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*Santa's  
Undercover Sex Kitty*

*Tigra-Luna LeMar*

Santa's Undercover Sex Kitty  
*by Tigra Luna LeMar*

**Amira Press**

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Glancing at her watch, Zeta Townsend took a deep breath and closed the folder she was reading through. She didn't even know why she still wore the badge, because she didn't want to be a cop in the first place. She was simply following her father's footsteps. She was a good daughter. She knew her responsibilities. She had to carry on the family's image since her father didn't have a son. At times, it annoyed her, but she had a reputation to uphold. The thing that annoyed her even more was that she had to work on Christmas Eve. But she couldn't really complain. It wasn't like she had anyone to go home to. Her life was perfect the way it was. She had a good job, a nice place, good friends, and was able to pay all her bills on time all the time.

Feeling a tad ungrateful, she opened the folder again and tried to read the case with a fresh set of eyes, a determined set of eyes. Her father had always told her that if she looked at a case with fresh eyes, she could always find something she missed while staring at the case for hours. But even with her so-called "fresh eyes," she still couldn't see anything. Looking at the clock again, she frowned and decided to call it a day.

She had stayed at the station as long as she possibly could. Christmastime was the worst time to be on the streets. Lovers were everywhere. They were kissing, holding hands, making googly eyes at each other. That annoyed her, because the simple truth was she was jealous. She was jealous of every last one of them, and if she could make a PDA illegal, she would.

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"Hello, beautiful." The voice called Zeta to look up. She smiled and waved. "Or should I say, hello Detective?"

"Hello yourself." She pressed back into her chair while beaming. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be out with some lovely blonde right about now?"

"Merry Christmas." William DuPre smirked before walking over to press a kiss to her cheek. Afterward, he placed a neatly wrapped box on her desk. "Open it."

She gasped. "William DuPre! We decided that you wouldn't get me anything this year after the trip you got me last year."

"Do you seriously think I wouldn't get you anything, Zeta?"

She felt horrible for thinking that he would consider not getting her anything. Ever since she'd known him, he'd been getting her presents, and every year, they got bigger and better. Sometimes, she felt ashamed, because her present for his birthday would pale in comparison to the ones he got her.

His eyes twinkled at her, and she blushed.

"Go ahead." he smiled sweetly. "Open it."

Grinning, she reached for the package, because even though she had told him not to get her anything, a part of her was happy that he hadn't listened to her. She ripped into the elegantly wrapped package, and a small box fell into her hands. Glancing up at him, she hesitated before sliding it open. She turned the box upside down, and a white card fell into her hand.

*"Tonight. My place or yours. Bed or table. Your lessons begin."*

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Glancing over at William, she arched a confused brow. She read the note again, but was even more confused than ever. "Will..."

"Don't pretend you don't know what that means, Zee." His eyes had changed to a liquid blue color, and she bit down against her lips.

"I can't." Zeta shook her head.

"Aren't you curious, Zee?" He rose from his seat and walked around her desk. Leaning in, he took her earlobe between his teeth and ran his tongue over it. Zeta shivered. Her mind was trying to tell her to move away, but she was frozen. "Aren't you curious, Zeta, to know what a real man can do to your body? Right now, I can feel you tense. I felt you shiver. I felt you, Zeta."

"I can't do this with you, William. Not with you."

Heat surged between them especially through Zeta's body. It was the most electrifying feeling that she'd ever experienced. She was wet, and she could tell because of the way her legs rubbed together. She had no control over the action. Her legs just pulled together and rubbed of their own accord. She sighed helplessly.

"Sure you can," he whispered while dragging his mouth down from her ear, along her cheekbone before brushing his lips over hers. Zeta reached in for the kiss, but he pulled back.

"I have so much to teach you, Zeta. This is your Christmas present. If you want, you can re-gift it to me, but it would be the same thing. No substitutes."

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Her lips suddenly went dry, and she had to force her mind to cooperate, to tell her what to do about the arid flesh. She licked her lips while he moved away from her and walked out the door.

When she could breathe again, Zeta opened her eyes and pressed back into her seat. What was she doing? Why was she even thinking about his offer? She couldn't sleep with William. He was her best friend, and best friends didn't sleep with each other. She was a good girl, and good girls didn't sleep with their best friends! But William wasn't just any friend. He was gorgeous with his shoulder length sandy blond hair, blue eyes, wide shoulders, and abs to grate cheese on. The way his body moved when he rode that motorcycle was enough to make any girl horny.

"Simply divine," she whispered huskily.

Her eyes drifted shut, and she began reliving what had just happened. He smelled wonderful, and every breath he breathed against her had caused her soul to tingle. Moaning, she rubbed a hand over her face.

"Yo, Townsend, you going home or are you planning on staying here tonight?" Another cop called from the office door.

Zeta's head snapped up, and she glanced around like she had been doing something wrong. "Erm. Yah," she got out. She began grabbing paper around her desk as though trying to put things together. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Merry Christmas, Detective. It's rough to spend it here. You don't have to, so don't do it."



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A small smile broke out on her lips, and she nodded. "Merry Christmas," she called back. When the man walked off, she inhaled deeply. She prayed the nosy cop hadn't smelled how she felt. In her office, there was an overwhelming aroma of arousal.

"Oh no!" Zeta whimpered. "Damn you, Will!"

Glancing around her office as if she expected someone to be there watching and judging, she gathered her things. After rushing from the building, she found herself speeding to get home. The frigid air didn't even sink into her. Her mind was wrestling with the idea of having sex with William. She couldn't do it. But then again, who would care if she did?

She whizzed by a patrol car that started to follow her car, but he must have checked her plates. He veered off and left her alone. Cops don't chase other cops. Sighing, she breezed home and rushed into her house. She found herself getting dressed as if she was going on a date. By the time she was finished, her braids fell down over her bare, chocolate-colored shoulders. She wore a red off the shoulder top with Irish-inspired sleeves carried off by a pair of black hip-hugger jeans. She hung a red and black long necklace around her neck, slipped into the matching earrings, and tugged on a pair of stiletto boots.

Squirting some perfume onto her neck, she looked at herself in the mirror. She shouldn't rethink things because if she did, she wouldn't go. Her palms were sweating like crazy, and she could scarcely breathe. As she slipped some lipstick on, it fell from her fingers to the floor.

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"Damn it!" she swore. Ignoring it, she blotted her lips together while reaching for a jar of Vaseline. After tugging the cover off, she dunked her finger in and applied some to her lips.

Nodding for no reason other than to give herself more confidence, she grabbed her purse, keys, and cell phone, along with a lovely red scarf, and moved downstairs. She was halfway out the door when she turned on her heels and darted into the kitchen. After pouring some whiskey into a glass, she chugged it before heading out the door again.

\* \* \* \*

Zeta opened the front door and walked in. Whenever William knew she was going to stop by, he left the door unlocked. She found him in the kitchen, shirtless and sucking on a Popsicle. He smirked at her, and she stopped walking by the door with her purse before her like a child who didn't know if she should enter, sit down or run away. She looked away from his eyes, with every intention of looking down at her toes but found herself caressing him with her eyes. Down his chest, over his ripped abs down to where his belt buckle hung loose over his groin area. A thin line of hair flowed from his belly button and dipped down below where his pants hid the rest.

"See something you want, Zeta?" William questioned without moving.

"I-I shouldn't be here," were the first words that left her lips. She shook her head. "Will, this could change everything."

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William stepped forward but was still a bit away from her. "You're right. It could let you feel something. Open your eyes to blinding pleasure then allow you to open yourself up to dating again. Loving again. Would that be such a bad thing?"

She lifted her eyes to face him and shook her head. She felt like such a wilting moron. She was thirty-two years old, had lost her virginity only because she had an engagement ring from the jerk. He had later dumped her like a bad habit after he had gotten into her pants. That was two years ago, and since then she had stayed away from dating.

"I guess not," Zeta spluttered. "I ... William."

"Come on, princess." William smirked.

Zeta nodded.

She didn't hear him move, but she felt him, hot and overpowering. His presence to her was like it had been described in a romance novel, hard yet erotic. There was no way she couldn't tell he was in the room with her. Biting down at her lower lip, she let her head fall forward. The coldness of the Popsicle glided down her neck. Zeta's body was so in tune with what was happening that she could feel it melt against her. She could feel the solid shift and become juice that flowed down her back. Arching her back, she whimpered when his hot tongue licked at the juices. He drank every drop away, then sucked at her flesh. His wet, hot tongue danced over her skin before his teeth lightly grazed her.

"Oh heavens." She sighed as a spasm vibrated through her.

His hands moved to her arms, and he began pulling her shirt downward. His tongue moved over every bit of skin that

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was exposed until the shirt fell down around her hips. That was when he turned her around and smiled down at her. "You have beautiful breasts, Zeta," he whispered.

William's compliment sent electricity from her heart down to curl her toes. Feeling a little bit more uplifted, she found herself smiling. He didn't kiss her lips but began moving the Popsicle around each nipple. She could feel the fire moving with the coldness, and it was the most beautiful feeling she had ever felt. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she began panting for air, sanity, anything.

Slow.

Teasing. Achingly slow. "Do something."

"Do what?" William whispered as he watched her face.

"I can't."

"The whole purpose of this first session, Zee, is for you to ask for what you want. Tell me where you want my mouth, my fingers, this cold Popsicle."

"That's degrading."

"No, sweetheart. It's taking control of your body and finding out what turns you on," William corrected her while blowing on her nipples. The traitorous nipples tightened even further, and she gasped. Her hands went up automatically to grab the back of his head. "What, Zeta? Tell me!"

"Your mouth." Zeta bent her head. She couldn't say the rest. She couldn't believe she was even letting him do this. But her body had mutinied. Her body was aching for his touch. His breath against the cold, sweet juices from the Popsicle had completely taken away her mind. She was

pulling and pushing his head so that his mouth found her nipple. "Please William."

"No begging, Zeta," William urged strongly. "You're an independent woman. Tell me exactly what you want. Whatever it is, I'll do it."

"Suck them.... Suck on my nipples!"

She watched the sensuous smile that crossed his lips, and she staggered backward while holding onto the back of his head. Her back crashed into the wall, but she didn't care. William's hot mouth was latched onto her right nipple and tugging sweetly against it. She went up onto her tiptoes in pure bliss while his tongue lashed over the hard bud.

"Yes," she panted, tightening her fingers in his hair. "Oh baby, yes!"

Zeta had never been so tender before. It was either she was overly tender, or he was very good at driving her mad. Her knees trembled when one of his hands began squeezing and tugging the nipple that he had just ravished. His mouth was busy against her left nipple now, and as he pleased her, Zeta arched off the wall, her mouth hung open, and her eyes widened. She wasn't really seeing the roof but through it where there was no sky but rather a vast abyss filled with nothing but William's mouth.

"Ah," she cried out and her fingers tightened even more. "Harder."

When her knees gave out, he wrapped his free hand around her waist and kept her upright. He shifted to the abandoned nipple, but he didn't let up.

*What kind of a dope has an orgasm from having her nipples sucked?*

But there she was. Her juices flowing, soaking through her jeans, and it embarrassed her. She couldn't focus on that because her back was bent backward. Zeta was shaking as though she were a leaf floating aimlessly, trembling in the wind.

Whimpers emanated from her while William let her nipple go and licked the valley between her breasts. He let her go, and Zeta slid effortlessly to the ground. There, she sat, panting for air, with her legs drawn up beneath her. She couldn't breathe it was so good. His tongue, his teeth, the suction, everything about what her best friend had just done to her was enough to make her want to willingly go without air. For that moment, he was feeding from her. He was her air.

"That was only lesson one, Zeta," he called from somewhere around her.

Weak, she hauled off her boots and pushed herself up from the floor. Glancing down, she peered at her nipples. "Traitors," she spoke softly, because they were tightening again.

When she looked up, he was gone. She called him a few times but got no answer. She walked through the living room, where a rather large Christmas tree sat with two neatly wrapped presents beneath it, and climbed the stairs.

Zeta found him in the bathroom upstairs sitting on the side of the tub. The tub had some water in it with bubbles. She stopped at the door.

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"Those hips," William whispered before getting up. The large bathroom suddenly got really small. He was close, too close.

"What about my hips?"

"Do you have any idea," he said as he fell to his knees before her. He unzipped her pants and pulled the pants over her hips. He didn't touch her thong but allowed her to step from her pants. Zeta wondered what was going through his head. Being a cop, she loved knowing what people were thinking but William was unreadable. She gasped when he turned her around, away from him and bent her over gently.

"What are you doing?"

"No questions, Zee," William replied while he slid her thong to one side and inserted a finger into her hot, tight, wetness. "If you want me to stop..."

His words were cut off when she purred and began wiggling her ass to get his finger deeper. She felt him withdraw his finger and then push it back with more force. A gasp left her throat. His free hand went up to caress her back then reached around her. She almost screamed when his fingers dove between her dark pussy lips and found her clit. He was fingering her from behind while teasing her bud.

Gripping the doorframe, she began riding backward against his finger. She needed what was coming. It caused her heart to pound in her ears, and she held onto against the doorframe for dear life. She was enjoying being burned alive.

"William," she yelled in pain when he withdrew his finger and scooped her into his arms. Her confusion turned to anger when he placed her into the tub and smiled down at her.

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"Stop teasing me" she warned irritably. "I took a shower before I got here!"

"But this is not your ordinary shower, Zeta." William reached up and pulled down the showerhead. "I got this installed especially for tonight. Now, spread your legs, and let me make you feel good."

"William..."

"Trust me."

There was something in his eyes, and aside from that, she wanted him to put out the flames that were now tearing through her body. When he wrapped one arm around her back, she relaxed against it, lifted one leg, and hung it over the side of the tub. She lifted her other leg high and pressed it over the other side. That was when he kissed her.

She stuck her tongue out, and he sucked sensually at it. An open mouth kiss was always something that Zeta thought would be disgusting, and she would never do it, but when William's long tongue began swirling around hers all that left her. All she could think of was grabbing the side of his neck.

The throb of water beating against her clit caused her eyes to spring open. She clawed at his arm, his neck, every bit of him she could catch. There was nothing sexier than staring into a man's eyes while he got you off.

Sweet torture.

He began dancing the showerhead from side to side, and that was her undoing. Wrapping both arms around his neck, she pulled up and arched her back, which sent her hair falling backward into the soapy water. Her legs flailed, causing water to flash everywhere. But she couldn't care less. Her orgasm



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slammed through her body, and she could swear her heart had stopped.

William dropped the showerhead, and she felt his arms wrapped around her and hold her in the tub to allow her climax to storm through her leaving her feeling as though she were racing on the back of a horse, a beautiful, lovely horse.

\* \* \* \*

Blissfully sated, Zeta allowed William to dry her body and to carry her into the bedroom. He was dressed only in a pair of pants. He laid her back against the bed and stood over her.

"Who was the first person you've ever slept with?" William walked around the bed slowly. He was watching her like a prey, and something inside of her loved it. The rawness in his eyes pulled a purr from between her lips, and she turned her head to watch him.

"Michael."

"Was he any good?"

"I didn't know at the time. Never had anything to compare him to. But what you just did to me without..."

He chuckled. "Come now, Zee. Don't be shy. I got you off with my mouth, a Popsicle, and a shower head."

"You don't have to be so crude." Shame washed over Zeta like a flood.

"Not crude, just the truth. Did you enjoy it?"

"Why are you doing this? You've got me here. Why can't that be enough?"

She froze when he stopped moving and faced her fully. "Because sleeping with someone isn't just for the sake of

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fucking. It shouldn't be. Look, what I'm trying to give to you is pleasure, pure and simple. I'm trying to show you that love isn't hard, Zeta. Giving your body to someone means nothing unless you can say you give them everything."

"Including my body?"

"Including your body."

Silence roamed through the room as he walked back around the bed to where he had started. It was a silence that scared Zeta. It was the kind of silence that caused her to want to scream for him to say something, anything at all. She followed him with her eyes, for when she tried to speak, no words left her. He reached into a drawer for something and held it behind his back.

"I've already given you my heart." He turned his back to her and sat down on the end of the bed. "I gave it to you the day I met you. Now, I'm trying to awaken your body for another man, and it's killing me."

Zeta sat up and pulled his sheets around her body. She scooted to the end of the bed. Had she just heard that right? William loved her?

"Why didn't you say anything? Why did you watch me get engaged to Michael? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why! Why! Why!" William snapped. "I thought you were happy with him. What do you want from me? You were always smiling, laughing, happy. It damned near killed me, because every time I saw him with his arms around you, I wanted to slit my wrist! Do you understand that?"

Zeta sighed and pushed herself from the bed before walking around to face him. She fell to her knees before him

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looking up into his face. "What?" If she hadn't been shocked by everything else that was happened, his confession jolted her. "I never loved him. I thought I did, but I never thought you would ever want anything to do with me sexually. I mean, look at me."

"What am I looking for?"

"Not funny, William."

"I'm not being funny. It is a legitimate question."

"I'm black, Will. You're white. Why would you love me? And besides, your parents would never have it."

William grabbed her shoulders and lifted her so that she stood up with him. Something flashed in his eyes and she whimpered. "My parents? You don't get it do you, Zeta? You asked why? Because when I go home at night and I lay down, I don't think of the women I've dated. I think of you. When I shower, the water doesn't turn into their hands. It turns into yours. When I think of any of the other women getting hurt, it angers me. But when I think of you getting hurt, I am ready to die to make it right. I just had a taste of you, and I want more. But I know you didn't want to come here tonight, and as hard as it is for me I'm going to back off."

"Like hell!" Zeta snapped. She whacked him painfully in the arm and winced. "You can't just touch me like you did and back off. You can't just tell me you love me and then back off. It doesn't work like that."

"Then how does it work?" William walked away from her. "Tell me, Zeta. Do you love me?"

Silence.

"See? You can't even answer that one question."

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"I love you, Will. Do you remember that night three years ago? The night I showed up at your house in the middle of the night and I told you that I just needed a friend?"

"I remember. What does that have to do with anything?"

"It was the same day that you pretended to be my boyfriend so that guy would stop hitting on me. Remember? You kissed me that day. That was the day I knew I wanted to taste you again. That night, I had come over to ask ... no beg you to do it again. But when..."

"You came I was with someone else."

She watched his chest rise and fall, which told her that he was inhaling deeply. It was like he was giving up on her. That left her body weak, and she felt it for the first time ever.

Disappointment.

All her life, she had done things right. She had done what her parents wanted without question. All her responsibilities were taken care of without so much as a question, but she felt that William was disappointed in her. "Will please. Don't give up on me. I'm here aren't I?"

"I haven't given up on you, Zee. I've let you go. I have to, and there's a difference. I realized that tonight when I was lying you down on this bed."

Zeta sighed and closed her eyes as she shook her head frantically. "What if I don't want you to let me go? What if what I want is for you to lay me down on this bed and make love to me for the rest of my life? Doesn't what I want here count?"

His eyes met hers pleadingly, and she saw confusion in them. She pulled closer. "The thing is, it seems both of us

didn't say anything about our feelings, because we thought that we shouldn't. We thought it wasn't a good time to say anything. William, please..."

"I don't want you saying that because you think it's what I want to hear..."

"Look into my eyes, William. When have I ever lied to you?"

William chuckled, and Zeta hoped she had said the right thing there. "I know. But I am too old for jokes."

"Old? You're not even thirty-five yet. So, will you make love to me tonight, or do I have to tie you down on the bed and take what I want?"

That caused him to arch a brow at her. "I'm intrigued, but this is all about you."

\* \* \* \*

Zeta moaned when the warm liquid fell against her skin. Who knew that honey could turn a person on? She locked eyes with the man that she had been hiding her feelings from and felt wild. She watched as he lowered the bottle to the side table before kneeling between her legs. When his tongue extended and licked at her flesh to gather the honey in his mouth, she lifted her body to prolong the sexy warmth of his tongue. She panted while reaching up to bury her fingers in his hair.

He moved with her gentle tugging, and she captured his lips. "I'm about to do something that I never thought I would ever do," Zeta whispered before hooking her legs with his and

rolling them over. When he tried to sit up, Zeta shoved him back against the bed. "Lay still, William."

"Zeta, what are you thinking?"

"I'm just going to wing it."

Locking eyes with him, she moved down him until she got to his pants. She leaned forward, caught the zipper in her teeth, and tugged. It slid down effortlessly, and she looked up to see that he had pushed up onto his elbows to watch her. Letting the zipper go, Zeta tongue rushed over her lips and licked at his stomach before dipping her hands into his pants and boxers. His hard cock was warm and throbbed in her fist. For a brief moment, she was scared. She began having second thoughts, but the growl that escaped his throat spurred her on. When his hard arousal twitched in her hand, she looked up like a bad little girl and smirked.

"Zeta," he struggled out, but his words suddenly turned into a primal cry when she licked the head of his cock. He jerked, but she simply pulled more of him into her hot, wet mouth. Gently at first, she began sucking. He tensed as she lifted one hand to drag her nails over his hard abs.

No one would ever believe that the girl voted in high school to be the most likely to die a virgin was at that very moment driving William crazy by giving him a most thorough blowjob. But there she was, on her knees between William's legs milking him for all he was worth. She growled against the throbbing member, stroking it, kissing it, licking it, loving it.

He tasted sweet and tangy against her tongue.

"Oh so good, Zeta," William ground out. She glanced up to see him falling back against the bed with his head thrashing from side to side. "So, damn good."

After pulling off him, she stuck her tongue out to lick along his shaft. His hands came down, and he buried his fingers in her hair. She moaned and picked up suction again.

When he grabbed her shoulders, Zeta thought she had done something wrong, but when William tossed her onto her back and climbed over her, she knew she had done something very right. The wild look in his eyes scared and intrigued her. She squirmed against his bed as she opened her arms to him. William licked his lips, and Zeta knew it was coming. When he finally slammed into her, his head tilted back and a sound left his throat that she never thought a human being could make. It sounded like a wolf howling at the moon, but she didn't have time to dwell on it. She was too busy having one of the biggest, most powerful orgasms she had ever had. She felt like her body was bucking, powerfully wild and free..

*This is insane! An orgasm from insertion? Is that even possible?*

Each time he pushed into her, the only thing she could think to say was, "Will!" Over and over his name left her lips like a mantra. Then she couldn't think of anything at all. All she knew was that Will was playing her body like a finely tuned harp, then shoving her over a cliff to free fall into space where her breath was gone, and she loved every second of it. He was driving into her as though he had lost his mind, but

Zeta, who had thought rough sex deplorable, was shrieking like a banshee and bucking like a bronco.

"Harder, baby!" Zeta shouted. "Please, harder."

Zeta looked up to see him clenching his teeth. He fell forward and grabbed both sides of her head while he rode her mercilessly. Zeta wrapped her legs around him, and she tangled her arms around his shoulders and dug her nails in his back.

That night, Zeta Townsend, nerd extraordinaire, was ridden like a prized filly. He spun her into positions she never thought were possible. They were positions that caused him to hit her spot every time he pushed into her. Soon, she was one big, pleasure-filled mass, because she had one orgasm after another.

When William howled and pulled away from her, he wasn't quick enough, and Zeta could feel the hot, wet liquid fall against her back. Each drop sent a small tremor through her, and she twitched similar to being shocked. Panting and thoroughly satisfied, both of them slumped against the bed, arms and legs entwined.

Together, they lay there on the bed for a while. Each blow of the air against Zeta's nipples or clit, caused tiny after shocks to rock her to her core. She moaned William's name when he gathered her body into his arms, and she was happy she didn't have to walk. She did not think her feet would hold her up.

"If we can be this good together in bed, can you imagine what we can do together out of it?" William whispered.

"Anything we want." Zeta giggled against William's chest.



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He grunted. "What have I done?" William laughed before reaching down to brush a thumb over a tender nipple.

"Unleashed a monster? Come on, William, you can't just open my eyes to such pleasures then feel bad about it."

"Who said I felt bad?" William smirked.

Zeta laughed and pressed her face against his neck. She knew somehow that with William in her bed and by her side, she could do anything.

"Zeta?" William's voice called as she drifted off.

"Mmmm?"

"It's snowing."

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, Zeta woke up to a note beside her on the bed.

*Meet me downstairs.*

*Love, Will.*

Giggling, she wrapped a sheet around her and took off down the stairs. She stopped suddenly when her feet crushed something soft on the floor. The scent of fresh flowers assaulted her senses, and she stopped, wondering where he had gotten flowers from in the middle of winter. Bending over, she picked up a couple of petals and then darted down to the living room. She skidded to a halt when she saw the living room. It was filled with wrapped boxes, except for a small spot where he lay on the floor with his arm propping up his head.

"Merry Christmas." He beamed at her.

"How long have I been sleeping? A millennium?"

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by Tigra Luna LeMar

"Can you give me a kiss first? I find my brain can't work right now because I know you're naked under that sheet."

Blushing, she fell down into his arms, and he instantly ravished her lips. She enjoyed every second of it, while she wrapped her legs over his hips.

"I went out and bought everything we're going to need to start our life together," William admitted after the kiss. "You said something to me last night, and I want to see how serious you were."

"Everything to start our life?" Zeta glanced around, but when she looked at him again, she saw the seriousness in his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong." He smiled before moving to his knees and holding up a black box to her. "How serious were you?"

"You want me to marry you?"

"Yes. I'm not saying let's do it all right away. We can get engaged, and then we can fight, and make up just as hot..."

Zeta ignored the ring and flew into his arms. She wrapped her arms tightly around him, kissing his neck, nose, lips, eyelids, every part of his face and neck she could reach.

He held her and laughed. "Is that a yes?"

"That's a hell yes!" Zeta squealed.

"Can I put the ring on now?"

Zeta gasped. "Oh! Ah, sure."

She sat back and held up her hand so he could slide the ring on. She watched as it slipped onto her finger and settled comfortably, and for the first time tears lit up her eyes. The ring William bought fit perfectly. No squeezing her finger

because it was too small. It seemed William knew her more than anyone else did.

"Sweetie? Zeta?" William's worried voice came, and she lifted her chin and smiled through the daze of her tears.

"This is the best Christmas ever!" She cheered like a child before wrapping her arms around his neck again. "You got my ring size perfect. You were on your knees when you asked, and you got me tons of presents!"

William laughed while crushing her to his chest. "I have to know the woman I've loved for years. I want to make you happy."

"You have, but you know what could make this perfect?"

"Making love?" William wiggled his eyebrows at her suggestively, and Zeta laughed.

"No, a snowball fight!"

She smacked his arm and darted out of the room, with him chasing after her. She knew that he could catch her if he wanted to, but William was toying with her. Giggling, she locked herself in the bedroom and got dressed in her jeans and one of his shirts before opening the door. He caught her around the waist, and she squealed.

Spinning her around, he looked down into her eyes as she cradled his face. Suddenly all playing left his eyes. Zeta moaned, because the look was causing her heart to race. "I love you," he whispered before pressing his forehead against hers. "So damn much. I cannot believe you thought skin color could stop this."

"We were like trains heading toward each other in the night, on the same track. Weren't we?"

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William nodded and backed Zeta into the room with her arms wrapped around his neck. "Come, Zeta. Let me give you one of the Christmas presents I've had for you for two years while I built up the nerve to come to you."

He tossed her softly onto the bed and reached into a drawer. He pulled out two sets of fluffy handcuffs and a feather. Twirling the cuffs around his finger, he smirked down at her. "Still want to snowball fight?"

Zeta wiggled her hips out of her jeans and tossed them off the bed. "What do you think?" she asked reaching up to unbutton the shirt she had pulled from his closet.

"No, leave it on." He smiled while he reached down and began cuffing her to the bed. He caressed her arms downward, and Zeta looked up at him beneath her lashes. She squirmed sensually on the bed and against the cuffs as he stripped for her. She felt her body heating up, throbbing and falling all at the same time. With every piece of clothing that left his body, her heart raced faster and faster, and she loved that feeling. Then he crawled toward her with his eyes locked onto her like beams.

With his teeth, Zeta watched while he raised the shirt she wore. When her breasts were bare, he began teasing her nipples with first his tongue, then the feathers. He twirled the feathers slowly over her buds, slowly at first then sped up the friction. She began tugging hard at the cuffs, and they made a loud clanging noise. "Will..."

He leaned in, took one nipple into his mouth, and lashed his hot, wet tongue over it. He blew it dry before moving down her body, pushing her legs apart. Spreading her dark

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folds, he twirled the feather over her clit. Her legs tensed and relaxed on the bed over and over. She screamed his name, screamed for more, and then for mercy.

When the feather was soaking wet, he tossed it over his shoulder and picked up the second one. Zeta didn't know how much more she could handle, but when he added his tongue to the feather, she lost it. She thrashed against the pillow like a crazy woman. Her inhibitions, if there were any left from the night before, were completely gone. She tightened her legs around his neck, for her orgasm shot through her like a tidal wave. When it eased, she felt the throbbing as she fluttered around on the bed.

But William wasn't finished. He undid her cuffs, and before Zeta had time to breathe, William buried himself to the hilt inside of her. He growled. She lurched forward and wrapped herself around him. "Oh, Zeta, you're burning me alive!" he growled before pulling her off him and letting her fall onto the bed. Spinning her around, he lifted her by hips which caused her to slide onto all fours. He wrapped his hand around her hair and pulled her head backward. Normally, if any man had gotten rough with her, she would have beaten him up and left. But this—this was incredible. Her head moved back, not painfully but sexily as his mouth went down against her neck.

"Merry Christmas, baby," he whispered as he pushed her higher.

"Merry Christmas, Santa," Zeta whispered.

The End

## **About the Author**

Konichiwa! I was born on the island of Jamaica then moved to Canada in my teens. I am a culturally obsessed Jamaican and baseball/hockey (Go Leafs Go!) chick who loves CFL football (Go Argos!). I started reading romance novels to keep myself out of trouble and out of the way in high school. I began writing poems, lyrics, and short stories. I then escalated into writing romance when I was about seventeen. My first published story was a short called *Eros' Lesson*, of which I was a coauthor. In my spare time (though at times, it seem I have none), I love singing, listening to music, acting, bowling, watching The History Channel/Comedy Network, hanging with my friends, and trying to figure out new ways to bug my parents. I speak three languages, English, Patois, Spanish, and a bit of Japanese. I am currently in university.

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