



SAMHAIN publishing™

All I Want
For Christmas
Karen Erickson

Holiday eBook Freebie

I want to wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all of the readers at Samhain!
Thank you for your readership and may we all have a wonderful 2009. ~ Karen

All I Want For Christmas
Copyright 2008, Karen Erickson
Cover Art: Scott Carpenter

This is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are no construed to be real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely incidental.

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief excerpts or quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

“You want a refill?” Holly Watson held the half full coffee pot over her customer’s empty coffee cup.

Make that her seriously hot customer’s empty coffee cup. The very same customer she’d been harboring a secret crush on for over six months.

Seth Manning held his hand over the cup. “No thanks. I drink anymore caffeine and I won’t be able to go to bed for at least a couple of hours.”

Hmm, just hearing him say the word bed brought forth all sorts of naughty thoughts. He would probably be scandalized to know she dreamed about him in such a lusty and constant manner.

Seth was a banker, high up in the ranks at one of the savings and loans businesses downtown and he stopped by Betty’s Diner where she worked at least a couple of times of week. He often chatted with her about his job and life when he came in.

That was the one positive thing about working at the diner part-time. She got to check out all the handsome businessmen in their immaculate suits. Especially this particular handsome man who made her body zing every time he smiled at her.

“What are you doing here on a Saturday night?” She set the coffee pot back on its burner and turned to face him.

“Working late, got hungry and decided to come here. I’m surprised to see this place open.”

Holly shrugged. “The weekend before Christmas, the shops are always open late downtown which means brisk business for us.” It had definitely slowed down though, since surpassing the eight o’clock mark.

“Makes sense.” He nodded and then consulted his watch, which of course drew her attention to his forearms. They were firm and strong looking, and she could only imagine what it would feel like to be held by him.

He’d dressed casually tonight since it wasn’t a regular workday. Khaki colored pants and a white button front shirt with the sleeves rolled up, revealing those sexy forearms of his.

Holly wanted to roll her eyes at her thoughts. Sexy forearms? What in the world was wrong with her? Talk about being over the moon for a man who would never be interested in her like *that*. She was acting downright ridiculous.

“Well, I guess I should go.” Seth paused, his gaze lifting, meeting hers. He had beautiful dark brown eyes, eyes that at this very moment were watching her carefully. “It was nice seeing you, Holly.”

“Nice seeing you too.” She did not want him to leave. Not yet. He always made her shift a little brighter when he stopped by and tonight was no exception.

Being three days before Christmas and no special someone in her life, she was feeling a little lonely. The television commercials didn’t help either, all of them featuring handsome men giving their pretty girlfriends or wives cars, jewelry, engagement rings, the works.

She wished for that, wanted it desperately. Heck right now she’d settle for some quick and easy no-strings sex. Anything to ease the ache inside that had been building for so long.

“Well, good night. Merry Christmas, Seth,” she said softly as he stood and shrugged into his dark coat.

He paused at her words, turning to look at her once more. The restaurant was practically empty, the lights were dimmed and Christmas carols played quietly overhead. The twinkling lights from the Christmas tree that stood by the door flashed various colors, casting him in shadow, making him look mysterious, even more handsome if that was even

possible.

“What are your plans for the holidays, Holly?”

“Oh. Um, well I’m going to my parents’ house and spending Christmas there. They live in town. My brother and sister will be there with their families, too. How about you?”

“Well, my parents are on a cruise in the Bahamas and my brother Charlie took his girlfriend to Hawaii. He’s asking her to marry him.”

“Really? That’s wonderful.” Lucky Brittney. She knew Charlie, Seth’s older brother because he stopped by Betty’s on occasion. He would bring his girlfriend with him sometimes too.

“Yeah well they left me all alone.” He tried to smile but it didn’t quite reach his eyes. “I sound like a little kid, but hell, I don’t think I’ve ever spent the holidays alone before.”

“No girlfriend?” She couldn’t help but ask, had always been curious. A man as handsome as Seth would surely have a special someone in his life.

“No, no girlfriend. I work too much. The last woman I dated broke up with me because of it.”

Sonja, the other waitress who worked the same shift as Holly tonight approached her with a friendly smile on her face.

“Hey, Hol, why don’t you go ahead and take off. I can wrap everything up and close by myself.”

The pleasure on Seth’s face was unmistakable and Holly’s heart did a little squeeze. “I’ll wait for you and walk you to your car, Holly. If you want me to.”

“Okay,” she said, a little breathless. She turned to Sonja. “Are you sure you don’t need my help?”

“No, go on home. It’s cold and starting to rain. Get home and stay nice and warm. See you Monday.”

They said their goodbyes and then Holly turned to look at Seth.

“Wait right here,” Holly told him and then practically took off in a run. She went to the back of the restaurant, behind the kitchen and clocked out, grabbing her coat and purse.

She slipped her black pea coat on over her uniform, wrapping a red scarf around her neck. Glancing at herself in the small mirror hanging on the wall by the back door, she fluffed at her bangs and smoothed a finger over her lips.

Pausing, she stared at her reflection, doubt slowly coursing through her.

What the hell was she doing? The man was a successful banker of some sort, heck she didn’t even know what he did exactly and she was just a waitress. She even had a second job, an office job that gave her thirty hours a week but that wasn’t enough to live on.

She was barely scraping by. What would Seth really see in her? Was he just being polite, offering to walk her out to her car?

Yes, that had to be it. He was being a gentleman, nothing more. Stuffing her hopes down deep where they belonged, she headed back toward the front of the restaurant.

* * * *

Seth watched Holly approach, loving the way she walked. The graceful way she held herself, the gentle sway of her hips. She was elegant, classy looking even in the typical waitress uniform and he found that a little sexy.

Okay a lot sexy. Holly was a hot piece and he’d been itching to get his hands on her for months. Although she was friendly and chatty, he never quite got the vibe that she was interested in him.

Tonight though, the mood had shifted. He’d caught her hungry stare more than once and he swore he saw her nipples harden beneath her uniform when he returned a healthy lingering stare of his own.

“Are you ready?”

His gaze zeroed in on her lush red mouth, the way it moved when she spoke and he had a sudden flash of those lips wrapped around his dick, sucking hard, her warmth and wetness surrounding him, urging him to spill his load.

His cock surged against the fly of his pants and he winced when he stood, wishing he could adjust himself.

“I’m ready. You all done?”

She nodded and together they walked out into the cold and blustery night. Living in a town on the California coast, most people expected the weather to be mild throughout the year.

But always in December and January, it got bitterly cold in Santa Costa. And this year was no exception. Tonight the clouds hung heavy and low, a thick misting of rain filling the air along with a sharp wind that whipped at their faces every few minutes.

“Where are you parked?” Seth asked.

Holly nodded toward the giant parking structure looming in the near distance. “In there.”

“Perfect. Me too. Let’s hurry and get out of this crappy weather.”

She hurried alongside of him, her footsteps keeping up with his and he couldn’t help but curl his arm around her and press his hand at the center of her back, urging her on.

Even through her thick coat, he could feel her warmth. Standing this close he smelled her delicate sweet scent, noticed the tiny pearl earring that studded her ear.

God, she was beautiful. He wanted nothing more than to push her into his car, take her back to his place and fuck her all night long.

“This is my car,” she said, waving a hand toward an older model Toyota.

They stopped, standing just behind the car and she turned to face him, a faint smile on her pretty face.

“Thanks for walking with me.”

“Not a problem.” No it certainly wasn’t.

“My car is kind of old.” Her cheeks turned red.

“Hey whatever works, right?” She seemed embarrassed, why he didn’t know. She didn’t need to impress him with her car.

He was impressed with just her.

“Right. Well, thanks again.” She gave him a little wave and he watched her go to the driver’s side of the car. She unlocked it and then climbed in, offering another wave of her fingers when she’d settled behind the steering wheel.

Reluctantly he turned and started toward his car, disappointment filling him. Why hadn’t he asked her out? He’d never really had a problem asking a woman out on a date before but now it was like he was thirteen and in junior high all over again, afraid of rejection.

The dying rev of an engine sounded, then sounded again. Seth turned and headed back toward her car. He approached just when she climbed out, a frustrated expression on her face.

“It won’t start. I think the battery’s dead.” Holly tilted her head back and stared up at the ceiling. “This is the last thing I need.”

“Let me check it out. Why don’t you pop the hood?” He shrugged out of his coat and laid it on the trunk of her car.

“You know how to work on cars?”

“Well I’m no expert but I might be able to figure out the problem.” He’d helped his dad and brother work on the occasional car growing up but technology made it harder to check under the hood of the newer cars.

Considering Holly’s was an older model, he might be able to see what’s going on.

“Now I’m really glad you walked me to my car,” Holly said. “I don’t know what I

would've done if I'd been by myself."

"Huh." He glanced under the hood, an idea forming in his mind. Why bother trying to fix her car when he could just drive her home and get more time with her?

That was perfect.

"I can't figure out what's wrong." He slammed the hood, the sound echoing in the empty parking garage.

"Oh." She worried her lower lip with her teeth, her big brown eyes meeting his. "What should I do?"

"Well. I could give you a ride home," he offered. Nerves twisted his gut and he tried to ignore them.

What was it about this woman that worked him up so much?

"You'd do that for me?"

"Of course." Did she think he was a jackass or what? He would never leave a stranded woman alone late on a Saturday night.

Especially this particular stranded woman.

"Okay." She smiled and the sight of it made his cock twitch. "Thanks. I really appreciate it."

* * * *

Being so close to Seth in the confines of his car caused Holly's breathing to accelerate. He smelled delicious and sitting right next to him meant she could reach across and run her fingers through his thick dark hair. Slide her hand down his muscled arm. Rest her hand on his thick thigh.

She sighed. She'd told everyone she didn't want anything for Christmas this year but now she knew exactly what she wanted.

Seth.

He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye, flashing her a sexy little smile that hit her smack in between her legs. "Warm enough?"

Way too hot was more like it. "Definitely."

"I'm hot." He snapped off the heater and turned right onto the street she lived on.

She could shout an amen to that statement. Up close and personal, he was even more so.

Would he think she was too forward if she invited him in? Heaven forbid would he maybe turn her down?

She hoped not. She wasn't going to invite him in for milk and cookies that was for sure.

"Is this it?" He turned into her apartment parking lot.

"Yes, it is." Holly took a deep breath and decided to go for it. "Would you like to...come in for a while?"

Seth whipped the car into an empty parking space and cut off the engine with lightning speed. Turning to stare at her in the darkness, he watched her silently for a second, then another, then yet another.

Anxiety filled her and she braced herself for his refusal.

"Yes, I would definitely like to come in for a while."

She grinned, relief flooding her. "Then let's go."

* * * *

Her apartment was small but nice and not overtly girly. No frilly curtains or pink rugs and thank God no visible stuffed animals. Not even a cat. All good signs in his book.

There was a small tree sitting in front of the window on an end table and she went to it, plugging the lights in. They were multi-colored and shone brightly in the darkened living room, lighting her way as she went to the kitchen and flicked the light on.

“Do you want something to drink?” She called over her shoulder.

He stopped at the kitchen counter, leaning against it as he watched her shed her coat and toss it over a chair. The kitschy fifties-style waitress uniform fit her body in all the right places, showcasing her curves and he didn’t realize a freaking waitress uniform would make him so hot.

“No thanks.”

“Oh.” She turned, confusion clouding her face. As if she didn’t know what to do next.

Well, he would certainly help her with that. If she was so bold as to invite him into her apartment then it was up to him to make the next bold move.

Approaching her, he never let his gaze leave hers and those big eyes blinked up at him, curiosity filling them.

“I’ll take some of this instead,” he said just before he reached for her and kissed her.

Her little murmur of surprise aroused him and he deepened the kiss, his tongue darting inside her mouth. She met his with equal fervor, her arms going around him, clutching him tight and he drew her further into his embrace until her body molded to his.

She felt good, she felt right pressed so close to him and he buried his hands in her hair, cocking her head to deepen their kiss. She rubbed against him, her breasts mashed into his chest and his cock hardened.

“Oh, my,” she whispered when he broke away from her, their accelerated breathing sounding in the quiet of the apartment.

Seth chuckled. “That’s an understatement.”

“Let’s do that again,” she said and leaned in close, her lips parted and ready for his.

He kissed her, deeper this time, his tongue thrusting, mimicking what he’d like to do to her with his cock. Arousal swirled within him, making him eager, his hands running all over her delectable body and he imprisoned her hips with his sprawled hands.

“You taste good,” he whispered and she moaned, the sound going straight to his more than ready cock.

“So do you,” she said, sounding winded, as if she could barely get the words out.

“I want to taste you everywhere,” he murmured, this close to her ear just before he latched his teeth to the lobe, then nibbling and kissing and licking his way down her neck.

“My bedroom is down the hall. First door on the right.”

At that blatant invitation, he didn’t even hesitate. Swooping down he picked her up. She yelped in surprise as he gathered her in his arms and carried her to the bedroom, depositing her on the bed before he started to remove his coat.

She watched him with unabashed interest as he stripped. He shed his coat, his shirt, heard the sharp inhalation of her breath when he revealed his naked chest. He’d worked out for years, took pride in his appearance and okay yeah, he couldn’t help the puff of pride that filled him at her reaction.

He wanted to make this good for her. He hadn’t been with a woman in a couple of months and even if his cock was eager to get down to business, he wanted to take it slow.

Problem was he didn’t know if he could.

* * * *

Holly’s mouth went dry when Seth took off his shirt. She figured he had a nice body, but goodness gracious the man was built. His rippling abdomen tempted her, made her want to lick and nibble her way down its length to the waistband of his pants. Find out what other treasures he may be hiding.

“Baby, you keep looking at me like that and I won’t be able to control myself.”

Her cheeks heated. She liked the way he called her baby. She also liked the way he was looking at her. Like she was a tasty snack and he couldn’t wait to devour her.

“Now it’s your turn to strip,” he said, his voice low, husky with desire.

Holly’s mouth dropped open and he nodded, waving a hand at her. “Stand up and strip, Holly. I want to see the hot little body that uniform’s been hiding.”

Well, well. She didn’t think Seth the smooth and buttoned-up banker would be so commanding.

She liked it.

Standing up, she went to work on the buttons that lined her uniform, undoing them one by one, slowly revealing herself. Seth watched, he didn’t move a muscle and when she bent forward to undo the last few months she heard the harsh exhale of his breath.

“Take it off,” he whispered and she shrugged out of the uniform, letting it fall onto the floor. Then she kicked off her comfortable shoes, quickly peeling off her socks until she stood before him in just her pale pink satin bra and matching panties.

She waited in breathless anticipation and it felt like forever as he stood there staring at her, his eyes glittering with lust, his sensuous mouth parted.

The next thing she knew she was in his arms and he was kissing her, his hands cupping her butt, massaging her flesh. She groaned in his mouth, felt his smile when she did so and the tongue lashing she received within her mouth made her groan again.

“To the bed, baby,” he said between kisses and she let him walk her backwards until her calves hit the edge of the mattress. With a gentle shove he sent her backwards and she landed with a plop.

Scooting herself up on her elbows she propped herself against the pillows and watched as his hands went to the fly of his pants.

“Wanna watch me strip again?” He cocked a sexy brow at her.

She nodded, licking her lips.

He shed his pants in record time, revealing navy blue boxer briefs tented by his straining erection. She waited for him to take those off too but he joined her on the bed instead.

“You finish it off,” he dared.

With pleasure. She reached for him, her fingers curling around the elastic waistband of his underwear and then tugging down. His erection popped free, thick and long and she couldn’t resist.

She bent over and gave the smooth head a brief kiss.

“Ah shit, Holly,” he groaned and she pulled his underwear down his legs and off, tossing them to the ground. He grabbed her, holding her close, his hands fumbling with the clasp of her bra at her back and finally undid it.

With shaking fingers, he pulled the bra off and set her breasts free. He cupped them, his thumbs flicking over her nipples and she arched into his touch, wanting more, wanting his mouth on her.

As if he could read her mind he slithered down, raining a path of kisses on her skin, his tongue circling around first one nipple, then the other. She thrust her hands into his thick hair, holding him to her and when he drew a nipple deep into his mouth and sucked she closed her eyes, her pussy flooding with cream.

Nothing had ever felt as good as Seth pressing his weight on top of her, his legs tangling with hers, her nipple in his mouth. She stroked her fingers through his silky soft hair, smiled when his stubble-covered face brushed against her sensitive skin.

When he moved to the other breast and gave it the same treatment, she whimpered, moving restlessly beneath him. She usually needed a fair amount of foreplay to get herself worked up and ready for sex, but right now all she could think about was having Seth buried

deep inside her. Her panties were soaked, her entire body on edge and she knew it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge and straight into orgasm heaven.

She hoped he'd get to it and soon. They could take the time to linger and savor later.

* * * *

If Holly kept writhing beneath him like that he was going to explode. Her long, smooth legs shifted, then wrapped around his hips and she brushed her panty-clad pussy against his overeager cock, drawing a long moan from deep within him.

"I can't wait," she panted, her hands tugging on his hair so he looked up at her. "I want you inside me now, Seth."

Well, he wouldn't deny her that. "Got a condom?" He did in his wallet but he was lazy. And he didn't want to be away from her delicious body for more than a second.

"In the bedside table."

He reached for the drawer handle and pulled it open, withdrawing a wrapper from the box inside. He sheathed himself quickly, then went to work on removing her panties.

And drove Holly into a frenzy while he did. He kissed, licked and nibbled his way along her hips, down her legs as he tugged the satiny wisp of fabric off of her. He stared at her naked pussy, the neatly groomed dark curls and her swollen pink pussy lips.

"Hurry Seth," she whimpered and he positioned himself so that he hovered above her, resting his weight on his elbows on either side of her head.

He stared down at her beautiful face as he slowly eased himself inside of her, his cock moving one agonizing inch at a time into her tight wet heat.

"Oh God," she whispered, her eyes flying open to stare into his. She adjusted herself beneath him, sending him deeper and they groaned in unison.

"Shit you're tight." He grimaced, barely holding onto his control and he hadn't even started moving yet. Her swollen tissues contracted around him, drawing him deeper and his balls tightened, his entire body tightened in agony. In ecstasy.

They started to move and he withdrew almost completely out of her before thrusting back in. Faster and faster he moved and she urged him on with her panted sexy words, the way she clutched him, wrapped her legs around him as if she never wanted to let him go.

Their sweaty bodies clung and his finesse was long gone. All he could think about was his impending orgasm and bringing her along with him for the ride. He knew she was close, he could feel the clasp of her inner walls, the way her fingers dug into the flesh of his ass. And then she was falling, her climax making her entire body shiver and he tumbled along right after her, shouting her name as his orgasm took over.

When he drew her close a few moments later after all the panting and coming had subsided and she rested her head against his chest, close to his heart, he knew he'd never felt more complete.

* * * *

He'd actually stayed the night.

Holly fussed about her kitchen, making coffee, peering into her refrigerator for something edible. She had nothing, definitely nothing that would satisfy a big strapping man who'd just spent the majority of the night working up a voracious appetite.

Shutting the fridge door, she pressed her hands to her hot cheeks. God, she really hoped this wouldn't be awkward. Would he stumble out with regret written all over his face and run out the front door?

She really, really hoped not.

At least she had flavored creamer for coffee, a pumpkin spice one since she craved

the real thing from Starbucks on a daily basis. She grabbed two coffee cups from the cupboard and set them next to the coffeemaker, waiting for it to finish.

"Hey, gorgeous." Strong arms snaked around her and hauled her close to a tall, barely dressed hunk of man flesh.

Well at least he wasn't bolting out the door, she thought with a smile.

"Good morning," she murmured, giggling when he pressed a kiss to the side of her neck.

"Mmm, coffee." He breathed deep and snuggled her closer.

She gripped the edge of the kitchen counter. "You drink the stuff by the gallon when you come into the diner."

"You've got my number, babe."

She really hoped in more ways than one. "It's almost ready. But...I don't really have anything to eat."

"Let's go out to breakfast." He paused, most likely noticing the way her body stiffened at his suggestion. "Well if you want to."

"I do." She turned around in his embrace, her eyes alighting on the fact that he wore his underwear and nothing else. Nice. "It's just, I mean, I don't know..."

Seth chuckled and pressed a quick kiss to her forehead. "Feeling kind of weird after last night?"

"Not weird just..."

"Awkward?" He kissed her forehead again and this time his mouth lingered, his arms tightening around her. "I'm feeling like everything's just perfect."

"Perfect?" she asked, her voice weak. Everything about this man was perfect, almost too good to be true.

"Definitely. Last night was amazing." He tipped her chin up with his index finger. "You're amazing."

His kiss took her breath away. "I think you're pretty amazing, too."

"What are you doing today?" He kissed her again, his mouth damp and warm and oh so persuasive.

"Spending it with you?"

He smiled, his tongue darting out to lick. "Sounds good to me."

"Maybe, if you'd like, you could come with me to my parent's house for Christmas. I don't want you to have to spend the holiday alone." She paused, blinking up at him. "But no pressure. If you don't want to go, I completely understand. I mean we barely know each other and I'm asking you to go to meet my parents. That's pretty serious..." she would've rambled on but Seth stopped her with a single finger pressed against her lips.

"I'd love to come with you to your parents for Christmas."

"Oh Seth." She buried her face against his warm chest, breathing deep his rich, masculine scent.

"This is gonna be good baby," he whispered close to her ear.

She shivered at his statement because she knew in her heart, he was right.

Author Biography

After leaving the working world to become a stay at home mom/slave, Karen Erickson realized she needed to get crackin' and pursue her life long dream of being a published author. A busy mother of three, she fits her precious writing time in between chasing her children, taking care of her wonderful husband and pretending she has a maid. She lives in California.

Website: <http://karenerickson.com>

Blog: <http://karenwritesromance.com/blog>

Samhain Author Page: <http://samhainpublishing.com/authors/karen-erickson>