



Changeling Press

# Holiday Howlz

*Dawg-Napped!*

ANNE KANE

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## **Anne Kane**

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## **Holiday Howlz: Dawg-Napped!**

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When one of Santa's Elves stops at the Prairie Dawg Saloon on his vintage motorcycle, Cyndi can't resist taking a closer look at the classic bike. Then Bruce comes back outside unexpectedly and Cyndi panics, shifting to hide in one of the saddlebags. She doesn't realize the bike is a matchmaking reindeer in disguise. Comet knows all about the sexy little critters of Dawg Town, and he's decided the cute little prairie dawg is just what Bruce needs to cuddle up with him in his North Pole cottage.

## Chapter One

Comet held himself very still. He didn't want to scare away the female. She'd be perfect for Bruce, and Comet knew the young Elf desperately needed a female. Soft brown eyes complemented her golden-brown hair. Young, sexy, not too tall, but not short either. Curvy, too. Not the type to appeal to everyone, but Elves liked lots of padding on their women. Now all he had to do was figure out how to get the two of them together. If someone didn't help him, Bruce would spend the rest of his life without a mate, and the North Pole was one place where you needed a bed partner to help keep the chills at bay.

\* \* \*

Cyndi sidled up to the vintage motorbike, keeping an eye peeled for the owner. He'd sounded downright grouchy when he'd snarled at Peppie for waddling over to admire the bike. Dressed completely in dark leathers, with a scowl that would wilt the toughest salesman, he'd looked like the kind of guy she usually steered well clear of. Unfortunately, she just couldn't resist the temptation. She had this thing for vintage bikes, and to have one roar up to the Barkus Saloon was unbelievable. The intoxicating aroma of real leather filled her senses with a feeling akin to lust. She just had to touch it.

The machine was in mint condition, and her regard for the owner went up a few notches. It took dedication and a lot of elbow grease to keep one of these babies from becoming a run-down pile of metal.

She ran her hand lovingly over the chromed sissy bar, and walked in a slow circle around the machine, checking out the immaculately sparkling exhaust and shiny wheel spokes. Someone had certainly given them a good rubbing recently.

She fingered the braided leather that outlined the front flap of the saddlebags. The workmanship intrigued her. She'd never seen anything quite this intricate. She

examined the bags carefully, looking for the craftsman's stamp, but couldn't find an identifying mark.

After taking a look around to ascertain no one was watching, she unbuckled the flap to take a quick peek inside. Sometimes leather workers stamped their initials on the inside of a piece so as not to mar the beauty of their creations. She peered inside the left bag, but couldn't see any markings. Grumbling, she refastened the buckles and went back around to check the bag on the other side. She'd just gotten the flap lifted, and her head down to look inside, when she heard the door of the bar creak open.

"Thanks, Bucky. I'll make sure Santa's good to you this Christmas."

Cyndi recognized the deep voice as belonging to the owner of this lovely machine. *Damn! He must have gulped his drink down in record time.*

Panicking, she sucked in a deep breath and willed a shift. Seconds later, her small, furry prairie dawg body tumbled to the bottom of the saddlebag. The flap slapped closed above her and she let out a sigh of relief. The dark, rich smell of leather surrounded her and she sat still, letting her eyes adjust to the darkness. She heard a creak of leather and the saddlebags dropped an inch closer to the ground as the biker's weight settled into the seat.

Good. With him seated his back would be to her and she could slip out undetected and make a run for the safety of the grass. Standing up on her hind legs, she pushed against the flap.

Nothing. The leather remained obstinately in place. There was no way he could have buckled the straps back down without her hearing him. She pushed harder, panicking again, when she heard the snick of the rider's face shield coming down, but the flap refused to budge.

She dug her claws into the thick leather and braced herself to shove against the obstinate flap with all her furry might. It didn't even bend.

The roar of the engine revving up made her jump, and she tumbled to the bottom of the saddlebag, cursing every inch of the way. She'd barely managed to scramble to her feet when the bike jerked forward, and she again landed in an undignified heap on

her butt. Oh shit! They were moving! Well, there wasn't much she could do now except hope the biker didn't live too far away.

She'd been up before dawn this morning, and the motion of the bike made her drowsy. Cyndi turned around a few times to find the most comfortable position, curled up, and let the rocking motion lull her into a fitful sleep. After a while the air got colder, and she buried her nose under her tail before she drifted off yet again.

\* \* \*

Cyndi could hear voices, far away, arguing.

"What the hell do you mean you thought I'd like her? She's a rodent, for crying out loud." She recognized the voice of the biker, but the air was so cold, and she didn't want to wake up.

"She's not a rodent. She's a prairie dawg shifter, and a dang cute one at that. How was I supposed to know prairie dawgs could suffer from hypothermia? She has fur!"

A second voice? She didn't remember there being two bikers, but then, she didn't really care. She just wanted to stay in her warm world of dreams. She wished the two would go away.

"That's your problem, Comet, you just don't think things through. You get an idea and you run with it. She could have died in there!"

"I would have felt it if she was in danger." Comet sounded defensive. "It felt like she was sleeping."

"Well, now I'm going to have to wake her up and try to explain why she's freezing her furry little tail off at the North Pole instead of sunning it in Barkus, Kansas."

The North Pole? Cyndi cracked one eye open, but all she could see was an impressive set of antlers. She closed her eyes and snuggled back down into the blankets.

Blankets? Her sleep-befuddled mind nudged her. She should be in human form if there were blankets. She obligingly shifted into human form, stretching her arms out over her head to help get the blood flowing. Prairie dawgs went into semi-hibernation

in the winter, so when her body in dawg-form had encountered cold it had automatically slowed her physiology down to conserve energy. Coming out of hibernation left her feeling sluggish, and somewhat cold. She shivered.

“Oh. My. Christmas tree!”

The shock in the biker’s deep voice penetrated the layers of fog, and Cyndi reluctantly opened her eyes. He was taller than she remembered, at least five ten. His dark curly hair was tucked behind his pointed ears before it fell to his shoulders in a sexy tangle. A pair of the brightest blue eyes she’d ever seen were busy taking in every detail of her naked body.

The fact that her clothing didn’t shift with her meant she was stark naked, and she hastily pulled the blanket up to her chin. Feeling a little more confident now that she was covered, Cyndi tore her attention away from the mouthwatering biceps on the biker and turned her head to look at the other speaker. She blinked, confused. All she could see was a deer regarding her with its soft brown eyes.

“She’s in shock, Bruce. You’re going to have to warm her up slowly.” A hint of panic sounded in the deer’s voice.

She was not in shock, she was coming out of hibernation mode, but right now she wasn’t up to explaining the difference to the attractive Elf, let alone the deer. Or was it a buck? Those antlers really were impressive.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t realize you’d suffer like this when I held the saddle bag closed.” The deer batted its insanely long eyelashes at her. “I just thought you and Bruce might hit it off.”

“A taaallllkkkin deer?” Cyndi started to wonder if she was still asleep and this was just a bizarre dream.

“I’m not a deer. I’m one of Santa’s reindeer.” He actually sounded offended, and the look on his face tempted her to giggle. “I’m capable of disguising myself as the bike you couldn’t keep your paws off of. It’s no harder to believe than a shapeshifting prairie dog.”

“Comet, mind your manners!”



Cyndi turned her attention back to the hunky Elf. A talking reindeer that doubled as a vintage bike was just a little too much to deal with at the moment. "Who are you and where are we?" She drew the blanket tighter around her and glanced at her surroundings. They were sitting on a thick bed of straw, and it looked for all the world like a hayloft somewhere in Kansas.

The Elf frowned, looking concerned. "We're at the North Pole, of course. Where else would you expect to find Elves and reindeer? You were so cold I didn't want to chance moving you to the house, so I threw some blankets on top of the straw and covered you to try to warm you up." He grabbed the hem of his bright red shirt and pulled it over his head, revealing an impressive set of abs. "You're still shivering, so I guess it wasn't enough. I'll have to share my body heat with you. It's the only way to combat the hypothermia without having you go into shock. Damn Comet and his stupid ideas." He tossed the shirt aside and loosened the drawstring on his pants.

Cyndi felt her temperature go up a notch when he dropped the pants to the ground and kicked them aside to stand in front of her clad only in a pair of jockey shorts -- Christmas-themed, she noticed. The holly and ivy print material stretched valiantly over a massive bulge at his groin. She tried to remember what she knew about Elves. Were they all well hung? Because unless she was mistaken, that was the largest hard-on she'd ever seen.

He was under the impression that she had hypothermia or shock or something. She supposed she should tell him she was okay, before he got completely naked. Then again, he'd seen everything she had to offer, and turnabout was fair play. She hadn't had a good roll in the hay since her previous boyfriend moved to the other side of Kansas last spring. This was starting to look interesting. She kept her mouth closed.

"AAhhhemmmm." Mischief danced in the reindeer's eyes as he turned toward the door. "I'll just go make sure everything went okay in our absence." He looked at Bruce, and nodded his antlers toward the bed. "You need to be under those blankets with her if you're going to warm her up." Prancing gleefully, the matchmaking mammal sidled out the door.

“Ummm.” Cyndi wasn’t quite sure what to say. “Get your gorgeous butt under this blanket” seemed a little blunt, but she couldn’t concentrate enough to come up with anything better. She could feel hot flames of lust licking their way through her belly.

Bruce stepped over to the side of the bed, looking decidedly uncomfortable. She bet he didn’t spend a lot of time playing Good Samaritan to naked women. “I’m not going to do anything to hurt you. I have the greatest respect for women, and I would never dream of taking liberties just because you’re thousands of miles from home and stranded here until we figure out how to get you back to Kansas.” He looked as nervous as a mouse in a room full of cats. He cleared his throat, and his brow furrowed with determination. “I have to get under there with you to warm you up.” He lifted a corner of the blanket, and paused as if he were waiting for her to do something. Like scream. Or invite him to join her.

Another one of those bone-shattering shivers ran through her and Bruce quickly slid into the cocoon of blankets covering her. Cyndi could feel the heat radiating from his mouthwatering body.

“Roll over, and I’ll snuggle up to you from behind. It’ll make it easier to warm you up.”

Cyndi obediently rolled onto her side, although she was fairly sure the easiest way to warm her up would be a nice long fuck. She scooted backward until she could feel his cock pressed along the crack of her ass. The heat rolled off his body in luxurious waves. “Mmmm. That feels good.” She wriggled her ass a bit, just to tempt him.

## Chapter Two

Bruce gritted his teeth and tried to bring his raging libido under control. It had been months since he'd gotten any action, and now here he was, spooning the sexiest little female he'd ever laid eyes on, and he couldn't do a thing about it. If he made a move, he'd look like a jerk taking advantage of her.

Despite the fact they'd just met, her opinion of him mattered. How was he going to explain to her that Comet had kidnapped her just because he thought Bruce needed some help in the romance department? Sheesh. Did he really look that pathetic? If he'd wanted a woman, he could have picked one up at the bar in Kansas.

"You're so big and warm." She had the sexiest voice he'd ever heard. Low and husky, with just a hint of a lilt. He'd bet she could melt a guy's heart when she sang some of the Christmas favorites. He wondered idly if he could talk her into singing *Winter Wonderland* for him once she'd thawed out a bit.

He wrapped his arms around her, careful not to let his hands stray too far down, or up, for that matter. He'd caught a glimpse of those perfectly-shaped breasts before she'd pulled the blanket up, and his mouth watered at the memory. The plump, nicely-rounded, dusky-rose nipples had pebbled in response to the cold.

Cyndi didn't seem to have any qualms about him touching her. Taking his hands in her own, she placed them over the mounds of her breasts. "That feels better." A contented sigh escaped her lips.

Bruce frowned, confused. Maybe the cold had affected her more than he realized. "Are you sure you want me touching you like this?"

"Mm-hmm." She arched her back, managing to press her luscious ass against his cock while pushing her breasts into his palms. "You said you were going to help me warm up."

"Yes, but I didn't mean I was going to..." He searched for the right word, something softer than fuck. "To have my way with you." He cringed. That sounded so prissy, he would have been better off using fuck. "Just because my reindeer lured you into his saddlebags and kidnapped you, doesn't mean I'm going to take advantage of you."

"You're not?"

"No. I'm not that kind of Elf."

"Oh." Cyndi rolled over onto her back. If it weren't so ludicrous, he'd swear she looked disappointed. "Don't you find me attractive?"

"Hell, yeah. I've got the hard-on from hell just looking at you!" Bruce spluttered. "But you don't even know me."

"Well, since I'm feeling a little horny, and you're the sexiest thing I've seen in months..." She paused to explore the bulge in his jockey shorts with one hand. "I thought maybe we could have a little fun first, and do the polite get-to-know-each-other thing afterward." She raised one brow at him, and her mouth quirked upward in the most adorable smile.

Bruce stared at her, perplexed. Was the little dawg propositioning him? He certainly hoped so. "Well, we should at least exchange names first. I'm Bruce." He held out his hand.

Cyndi giggled and placed her smaller hand in his. "I know. I heard you talking to the reindeer. Is he really Comet from Santa's sleigh?"

Bruce sighed. "Yes. You'd think he'd have learned some discretion over the last several decades, but no. He still pulls stunts like this and then takes off, leaving me to clean up the mess."

She stuck her bottom lip out in the cutest pout he'd ever seen. "What mess? I'm looking on this as an unanticipated opportunity. I've never met a real Elf before, or a talking reindeer."

Bruce gave in to the urge to trace a finger down her cheek. "So how did Comet manage to get you in the saddlebag in dawg form, anyways?"

She turned an interesting shade of pink. "I was looking to see if the leather worker had left his mark on them, and when I heard you coming out of the bar, I panicked and shifted so I could hide in there. Then the flap stuck and I couldn't get out, and you started the bike and... well... here I am."

Bruce burst out laughing. "That naughty matchmaking reindeer! No wonder Comet wanted to fly straight home. He's been trying to set me up ever since my girlfriend ran off to Hawaii with the kitchen Elf last year."

Cyndi ran her hand over the bulge in his shorts. "Can't imagine why she'd do that. It feels to me like you've got lots to give." She looked deep into his eyes. "I think Comet's right. It's about time you forgot about her and had some fun. And I'm just the dawg to help you with that."

He looked down at her. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, her fingers tracing the shape of his cock through the holly and ivy of the jockey shorts. "Hell, yes. I'm snuggled down, stark naked, in a comfy bed in the North Pole with the sexiest Elf I've ever seen, and he wants to know if I'm interested in a little fun." She rolled her eyes. "Did I mention I haven't been laid in months?"

Bruce lowered his head and brushed his lips across hers, trying desperately not to be too aggressive. She opened up immediately, her tongue coming out to duel provocatively with his, and he gave up any pretense of being a gentleman.

He cupped her head in one hand, angling it so he could engulf her mouth, his tongue delving deep to plunder every nook and cranny. She tasted like fresh snow and the summer sunshine that lasted twenty-four hours a day way up here at the North Pole.

He ran his other hand down to cup the silken soft mound of her breast, teasing the dusky tip until it puckered into a tight little bud of anticipation. He could feel the blood rushing to his groin, and he reached down to slide his jockey shorts off. The tight material was damn near cutting off his circulation.

Cyndi threw back the blanket, letting out a whistle at the sight of his shaft reaching toward the ceiling. "Oh, that looks tasty!" She pushed him onto his back and

reared up to straddle his thighs, her legs spread wide. Bruce could smell the heady musk of her sex as she circled his cock with her fist and slowly ran her hand down the length.

Hot flames of lust ran through him. "By the shaggy beard of old St. Nick, that feels good!"

She let go of his cock, and carefully placed her hands in the straw on either side of his chest. Lowering herself slowly, she brought her head down to his chest, an impish grin on her face. He watched, fascinated, while her cute little face came closer and closer. The pink tip of her tongue slipped out, and laved across his nipple.

Bruce's entire body jerked as darts of white lightning ripped through him, sending his libido straight through the roof of the hayloft. He groaned and threaded his fingers through her hair, holding her close while she positioned her perfectly white teeth around the very tip of his nipple, nipping it sharply.

He looked into the depths of her eyes. He could drown in those eyes and die a happy Elf. Mischief danced in them, along with smoldering lust. Keeping eye contact, she scored her teeth across his other nipple, a wicked grin lighting up her delicate features when he sucked in a hissed breath.

Her lashes lowered to hide her expression and she nibbled a path over his chest, licking and nipping all the way. He lay still beneath her questing lips, enjoying the feel of her warm, wet mouth working its way down his body. She paused, resting her head on his belly while she explored his cock with her fingers, tracing the thick vein that ran its length.

"You are so big." She slanted a look up at him. "Are all Elves this well-endowed, or are you special?"

Bruce chuckled. "How's an Elf supposed to answer that without sounding like he's bragging?"

"Well, since I don't have anyone to compare you to, I guess I'll have to assume you're special, and I'm one lucky dawg." The grin on her face was as naughty as any he'd ever seen.

Her lips closed around his shaft, enclosing him in moist heat. She sucked hard, and Bruce gasped in a lungful of air. Her cute cheeks hollowed and she worked her tongue up and down his cock, teasing and tempting him with those sexy lips.

Bruce held her head with one hand, urging her to take more, to take him deeper. She tilted her head, angling her face to let him slide his cock in deeper. Her eyes closed and she worked him with hands and lips and tongue, little mewling sounds escaping her mouth. The sound was incredibly arousing. Bruce wasn't sure how much longer he could hold on. He'd never had such an amazing blowjob, but he didn't want to come in her throat. He wanted to bury his cock deep inside her pussy. Just a few more minutes, though, couldn't hurt.

Cyndi slipped a hand between his thighs and massaged the base of his shaft. Her fingers circled and pushed, slid up and down, exerting pressure and then teasing with a light silky touch.

He felt himself losing control, his orgasm building, starting all the way down at his toes and thundering through his body. He grabbed her head and held her still while he rotated his hips, unable to stop himself. He cried out her name and held her tight as the thick white cum spurted into the back of her throat. Waves of pleasure washed over him, and Cyndi stroked his cock with her tongue, taking every drop, her hands gently squeezing his balls.

\* \* \*

"What's this I hear about you kidnapping some poor prairie creature?"

They both jumped at the sound of the booming male voice just outside the stable. "Oh, shit. That's the big guy!" Bruce jumped to his feet and scrambled to grab his pants. "How the heck did he find out about you so soon?"

Cyndi pulled the blanket up over herself and grinned. "I'm betting Comet figured he'd give out his version of the story before you thought to go tell your own."

Bruce hopped on one leg, trying to get his pants on. He finally managed to jerk them up over his hips. "Coming, Mr. Claus." He looked down at Cyndi and held a

finger up to his lips. "Shhhh. I'll go outside and calm him down. You stay here and be quiet."

Cyndi frowned. "Why can't I come meet him? I've always loved Santa Claus."

"You have no clothes on, that's why." He gave her a frustrated glare. "What do you suppose he's going to think?"

She gave him a cheeky grin. "That I give the best blowjobs ever?"

He felt a reluctant smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "You sure do, but I'm thinking that's going to get you on the naughty list."

She giggled. "You're probably right."

"Bruce, where are you?" Santa's voice held a hint of impatience. "I want to hear your side of this. Comet doesn't always tell things quite the way they are."

"That's an understatement," Bruce muttered under his breath as he shrugged into his shirt. "He lies like a bearskin rug if he thinks it makes a good story." He turned to give Cyndi his best stern look. "Stay here until I get rid of him."

"I'm right here, Mr. Claus. I was just tidying up some things in the stable." Bruce pushed open the big door and stepped outside, pulling his parka on against the cold. "What's Comet been doing now?"

Santa Claus stood on the path outside, and the laugh lines crinkling the corners of his eyes belied his serious tone. "He's bragging that you two managed to trick the cutest little prairie dawg shifter into coming home with you on your recent foray down into the warmer climates. And he's taking bets on how long it's going to take you to convince her to stay." The big man shook his head. "The way he talks you up, it's a wonder you've stayed single all these years."

"Well, technically he hasn't asked me yet, but you might want to lay your money on pretty quick." Bruce pivoted sharply. Cyndi stood in the doorway, her curvy figure hidden under an artfully draped blanket that she'd somehow managed to fasten around her neck. She looked like a fledgling Elf attending her first Christmas feast.

"Well, well, well." Santa's voice boomed out cheerfully. "You don't look like you've suffered any at the hands of my underlings."



"No." She advanced slowly. "Bruce here has been taking really good care of me." She gave him an impish smile. "Haven't you?"

"I've certainly been trying." Bruce wound an arm around her waist, squeezing a little harder than was necessary. "We were just going up to the cottage to get some hot chocolate. Care to join us?" He really, really hoped the answer would be no.

"I'd love to!" Santa held his hand out toward Cyndi. "Would you allow an old man to escort you?"

"Why, thank you." Cyndi took his hand and let him tuck it under his arm. "It's so nice to meet a gentleman. I think I'm going to like it up here. "

"Oh, has Bruce asked you to stay then?"

Cyndi turned her head and threw a saucy look at Bruce, trailing behind them up the path. "Not yet. But I'm sure I can convince him."

Santa patted her hand sympathetically. "Well, if he doesn't come through, you get Comet to bring you up to the big house. I'm sure Mrs. Claus would love to have some female company."

Bruce shook his head. When exactly had his little kidnap victim taken charge? Not that he objected to the idea of having her take up permanent residence in his cottage, but he was an old-fashioned kind of Elf. He liked to do the asking.

Cyndi pushed the door open and exclaimed in delight. "This is gorgeous!" She turned to beam a smile at him. "I love the woodwork. Your house is delightful!"

Bruce felt heat stain his cheeks red as a tingle of pride ran through him. Not everyone appreciated the ornately carved wood that he'd used throughout his home. "There's hot water in the kettle on the woodstove." He got some mugs out of the cupboard and set them on the table. "Do you like mini marshmallows in your chocolate?"

"Oh, good heavens! Look at the time." Santa stared at the cuckoo clock above the fireplace. "Mrs. Claus will have my hide if I don't get back in time for high tea. That woman is a terror when I'm late for a meal." He patted his well-rounded stomach. "It

was nice to meet you, Cyndi. I'll leave you in Bruce's capable hands. You can have him bring you up to the big house for proper introductions once you've settled in."

"You're not staying for chocolate?" Her confused look caused Bruce to drop a comforting arm on her shoulders. Santa had obviously found what he came for, and was ready to move on.

"Santa's a busy man these days. It's less than four months until Christmas Eve." Bruce held out his hand. "Thank you for checking up on us. I'll have a word with Comet about his tall tales."

Santa shook his hand with a firm grip. "He likes to keep the young bucks entertained. Just tell him to lighten up on the gambling. Don't want it getting out of hand."

Bruce relaxed. "Yes, sir. I'll take care of it."

The jolly old man turned to Cyndi, capturing her hand between both of his. "And you take care of Bruce here. It's high time he settled down, and you look like just the girl to keep him in line."

Cyndi flashed a brilliant smile at the old man. "Oh, I will, sir. And I look forward to meeting Mrs. Claus too."

Santa leaned forward and placed a fatherly kiss on her cheek. "I'm off then. You two could probably use some time to get better acquainted." The twinkle in his eye left Bruce wondering if his jolly boss knew exactly what he'd interrupted earlier.

He closed the door on the frigid wind and pulled Cyndi into his arms. "So where were we?"

## Chapter Three

Cyndi grinned, feeling at home already. "We were in the stable, but I'm liking the look of that rug in front of the fireplace."

"It does look rather inviting, doesn't it?" Bruce waved his hand, and a cheerful fire sprang to life amongst the logs. Scooping Cyndi up in his arms, he strode over to the thick fur rug and gently placed her on it. He looked down at her with a mockingly severe expression. "Don't think I've forgotten about you flaunting my authority. I told you to be quiet and stay in the stable."

Cyndi laughed, and reached up to pull his shirttails out of his pants. "Flaunting your authority? You're not one of those bossy males who expects to be obeyed, are you? I don't like to be told what to do."

Bruce knelt beside her and pulled his shirt over his head, baring his muscular chest. "Definitely. I say jump, you ask how high."

She shook her head, reaching for the waist of his pants. "Nope. Not going to work for me."

"How about I ask nicely, and you consider it?" He crooked a lazy grin down at her and pulled the edges of the blanket apart to bare her breasts. He ran his hands over them, his eyes glowing with lust when the nipples puckered into hard peaks under his caresses. She could feel raw heat sliding through her at his touch, coiling deep in her pussy.

She stretched her arms up over her head, arching her back to give him better access. "I think I could agree to that."

"You do, do you?" Bruce left off his attention to her breasts long enough to skim his pants down over his hips and pull them off.

Her gaze dropped to his groin, and she darted her tongue out to lick her lips. His cock looked even larger than she remembered. She could feel her pussy creaming in anticipation. "Yeah."

"Well, maybe I should work on convincing you." He lowered his head to sear a slow, passionate kiss across her lips.

Cyndi melted under the scorching heat of that kiss. Never before had she had a lover who paid so much attention to her pleasure. He stabbed his tongue deep inside her mouth, exploring every nook and cranny. It tasted faintly of mint, clean and fresh. She opened her lips wide, teasing his tongue with her own, sliding it down his in an erotic duel that sent waves of heat through her belly.

His hands wandered everywhere, exploring her naked skin, pushing the blanket roughly out of the way. He covered her breasts with his palms, scoring his thumb across a tightly pebbled nipple. Lowering his head, he sucked one sensitive tip into his mouth and suckled the tender flesh. Cyndi whimpered in pleasure, arching her back to offer herself up to the delightful warmth of his mouth. He took his time, feasting as if he were starving. He used his tongue to trace circles around the nipples, and each stroke sent fresh darts of pleasure racing through her veins.

Cyndi felt the effort he made to go slowly, to let her pleasure build under his skillful hands. A smoldering fire ignited deep in the pit of her stomach, fueled by his gentle caresses, by the heat of his lips as he licked and nibbled his way from her breasts, up to her neck and then back again.

His hands roamed lower, tracing the smooth curve of her hips and the tiny indent of her navel. His mouth followed with a warm, wet heat that sent tendrils of need racing to her pussy. He paused a moment to slip the tip of his tongue into her belly button. She moaned and writhed beneath him, feeling the need building deep within her.

He moved lower, his hands trailing down to cup her sensitive mound, and she whimpered at the darts of lust that rocketed through her. He slipped one finger inside her pussy, and she cried out, arching her back to force it deeper into her cream-slicked

center. He stroked slowly, the pressure against the inner walls of her channel driving her lust higher. In and out. Her hips bucked in time with the rhythm of his hand, all rational thought fleeing before the feelings that raced through her, each one hotter than the one before.

"You like that, don't you?" He circled his thumb around her clit, sending waves of pleasure roaring through her.

"Oh, God, yes!" She looked up into his passion-filled eyes.

He grinned down at her and thrust two fingers into her slick sex, scissoring them so that she felt incredibly full. "I might have to give Comet an extra ration of grain and thank him for kidnapping you. Hate to admit it, but he knew exactly what I needed."

Cyndi opened her mouth to reply, but Bruce's thumb scored across her clit, sending darts of erotic heat dancing down her spine, and she gasped, clutching him to her.

"Easy, little dawg." His breath warmed her ear as he raised himself above her on muscular forearms. "I want to be inside you when you come."

Cyndi spread her thighs wide, almost panting in her eagerness to feel his thick shaft stretching her, filling her. His cock probed the damp folds of her pussy, and he rocked his hips gently, slowly sinking his cock into her one glorious inch at a time until his balls slapped up against her ass. He pulled out and thrust back in again, gradually picking up speed until he was pistoning into her. Harder. Faster.

Pleasure and lust washed through her in waves, each one building on the one before until there was nothing but the sensation of his cock, filling her, stretching her. She felt her climax gathering, curling through her every nerve until it burst over her and she cried out his name. Her channel convulsed, trapping him deep within her and triggering his own orgasm. His fingers dug into her shoulders, holding her tightly, his breath coming in deep, ragged gulps.

Cyndi whimpered and squirmed as they collapsed side by side in front of the roaring fireplace. Gradually, her heartbeat slowed to something approaching normal, and she opened her eyes.

Bruce stared down at her, a bemused smile on his rugged face. "So, my feisty little kidnap victim, do you think you could consider living up here at the North Pole with a grumpy Elf and his scheming reindeer?"

She licked her lips and placed a wet kiss on his lips, her heart beating happily in her chest. "You can bet your holly and ivy jockey shorts on it. You couldn't get rid of me if you tried."

## **Anne Kane**

Anne Kane lives in the beautiful Okanagan Valley with a bouncy Jack Russell terrier, a cantankerous Himalayan cat and too many fish to count. By day, she's a respectable bean counter, but after hours her imagination soars and she writes romances that span the galaxy and encompass beings of all sizes, shapes and origins.

She first started telling stories as a toddler and she just can't seem to stop. When she's not busy working on her next story, her hobbies include kayaking, karate, hiking, motorcycles, swimming, skating, playing guitar, singing, and of course, reading.

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