'd first approached the mall about leasing space for one of his Magic Gypsy stores, Joy had actually felt a rather strong attraction to him, but he never seemed to notice. And then she'd learned that he and Sophia were lovers. And then she'd gotten more seriously involved with Ted.

She grimaced and shifted away from Ted, who was oblivious to the world. He wanted to marry. She didn't. There was time for all of that, but she doubted Ted would be her lifelong partner. After tonight she wasn't sure about anything.

An avid romance novel reader, she'd begun to wonder if she expected too much from Ted. Their sex life, while adequate, had become increasingly routine as they rotated in order through the same half dozen positions. Maybe the romance novels were just so much hype.

Joy swiped at her brow and heaved a sigh. Not after tonight. With effort, she sat up and slung her legs over the bed. She needed to clean up, and a shower might help her regain her balance. Her legs wobbled when she stood. Whoever—whatever—had really fucked her. She had no doubt about that. Would she have bruises in the morning? How would she explain those to Ted? He probably wouldn't even notice.

Much more important, how could she explain what had transpired in the privacy of her bedroom? Perhaps she should be more upset that someone or something invaded her space. She blinked at the huge smile on her reflection in the bathroom mirror. It radiated pure pleasure. Figment of her imagination or not, her phantom could return for an encore anytime. She hoped Sophia Nardiz could provide her a clue about what in the world had happened. She snickered. Or maybe, what *outside* the world.

The following morning, Nick Polaris grinned at himself in the bathroom mirror as he applied the graying material to his beard that Joy Danser required of all her Santas. She ought to know his beard was authentic. At forty-one, his temples were already quite gray. Soon, too soon, he might not need to do this anymore.

Good God, she'd smelled wonderful last night. He'd always been keenly aware of her scent from the first he met her, but after last night—he shook his head and inhaled. Yes, she was still with him. Earthy. Smoky. She'd burned beneath him. He hadn't expected that. She'd done everything she could not to squeal and alert Ted. The blond ex-jock had no idea he'd been cuckolded by a master.

Nick added a little more substance to his mustache. While he had never liked Meeks, he

didn't really dislike the man. And last night really had nothing to do with him.

It had everything to do with a young woman who wanted to believe, but couldn't quite bring herself to do so. The redhead had a smile that knew no bounds. He didn't know many who loved their jobs as much as she did. It was her effervescent personality that had grown on him. She almost had him agreeing to play the Easter Bunny. He didn't doubt she could twist most men into doing almost anything for her.

Naked on her hands and knees, she'd looked like an angel waiting for him. Even with another man's cock in her mouth she'd been all his. She'd yielded, accepting his gift as if there might never be another gift.

Nick glanced down at his trembling fingers. She'd shaken beneath and around him so violently he feared for her. Her passion had nearly made him lose control, but he'd kept himself in check. He hadn't wanted to leave any telltale signs behind. Let her think she'd conjured him up in her own mind. That was probably safest—for him and her.

When she came hardest, she'd clamped down on him as if she might never let him go. He'd planned to go to her only once. He shook his head at his reflection. What would she be like if she could express herself completely? He wanted to

hear her scream and laugh. He wanted to hear her call out his name. *Never*. He'd settle for Santa. He had to hear Joy Danser call out for Santa to make her come. Then maybe he could leave well enough alone.

He hadn't been in the least surprised that Joy's bed was made of cherry wood and shaped like a sleigh. Her near obsession with Santa Claus had tickled him since they first met. The woman definitely took her work seriously.

Nick began to hum an old gypsy tune he'd learned on his mother's knee. Obviously, Christmas was Joy's favorite time of year. She always looked forward to changing the mall decorations, to singing along with the carolers, to clapping her hands at the children sitting on Santa's lap. Maybe he and Santa would give Joy a deeper understanding of the twelve days of Christmas this year.

Getting dressed, Nick decided his grandparents would approve of his use of the skills they'd so carefully nurtured in him across the backcountry of Europe. His grandmother had often said the ability to travel across space or time and to communicate silently had to first be in the blood, and then one needed to be mentored. They'd been his mentors. His mother had thought it a skill that brought more bad luck than good.

He seldom drew upon that talent anymore. But

Joy Danser had already proven to be worth the effort. Her desire to believe in something beyond herself—beyond known reality—justified his intervention. The ancients would approve. He wasn't so sure about Sophia's approval.

Would she think him a meddler? A fool? Would she care?

She'd moved out two years earlier. He grimaced. Not at his urging. Sophia thought it was time for him to find a wife and have a family. That was expected. Their families in the old country expected it.

He'd been sent to Chicago to live with Anna on his eighteenth birthday. His mother told him she was an aunt with a store and could provide him with a better future. He'd never been given a choice. When he arrived, Anna and her younger lover, Sophia, lived in a small apartment above the store. They made room for him in their bed and continued his sexual education that had begun with aunts and cousins at a young age. To this day he'd never known whether any of the so-called aunts and cousins were in fact related.

Anna expected him to marry Sophia. Even before Anna died, he'd managed to expand their one store to three and now there were six. Sophia, however, could not have children.

He'd have to be careful. If Sophia found out about Joy, she might think the redhead a

candidate for position of wife and mother. He shook his head. She'd know better than that. She knew the old traditions, perhaps better than he did. He had to marry a woman of gypsy blood. There could be no exceptions.

He stepped out into the crisp December air. Would his Santa boss be blushing wildly this morning, remembering how she came for him last night? Or would she be furious at not understanding exactly what had happened to her? Would she dread the unknown, or would she want a second helping of her phantom lover? Ah, Santa. Santa could not have devised a better gift for a more worthy recipient.

Joy's low heels clicked with authority on the mall tiles as she made her way directly from her office to the Magic Gypsy. She'd checked her e-mail and made sure everything appeared to be in order. Now she hoped Sophia Nardiz was in and wouldn't be too busy to meet with her.

Turning into the dimly lit shop, she skidded to a halt when she bumped into Nick Polaris kneeling on the floor, rearranging a display of candles. With her head still filled with last night's adventure, she hadn't noticed him at all. He caught her before she fell on top of him, with one hand gripping the back of one thigh and the fingers of his other hand curling around her other

thigh. Her short skirt provided no protection from the sudden warmth of his fingers.

She blinked and tried to right herself with as much grace as she could muster. "Sorry," she stammered. "I didn't see you there on the floor. Hope I didn't hurt you."

Nick rose to his feet, steadying her. His eyes twinkled. His gray beard shook from laughter. "Don't apologize. It's not every day I have a beautiful young woman fall into my arms. Are you okay? You must've been distracted."

"I am." She scowled. "Fine, and distracted." Her thighs still warmed from his touch. "Are you on for tonight?"

"What?" Nick took a half a step back and then reached for her hair. "Careful. Your earring must've come dislodged when you fell. Let me."

Not knowing quite what to do, Joy stood in the middle of the Magic Gypsy letting a man she knew, but not that well, retrieve her earring. He handed it to her and she refitted it in her earlobe. She caught Nick trying not to stare at her boobs rising and falling as she worked on the stubborn earring and stifled a chuckle. Would he have dug it out so smoothly if it had fallen in her cleavage? Shaking her head at the thought, she tried to concentrate on what he was saying.

"You said something about tonight?"

"Oh. Right. Got it," she said, satisfied the

earring was secured. "Are you playing Santa tonight at the mall, or do you have another gig?"

"Of course," he replied, looking amused. "Tonight the mall. Tomorrow night I'm going to the Southside to an orphanage. Back here to the mall for my weekend shifts. You do keep me busy."

"I try." She welcomed his banter as a way of deflecting from her clumsiness. "I appreciate how much you put into being Santa. I wish more of our Santas were as dedicated. You sure I'm not taking you away from running your businesses?"

"It's a small sacrifice. My operation hardly needs me anymore. I believe that's a sign of good management. Besides, it's only a few weeks. It's not like a career change."

Joy giggled. "True, but I do believe you'd make a great Easter Bunny."

"I'm not about to shave, even for you."

"You wouldn't have to. I'd find you a mask." She winked. "I wouldn't want you to give up your beard. Then I'd need another Santa."

"That would be a shame. So did you come into buy something, or merely to see who you might be able to run over this morning?"

Joy felt her cheeks warm. "I said I didn't see you. Is Sophia in? I have a couple questions for her."

"She and Theresa are rearranging the sitting

room. Ask her to send out Theresa. I have to head over to the McHenry store.”

“I will. Good to see you. Next time I’ll try not to bowl you over.”

She couldn’t make out his muffled response as she headed toward the sitting room where Sophia conducted her readings of palms and various arcane cards. Hopefully, she’d have some answers. Joy brushed her hands over her skirt. Maybe she could also tell her why her thighs were still burning from Nick’s touch. She must really be going batty.

Chapter Two

“You say this phantom came to you while you were having sex with your boyfriend.”

Joy nodded across the tiny round table at Sophia Nardiz. She couldn't believe she was having this conversation, but how could she expect the woman to help if she didn't know what had happened? “Yes. He entered me from behind while I had Ted in my mouth.”

“Interesting. And you never said anything to your boyfriend.”

Trying not to scratch at her eyes, Joy inhaled the rich incense filling the room. “I didn't know what to tell him.” She realized that must sound lame.

Sophia pushed back dark tresses of hair from her shoulder. She smiled as if she knew a secret. “Have you ever had two cocks before?”

Blanching, Joy shook her head.

“And this visitor claimed to be Santa Claus.”

“That's right. I felt his beard and mustache.”

Joy shuddered.

"I'm sure you did. You look quite pleased with the memory."

"I must be crazy," Joy wailed. "You must think I'm nuts for sure."

"Don't say that, girl." Sophia cradled Joy's hand and Joy experienced an immediate calm spreading over her body. "What you describe is quite plausible." Sophia smiled thinly. "You have too many aches—pleasant aches—for this to be something only in your mind. It could be someone with psychokinesis and telepathic powers. Rare, but not impossible. I have known persons with such powers."

"You don't think I'm crazy."

"Not at all. I believe you must be very special to have received such a gift."

"But you don't think it was Santa?"

"Does that matter? Someone thinks very highly of you to want to nurture your belief, maybe not in Santa only, but in a world beyond that which you typically know. In my culture, we'd say you were blessed."

"Blessed?"

"You received, and there was no expectation of return."

"Oh." Joy scowled. "I hope Santa—I hope he enjoyed me, too."

Chuckling, Sophia interjected, "I'm sure he did."

Who wouldn't? May I look at your palm a moment?"

"Of course." Joy tried not to tense. This was part of what she'd hoped for when she'd decided to seek out Sophia, but she probably wouldn't have asked.

Sophia's features were blank. "You do seem to be at a crossroads."

"A crossroads," Joy squeaked. "What kind of crossroads?"

"I'm not positive. Love and career seem mixed up. Ah," Sophia smiled softly, "so your first love was a woman."

Joy blinked and then shrugged. "My roommate during my sophomore year of college gave me a vibrator for my birthday and then showed me how to use it. You're right. I was in love. Unfortunately, Mary Beth got pregnant four months later."

"There were others?"

"One." Joy's mouth went dry. She hadn't realized her knees had clamped tightly around one of Sophia's knees. She tried to unlock her grip and then gave up trying.

Sophia grinned at her openly. "It is good to love a woman now and then. I've often found if I only love a man or only love a woman, I'm out of balance. How about you?"

"I don't know," Joy stammered. "Those were

college days. Years ago."

"Perhaps you have much to sort out."

Joy's eyes rounded when she saw Sophia's other hand disappear below the table. Soon she felt it slide along her thigh and squeeze her knee. Nodding, Sophia retrieved her hand and waited.

Wetting her parted lips, Joy slipped her own hand under the table to tap Sophia's knees. Holding the older woman's gaze, Joy slid her fingers along Sophia's inner thigh. Joy's lungs constricted as she drew small circles along Sophia's flesh. What was she doing? She could feel Sophia's heat. Only inches more.

Sophia pulled back trapping Joy's hand between her knees. "Think about this, girl. You came to me to talk about a phantom lover. I am not a phantom."

"But you wouldn't reject me?" Joy hated when she pouted. "You don't know how often I've dreamed of you. Of this. Even before our first lunch. I just never knew what to say or do."

Sophia lifted the hand she still held to her lips. "You're doing quite fine. I won't reject you. I never thought you noticed me in that way." Sophia nibbled on her fingers. "That doesn't mean I didn't hope. Think about it. If you really want me, you know where to find me."

Joy stood when Sophia stood. Sophia hugged her but ducked away when Joy pursed her lips.

"You have a Santa to deal with. When he visits you next, pay close attention. If he comes for you then he is definitely real."

"I'll make him come if I have to stand on my head." Joy chuckled. "Do you really think he'll make a return visit?"

"I'd wager he will. Why wouldn't he? You didn't give him any reason not to."

"I think I'm floating with possibilities." Joy couldn't contain her humor. "What would my Santa do if he came to me and you were in my bed?"

"Santa would probably be overjoyed." Sophia broke into a wide grin. "Now run along before I begin to think your enthusiasm is too much for me."

"I'll be back," Joy half-squealed as she headed for the door.

"I'm counting on that."

The older woman's voice had become amazingly husky. Joy hummed a Christmas carol softly, excited that she'd had such an effect on the mysterious Sophia Nardiz.

Taking a deep breath, Joy hugged her knees to her chest and pulled her Elf nightshirt down to her ankles. She'd never been good at keeping secrets. She peered at Ted who sat next to her on the bed reading.

She cleared her throat. Maybe she should wait a little longer. She shook her head. She wasn't good at waiting, either. Santa would be back. She was as certain of that as of the sun rising in the morning.

And then there was Sophia. Change. Crossroads. She only liked changes in small doses. Resting her forehead on her knees, she had to admit she'd never been happier sexually than that brief period with Mary Beth in her sophomore year. She'd explained that to herself as simply the blush of first love. She wet her lips. Could Sophia be right? Was she one of those women who needed a woman as well as a man for balance?

Her nipples had hardened whenever she'd been around Sophia for any length of time. Maybe her nipples had a higher IQ than her brain.

Ted set aside his book. "You seem deep in thought tonight."

She nodded and turned to face him, willing misty eyes to clear. "I am," she confessed. "Remember last night when you were surprised by me coming while bringing you off orally?"

"How could I forget?" Ted's tone deepened. "That was a first. You were flying high last night. I'm ready for an encore any time."

Grimacing, she hurried on before he could say or do anything else. "What would you think of me if I told you there was another man fucking me from behind while I blew you off?"

Ted flinched away from her. "I'd say you were crazy. We were alone last night."

"But we weren't."

"Bullshit!" Ted turned red. "Okay, I'll play along. Sometimes your humor is difficult to take. So who do you suppose the invisible man was? Did you know him? Do I know him?"

She shook her head. "It was Santa."

"Son of a bitch!" Ted drew the sheet up over his body.

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Your obsession with Santa Claus is over the top."

She shrank from his scowl.

"Okay," he said letting out a deep breath. "Maybe you were so high on my cock you began to hallucinate." He gave her a wide grin. "And it's not like I'm not Santa." He pulled on his beard. "I've been your Santa for two years now."

She scrunched her mouth. "This was different. Last night was different. I wasn't hallucinating."

"Whatever you say," Ted rolled over and pulled the covers up. "I have to be at work early in the morning." He chuckled. "Don't get too carried away without me."

Fuming, Joy swung her legs over the bed and headed toward the bathroom. Before she reached the doorway she collided against a broad chest. Strong arms encircled her to keep her from falling.

A beard swept across the top of her head.

I told you he'd say you were crazy.

Maybe I am. She rested her cheek on his chest.
Don't you ever wear clothes?

Why should I when I'm visiting you? He slid his hands up under her night shirt until he cradled a breast in each hand. *I love your Elf shirt. Were you thinking of me when you put it on?*

Yes, she murmured. She shuddered when his lips mussed her hair. She peered up at him but saw nothing. His mouth settled across hers. His tongue traced her open mouth before exploring inside. She blinked. She was gone. Just like that. She'd never been kissed more thoroughly. If he was a phantom, then he was also an expert lover.

I'm pleased that I please you. I had many tutors. Of course, I wouldn't mind if you kissed me back.

Oh. I was lost for a moment. She poured her concentration into his mouth. She traced the little ridges along the roof of his mouth. She tapped and toyed with his tongue. She kissed the corners of his mouth and tugged playfully on his moustache.

You are equally skilled.

She giggled. *Must come naturally. I haven't had that many tutors.*

You are nothing but natural. You always are.

She blinked at his familiar tone. Remembering Sophia's admonition, Joy backed away to nip at her Santa's beard and then to kiss her way along

his shoulder blade down to his pecs. Encircling his rigid cock with one hand, she kissed her way along his abs. Recognizing her intent, her lover withdrew his hands from under her nightshirt and rested them on her shoulders.

Drifting to her knees, she ran her lips across and around the crown of his cock, delighting in the soft groans filling her mind. She might not be as experienced as Santa, but she knew she possessed superior oral skills. She'd won her share of "giving head" contests in her sorority.

Taking her time, she laved his cock thoroughly clockwise and then counterclockwise. She chewed lightly on one ball and then the other. His groans became insistent.

She beamed him a thought. *I expected Santa to have a little more patience than you do. You weren't terribly patient last night either.*

I didn't hear any complaints then.

You won't. Now don't interrupt me by thinking. She smiled at how easily she'd gotten into this form of communication.

You are an excellent communicator.

Ssh. She squeezed his cock firmly and then surrounded its crown with her lips. She sucked lightly, easing her way down much of his length.

His fingers tightened over her shoulders.

She bobbed a couple times testing his fit and then she became more determined. She felt him

rise on his toes as if he could help her take more of him. Cradling his balls in the palm of one hand and pumping his cock with the other, she suckled him as thoroughly as she'd ever sucked a cock. He would come for her, if he could—if he was in fact real.

Twisting her hand one way and her mouth the other, Joy sensed her Santa nearing the edge. She grabbed his butt cheeks to steady herself and increased her tempo. She felt his thighs straining. His cock leapt in her mouth. He placed a hand on either side of her head—not to stop her, but to help her understand what he needed. At his behest, she slowed fractionally and then increased her pace again. She did the short change of pace several times before she felt his crown expand and tasted his pre cum. She had him!

She cupped his balls again and he began to spurt against the back of her mouth and throat. His loud bellows nearly drowned out her senses. She swallowed as much as she could. He spilled over her lips. She'd never had a guy come this much or for this long. Gently, she squeezed his balls.

Leave something for next time, came his plaintive plea.

She rocked back on her heels, finishing him the best she could.

You are too much! the phantom cried out. *Let me*

go. Santa is supposed to be giving to you.

But I love Santa. She cleaned his shaft with her tongue. You must know that I like to give gifts at Christmas as much as I enjoy receiving them.

I forgot.

Joy strained at Santa's echo. He'd vanished. Again. She'd had so many questions to ask. Who was the invisible man? He sounded like he knew her, but then wouldn't Santa?

Shaking her head, Joy rose to her feet.

"What the hell were you doing?" Ted boomed from the bed. "If I didn't know better I'd say you were blowing some guy off."

"I was." Joy stood stock-still waiting for the inevitable question.

"Who?"

"Santa, of course."

"Jesus H. Christ. What the hell am I living with?"

Grinning, she stuck her tongue out at Ted. "If you don't believe me, come here and kiss me. I still have Santa on my lips."

"Son of a bitch!" Ted howled, retrieving the covers. "You better get some help or I'm out of here."

"That's your choice." Joy spun about and headed for the bathroom. This time no hunk of a man, spirit, Santa or whatever stopped her.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror. Like

the last time she glowed, but there were also worry lines present. She was about to lose Ted. So be it. Despite what he'd thought, they really weren't going anywhere beyond what they had.

More importantly, someone out there knew a lot about her and had the means of popping in on her at any moment. On one hand that was exciting, but it was also disconcerting. Whoever it was knew her passion for Santa Claus and seemed to know a lot about her work.

She wiped a washcloth across her lips. He was real, all right. He'd come in waves. Could it be one of her Santas? They all knew and kidded her about her obsession. That was hardly a secret.

Maybe she'd try that hypothesis out on Sophia when she saw her next. Ah, Sophia. Joy flashed an eyebrow at her reflection. At least *she* wasn't claiming to be Mrs. Claus.

Early the next morning, Joy entered the Magic Gypsy—this time carefully. She saw Nick making change for a customer. He gave her a curious glance.

"You seem to be our steadiest customer," he quipped as she neared the counter.

Ignoring his jest, Joy looked toward the doorway leading to the sitting room. "Is Sophia in? I need to talk to her."

Nick shook his head. "That's why I'm here.

She's ill this morning."

"Oh." Joy glanced quickly away from Nick's piercing stare. "That's a shame." Remembering her manners, she added quickly, "I hope she recovers quickly."

"She usually does. She must've been expecting you." Nick tilted his head to the side as if he were suspicious of something. "Let me try to recall her message for you."

"You're teasing me," Joy huffed. "What did she say?"

"Sorry, but you are fun to tease." Nick shrugged. "It was cryptic as usual. She said she's counting on you to trust your intuition."

"My intuition. That's all?"

"You do have intuition?"

"Of course I do."

"Is that why you chose not to wear a bra this morning? You are incredibly enticing when your nipples jut out like that. Doubt you could be anymore seductive stark naked."

Joy was stunned at the man's audacity. "Well, you'll never find out, I'm sure."

He never shied away. "Would you have reacted like that if Sophia had said the same words?"

Joy's mouth fell open. How did he know?

"Be careful, Joy Danser. You may be playing with a brand of fire you're not prepared for—intuition or not."

"I'm thirty-one years old," she snapped. "I can dress how I want and I definitely can take care of myself without your advice."

"I'm sure you can. Don't let me intrude any longer, Ms. Danser. I have things to do."

"Look," Joy said with a sigh. "I'm sorry I was so short with you. I'm sort of on edge lately. You've been a big supporter of the mall and its social events."

His mouth turned up into a grin. "Aren't you getting enough sleep?"

Joy tried a change of subject. "Will you be coming to the Christmas Ball?"

"Thought you wanted me to play Santa for the ball."

"Oh. I forgot. That's right. So you'll be there."

"Will your boyfriend be escorting you this year?"

"Ted?" Joy grimaced. "I doubt it. This is a rather strange Christmas season."

"Perhaps Santa should escort you."

She blinked at him. "You? You want to escort me to the Christmas Ball?"

"Why not, if you don't have anyone else? You've already roped me into being there."

"Maybe. I'll think about it."

"On one condition."

She stiffened. "What's that?"

"That you not wear a bra. You look absolutely

scrumptious in that white blouse. I'm sure Sophia would agree. I really have to do some things in the back. Bye."

She lifted her hand to wave. "Bye." Shouldn't she feel insulted? To the contrary, she felt like floating recalling his heated stare. When had she become so wanton?

Sophia? Did he approve of Sophia accepting the advances of a younger rather inept seductress? And why wasn't he escorting Sophia to the ball?

Balance. Did Nick have to approve of all of Sophia's women lovers? And where was he when Sophia entertained her women? Shuddering at the possibilities, Joy tried to breathe as she made her way out of the Magic Gypsy to the safety of her office.

Nick peered out the one-way security mirror at Joy Danser picking her way down an aisle toward the shop exit. What the hell was going on behind his back? She'd clearly come not to see him but to see Sophia – to seduce her, if she could.

When had Sophia set the bait? He'd known for some time she was attracted to the young redhead, but he also knew she would not take the first step. Joy did exercise a lot of influence in the mall with her management position. Joy had to have done something even before the braless come-on attempt. Did that explain Sophia's absence? Had

she expected Joy to come see her? Of course she had. Why the message, otherwise?

So why didn't Sophia pounce? The woman seldom did what he expected. Was she sending him a message?

Was he also supposed to trust his intuition?

He held his breath and let it out slowly. Seldom was he at such a loss. Maybe his intuition had misfired, but he had to see Joy again this evening.

He glanced back at Joy Danser smoothing her skirt before entering the main mall area and grinned. She couldn't get rid of him that easily. She'd be awaiting her Santa tonight, and he wasn't about to disappoint her.

He'd deal with Sophia later. She'd make her intentions clear in due time and there wasn't much he could do to spur her on quicker. After twenty plus years he knew better than to even try. Sophia danced to a beat only she could hear.

Staring at the empty doorway, he was beginning to wonder if Joy wasn't made of the same cloth. She'd been able to block him from reading her thoughts when she'd brought him off last night. Where had she come up with that skill? Maybe she was a natural.

If he'd had an early clue of what she intended, he might've been able to hold back. He shook his head. Who was he kidding? There was no way he could've held back from giving her what she

wanted. He was her Santa.

Chapter Three

Feeling more than a little guilty, Joy allowed her mind to wander. Ted didn't seem to notice. He continued grunting, pumping in and out of her. They lay intertwined side by side facing each other. She'd closed her eyes minutes earlier, needing to block out the pain so evident in Ted's eyes. There had been a brief flare of hope. But he knew. They both knew this might very well be their last time.

She hadn't wanted to hurt him, yet there was so much confusion in her life she couldn't pretend any longer. He wasn't enough. Ted had been a pleasant milestone. When had he become a millstone?

Ted slowed and his breathing steadied. "You're not with it tonight."

"I'm sorry." She cracked her eyelids open. She swallowed. "Why don't you go ahead and come? Don't wait for me."

Ted shuddered. "Maybe." He flexed in and out

of her slowly, as if trying to stay hard while he decided what to do.

She'd failed their relationship. She hated failure of any kind.

It takes two persons to make a relationship work.

Oh my God, Santa. You're here again. She stared at Ted. Unaware, he remained lost in his own misery.

You were expecting me, weren't you?

Yes. She nearly purred as Santa's hands caressed her shoulders, back, rump, and thighs. His lips slid across the rise of her butt. Warm oil spilled into the crevice of her ass. *What are you doing?* She tried not to cry aloud.

She gasped as a finger rimmed her anus. Oh my God.

Preparing my little Elf, he said. Preparing you to receive me. You do want my gift? His finger pressed against the entrance.

I don't know. Ted.

You're not an anal virgin, are you? His finger widened her entrance, explored a little deeper and then halted.

Trying to breathe normally, Joy shook her head. *Not exactly.*

Not exactly? Good, you're opening for me.

She wasn't so positive as his finger wedged deeper and then she felt it too. He'd passed the point of resistance. *She'd* passed the point of

resistance, she corrected herself. *I've never had a male cock.*

Ah. You've experimented with a finger. He waggled his finger deep in her interior.

Yes.

Vibrators?

Yes.

Strap-ons?

She hesitated. Yes.

But no male cock?

That's right.

Well it must be the season to remedy that sorry situation.

She couldn't hold back a giggle. I suppose it is. Will you fit? Ted is already in my pussy.

His laughter rumbled. I'll fit. If you want me, raise your leg.

Taking in a deep breath, Joy placed the foot of her upper leg on the knee of the lower, framing her target for Santa. Ted must've thought she was reacting to him because he renewed his effort.

"Wait," she whispered to Ted. "Give me a minute longer." She didn't like deceiving him, but the cock beginning to enter her ass obliterated rationality. Maybe Ted deserved one last good ride.

"So big," she muttered. "I'm so full."

"That's more like it," Ted groaned. "Damn, you're tight."

"Now," she cried out. Both men pummeled her

as if in a contest to satisfy. She was caught in a vice—an amazing delightful vice. “So much. So wonderful.”

“Too much,” Ted yelled. “I can’t hold back.”

“Yes,” Joy gasped.

Depleted from waiting on her for so long, Ted pulled out. Joy’s mouth fell ajar as Santa continued plowing in and out of her ass. She brought her knees to her chest encouraging deeper penetration.

“Jesus, Joy!” Ted shouted. “You’re crazier than I ever imagined. You think some damn spirit is still fucking you. In the ass.” Ted laughed dryly. “That’s the last straw. You don’t let me try your ass, but you can imagine some ghost doing it. I’ve had it. I’m out of here. I’ll grab some clothes and be back tomorrow for the rest. You’ve always made it clear the house is yours.

Ted lurched off the bed. “Have a happy life with your spirit. Hell, if you conjure hard enough you may be able to come up with an orgy.”

“I’m sorry,” she whimpered.

Don’t be, the voice in her head said. *You deserve better. You deserve someone who believes.*

Thanks. She wasn’t about to let Ted spoil her first time with a cock in her butt. *So are you going to come in my ass, since you’re there?*

Ah, a happy thought, Santa mumbled, rolling her onto her belly.

She rose on her hands and knees and arched back against his hardness. She felt him grow even more. *Better. Okay, Santa, you're the first man in my ass. Show me how it's supposed to be done.*

He squeezed a butt cheek leaned over and nipped at her shoulder and then he eased back and smoothly drove back into her ass. He maintained a steady pace. She gulped in air. She couldn't describe what was happening back there but her body had become her ass. There was no other awareness.

You're shattering, girl. Go ahead and come for me. Don't be afraid. Santa will help put you back together.

His loins slapped against her buttocks. Her eyes strained until they hurt. His fingernails dug into her butt cheeks. She reached for her clit. Once, twice she tapped it. She became one huge lightning bolt.

His howls followed her as she soared and soared. Yes, she beamed her pleasure, *empty into me. This is a Christmas to remember.*

Merry, Merry, he chuckled, nipping at her earlobe while still flexing gently in and out of her.

"You," Ted shouted accusingly, "should be a fucking actress."

Gulping in air, Joy turned her head to see Ted standing nearby with two duffels. She thought he'd already left—if she'd thought at all. She didn't have strength to speak. Telepathy had its

advantages.

"That little display of yours almost looked real." Ted turned to leave. "Oh. You'll need another Santa. I quit."

Joy covered her mouth to contain a giggle as Ted stalked from the bedroom. *That's all right. I have my Santa.*

You certainly do.

Now if I could only put a name and a face to my Santa.

Joy regretted immediately overstepping the rules of their game. She was alone. Curling into a ball and hugging a pillow, she couldn't be too bereft. Ted was history. Her ass continued a nice warm throb. And Santa's seed oozed from her butt. He was no figment of her overworked imagination.

She'd clean up in a bit. It was enough to know Santa was real. Discovering his true identity would require some sleuthing, but she'd been fascinated as a child with detective stories featuring female leads. Hopefully, Sophia would recover soon. In her heart, Joy knew the woman's assistance would be needed in sorting through this puzzle.

She smiled into the pillow. Did her Santa believe in balance?

"Thanks for coming to my office," Joy said,

shutting the door behind Sophia. "Every time I go to your shop I seem to bump into Nick."

"And that's bad?" Sophia said with a small smile. She took a seat on the couch Joy indicated.

"No, I don't mean that." Feeling flustered, Joy explained, "I didn't want to lose my focus this morning. He can be rather distracting."

"Yes, I've noticed that on more than one occasion." Sophia showed lots of white teeth. "So you want to focus only on me."

Joy leapt from the chair she'd been sitting in. She steadied herself. This was not the time or the place. "I'm not so good at nuance. Will you come to my place tonight? I'm a fairly good cook."

"What about your boyfriend?"

"He's gone. He left last night after he saw Santa making love with me." Joy scowled. "Well he didn't actually see him. And he didn't even believe Santa was there."

Joy took a half step forward and stumbled. Sophia rose from the couch. "I still can't believe I let it happen. Ted was in my vagina when Santa joined us." Her eyes rounded with the memory. "Santa entered my ass. I've never been so full."

Sophia hugged her close. "I've never been such a glutton for sex," Joy wailed. "Ted wouldn't believe me. He thought I was faking it."

"But you weren't."

Joy leaned back and shook her head solemnly.

"Santa is real. Very real. I swallowed his come the night before and he left a sizeable deposit last night."

"And now you want me?"

"I need someone to hold on to. Ted may be right. I may be losing my moorings."

"I doubt that."

"I feel a connection to you." Joy shied away from Sophia's penetrating stare. "I have from our first meeting. I tried to ignore the attraction."

"But you couldn't."

Joy nodded. "You always appear so confident, so mysterious, so alluring. I've dreamed of us making love."

"Ah, that tells me a lot." Sophia brushed a lock of hair behind Joy's ear. "Dreams should never be ignored."

"Don't you feel anything for me?"

Remaining silent, Sophia took Joy's hand and drew it up under her skirt. "That should give you your answer."

"My God! You're commando and you're wet."

"I have been soaking since I got your message to drop by your office." Gently she removed Joy's hand and lowered her skirt. "But we've waited this long. I don't want our first time to be a quickie on the run."

"Why didn't you tell me when you got here? That would've made things a lot easier for me."

"I wanted to make sure you weren't just trying to lure me to your bed to trap your Santa."

"What?" Joy went on alert. "You mean if Santa shows up you could discern who he is?"

Sophia shrugged her shoulders. "Possibly. Depending on his powers." Sophia slid a long finger the length of Joy's nose. "I'm hoping Santa will take a break tonight. I'd sure like you to myself for one night."

"Me, too. Thank you. You may be the only person in the world who understands what I'm going through."

"Oh, I suspect there's one other person who knows."

"Santa."

"Exactly. Now give me your address and I'll come by—how's seven o'clock."

"Perfect." Joy scrawled out her address and phone number on a piece of paper and handed it to Sophia. She puckered her lips. This time Sophia did not duck away.

It was a gentle kiss of promise. Joy inhaled Sophia's smoky scent and stepped back. She didn't bring her sticky fingers to her lips until Sophia closed the door behind her.

"Um," she murmured. She wasn't the only one cooking for the night.

Ignoring the tiny fingers wrapped in his beard,

Nick smiled at the photographer. "I'll have cookies and milk waiting for you, Santa," the little girl yelped, hopping of his lap into her mother's arms.

"You be a good girl and I'll see what my elves can do. Santa will do his best." He winked at her mother. "She's hoping for a doll like the one in Clarke's window."

"Thank you," her mother whispered as the child headed for the photographer. "She wouldn't tell anyone. That was her secret for Santa."

Nick watched the mother pay for the photo and take her daughter by the hand. He waved as they waved at him before disappearing down the corridor.

Leaning back, Nick flexed his shoulders. Sometimes the extra padding could get irritating. He enjoyed working mornings. They were usually slower and he could spend more time with each child. And often a mother or father would let him know they'd like to learn what their child really wanted for Christmas. He'd been surprised by how many kids saved something extra special to whisper in Santa's ear. Part of his job, when asked by a parent, was to see that wishes were passed on so they could be fulfilled.

Nick turned his gaze to the right in time to see Sophia wave as she returned to the Magical Gypsy. She hadn't been gone that long. So it was

unlikely that Joy succumbed to Sophia's wiles in her office.

He'd been amused when he saw the message from Joy requesting Sophia come to her office whenever Sophia had a moment for a break. Clearly, she hadn't wanted to bump into him another time. One aspect he appreciated about Joy was her transparency. While she loved to play games, she wasn't into hiding. Or maybe she couldn't hide.

Shaking his head, he still couldn't believe that Meeks thought Joy had been faking last night. Didn't he know the woman couldn't fake an orgasm? When she came, she came with her entire body and soul.

If he'd had any qualms about playing a role in Ted Meeks' departure from Joy's life, he didn't anymore. If a man didn't know when his woman was having one of the most spectacular orgasms of a lifetime, then he didn't deserve to call her his woman.

Bile rose in Nick's throat. How could Meeks play Santa if he couldn't even believe what was happening before his eyes? If he couldn't believe what Joy told him?

Joy deserved better. Much better. If he'd seen her having the time of her life, he would've applauded and cheered, even if he couldn't explain it.

Sophia smiled over her shoulder before ducking into the shop. Whatever had transpired in Joy's office, Sophia seemed quite pleased with the result.

He winced, recognizing the import of her satisfied smile. He'd hoped to have Joy to himself tonight. Sophia had had that look of the huntress about her. She'd no doubt found her prey. It still blew his mind to think that Joy was willing prey.

"Santa, are you listening to me?" The high pitched voice came from a boy climbing on Nick's lap.

"Sorry, kid," Nick grumbled. "My mind wandered. So what are you hoping I'll have on my sleigh for you Christmas morning?"

Chapter Four

Perched on the love seat with her legs tucked under her torso, Joy faced her quarry feeling a mixture of contentment and edginess. Dinner fare had been light and so had the conversation.

Sophia sitting next to her took a sip of wine and ran a hand over her long flowing flowered skirt. She looked the classic peasant woman adorned with loop earrings and several bracelets. All evening Joy had had the most difficult time keeping her eyes off Sophia's white peasant blouse where the woman's dark nipples had shifted from one stage of arousal to another. Pushing against the light fabric, they were currently fully aroused.

For her part, Joy had given extra thought to her own attire. She'd finally chosen a dark vee-neck cashmere sweater. Had Sophia imagined dipping her hands inside the sweater to expose the obviously freestanding boobs? Joy swallowed. She'd certainly imagined Sophia doing that several times. Sophia hadn't tried to conceal her

stares.

She'd also chosen to wear a tan cargo skirt. Not exactly winter wear, but then she had no intention of leaving the house. And she wore the tiniest black bikini she owned.

Joy pushed her long hair off her shoulder and pulled on a small dangling earring. "You're not about to make this easy, are you?"

Sophia ran the tip of her tongue around her lips before responding. "If you mean, am I going to take the next step..." she shook her head. "You're the hostess. I accepted your invitation. I enjoyed the meal and our conversation. Did you have anything else in mind?"

"You know I do." Joy pouted. "And you do, too."

"And?" Sophia clasped her hands demurely in her lap.

Joy giggled. "When I had girls over for sleepovers, we'd play show and tell. Maybe that will be an ice breaker." Grinning, Joy pulled back her cardigan to free her left breast. Pleased as she saw Sophia's eyes rounding, Joy lifted the breast and bent down to lick the protruding nipple. She winked at Sophia. "Can you do that?"

"I love a creative woman." Sophia pushed the peasant blouse down over her own breasts and was soon suckling on one. She paused and beamed at Joy. "Those sleepovers must've been

thrilling.”

“They were, but we never touched each other. That was a rule.”

“That’s no fun.” Sophia arched an eyebrow. “Is that still a rule?”

Joy shook her head vigorously. “Some rules are made to be broken. Some outlive their usefulness. That rule no longer exists. I have more to show you. To share with you.”

Lifting her skirt, Joy chuckled when Sophia held her breath. Joy patted her vulva beneath the skimpy bikini. “You may have wondered why I didn’t offer dessert. It was still simmering. See?” She pulled the fabric to the side to show off her puffy labia.

“Beautiful and tasty, I’m sure.” Sophia rolled the long dress up over her thighs to expose her bare pussy.

Joy sighed and licked her fingers. “I knew you were working on dessert this morning.” Without hesitancy, she wiggled out of the bikini. “Now that I’m an adult I prefer show, tell and feel. How about you?”

Sophia held out her arms. “I’d love to play that game with you.”

Joy leaned into the older woman, slanting her lips across her mouth. “Ah,” she moaned. This was not a gentle kiss. This was the kiss of explorers, of lovers. Unhurried, they played

tongue tag, only speaking with their eyes.

Joy purred beneath Sophia's hands now roaming over her back. She leaned back long enough for Sophia to work the sweater over her shoulders and head and then focused again on that delectable mouth.

Needing air, Joy backed away only quickly to return to kiss her way down Sophia's neck and collarbone until she could lave one breast and then the other. Sophia had her hands under the cargo skirt kneading Joy's bottom.

Joy pressed Sophia back until she lay awkwardly on the love seat. Hugging her tight, Joy squirmed her crotch against Sophia's. She lifted her head momentarily from a nipple and murmured, "I've missed the soft curves of a woman. For far too long."

"Be my guest." Sophia raised her knees and held them wide apart, encouraging Joy.

Joy began slowly gliding across Sophia's pelvis. Sophia cupped a breast and suckled Joy into her mouth.

Trembling, Joy quickened her pace. Friction built up between the two of them and then too soon it exploded and Joy jerked upward. "Good God," she screamed. "So quick."

Sophia wrapped her arms around her neck and drew her down into a deep embrace. Their tongues danced as Joy continued welcoming one

aftershock after another. At last she stilled. She broke their kiss to gulp in air.

Combing Joy's hair with her fingers, Sophia observed, "Not so quick, if you've haven't had a woman since college."

Giggling, Joy nodded. "I hadn't thought about it that way. Maybe there is something about balance."

"I can guarantee there is, at least for some of us." Sophia moved to sit up. "I'm getting too old to spend a night scrunched up on a loveseat."

Joy felt a sudden loss. She wasn't satisfied with once. Not nearly satisfied.

Sophia flashed an eyebrow. "You do have a bed don't you? There's much more I'd like to share with my hostess."

"Oh. Of course. Let me show you." Joy stood and extended a hand to her guest.

"And feel me," Sophia added, hugging her. Her hands roamed freely under Joy's skirt and over her butt. "Damn, you have an ass to die for. Santa must've thought he was in heaven when he was in your ass."

Joy didn't miss a beat running her hands over Sophia's butt. "I've always admired your butt."

"True." Sophia pecked at her lips, patted her bottom and lowered her skirt. "Nick is an ass man. Always has been. Of course yours is younger and tighter than mine."

Nick? She'd nearly forgotten about Sophia's lover. She'd have questions about him, about them, but not now. She couldn't get up the stairs quickly enough. Dessert might be overdone if she didn't serve it soon. Hell, scuttle dessert. She nearly skipped to the stairway. It was time to delve into the main course and savor it with all the energy she could muster.

Sitting in a chair opposite Joy's bed, Nick marveled again at Joy's insatiability. One would think she hadn't had sex for years. He'd been with her three of the last four nights. And Ted had tried to satisfy her, too.

He smirked as she perched above Sophia's mouth facing him. Sophia snaked her tongue all around Joy's puffy vulva and then in and out of it. Above her, Joy screamed gleefully, pulling on her tits. "I'm coming," she squealed.

Surprise, surprise. He watched her slip forward until she could lap at Sophia's clit while Sophia continued feasting on hers. She teased Sophia's nubbin happily. Joy was no novice. And he'd learned something else even more important about her. Joy had been the huntress, not the other way around.

Who would've guessed? Sophia, of course.

Sophia hadn't acknowledged him when he stood in the kitchen doorway watching Joy play

hostess to her guest. But since they'd moved their little party upstairs, which seemed like hours ago, she'd stuck her tongue out at him and waved several times.

He'd gotten a little tired of listening to Sophia exclaim how Nick would be enthralled with Joy's pussy or ass. She made it sound like she was his pimp. Or maybe she'd figured out he was Joy's Santa and was trying to skewer him for not letting her in on his little secret.

He gave Joy credit for not responding to Sophia's baiting. Scowling, he wondered why she hadn't shown any interest in him. She hadn't asked a single question about him all night. Each time Sophia mentioned his name, Joy attacked some part of Sophia's body with renewed vigor with tongue and fingers. Quickly, he'd been forgotten by both women.

Joy lifted her head above Sophia's vulva and stuck her tongue out at him. No, she was licking Sophia's juices from them. She couldn't see him. He was certain of that.

He swallowed hard when she shifted about and rolled Sophia over on her tummy. Joy pushed a pillow under Sophia causing her buttocks to rise and tilt.

"Beautiful," Joy murmured. "This is rapidly becoming my favorite butt," she said, slapping Sophia lightly. "I hope you won't be too

disappointed if I tire out soon."

Nick chuckled as Sophia rolled her eyes looking totally sated. "We might want to save something for morning. Do what you want, but I'm finished."

"I doubt that," Joy said, slithering along Sophia's backside.

Sophia gasped as the younger woman's nipples grazed her shoulders. Joy waggled her crotch across Sophia's ass. "Oh hell," Sophia squealed, "You're right, I may not be finished."

"Thought not," Joy chortled. "Hoped not. I want one more ride."

Joy sounded as expectant as she must on Christmas morning. Somehow he thought she'd always want one more gift. He watched her lean back and begin to ride Sophia's butt in earnest. With her pussy as easel, Joy drew concentric circles around Sophia's buttocks. When she switched directions, Sophia called out, "Don't stop."

"I have no intention of stopping." She squirmed her loins across Sophia's thighs. Sophia arched back into her. Their pussies collided. "I'll have to buy a strap-on. But this will work."

Nick held his breath as Joy began to flex back and forth on her knees.

"You can borrow one of mine," Sophia gasped between grunts. "Oh hell. You don't need one. Fuck me, girl. Ride me."

He saw Sophia slide a hand under her belly and knew the moment she found her clit. Sophia's squeals switched Joy into overdrive. Joy lurched back and forth. Her jaw locked and she rode steadily across Sophia's pussy and ass until her screams merged with Sophia's.

Joy collapsed over Sophia's back.

Nick's jaw dropped when he saw Joy reach behind her to spread her butt cheeks. It was as if she were putting on a show for him. But she couldn't know he was here.

I wish my Santa was here to share this glorious moment.

Her words scorched his brain. Was she guessing? What did she know? How much? He didn't hang around to find out.

"He was here wasn't he?" Joy asked later, curled up facing Sophia. "Santa, I mean."

"I know who you meant." Sophia brushed knuckles across her cheek. "You have the gift. At least some."

"Gift?"

"I heard you try to communicate with him. And I realized more than once that you were playing to an audience."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I played to him, too. I enjoy being watched, but even more I enjoy being in the hands

of a talented lover."

"You think I'm talented."

"I know you are. I'm so exhausted I may not move for days."

"That would be great!" Joy rose to her knees. "Then you could be my bedmate. And I wouldn't have to miss you right away."

"Being your bedmate would have a lot of pluses."

"But Nick wouldn't tolerate that?"

"What?"

"Nick must know we're together tonight. But he's not going to let his lover move in with me."

"Who said anything about moving in?" Sophia shook her head. "I may be too fatigued for this conversation. Oh! You think I still live with Nick, don't you?"

"You don't?"

"Not for two years or so."

"Why not?"

Sophia sobered. "Nick needs to find a wife and have a family. I can't have children. I love Nick and always will. But our people expect, need him to have heirs."

"Oh."

"We still get together now and then, but we're clear about what we have and don't have."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"That's fate." Sophia shrugged. "So Nick's not a

problem for you or for us.”

“Apparently.” Joy shuddered. “In an off handed way he asked to escort me to the Christmas Ball. I thought he was kidding.”

“Nick doesn’t do off handed very well. He only says what he means.”

“But he’s looking for a wife.” Joy felt her eyes round. “I’m not wife material.”

Sophia laughed. “I could debate that, but you don’t have to worry. Nick can only marry a woman with at least some gypsy blood. You don’t have gypsy blood do you?”

“No. I highly doubt that. So that makes me safe. I’m Scottish through and through. I visited my great grandmother a few years back—she still lives outside of Edinburgh.”

“Really?”

Joy couldn’t explain Sophia’s quick smile. And then she remembered the question she really wanted to ask. “So you sensed Santa’s presence, too?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know who he is?” Joy hugged herself. “Would you tell me if you did?”

Sophia clasped Joy’s hands in hers. “It is my duty not to play with the powers. Being blessed with the powers is an incredible privilege. I will say this much. You are in good hands. You have nothing to fear from your Santa.”

"So you do know who he is?"

"Yes, I know."

"Do I know him apart from being Santa?"

Sophia squirmed. "The next time he is with you, see if you can discover anything more about him that could help you identify him in the flesh. Think with all your senses. Think with your heart. And yes, you do know him. He works for you."

"He works for me," Joy echoed. "So many people work for me at the mall. Can't you give me a better hint?"

"No. I've already said too much. Now, if you don't wind down soon we're not going to get any sleep."

"I know Santa," Joy said, slumping back down on the pillows. She pushed Sophia's hand down to cover her pussy.

"You," Sophia murmured, drifting, "are like a girl who's afraid her toy will disappear while she's sleeping. I'll be here in the morning."

"Santa never is."

"I'm not Santa. Get some sleep, Joy. Maybe you'll think more clearly in the morning."

Joy nodded and closed her eyes. She held Sophia's wrist firmly. The woman made no effort to pull away from her pussy. She'd be there in the morning. That was something to look forward to.

She hoped Santa was suffering from an aching hard on. He—whatever he was—had the nerve to

merely sit by and watch. And then there was Nick Polaris. Would Sophia invite *him* by to watch?

Joy trembled. She wasn't sure she'd want him to watch. So Nick Polaris was an ass man. That might prove to be an important factoid to hold onto.

Nick sat behind Sophia's office desk when she arrived at the Magic Gypsy the following morning. "You're late. By nearly two hours."

"I let Theresa know I was going to be late." Sophia threw him a smile and twirled about the small office. "I was busy."

He didn't move when she leaned across the desk to kiss his forehead and tug on his beard.

"You could've stayed and watched more, Santa." Sophia stepped back from the desk. "She knew you were there. Well, she knew her Santa was there. What kind of game are you playing, Nick? Joy is a lovely young woman overflowing with passion. She deserves so much more than you can offer."

"And you can offer more?" Nick shoulders slumped. "I just wanted to give her an opportunity to believe."

Sophia pursed her lips. "She believes you're more than her imagination playing games with her. She knows how to communicate with you."

"I don't understand that." Nick shook his head.

"She can even block me from reading her thoughts. Not at first. But she can now."

"She's a quick study."

"How do you explain that? She's not what I expected. She can react like a young girl one moment and the next she's a temptress."

"Maybe you're losing your perspective. You must know she seduced me. I was more than willing, but she seduced me."

"I saw. I notice you didn't resist much. But I was surprised. I expected you'd have to use all your craftiness to get in her panties."

"Unlike you," Sophia stood tall, "I didn't have to resort to extra sensory means to gain her attention."

"She still doesn't know I'm Santa?"

"No, and she knows I won't tell her. She will discover who you are. She's quite determined. It's only a matter of time." Sophia grinned. "And when she does, you better be prepared to deal with one pissed off redhead. You've taken her nearly every way possible. She believes you've got her thinking sex twenty-four hours a day."

"Then she should thank me."

Sophia laughed. "She may, but not until she's flayed you up one side and down the other. They'll be a price to pay for your deceptive gift giving."

"There's always a price to pay when it comes to

women. Probably making too much out of this. We'll have an entertaining Christmas season and then things will likely fall apart. She's hardly a candidate for wife. She doesn't have the blood."

"Are you positive about that?"

Nick frowned at Sophia's piercing stare. "Her skin is alabaster. She must be Irish. Irish Catholic, I suppose. Can't say I've given much thought about her heritage. I only wanted to give her a memorable Christmas season."

"You do seem to be accomplishing that goal. She may be a novice with the gift, but she has some telepathic expertise. I'd wager it's natural ability. I doubt she's been mentored."

"She probably has a substantial Celtic heritage. That might explain her natural talent. Though from what I observed last night, her natural talents aren't only extra sensory."

"Umm." Sophia rolled her tongue across her lips. "Her sensory talents are delightfully developed. And you're wrong. Joy is not Irish. She's Scottish."

"Scottish?"

"Almost pure, she says. She still has a great grandmother living outside of Edinburgh. Depending on how things develop, I may want to visit her."

"You're meddling."

"And you're not? She lost her boyfriend

because of you."

"Meeks is an idiot. He thought she was faking it when she came with me in her ass. She deserves better."

"I don't disagree." Sophia arched an eyebrow. "For the short run, you and I have to be a vast improvement for her love life. Still, I'm getting some prickly niggles about her. She may have long run possibilities that you apparently haven't even considered."

Nick heaved a sigh. "You're blindsiding me, Sophia. You're way ahead of me."

"But you're attracted to her or you wouldn't be drawn into her Santa fantasy like you are."

"Her exuberance can be addictive," Nick admitted. "What you see with her is pretty much what you get."

"Unlike with you."

"That's not fair. I'm fulfilling her fantasy."

"You might want to begin to wonder if Joy can't fulfill your fantasy. Now if you don't mind getting out of my office, I have a lot of work to catch up on."

Nick stood to leave. "Serves you right for being late." He smiled as Sophia's eyes glazed over. "It was a privilege to watch you and Joy dance across the galaxy last night. I nearly lost it when she rode your ass. She was so attentive, so assertive, so determined to love you. It was amazing to watch."

"If you treat her right," Sophia said, sitting at her desk, "she may be willing to ride your ass." She stuck out her tongue at him. "If you ask real nicely, I'll even loan her my strap-on."

"Not sure I want her with a strap-on in my ass if she finds out Santa is Nick."

"*When* she finds out," Sophia corrected. "Go ponder your fate, Nick Polaris. Give some thought to the possibility that by wanting to play Santa for her, you may be stuck with a feisty redhead. Not a terrible fate, I'd add."

Refusing to comment further, Nick headed for the door.

"If you drop by tonight," Sophia called out, "you may want to join in. I appreciated having Joy to myself last night and this morning, but she did miss her Santa."

"I'll be there," Nick grunted. He doubted he'd join in, but he couldn't stay away from Joy. Not yet. He sighed as he closed the door behind him. Isn't that how he'd thought of Sophia these last two years since she moved out?

She might've moved out, but he couldn't stay away from her and had given up trying. The irony of their situation wasn't lost on him. Sophia might establish a link that would keep them all united. If—and that was a huge if—if Joy carried the blood, he could mentor her in the natural gifts she seemed to possess, but she'd also need a female

mentor. That was the way it was with the ancients. Mentoring required balance.

He had no doubt that Sophia would jump at the chance of mentoring Joy in some of the arcane arts. With a thin smile on his lips, he left the store fairly confident that if asked, Joy would welcome Sophia as mentor. Particularly when informed that some of those arts were sexual in nature.

The much bigger question was, would she accept *him*. He'd deceived her. For a good cause, but he hadn't expected her to be so embracing. And he had contributed to Meeks moving out. Not a huge loss, but he had to take some responsibility for turning Joy's world upside down.

A chill worked its way up his back. If she did carry gypsy blood, would he want her for a wife and mother? He'd been worried about what she'd want. What about him? Didn't he have a choice in all of this?

What had started out as a rather friendly seasonal gesture now had the potential for threatening to turn his world inside out. He could hear his grandmother sharing one of her favorite aphorisms: "You play with the heart, you play with fire. Do so knowing you will be burned."

"You look quite refreshed and full of yourself this morning." Nick glanced sideways at Joy standing outside the roped area for Santa and his

fans. He knew she was evaluating Ted Meeks' replacement. "It must be the season."

Joy's grin split her lovely face. "Oh, I can't begin to tell you how spectacular this Christmas season is for me."

"Try me. I'm all ears."

Blush streaks showed above her sweater when she directed her attention back to Santa. "The new guy doesn't have the flair yet."

Nick watched the man stiffly lift a young boy on to his lap. "He may not have it in him."

"Maybe you could take him aside and talk to him about being natural with kids."

Leaning into her, he said, "So are you saying you've noticed my natural flair?"

Unable to hide a grin, she stayed focused on Santa. "You have a natural flair with kids."

"If you let me escort you to the Christmas Ball, you may discover that my natural flair goes beyond pleasing kids."

"Nick Polaris," she teased, turning to face him. "Are you saying I'd find you pleasing?"

"Most assuredly."

"You are a confident man," she arched an eyebrow, "almost cocky. What makes you think I want to find out how you might go about trying to pleasure me?"

"Trying is not what I had in mind. And the answer is curiosity."

"Curiosity?"

"I've seen you take an extra long look at me when you thought I wasn't looking. You took an extra long time moving away the other morning when I kept you from falling over me. You were curious about my hands on your thighs."

Joy wet her lips. "We are in a public place," she whispered. "I would've slapped you if your hands had gone any higher."

Chuckling, Nick said, "And I thought you were about to slap me because I didn't take the opportunity to explore more. Ah. You're blushing. I wonder what that means. You're curious, admit it."

"So what if I am curious. I don't act on every whim that crosses my mind."

"But most." He grabbed her hand. "Come with me for a minute."

"What?" She scrambled to keep up with him as he headed for the Magic Gypsy.

He escorted her directly to the sitting/reading room. "This will do," he said, turning her to face him. He was pleased she hadn't dropped his hand when they entered the shop. "Do you know what the Santas call you?"

Her eyes grew huge as he traced the contour of her lips with a finger. "No. Tell me."

"Elf."

"Elf?"

"Uh. Huh. So this Santa wants to please his elf. Is that so terrible?"

Her red head moved back and forth cautiously. And then she broke into a smile. "I never thought of Santa hooking up with one of his elves."

"His favorite elf—female elf. When I invited you to join me for the Christmas Ball you said you'd think about it. Have you?"

"Not as much as I have during the last ten minutes," she admitted.

"Maybe I'm too old for you." He balanced her chin on his finger. "Elf, do you have the nerve to let Santa please you?"

"You're daring me, aren't you?" Joy's voice rose. Her eyelids narrowed to slits. She took her time. "Okay. I accept."

She closed the small space between them and reached down and squeezed his substantial arousal. "Don't assume you'll be doing all the pleasing. Before I'm done with you, you may think you have a bevy of elves flitting about."

Joy ducked away from his reach and made a hasty retreat into the shop. Nick roared with laughter until he turned about to see Sophia stepping out of the shadows.

"A bevy of elves. That could be intriguing."

Nick stood his ground, seeing no need to comment. He hadn't noticed her in the shadows. He was definitely slipping. Joy had that effect on

him.

"Now that you have your date for the ball secured, I'll probably use that time to do a little traveling to Scotland." Sophia glanced at the doorway Joy had exited. "She does have more spunk than either of us realized."

"Incredible. I didn't think I could be that wrong about a woman."

"So she's humbling." Sophia reached out and traced the outline of his erection. "That could be a new experience for you. I could take care of this guy, but I think I won't. You will want to stay on edge for tonight."

"That's thoughtful."

"Be careful. She's going to be trying to figure out who Santa really is. Don't blow it before we know what we're really dealing with here."

Nick grunted and watched Sophia exit into the main shop area. Too smug. Both women had been too damn smug. Maybe it came with the gender, when they thought they had their guy by the short hairs.

He wasn't about to blow his cover as Santa, but he did look forward to discovering if Joy Danser would be as freewheeling with Nick Polaris as she had been with Santa. She certainly hadn't blinked at accepting his dare, but they both knew she'd made her decision earlier. Probably before he guided her into the Magic Gypsy.

Chapter Five

“Do you still think Santa will join us tonight? He’s late.” Joy hugged Sophia tight, rubbing their breasts together. They lay side by side. She leaned away and smiled. “Not that I’ve actually missed him.”

“Uh, huh.” Sophia pursed her lips and licked perspiration from Joy’s neck. “You want him to join us, don’t you?”

“He hasn’t missed a night this week.” Joy arched her neck, reveling in Sophia’s tongue. “But then you’d probably rather have Nick Polaris join us.”

“What?” Sophia pulled away and scowled.

“He can be a funny man.”

“Most people don’t notice that side of him.”

“He nearly dared me to let him take me to the Christmas Ball.”

“Have you ever backed away from a dare?”

“I hate backing down.”

“He probably counted on that.” Sophia tapped

a finger on Joy's nipple. "So he only dared you to let him escort you to the Ball? I doubt my Nick only had a dance or two in mind. He's a very virile man." She dragged her hand down across Joy's abs and covered her mound. "You're sticky again. I thought I cleaned you once. Is that because of me, or Santa, or Nick?"

Joy slipped a hand over Sophia's. She gulped and pressed Sophia's fingers into her crevice. "All three. I can't believe how gluttonous I've become."

"So he did want more than a dance?"

Gasping, Joy nodded as Sophia curled a finger up inside her. "Yes, he wants to give me pleasure."

"Like this."

"Yes, I think so."

"You think so?"

Joy giggled. "I squeezed his cock. Can you believe it? He was so hard. He's big. Of course, you know that."

"Plus he knows how to use it. Nick is a considerate lover. You'll be in good hands with Nick."

"Funny," Joy groaned, as Sophia's fingers worked in and out of her. "That's what you said about Santa. If Nick's as good as Santa then I'll definitely be in good hands. Like yours." Her voice rose. "Good God, I love what you do to me."

Joy laced her fingers behind Sophia's head and

slanted her mouth across her lover's. Sophia swallowed her yelps of joy as she steadily fingered her over the abyss.

Shuddering, Joy let Sophia hold her, trusting she'd be her anchor as she nursed her orgasm and its aftershocks. Minutes later her eyes popped wide open to see Sophia grinning at her. A cock slid along the crevice of her buttocks. "Yes," she cried out. "He's here. Santa's here."

Joy hoisted her leg and Sophia guided Santa home. *I missed you last night. There was room for you. I'd told Sophia you might be out and about.*

I got caught up in watching. The two of you were magical. Doubt I could ever tire of watching you. So expressive. Both of you.

She tensed as Santa pushed forward, seating himself in her depths. "We're leaving you out," she said to Sophia.

"Not really. I'll just change ends."

"Oh my." Joy squeezed her shoulders in anticipation as Sophia turned around, offering her pussy. Eagerly, Joy flicked her tongue across Sophia's labia.

She heard Sophia's groans just before she felt the woman's lips sliding along her clit. "Oh my God." And then Santa began to move. She could get used to being beneficiary of a sandwich like this—delectable, with minimal calories.

Increasingly, it became difficult to focus on

Sophia. She curled her arms around her female lover and rested her chin on Sophia's vulva and then focusing on receiving. Steadily, Sophia and Santa worked as a team, bringing her to a near peak before backing off. They were priming her like she was a pump. There was nothing she could do to speed up her tandem lovers. They were working from a blueprint she hadn't seen before.

Her clit ballooned. Santa's fingers curled over her shoulders. She groaned as he somehow inched deeper.

Come for us, Elfie, Santa encouraged.

I will – almost.

Santa slipped a hand between them. His thumb rimmed her anus.

Ohhh. His hips slapped against her buttocks driving him forward. Sophia blew on her clit and then sucked on it. *Good God!* Joy's mouth moved but no sounds came out. She jerked and lurched under their combined efforts. *That's it! No more.*

Sophia moved to let her curl up into a tight ball. Vaguely she was aware that Santa too had pulled out. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the cascading crescendos pulsing from her toes to her pussy to her skull. The cascading continued and continued. Awareness of the outer-world slipped into her consciousness, but the cascading didn't stop. Should she worry?

She hugged herself, letting her body adjust to

this new state of sensory pleasure. She'd recover. She knew she would. But wow!

Her eyelids felt like lead weights. She allowed herself to rest. She'd earned it after traversing the universe. Her hamstrings burned. Gradually, she straightened her legs. They still worked.

Cranking her eyes open it took her a moment to discern what was going on beside her on the bed. Sophia lay next to her holding her legs high and wide apart. Her pelvis appeared to be falling and rising as she bounced on the bed. "Santa's fucking you, isn't he?" she asked excitedly. "He's good isn't he?"

"Grab my hand, girl. I'm almost there. He's getting bigger. He's going to come." Sophia looked wildly at her. "Do my clit, Joy."

Not hesitating, Joy slipped her hand across Sophia's abs and clawed at her clit. She felt Santa slamming in and out of Sophia.

Here I come, he roared in her brain.

"Yes, fill me up, Santa," Sophia yelled.

Joy didn't move. And then she couldn't. Santa had crashed against Sophia trapping her hand and wrist between them. *Hey*, she yelped.

Sorry, Santa groaned. His weight came off her hand and she reclaimed it.

You called me Elfie earlier, she said. *Why?* She wished she could see his face. He was slow to react.

You wore an elf shirt to bed the other night. He chuckled. I thought you made a very attractive elf.

But I don't understand...

It was useless. He'd left. If only she had some sort of magical lasso to keep him in place. Scrunching her mouth, she thought better of that wish. She really didn't want to constrain Santa one bit. But that didn't mean she wasn't creating a Christmas list of questions for Santa.

Sophia curled up facing away from her. Joy doubted she'd hear from her until morning. She sure hadn't been shy about accepting Santa. But then Santa could be compelling.

Joy rolled over and hugged a pillow tight. Like her, Sophia had sounded thrilled with Santa fucking her silly. That had to be a good sign. If Sophia enjoyed Santa as much as she did, then she might actually enjoy Nick Polaris.

Ever since she was a kid she'd been a sucker for a dare. Most often, she won. What was Nick's record with dares?

Nick eased Joy around the ballroom dance floor, not at all surprised at her grace. His own nerves annoyed him. The slight occasional tremble in his fingers grazing her lower back had been unexpected. He couldn't recall ever having this reaction on a first date.

She grinned up at him when he spun them

around to avoid another couple and then rested her head on his shoulder. He could not detect any tremble in her fingers clutching his shoulders. Inhaling her familiar scent, he nearly floated across the floor.

He might not have explored every part of her body yet but he was determined to do so, this time not as her fantasy Santa but as Nick Polaris. She might be Santa's boss but she sure wasn't Nick's boss. This night would be different. This night there would be no telepathy. This night he wouldn't vanish, couldn't vanish even if he wanted too. Instead he'd love her as long as she could stay awake.

Slowing as they neared the darkest corner of the dance floor, Nick slid a hand over the rise of her delectable rump.

"Umm," she murmured. "That's nice." She reached for his other hand and placed it over her breast.

Her boldness pleased him but no longer actually surprised. She'd demonstrated on more than one occasion a penchant for being the aggressor, whether she was handling Santa or him. Her nipple responded immediately as he lightly pressed a thumb against it. Her spaghetti-strap red Christmas gown accentuated every curve of her body. She snuggled closer, if that was possible. He felt her heat against his crotch.

She smiled up at him looking like something out of a dream. "I'm glad you thought of reserving a suite here at the hotel for us tonight." She giggled. He'd never grow tired of the sound. "I'm afraid we might've had an accident rushing back to my place."

"It won't take long for us to say our goodnights here once I've finished playing Santa." He rubbed his chin across her hair. "And then we can go upstairs. Champagne is chilling. The Jacuzzi will be ready and the bed is already turned down." Nick held back a laugh at her sudden shudder.

"For once in my life," she whispered near his ear, "I'd just as soon skip Santa." She pulled away. "But you better go get changed. You're on fairly soon."

"You're not going to come along and help me get into my Santa suit?"

She shook her head. "Santa wouldn't make it back to the party and you know it." Her lips grazed the corner of his mouth. "Later, I'll help you out of your Santa suit, if you want."

"I'll hold you to that." He tilted his head at her. "You don't seem worried about what your friends and colleagues may be saying about us."

She shrugged. "It's the season for office romances. They flare up quickly and die out just as quickly. Besides, everyone knows I'm in love with Santa." She must've sensed him wince.

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. It's a seasonal obsession. It won't be too long and I'll be in love with a leprechaun, and then with the Easter Bunny and so on."

"Sounds rather mercurial."

"I suppose." Joy grabbed his hand when the music stopped. "Why don't you escort me back to our table and I'll wait for Santa there?"

"Okay." Nick guided her through the maze of tables, admiring the rise and fall of her buttocks. His heart stopped and sputtered. He could probably do a leprechaun, but the Easter Bunny didn't seem plausible.

First things first. This would be a night to treasure. Holding a chair for Joy, he couldn't help wondering if Sophia was having any success tracking down Joy's ancestral heritage. He had no idea whether she had gypsy blood, but her ability to sense his moods bordered on unnerving.

"You are a patient man, Nick Polaris," Joy said, unzipping Nick's red Santa pants. She'd already bared his upper torso and had admired with her eyes and her lips. His male scent nearly unhinged her, but she remained determined to play this night slow and deliberate. There might not be another one like it. "Not every man would wait for me to change first."

"My patience was rewarded. With the

backlighting, when you stepped out of the bathroom with that red nightshirt on, you looked like a mirage."

She pushed his pants down over his thighs. "I guarantee you I'm no mirage." Joy dipped a hand into his shorts. Her breathing faltered. "Speaking of no mirage, is this a little gift for me?"

Nick groaned as she encircled his expanding shaft. "Let me correct myself. Is this big guy all mine?" She blew warm breath around its purplish crown and tapped it with her lips. "He just keeps growing. Later, big guy. Your master and I have a toast to make. I brought a shirt for you, if you want."

Kicking his pants and shorts aside, Nick reached for the shirt. "Does it say *Santa's Helper* like yours?"

"Nope." She watched him carefully unfold the shirt. Would he play along with her?

He flinched and then broke into a grin. "Seems appropriate: *Santa*."

"Tonight," she whispered, helping him slide the shirt over his head, "just tonight, I want you to be my Santa. Is that too silly for you?"

"Not at all. I love being your Santa." He grimaced, tugging on the shirt. "Aren't these nightshirts a little short?"

"Not at all. A lot of college football players wear half shirts for practice in hot weather.

Thought it might get hot in here tonight." She skimmed fingers lightly over his rigid cock. "He's not shy, is he?"

"No more than she is," Nick countered, palming her fully exposed mound. "You're gorgeous, you know."

"I don't know that, but I do enjoy hearing you say it." She brushed his hand away. "Perhaps we should have some champagne or it may go to waste."

Shortly they sat on the suite sofa sipping champagne without even trying to keep their eyes off each other.

"So tell me about this obsession you have with Santa," Nick asked. "I'm curious. I'm not belittling you."

"I know you're not." She leaned over and brushed her lips across his. "I guess I was like a lot of kids. I believed in Santa and resisted not believing when my mother tried to explain him away."

He slid a hand along the inside of her thigh. "And you still resist not believing."

She spread his fingers over her mound. "You have a sensitive touch. Let's just say every Christmas season I find myself withholding judgment about Santa." She cradled Nick's balls. "This season, I must admit, Santa feels more real than ever."

Nick traced her mouth with his tongue. She parted her lips and let him explore.

"Maybe you're being rewarded for your belief," Nick murmured around her lips.

She moaned into his mouth as a finger gingerly parted her wet labia. She thrust her tongue into his mouth when he slowly entered her pussy.

"I've looked forward to doing this all night," he whispered.

He slipped a second finger in and curled them upward. She gasped his name and lurched forward when he found her spot. He paused and winked at her. "Surely you're not limited to one orgasm."

Shaking her head wildly, she clenched her teeth and muttered, "You're there. Do it—or I'm really going to be pissed."

Nick blew her a kiss. His fingers began a staccato tap dance across her most sensitive flesh. She brought her feet up to the edge of the couch.

"Perfect," he grunted. "Wouldn't want to disappoint Santa's boss."

She flailed about, wanting him to wait, not wanting him to stop. She was over the top before the word "boss" filled her ears. Unrepentant, his fingers never strayed from her internal button. At last, gulping for air, she pulled away from him and curled into a ball.

Although shattering, she remained aware that

he held her as if she was a precious piece of china. He wasn't going away. His cock flopped against her bottom.

He didn't press her further, yet his hard promise encouraged her to return sooner than later. Minutes must've passed before she sighed. She sat back up and gave him a half smile. "It suddenly got hot in here."

"*You* were hot." Nick helped her pull her nightshirt over her head.

She loved the way his eyes lit up when he saw her boobs standing free for his inspection. "They are touchable."

He cradled one with both hands and lowered to kiss its nipple as if in homage. "Stunning. I knew they were."

Frowning, she fondled the unattended breast. "Do you have x-ray vision, too?"

He lifted his head and grinned at her. "Silly. Your nipples were so erect when you came to the shop that day in search of Sophia."

"Oh, I forgot." She pushed his head lower. "She'd like a little more attention."

Nick licked his way along the underside of the breast several times before pushing her hand away from the other breast with his nose. "I'm a glutton when it comes to boobs." He tilted his head and arched an eyebrow. "Almost as gluttonous as Sophia."

She laced her fingers in his hair as his beard traversed the rise of one breast and then the other. Giggling, she groaned, "That's something Sophia can't do."

"Have you ever had a pair of lips suckling one breast while another pair suckles the other one?"

"Only in my dreams," she moaned, playing with his ears.

"Maybe we should invite Sophia next time." His mouth closed over her nipple.

"You think there's going to be a next time? You think Sophia would join us? Oh, hell. You're amazing. Hold me. No, they're too sensitive right now. Just hold me. I'll be okay." She took in short breaths. "That one surprised me. Smaller, but lovely."

With a sense of male pride she'd seldom seen in Nick Polaris, he grinned and gathered her in his arms. "There will always be a next time if you want it. Isn't that the way the fantasy works? And if you don't think Sophia would join us at the slightest invitation, you don't know Sophia."

Snickering, Joy tugged on Nick's beard with her teeth. "Sophia won't need an invitation."

"Ah, you do know Sophia."

"At least I know that much about her. Sit back for me." Joy reached for her wineglass. "Why don't you take that nightshirt off before I get it sticky?"

Admiring his firm chest, Joy wrapped the fingers of one hand around his cock and then dripped champagne from its crown to its base. "Look at him." She pouted. "Now he needs a bath."

"And I bet I know a Santa's helper who will bathe him in her warm mouth."

She winked and lowered her head. "My, Santa, you are a mind reader."

Starting at the base of his cock, she moved upward, licking him clean. His cock weaved about. She suckled its crown into her mouth. He tapped on her butt and she looked up at him.

"I've got a slightly better idea," he said, pushing her away to stand. "Grab our wineglasses and I'll carry you to the bed. I'm feeling a thirst coming on. A thirst for something a little more tasty than mere champagne."

"Ah, excellent," she murmured in his arms. "I knew my Santa would want to give as much as receive."

Moments later she lay atop Nick lapping at the champagne still dribbling down his shaft. She couldn't stop her butt from trembling as Nick poured more of the sparkly liquid between her butt cheeks only to have it cascade down the crevice into his waiting open mouth.

He smacked his lips loudly and squeezed her buttocks. "Tasty, champagne à la pussy. Have I

told you how much I adore your ass?"

She moaned around his cock and raised her head. "You've made more than one comment suggesting it met your minimal standards."

His palm slapped her butt, giving her pause.

"Don't put yourself down," he chided. "Though maybe you're hard of hearing. You have a scrumptious ass. Once I get you cleaned up maybe you'll want my cock somewhere other than in your mouth.

"You're right," she said, pumping his cock swiftly.

"Careful," came the plaintive command.

She stopped to kiss its deepening purple crown. "Poor boy, are we getting you overly excited? By the way," she added, arching her neck as he lapped at her vulva. "I don't let a guy fuck my ass on a first date."

"Good to know."

His thumb rimmed her anus. She swallowed hard searching for breath.

"Perhaps I should call down and make reservations for a second night," he growled. "And when I do claim your ass, I'll be making love to you. There's a difference."

His thumb eased into her anus and his tongue wedged its way into her pussy. She lost track of Nick except for his thumb and his tongue. Slowly but steadily he escorted her to another orgasm.

She clung to his cock with one hand, amazed how adeptly Nick coaxed her to that next level.

She had no idea when her ass opened, but his thumb was all the way in. His other thumb strummed her clit and his tongue widened her entrance. Together, they sent her soaring.

"Incredible," she mumbled. She tried to flick her tongue at his cock but gave up on that effort. She could only receive. This was like it had been with her real Santa. There was so little opportunity to give. Didn't they know she wanted to give? Needed to give?

Gasping, she lurched back against him. Demanding, taking everything he would give her. "Take me, Santa," she mumbled against his thigh. "I'm all yours. Like a piece of clay. Mold me, fuck me." Her world went black, buffeting her between waves of overwhelming power and a serenity she never knew existed.

When awareness again crept across the edge of her brain, Joy felt part of a sheet draped over her shoulders. She felt an odd sense of loss knowing he was no longer in her pussy or her ass though she still lay atop his solid frame. She kissed his thigh and then redirected her attention to his cock. It responded instantly. She laughed at its eagerness. "You're just as eager as I am," she whispered. "I'm going to see that your wish is fulfilled."

She turned one hundred and eighty degrees to face Nick. "This time," she insisted, "he's mine."

She rose up on her knees and rubbed the crown of Nick's cock along her vulva. Reaching for a condom lying on the bed, she quickly opened the package and encased Nick's shaft.

"I'm a little surprised it fits. Lie back and receive, Nick. I'm going to fuck..." she saw his frown, "I'm going to make love to you like you've been doing to me. Slowly," she whispered, settling her torso gradually over his cock.

Nick grinned watching their joining. "Slow works for me. You almost have him."

She nodded, took in a little more and then she did have him. "Yes." Closing her eyes, she wiggled to seat him comfortably. "You're so deep. I've seldom taken a cock this deep...until recently."

Nick flexed his pelvis. "Don't move," she said, giving him her best warning glare. "Don't even twitch. I'm doing this. Lie back and enjoy."

"Go ahead, Ms. Danser," Nick said, giving her a mock salute, "you may guide Santa's sleigh tonight, but I fully expect we will both share the joy."

She didn't doubt that. With Nick giving her full rein, Joy concentrated on staying in control of her own responses for as long as possible. Closing her eyelids, she swayed side to side as she rose up his

shaft. She paused at the top to appreciate his groans and then tugged on her nipples. Tightening her muscles, she eased downward. She faltered. Had he grown another inch? Retracing her path, Joy glided up and down several times.

She wanted to make this last. Arching backward, she rested her weight on Nick's knees and then propelled herself forward and backward along his shaft.

"What a spectacular view," Nick said. "You're so open for me. Your clit is out of its hood looking for attention. May I?"

"No. Not yet. I want you concentrating on your cock."

"I'd much rather watch you."

She cracked her eyes open. The mix of emotions on his face surprised her. He was losing it slowly but surely. He was getting off watching her. She was bringing him off visually and tactilely. She'd never appreciated an audience like this.

Slowing her thrusts, Joy held her weight with one hand and toyed with her clit with the other.

"Holy shit," Nick groaned, tensing his entire body. "What are you doing to me?"

"Giving you a memory or two you won't soon forget."

"Never. You are so damn hot. Your heat is going to melt me."

Joy sat up straight and giggled. "You look like

you're caught between wanting to come and not wanting me to finish the job."

Nick shrugged. "You're the boss."

"Right now," she pouted, "I'm Santa's helper. Are you ready to come for me, Santa?"

"Whenever you wish."

She hoisted herself up his pole. "I wish for you to come for me, Santa." She squirmed back down his shaft and then up. When she settled next, she reached around to squeeze his balls. "These guys have been wanting to release much of the night." She stuck out her tongue at Nick. "My gift to them is granting them their wish."

Raising both arms high above her head, Joy flexed upward on her knees and let gravity take her back down. She repeated that simple levering motion several times before quickening her pace. "Soon, Santa. I can feel you expanding deep inside me. Soon."

"Very soon," Nick panted. "Son of a bitch, Elfie. You've got me. I'm coming."

"Yes," Joy shouted, churning above Nick. His cock pulsated. His fingers curled into the sheets. He tossed his head from side to side as she banged against his loins: taking, accepting, taking some more.

When she thought he was finished, she squeezed her inner muscles and again slowly rode him.

"Yes," Nick grunted. "A little more. He lurched forward and fell back to the mattress. He held up a palm. "No more. There's no more left."

Nearly beyond exhaustion, Joy collapsed into his open arms. "I didn't know if you were ever going to stop coming."

Nick's body shook under her. "Me? I didn't know if you were ever going to stop." He hugged her close. "You're something else, boss lady." He nibbled on her earlobe. "You can be my boss any time."

Fighting sleep, Joy didn't have the strength for more banter. But this night had far exceeded her expectations, too. For a fleeting moment, she let herself wish she had gypsy blood coursing through her veins.

Chapter Six

Waking up with a start, Joy peered at the red numerals on the suite clock: Four a.m. To her left, Nick Polaris laid on his back with the sheet askew over his lower body. She sat up against the headboard and eyed him closely. His chest—the chest she'd fallen asleep on—rose and fell evenly. He slept the sleep of a satisfied man.

She studied Nick's beard in the ambient light. Was she crazy? She'd had so many niggling thoughts throughout the evening, even during their lovemaking. There'd been a question or two over the last several days, but she hadn't pursued those questions or perhaps hadn't really wanted to consider them.

Her last time with Santa and Sophia. Her off hand conversations with Nick at the mall. He'd seemed so very familiar at times. Almost too familiar. There had been uncanny subtle similarities. She gulped. Was it possible that Santa and Nick were both sleeping beside her in one

body?

If so, why? And was it really possible? Or was her mind playing tricks on her? But she couldn't ignore the tell-tale signs.

She'd had a few bearded lovers before. But only two had the soft beard that made her nipples stand on end without feeling scratched. He'd called her Elfie—both Santa and Nick had called her Elfie. No one else ever had. Nick seemed surprised when she asked him to be her Santa for the night. Like Santa, he had a thing about making sure she knew he was making love to her, not merely fucking her. Both had probed her depths in a way that had made her head spin, surpassing anything she'd ever experienced.

Had she mixed Nick up with Santa when they were making love? Was that the crux of the problem? No. And one more thing. She knew Santa was real. With Sophia's help, she'd established that fact. She'd swallowed his copious seed and cleaned herself up from him several times.

Sophia! She'd said Santa worked for her. Why didn't Sophia tell her Santa was also her lover? But Nick needed to find a wife who could bear his children.

He must know that wasn't her. So why would he become her Santa? And if she could come up with an answer to that question, then why would

he ask her to the Christmas Ball and set up this elaborate suite lover's nest? He could've merely joined her at her place as her invisible Santa.

She hunched over her knees. That hadn't been enough for her. She'd been trying to discover who her Santa was. She'd wanted to see him, to hear his groans with her ears, and to watch the effect she had on him when she made him come. Did Nick's wish to escort her to the ball mean being her invisible Santa wasn't enough for him, too?

Both Santa and Nick could be tender yet demanding. Both had glowing praise for her boobs and for her ass. Both lovers were as focused on giving as receiving.

Hugging her knees to her chest, she wondered what Santa or Nick would have to say for himself when she confronted him. She wasn't totally positive they were one and the same. She grinned at the peaceful form lying beside her. There was a way to find out.

Joy concentrated her energies and focus. She hadn't tried this on her own. She'd only responded to Santa's thoughts. Could she do it? Sophia had said something about her having a natural gift.

Wake up, you deceitful bastard. Joy bit her tongue. That probably wasn't the best way to begin. Nick stirred. Had she penetrated his daze? *I want, I need an explanation, Santa, Nick or whoever you are.*

Tears filled her eyes. *It's not that I'm terribly angry. I'm...I'm just more confused than anything. I loved what Santa did to me. I loved what we shared tonight. But if you're Santa, why are we here? Why didn't you come to me as Santa rather than pretending to be my Santa when I asked you?* She shook her head. She couldn't even think the words correctly.

Don't chastise yourself too much.

Joy swore her heart stopped beating.

I wanted, I needed to feel you in the flesh. I wanted you to see how you moved me beyond thoughts. In a few days Santa will disappear, even for you – until the next season. I wasn't ready to disappear. I hoped you weren't ready either.

Nick turned to face her. “And I didn't think I'd make a very good Easter Bunny.”

Joy burst into tears and then into laughter. She didn't resist when he pulled her down beside him. “I started out only wanting to help you believe in your fantasy. All things are possible if we give them a chance. We don't have to be constrained by one set of rules, one universe, one reality.”

“But that wasn't enough?”

“I couldn't believe how much fun you are, how compatible we are. I've enjoyed bantering with you these past two years but when I was Santa you opened up in ways I didn't know possible.”

Snickering against his chest, Joy murmured, “That's certainly true.”

“I don't mean just sexually. I got a clear

window into who you are. What makes you tick."

"Sometimes I wish I had a clearer window into how I tick." She sighed. "I can't believe I'm having this conversation with someone who is here one minute and can be gone the next. Or talks to me without speaking."

Nick ruffled her hair. "How did you rudely wake me up? You have the gift, Elfie. You do believe."

"Sophia said something like that. But even if I do believe – what we have can't go anywhere."

He lifted her chin, questioning.

"Sophia told me. You need to find a woman with gypsy blood."

He grimaced. "That's my luck, to fall for a woman I can't have."

Joy fought to steady herself. "You've fallen for me?"

Nick chuckled. "Isn't that obvious?"

"But it doesn't matter – in the long run."

"In the long run." He flashed an eyebrow. "But we could have one hell of a short run."

Ignoring the insistent throb in her loins, she countered, "And you just told me I shouldn't feel constrained by a certain set of rules or understanding of how the universe functions? Your belief system sounds pretty rigid to me."

She felt Nick stiffen beside her.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "That's all I can give

you. I wanted to give you your Christmas fantasy. I've done that. It'd probably be safer for us to leave it like that."

"Maybe." Joy sat up. "Until recently I never saw myself as a big risk taker." She laughed dryly. "Between you, Sophia and myself, I've been set free in ways I'm not sure I want to give up—short run or long run."

She swung her legs over the bed and stood. "I think I can't talk about this any more. Not now. Maybe later." She managed half a smile. "I've enjoyed being with you Nick—Santa. You've given me a huge gift that'll I'll never forget. Perhaps most importantly, a deeper, sharper look into myself and my own gifts."

She turned up her palms. "I'm not saying we can't have a short-run, but I'm not sure that will be enough for me. I'll let you know. I'm going to get dressed. Don't bother to get up. I'll hire a taxi."

Before she could close the bathroom door, his words vibrated in her head: *Do what you must, Elfie, but know that Santa will always love you.*

Three days later, Christmas Eve morning, Nick stood outside Joy's house debating his chances. He knew the women were up even though it was only five o'clock. Sophia had complained about the early rising but Joy wouldn't listen. "It's Christmas Eve day!" she'd exclaimed. "There's

still so much to be done to get ready for Santa.”

He'd watch them much of the night, careful to conceal his presence from Joy. They'd been so gentle, so tender with each other he'd almost felt guilty watching. Their bond would survive whatever news Sophia had brought back from Scotland.

His relationship with Joy, however continued to trouble him. He hadn't contacted her since their night at the suite. She hadn't reached out to him either.

And then Sophia had communicated with him yesterday. She had news to share but only wanted to share it with him and Joy at one time. She told him to drop by Joy's early this morning. Smiling thinly, he realized Sophia had choreographed their rendezvous in such a way as to give her another night with Joy to herself. Given what he'd witnessed last night, Joy wasn't about to give up Sophia. Unlike Santa, Joy didn't seem to see Sophia as a seasonal dalliance.

He raised his hand toward the doorbell and dropped it. Heaving a sigh, he wished not for the first time that the damn dictum of gypsy blood didn't hang over his head. Joy Danser surpassed any expectations he'd ever had for a wife and lover. She'd make a fantastic mother. Did it really matter if she had not a single drop of gypsy blood?

She had gifts. Wasn't that enough? She'd thanked him for helping her step outside her boundaries to experience life anew, and he was left caught in the shackles of his past. Unless Sophia had good news.

Not giving himself a moment more to debate, Nick rang the doorbell.

Startled by the unexpected sound of the doorbell, Joy cocked her head at Sophia, who sat at the kitchen table sipping early morning coffee. "Who would be ringing my bell at this hour?"

Sophia's mouth curved into a grin. "Must be someone as nuts about Christmas Eve day as you are. We should've stayed in bed sleeping or making love."

Joy knotted the sash of her robe tighter. "Then we might've missed my visitor. It's probably a UPS delivery. I know they start delivering this early so close to Christmas."

Half skipping to the entryway, Joy opened the door and did her best to control her outward expression. He was standing there like a lost puppy. She'd known she'd see him at some point, but not at this moment, on Christmas Eve day.

"May I come in?" Nick's gaze ran up and down her from her bare toes to the top of her crown.

She nodded and stepped back to allow him in. "Unless my memory is failing me," she said

curtly, "this is the first time you've entered my house by ringing or knocking first."

He unzipped his coat, tossed it on the loveseat and grinned over her shoulder. She turned to see Sophia approaching with another mug of coffee. He accepted eagerly. "I was getting a little chilled standing out there in the cold."

"You knew he was out there," she said to Sophia, not caring that her tone was accusing. Glaring back at Nick, she said, "And why didn't you just ring when you got here?"

"I invited Nick," Sophia explained. She stepped close to graze her knuckles across Joy's cheek. "Have patience, girl. I need to talk to both of you about something important." Sophia scowled at Nick. "I didn't expect him to get here before the sun came up. Why he looks like a frozen ice cube, I don't know."

"I wasn't sure I'd be welcomed." Nick gave her a forlorn look.

Joy threw up her hands. "Of course you're welcomed. It's Christmas Eve day. Though I thought Santa would have his hands full on the day before Christmas. Have a seat."

She motioned to a chair across from the loveseat where she sat down. Without invitation, Sophia curled up next to her. That simple gesture plus the fact that they wore robes left little guessing for Nick to do about how they'd spent

their time together. That pleased her immensely.

"Looks like you two have had your hands full," he said without censure.

"Delightfully so," she replied, clasping Sophia's hand. "If you hadn't dropped by, Sophia and I could be sipping breakfast. But you're here now."

She'd nearly forgotten why. Joy glanced quickly at Sophia. "You invited him. Why? What's so important you couldn't tell us separately?" Bile rose in her throat. "You're not ill, are you?"

"Hey, girl." Sophia squeezed her thigh. "I've never felt better—though I appreciate your concern. No, what I have to share concerns the two of you." She flashed an eyebrow. "Actually, the three of us, I hope."

"You better get on with it," Nick grunted. "Does she even know you journeyed to Scotland?"

"You what?" Joy scooted away from Sophia. "How could you? On such short notice." She blinked at Sophia's devious smile. "Oh my God, you didn't."

"I hate dealing with airport lines and security," Sophia quipped. "Sometimes the old fashioned way of traveling is simpler and more efficient."

"You time traveled," Joy gasped. "Why? Why Scotland?" She glanced quickly at Nick and back to Sophia. "You were checking me out, weren't you? My bloodlines."

"That's right. We had to know."

"And that's why you missed the Christmas Ball. And you," her voice rose at Nick, "knew where she was."

"Yes. But it didn't matter that night." He looked incredibly forlorn. "You were everything I ever hoped for. Beyond my dreams."

"I know," she admitted. "I've been tingling ever since." She held his gaze steady. "I was even planning on showing up at your place tomorrow morning. I drove by yesterday to be sure I'd know the way."

He tilted his head, questioning.

"I was going to give you myself as a short-run Christmas present, since the long-run was already ruled out. But now I don't know if I should feel deceived or honored that you'd bother to do such a search."

Slowly she turned to Sophia and frowned. "So what did you find out about me?" Her outward calm belied a pounding pulse.

"I talked with your great-grandmother, for starters."

"You did." Joy sat straighter. "How is she?"

"She's doing remarkably fine for her age." Sophia peeked at Nick. "I believe we know where Joy's sense of humor comes from. Most importantly," she said, eyeing Joy, "your great-grandmother shared a story that has been a closely guarded secret for generations. There is the

understanding that on your female side during the seventeen fifties, a Faa family gypsy girl ran off with the fourth born of your particular branch of the Bennet family."

"Damn!" Nick exclaimed, leaning forward. "What about records?"

Joy held her breath.

"The church records were destroyed during an eighteen eighty-eight fire. What passes for census records of the time shows a female of gypsy heritage living in the house of two Bennet brothers. It remains unclear whether she was the wife of either brother or possibly a housekeeper. We do know she bore children. We can assume one or both of the Bennet brothers were the fathers."

"So you're not certain," Joy said, feeling much more frustrated than she'd expected.

Sophia turned her palms up. "As certain as we're probably ever going to be. Is it ninety-five percent certain? Ninety-nine percent? You put a number on it."

Joy looked to Nick, who seemed as perplexed as she was.

Sophia slid closer and reclaimed her hand. "Joy, you have the gift, you have the oral history, you have reasonable documentation. Isn't that enough?"

"I don't know." Again she looked to Nick for

some sort of guidance.

A smile worked slowly across his lips. He nodded at Sophia. "Thanks. Seems like Santa's Helper is eligible for more than a short-run gig. I can't see into the future, Joy, but the future looks much more promising to me than it did twenty-four hours ago. What say you?"

She didn't have to think long. "If you two have enough evidence, then why would I question the conclusion?" A giggle escaped her lips. "Does this mean I can't come by Christmas morning and present myself as a gift for under the tree?"

Nick steepled his fingers. "I don't know about you, but Sophia can vouch that I've always enjoyed opening at least one Christmas present before Christmas morning."

"Oh, perfect! I have that tradition too. I hate it when people say you can't exchange presents before Christmas morning." Joy watched Nick tense as she unknotted her sash and parted her robe. "This present, of course, should be shared with Sophia, since she's here and she did all of that traveling on our behalf."

"Of course," Nick said, tugging his turtleneck over his head. "If this goes the way I'm hoping, we might want Sophia to be our live-in baby sitter."

Sophia groaned and shrugged out of her robe.

"Sophia can be our live-in whatever she wants to be." Joy doffed her robe and slid to the floor.

Kneeling, she parted Sophia's thighs. "I wouldn't want to do without the opportunity for such a delicious breakfast as this."

As she hoped, Nick was soon kneeling behind her. His cock sought her heat. Quickly he seated himself in the home she hoped he'd never want to leave for long. "By the way, this constitutes our second date. Santa has claimed my ass already. Nick, you may want to catch up fairly soon."

Joy inhaled Sophia's scent and Nick's growl filled her ears. The Christmas carol playing in the background provided the best possible harmony for this joining of three lovers that she now was confident would be replicated over and over throughout the years. Santa would no longer be a seasonal hope.

Later that night, past midnight, Joy lay on her bed facing Sophia with Nick behind her, still tucked in her vagina. They'd made love, snacked, shopped for last minute items, made love, snacked and made love again. This was the best Christmas ever. She had her Santa and Santa had her. She hugged Sophia closer. And she had another Santa's helper.

She drifted.

Is she asleep?

Joy steeled her thoughts so neither Nick nor Sophia would pick up on them.

Appears so, Sophia responded.

Why didn't you simply travel back in time to talk with the Faa gypsy girl?

Wondered when you'd ask. It didn't seem prudent.

Because there's a slight chance we could be wrong?

Maybe. She's got the gift, Nick, Sophia insisted. You know that. Isn't that enough for you? It is for me. I'll go back, if you want me to.

Joy held on to her sanity by a thread.

No. I'd already come to the conclusion that I'd pursue Joy anyway, whatever you found out. Sometimes you just have to act on your gut.

Or your heart, Sophia chuckled.

Yeah, I learned something from Santa when we were at the hotel suite.

What?

I love this woman sandwiched between us. It's fantastic that she's carries the blood, but I'd love her anyway. And would want her to be the mother of my children.

And I love her, too, Sophia confessed. And that's why I didn't want to pursue her heritage any further. She is more than enough for both of us. Odd, I didn't know we were looking for her until we found her.

Or I found you two, Joy beamed. And I love you guys too. She snuggled closer until she could rub her nose across Sophia's throat.

She did it again! Nick's soft beard grazed her back, giving her goose bumps. It may take a lifetime to ferret out all her gifts and talents.

"I hope so," Sophia whispered aloud.

"Me, too," Joy murmured. "Merry Christmas, everyone!"

About the Author

Adriana Kraft is really two people, which may be why she so passionately enjoys reading and writing erotic romance. A married couple, "she" teaches college, specializing in human services and criminal justice. She's lived and worked in many parts of the US and has traveled widely, providing her with a wealth of settings for her books. She hopes readers will relish her novels at least half as much as she has relished writing them, and she highly recommends sharing the sizzling fiction with a partner. It may take longer to finish the book, but Adriana believes a good book is meant to be savored!

Some of the things Adriana loves: A summer prairie meadow at twilight - mourning doves calling quietly, long shadows as the sun drops to the horizon, deer grazing watchfully in the distance, the hint of an evening breeze that sends the Queen Anne's Lace bobbing softly.

Rainbows after any storm - especially double rainbows glowing bright against the dark rolling cloudbank after a sudden downpour.

New York - Visiting with our son over breakfast croissants and strong coffee at a favorite Brooklyn Deli, catching the latest Broadway shows, watching the crowds, plunging into the pace of city life (and going home again).

The North Woods - lazy afternoons drifting in a canoe and hoping the fish don't bite, eagles soaring overhead, ravens tumbling magically in play, the plaintive call of the loons at dusk, shimmering northern lights filling the inky night sky.

Long conversations over lattes.

Four very special boxer dogs full of exuberance and mischief one minute and curled up next to us snuggling on the bed the next (yes, they do all fit).

Sitting by the fireplace on a snowbound Sunday afternoon sipping a favorite chardonnay (sometimes we let our characters do this, too!).

The simple miracle of being alive.

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