

The Naughty List

KyAnn Waters

T'was a week before Christmas and Mrs. Claus conspires. Proposition Jack Frost to give Santa his greatest desire...

The deviant Dominant Jack Frost can be good...very good. But for being so good at being so bad, Santa keeps him on the naughty list. What would Jack do to get on the good list? Kidnap Santa? With the help of Mrs. Claus, Jack could force Santa's submission and give him the one thing he's always wanted—to be on the naughty list himself. Then Jack could show Santa just how very *good* he can be.

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T'was a week before Christmas and Mrs. Claus conspires. Proposition Jack Frost to give Santa his greatest desire...

"It's early, Mrs. Claus." Although winter in the quiet magical town of North Pole would always be dark if it weren't for the colorful lights twinkling on every house, tree and lamppost. Snow softly fell, sparkling like fairy dust on the evergreens outside the picture window. Jack Frost had been summoned to the Claus residence. Normally, he wouldn't give a fuck, but the request came from Mrs. Claus herself. "Was there something you wanted?"

"Yes," came her sultry response. "Being so close to Christmas, Santa is in his workshop." She stirred his spiked mulled cider, licked the swizzle stick, drawing her delicate pink tongue along the length, then closed her succulent red glossy lips around the red and white striped stem and sucked. "And please, call me Abby."

"So you're looking for someone to help you pass the time, Abby?"

She tilted her head coyly to the side. "I won't deny that I need you, Jack." Her eyes closed, her long lashes sweeping low then lifting. Her piercing sapphire eyes met his. "I'll do anything to get what I want."

Fuck, his dick stiffened at the veiled invitation. Her hips beckoned as she sauntered across the room.

"At this time of year, Santa doesn't have time for me. He tries, but I have rather ravenous needs." She handed Jack his drink, bending over to give him a perfect view of her tits. She had a rack made for fucking. Full-rounded mounds of milky white flesh and large cherry nipples. He licked his lips. The books had this Mrs. Claus all wrong. She wasn't plump and smelling of sugar cookies.

"Thank you," he said and sipped the hot and spicy drink.

"You're very welcome, Jack."

The current Mrs. Claus dripped sex. Santa didn't bellow ho ho ho on Christmas night because he was jolly. The man had an insatiable wife. Last year, she asked Santa for a party with the elves. He'd given in to her because...well, she was on the good list and Santa didn't have the ability to tell her no. Santa was inherently good. He didn't know how to be naughty. Not like Jack. Mrs. Claus needed a bit of naughty now and again. So if her name was on the good list, and her name was always on the good list, she got exactly what she wanted on Christmas.

And that was never Jack.

Jack Frost had never been on the good list. For as good as Santa was, Jack was bad.

Mrs. Claus sat on the armrest of his chair and combed her red painted nails through the blond hair at Jack's nape. "So, Jack, you haven't been good this year."

"Depends on how you interpret good." He rested his hand on her hip, gently squeezing his way to her ass and showing her exactly what his good intentions would include. "I could be good."

A chuckle passed her sultry lips. "You'd like to be good. I know what you want for Christmas." Her nails raked down his back, scoring along his spine. "You'd like to be on the good list," she whispered. "And I know why."

Saliva pooled in his mouth as her nipples tightened beneath the tight fabric of her slinky red holiday dress. The plunging neckline teased him with a glimpse of her areolas. "I thought Santa was the only one who knew everything."

A lecherous smile tilted her lips. "Oh Jack," she purred as she stood and slinked around the back of the chair, letting her fingertips trace his broad shoulders. "You are exactly right. Santa does see everything. He sees you when you're sleeping...and he knows when you're awake. He knows the devious little tricks you play and all the naughty things you crave. You see, that's why I know you're the only one who can help me."

His cock thickened. Her words had him interested. Her body had him ready to frost her tits with his cream. An unfamiliar warmth simmered in his chest. Damn, she had him hot and Jack was known for keeping his cool.

"If you know me so well, you know I won't do...anything unless there is something in it for me."

She sat across from him, sliding one stocking-covered leg over the other. "This year, Jack." She said his name on a breathy exhale. "This year I'm feeling very festive. I want everyone to get their Christmas wish, including you."

If only he could be good. He'd be on the list and he'd ask for Mrs. Claus to slide down his Christmas pole. "So that I want to fuck you is no secret, that you get whatever you want from the fat man is no secret—"

"Oh, Santa is no more fat than I am grandmotherly. He works too hard to turn to flab. He wears the suit to uphold the image. But it's been a long time since the old man and woman ran the factory."

This Mrs. Claus didn't make him think of warm, sweet milk and cookies. Not surprising that she wouldn't settle for an old man who would rather play with toys.

"Beneath the red suit, my Santa has strong arms and a solid chest dusted with crisp curls. Round flat nipples like peppermint candies." She licked her bottom lip. "Do you like peppermint candies, Jack?"

"Now and again." Fuck, Jack liked it all. And he was eating up her words like a kid in the candy store.

"Mmm. I do." She shifted, squeezing her legs together. "Almost as much as I like his candy cane."

"Fuck." Jack bolted from the chair. Even he had his limits of stimulation. He adjusted his cock and tried to breathe. His heart pounded and his palms were damp. Damn, but he wanted to fuck her...and Santa too. "I'm too busy for reindeer games."

She jumped up and grabbed his arm. "Wait. I was just...just putting the bow on my proposition."

"Proposition?"

"Yes," she said, her voice rising with excitement. "That's why I've asked you here, why I need your help. My plan is perfect. You see, Jack, I know what you want for Christmas. You want to fuck me." She tilted her head and her lips pouted. "But that will never happen because you only know how to be naughty. Santa won't give you your wish unless you're on the good list. I'm always on the good list and today I'm doing another good deed." She ran her fingers over Jack's forearm. The silvery hairs tingled with her touch. He wanted those delicate hands over his entire body.

"I'm listening. What do you want from me?"

"It's simple." Her breast nudged his arm as she sidled closer. "Do you know what Santa wants for Christmas?" She leaned in and whispered against Jack's ear. "He wants to be on the naughty list."

A raucous laugh erupted from Jack. "Getting on the naughty list is easy."

"Not for Santa," she said quickly. "He's too good. He's never truly had what he secretly wants."

Jack cocked an eyebrow. "And what is that?" What more could Santa want than a beautiful, sex-crazed wife and a factory filled with submissive slave labor? Not to mention being practically worshipped for granting Christmas wishes to those deserving of his magic.

"He wants you."

"What?" Jack stumbled back a step. "Me?"

"Yes, he...we...watch what you do. I know why you're on the naughty list. And Santa tries not to be aroused, tries not to let me see how watching you affects him."

"Fucking voyeurs."

"Yes! Think about the possibilities. I'll stay on the good list for giving Santa what he wants—to be on the naughty list. You'll earn your way onto the good list by being so very naughty to Santa." She stepped closer and rubbed her hands over his torso, onto his shoulders and around his neck. She pressed her body against his, grinding into the hard ridge of his erection. "And then you'll get your Christmas wish—me. On Christmas Eve you'll have us both."

* * * * *

Jack wiped sweat from his brow. How in the hell had she convinced him this would work? Crouched in a small alcove, he waited for nightfall, waited for the elves to go home and for Santa to finish up. Mrs. Claus had promised to work out the details. All he had to do was wait for opportunity and grasp it. He would. Since leaving Mrs. Claus, he hadn't thought of anything but this moment.

Santa growled, braced his hands on his lower back and stretched. He slipped off his red fur-lined jacket. *Merry Christmas*. A shiver crawled up Jack's spine, tingling through his body. An answering warmth bloomed in his groin. Heat pulsed in his balls and surged into his swelling shaft. Santa was fucking hot. A tight white T-shirt molded to his muscular form. He wasn't just fit, he was masculine perfection. Jack wasn't sure he was more envious of Santa for getting to fuck Mrs. Claus or of Mrs. Claus for being fucked by Santa every night.

A smile curled his lips. After tonight, he wouldn't have to be envious. He was going to have them both.

A knock echoed through the room. Jack adjusted in his squat, pulse racing and adrenaline flooding his veins. Santa stood as Mrs. Claus entered the workshop carrying a small black bag. Turning her back to Santa, she closed the door with a soft click.

Jack poised, ready to strike. He'd have to be quick and decisive. There were no locks on the workshop doors. Who would steal from Santa? Who would risk getting on

the naughty list? Jack grinned. He would, because this year, getting on the naughty list would land him right where he wanted to be—on the good list.

She turned and lowered sleepy seductive eyes at Santa. "Thank you for sending the elves home early," she said as she approached Santa. "You've been so busy."

"With only a week before Christmas, there isn't time for play."

Keeping her bag close, she scooted onto his desk, sliding her legs to the side and causing her dress to ride high up her thigh. "But you say there is always time for play." She shifted to the edge of the desk in front of him.

Santa spread her legs and stepped between them. "I'll always make time for you." She arched as he wedged a hand between her thighs.

"No panties." Santa groaned and closed his sparkling blue eyes. "Did you come tonight—"

"Not yet," she interrupted. "Oh, but soon."

"Sit on Santa's lap and tell me how you like my cock crammed into your pussy."

Jack bit his lip to keep from groaning with them. Muscles in Santa's arms flexed as he thrust his finger in and out of Mrs. Claus. Jack slid his hand into the front of his pants and pressed his palm against his shaft. Where was the fucking opportunity she promised? Jack wasn't going to watch them fuck. Mr. and Mrs. Claus were the voyeurs, not him.

"Santa?"

"Hmm," he mumbled as he lowered the front of her dress. Her full rounded breasts spilled over the fabric. Santa bent forward and sucked one of the cherry tips into his mouth.

She tugged open the zipper on the bag. "Wear this." She dangled a black satin blindfold from her fingers. The fabric shimmered and her wicked grin promised delight.

Santa's robust laugh echoed off the walls. He snatched the blindfold. "Aren't you full of surprises," he said, slipping the mask over his head and adjusting it over his eyes. "Have your way with me."

That was all Jack needed to hear. He quietly stood from his hiding place. Mrs. Claus put her finger to her lips. Like Jack planned on announcing his intent.

"Turn around, Santa." She purred the words. "And remember I love you." Santa turned and she pulled a set of fluffy white fur-lined cuffs from her bag. Taking one of Santa's hands, she snapped the cuff around his wrist.

"What's this?" he asked, although Jack didn't think Santa sounded nervous at all. That would change when he realized Mrs. Claus had set Santa up.

"I don't want you to get away," she said as she snapped the left cuff.

"Why would I want to get away from you?"

"Santa, baby, I know you don't want to get away from *me*." She reached down, cupped his ass, then trailed her fingers around to his groin. He rocked his pelvis into her hand.

Jack grabbed a spool of packing tape and tore off an eight-inch strip. "She's afraid you'll get away from me."

* * * * *

Santa ceased struggling against his bindings. Blindfolded and mute, he could do little more than grunt and anticipate the inevitable conclusion of this seditious act of perfidy. After Jack had removed Santa's boots, he wound leather straps around Santa's ankles. A two-inch-thick leather collar buckled around his neck. He could swallow, but the movement put pressure on his Adam's apple. Even if tape wasn't stretched across his mouth, he doubted he'd be able to call out for help. A shudder rippled over his flesh. Heaviness weighted on his chest and his head lightened with euphoric intoxication. He was bound, gagged and apparently at the mercy of Jack Frost. That thought both thrilled and terrified.

No matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't understand why Abby would conspire against him. Why would she trust the devious Jack Frost?

Just today he'd checked the list, checked it twice! Jack was still naughty and Abby was still nice.

"Hurry the fuck up," Jack hollered. Santa cringed. The reindeer didn't respond well to harsh commands. The sleigh bumped and rolled over the frozen rivers and through the woods to Jack's abode. Santa tried to keep from rolling off the rear seat of the sleigh by bracing his feet.

For as long as Santa had been on the job, Jack had been on the naughty list. He'd done some wily acts in his years, but he'd never fucked with Santa Claus. Never truly broken North Pole laws. Until now.

The sleigh came to a jarring halt. Santa grunted.

"Almost home," Jack said as he pulled the warm fur blanket from Santa. Jack jumped into the sleigh, helped Santa to sit, then straddled Santa's lap and tugged off the blindfold. "I don't live in North Pole city limits. No one is around." He tightened his thighs to Santa's flanks. "No one will know what I do to you." He rocked his pelvis, crushing his groin to Santa's. "No one will hear you call out for help."

With each seductive word from Jack, Santa began to understand what was about to happen, what he was unwilling to acknowledge he wanted. To do so would be naughty—and Santa was never naughty.

A shiver of apprehension skated over Santa. Was Jack going to give him a choice?

"Do you know how long I've wanted you in my workshop, Santa?" He grinned as he carefully worked the corner of the tape loose. "I have toys." Jack's gray eyes clouded with lust. "Bats and balls. Paddles and rope." The tape slowly peeled away from Santa's tingling lips. Santa didn't have a long beard, rather sported neatly trimmed whiskers and a tightly groomed mustache. The tape tugged on the hairs as Jack pried it away. "Or would you rather play with blow-up dolls and Silly Putty?"

"I don't want—"

"I don't want to know what you don't want, rather what you do want." Jack slid a drugging kiss over Santa's lips.

Santa's heart felt as if it beat in his throat. Breath froze in his chest and all thoughts—except of Jack and his wicked mouth—left his head.

Before Santa could respond, Jack pulled away. "I want to kiss you, place my mouth on your lips, your body...your cock." Jack leaned in and whispered in Santa's ear. His icy breath sent a shiver along Santa's spine. "But I know you're a stickler for rules. We'll wait for the mistletoe. Only where should I kiss you first?"

Santa gasped and blood rushed into his groin, heating his balls, his shaft and into his leaking cock head. How many times had Santa watched Jack? Watched him power over Santa's eager-to-please elves, violate them until they cried out in pleasure, Jack's name on their lips? How many times had Santa wished he could be naughty? But he couldn't—couldn't want Jack's deliciously naughty delights.

"How did you do it?" Santa asked. "How did you get Abby to go along with your sinister plans?" Santa shook his head. "She won't have a good Christmas, not with her name on the naughty list."

Jack chuckled. "It's not Mrs. Claus who will be on the naughty list." Jack ran his elegant tapered finger over Santa's lips.

"You're always on the naughty list. Nothing changes." Santa clenched his teeth to keep from sucking Jack's finger into his mouth.

"Oh, some things do." Jack reached between Santa's thighs and cupped his cock—his hard cock. "And Mrs. Claus isn't the one going onto the naughty list, is she?" Jack tugged on the black buckle of Santa's belt. "Come into my workshop—my toy shop. We're going to play."

Adrenaline like molten lava blazed through Santa. Jack's workshop wasn't like the brightly lit, jovial environment where Santa and his elves put in their fifteen-hour shifts. His gaze darted around the spacious room in the secluded log cabin. Instead of rustic comfort, Jack's lair was a den of iniquity. Tools for torturous pleasures lined wooden

shelves along the wall. Chairs, benches and machines were situated around the room. Santa swallowed hard, the collar biting into his neck. His heart pounded. He'd seen this room many times in his magic snow globe—when he was checking to see if Jack was being naughty or nice. Santa fought to keep from glancing to the far corner, the corner hidden in shadow.

Santa slowed his breathing, tried to keep from becoming aroused, but he knew what hid in the darkened corner—a padded bench. A BDSM bed. Iron girders built the frame. An iron canopy offered fasteners for wicked delights. Straps, belts and bindings. Cuffs, chains and torturous tools. Would Jack leave him bound to the bench, keep him immobile while Jack sucked his dick, or fucked him with the machine? No, Santa wouldn't be the victim of Jack's deviant machinations. Santa didn't want to want in the corner, locked to the table, his ass exposed and the fucking machine ramming into him. But he did.

In the center of the room, Jack positioned Santa. "Don't do this," Santa begged.

"You'll have to be more specific, Santa." Jack secured the O-ring connecting Santa's cuffed hands to a steel chain. The chain was mounted to the ceiling. Jack tugged the chain, sliding the steel links through a pulley until Santa's arms rose over his head.

Santa's arms stretched high, muscles bunched and rippled. His fingers were already numb. He relaxed his fisted hands and tried to calmly reason with Jack. "I can't be more specific. What is all this tomfoolery?" He uselessly tugged on the chain. He was Jack's hostage.

"There is more than one way to have fun. We're going to play with my toys." Jack dropped to his knees. He secured the leather cuff around Santa's left ankle to the steel hook in the flooring. "Spread your legs, Santa." He did. The click of the lock on his right ankle heightened his anxiety. "Now that I know you've accepted my invitation to stay, I can help you get more comfortable."

"But I didn't accept."

Jack tsked. "You haven't put up much of a fight." Jack pivoted and took a long pair of shears from the worktable.

"I can't fight you, Jack."

Jack smiled. "I know. That's what makes your submission all the sweeter." Jack slid the edge of the shears under Santa's T-shirt. His stomach quivered with the touch of cold steel. The first snip echoed through the room. "Mrs. Claus told me what you were hiding under all this finery. I want to...well, I was going to say I want to see for myself. But I'm going to do more than look. I'm going to touch for myself." Jack snipped the shirt from waist to neck. Each quick cut sent rousing frissons skittering through Santa.

Jack slipped the fabric over the hard ridge of Santa's shoulder, his fingertips scoring Santa's flesh. Santa sucked in a breath. His exposed skin shivered in the cool cabin air. His nipples beaded and yet he was hot. Sweat trickled along his spine.

"Nice." Jack smoothed his palms over the bulging biceps of Santa's arms, along his shoulders and onto his chest, toying with the silken hairs on his pectorals.

"What are you going to do to me?" Would Jack detect the thrill beneath the concern?

"Ah Santa, you should know it's better not to tell." He tapped Santa's cheek. "Half the fun is in the surprise." Jack had unbuckled Santa's belt in the sleigh. Now he slowly slid the leather from the loops. He snapped the belt. Santa jerked at the crack of the leather. His cock swelled, hard and pulsing against his groin.

Santa was in a quandary. He could not lie nor could he partake of the naughty pleasure Jack promised. "I want to return to my workshop. Christmas is only a week away."

"Hmm. That poses a problem." Jack took the shears in hand and slipped the blades into the waistband of Santa's trousers. Cutting the fabric along Santa's thigh, Jack stripped him of the last of his clothing. "You have nothing to wear."

Naked with Jack. Anchored to the floor by his ankles, arms stretched toward the ceiling, collar and cock. Santa was at Jack's mercy and a plea for more was on the tip of

his tongue. "No," he mumbled. He shook his head and slowly closed his eyes. This secret desire would destroy all he cherished. His role in the world gone for a chance to be ravished. "No."

Jack snapped the belt across Santa's exposed buttocks.

"No!" he bellowed, arching away from the sting.

"I told you no one will hear your cries." Jack pulled his arm back then unleashed another powerful blow. The belt snapped, smiting Santa high on the buttocks. Muscles tensed. The chains pulled taut. Santa nearly bit his tongue as a blistering heat bloomed beneath his skin.

"If you continue to say no," Jack crisscrossed the strikes with another, "I'll be forced to gag you." Jack heaved a breath and lowered his arm. "You should have rosy cheeks." Jack slowly circled Santa, his hungry gaze eating him up. "Now you do."

Santa dropped his head forward, feeling the pinch of the collar on his neck. The chains attached to his wrists held him up. His muscles burned and they'd only just begun. "Please."

"Please what?" Jack closed his fist around Santa's shaft. His fingers were strong as they squeezed and stroked. Santa was used to Abby's feminine touch and her sex-kitten ways—all the time craving something more. Craving Jack. Abby had known, had realized that like her, he wished for something more. But unlike Abby, he'd never had his wish.

Lust unfurled in Santa, washing over him and making him ache to be naughty. Could he? What would happen if Santa found himself on the naughty list? He was Santa after all. Who would tell?

Jack glided his mouth over Santa's. His lips were cool and soft and with a little pressure, Santa opened. Jack groaned and sank into the kiss. Curling his tongue around Santa's and drawing him in. Santa moaned, savoring the taste of Jack. Jack's grip on Santa's cock was perfect as he slowly slid the skin smoothly from root to tip. Santa

thrust his hips, mimicking the motion with his tongue. Kissing. Tasting. Relishing in the pleasure he'd denied himself for so long.

Then Jack broke the kiss.

"No," Santa whimpered, desperate for more.

Jack shifted and smacked Santa hard on the ass with an open palm. "Tonight you're mine, Santa. I'll do whatever I want to you. Kiss you, touch you...fuck you." He caressed where he'd left the burning impression of his hand. "Deny with words because your fucking hard cock and greedy mouth tell me all I need to know." He cupped Santa's sac, rolling his balls and tugging on the pouch. "Nothing you say is going to stop me." He kissed along Santa's jaw, rubbing against Santa's soft whiskers. "I'm going to do to you exactly what I think you need."

Santa groaned. He'd ceased arguing in his mind. He wanted this...wanted Jack and he didn't care about the consequences. There shouldn't be consequences. Not for pleasure, not for wanting Jack. "More licks from the belt?"

"Yes. And also licks from my mouth." Jack kissed Santa's chest, licking the feathering hair around his nipples. He fondled Santa's cock, dragging his thumb across the slippery fluids trickling from the slit. "Perhaps I'll get the whip from the sleigh. Do you want a safe word?"

"No," Santa whispered.

Jack smacked Santa's ass again - hard. "I warned you."

Santa flinched and his buttocks clenched. Cum heated in his balls and his need for more pain—more pleasure—increased with each impact from Jack's hand. But he'd take the spanking, the belt and even the whipping. "No," he said again, enjoying the new game and bracing for the shock of Jack's punishment. He'd seen Jack mete out his discipline before, watched his submissive elves flinch from the pain only to shoot ropes of pearly cum a moment later.

Jack grinned as he turned away from Santa and strode to the shelves. When he returned, he dangled a ball gag from his fingers.

"No," Santa muttered again, wanting the punishment, wanting the gag, wanting it all.

Jack slammed his mouth onto Santa's, thrusting his tongue between his lips and brutally kissing him. He robbed the breath from Santa's lungs. He dominated, consumed, commanded...and Santa obeyed. He submitted. Tongues sparred, aggressive and wild. The icy Jack Frost sparked a heat in Santa, a fiery need burning in his core. Jack slanted his lips, sliding and gliding over Santa's. Santa chased the kiss, unwilling to lose contact with Jack's wet, seductive mouth.

Rearing back, Jack shoved the ball gag between Santa's lips. "When I remove the gag, it'll be to stuff my cock into your mouth."

Santa whimpered and nodded.

"Now you decide to agree."

Santa had already decided.

Jack's hands trembled and his pulse fluttered. What the fuck was he doing? He had Santa hot, whimpering and ready. Damn, but the luscious Mrs. Claus hadn't misconstrued Santa's proclivities. Had Jack known getting on the good list would have given him Santa as a submissive, he would have changed his ways years ago. Of course, then Jack wouldn't be able to give Santa what he needed. Santa needed to be told what to do, to let go of the power he held over those who were naughty and nice.

Santa, stretched from toes to fingertips, stared with an intensity that heated the ever-cool Jack Frost to the melting point. Playtime was over. Jack slipped the buttons free on his shirt. With a shrug, the fabric slid from his shoulders, dropped from his arms and fluttered to the floor. He played with the posts piercing his nipples, relishing in the answering tug on his nuts. Loving the way Santa couldn't turn away. His lips stretched around the gag, nostrils flared as he drew in deep inhales. Santa's cock jerked, curving up and slightly to the left. As Santa's abdominals rippled, his balls tightened close to his body.

Jack worked his fingers lower, rubbing his sternum and then his stomach. He tugged on the snap of his jeans, unzipped and parted the fly. His cock, long, thick and throbbing, swelled another inch. Santa swallowed around the gag, his Adam's apple pressing into the collar.

"I promise, my cock in your ass will be better than...better than Christmas morning." Jack laughed and peeled his jeans over his hips and down his thighs.

Once stripped, he set the scene. Stalking around the room, Jack lit several candles then he turned off the lights. Flames danced, hypnotizing and mood altering. "I'd say to trust me." But why should Santa trust the man who'd kidnapped, then enslaved him, even if for only one night? "Trust that everything I do is for you." *And for me.* Jack leaned in and inhaled a long draw of Santa's wintery scent. Clean. Like the outdoors after a snowfall.

Santa groaned as he tried to press closer to Jack, as if wanting skin on skin.

"Soon," Jack whispered. In the dim candlelight, he retrieved a bottle of lightly scented oil and a long, tapered plug. Kneeling on the floor in front of Santa and sitting on his heels, he poured a generous amount into his palm. He wrapped his fingers around Santa's calf. Dark springy hair tickled his palm as he greased Santa's leg from ankle to thigh. He ran his hands over Santa's flanks, massaging the firm muscle. He touched, stroked, tempted every inch of his flesh from toes to groin.

Santa bucked his hips. The clamor of chains revealed his level of frustration. Jack felt the same way. He repeated the process to the other leg. Santa glistened from toes to cock. Jack poured more oil into his hand.

Rising onto his knees, he wrapped his oil-slicked fingers around Santa's shaft, slicking the length. Veins threaded the stalk. The mushroom head darkened and cream saturated the spongy glans. Jack licked the tip, swirling his tongue around the ridge and tunneling into the deep slit. Santa groaned and Jack opened wide and closed his mouth over Santa's blunt cock head.

As he sucked the length deep into his mouth, he smeared grease over Santa's balls. Santa gently swiveled his hips, screwing his cock in and out of Jack's mouth. He grunted around the ball gag, worked the chains tethered to his wrists and his ankle restraints to keep his rhythm as he fucked Jack's face.

Jack slid his fingers along the sensitive tissues between Santa's sac and his anus. He rubbed the thick vein, inching closer to Santa's entrance. Sliding his lips along the length of Santa's shaft, he took him in until his cock head stretched the back of Jack's throat. Then he twisted a slippery finger into Santa's virgin ass and grazed his prostate.

A harsh moan from Santa was Jack's only warning. Warm, salty cum rushed into Jack's mouth. He swallowed, but cream seeped from between his lips and dribbled onto his chin. He sucked, fisted Santa's shaft and plunged a second finger into Santa's rectum.

Jack squeezed harder and pumped faster. He grabbed the plug, slid it between Santa's ass cheeks and slowly screwed it into his pucker as Jack sucked the cum from Santa's nuts. Santa grunted, thrashing against his bindings.

Once Jack had the plug snugly in place, he pulled back until Santa's softening cock popped from his mouth. Jack wiped the spit and cream from his chin with the back of his hand as he stood.

Jack took the oil and poured more into his palm. With mouth, then fingers, he learned the taste and texture of Santa's chest. "Like peppermint candies." Jack cut the edge of his teeth along Santa's beaded nipple. The light vanilla taste of the oil teased Jack. He laved his tongue over the raised peak, licking Santa's nipple as he continued to rub oil over his body.

"Are you ready for the mistletoe?" Jack kissed away the beads of perspiration from around Santa's mouth. Santa closed his eyes and relaxed into the touch. Their bodies brushed. The slippery oil heated between them. Jack pressed closer, gliding along Santa, a crush of cock to cock and chest to chest. "Do you want to touch me?" Jack banded his arms around Santa's waist. "Do you want to kiss me?"

Santa nodded. With a tug on the chains, Jack released the tension. A whimper rolled from Santa as his arms lowered. His hands dropped in front of him, his head bowed. Jack grinned. Santa had become his submissive.

Pain tore through Santa's shoulders. Straining against the intensity only tightened the collar around his neck. He tried to relax, tried to breathe, but his body sizzled and burned. His ass was full of the hard rubber plug. So full he was afraid to move, yet wanted the penetration again. Santa was lost in Jack's erotic world.

Jack dropped to the floor and unlocked Santa's ankle tethers. Muscles trembled, still felt liquefied from the force of his orgasm. His skin tingled. Whether from the oil or Jack's touch, Santa didn't know. He didn't care. He only knew he wanted more.

But as much as he wanted more of Jack's devious decadence, he wanted to give pleasure back to Jack.

"I'm going to remove the gag." Jack released the cinch at the side. "If all you can say is no, I'm going to make no your safe word." Jack chuckled, low and dirty. The deep seductive sound seeped into Santa. "Fight me if you need to assuage your conscience, but I only want to hear you speak if you're ready to sit on my lap and tell *me* what you want for Christmas. And Santa, when you sit on my lap, my cock will be filling your ass." Santa would be ready to take anything. The plug stretched him taut. With every movement, the curved rubber pressed against his prostate.

He widened his mouth a fraction and Jack gently popped the ball free. Santa closed his mouth, swallowed, then licked his lips. "Jack," he rasped, his throat a bit tender from the collar and gag. "Are you getting what you want for Christmas?"

"That's entirely up to you. You're the one with the list." Grasping the leather linking Santa's wrists, Jack led him to the darkened corner. To the bench and the machine—the fucking machine. "You and Mrs. Claus having been watching. You know I'm naughty...even when I'm nice."

Jack picked up a candle. The base was about two inches wide. The top had a reservoir around the rim for collecting the melting wax. The flame flickered as Jack

tugged Santa to the corner. "So are *you* getting what you want for Christmas?" Jack set the candle next to the padded bench. "We're alone." He glided a finger over Santa's pectoral. "You can admit you want to be here, admit that I'm giving you exactly what you want for Christmas." Jack slid a kiss over his lips. "Admit you'll want me...this again."

Santa's heart raced. "Yes," he said defiantly. He was sure Mrs. Claus was enjoying herself as she watched his submission in the magic snow globe. He had no doubt she was eating more popcorn than she was stringing. He wasn't upset. He loved her for understanding. Santa snapped from his musings and focused on the man before him, the man he'd secretly coveted. "I want to be forced to be here."

Jack freed his wrists. "On the bench," Jack commanded.

The bench was a table-like piece of furniture standing about two feet off the ground, was six feet long and about four feet wide. Black leather covered the padded top and there were multiple fixing points around it. Iron girders stretched from floor to ceiling at the corners. At the head of the bench, a leather-covered bite bar braced between the girders. Rather than a canopy of lace, chains draped the upper rungs.

Santa glanced from Jack to the BDSM bed. This wasn't a bed for sleeping, but a bed for pleasure—pain and pleasure. Santa climbed on. "The oil." His knees slid against the smooth leather.

"Yes." Jack moved the candle to a small shelf next to the bed. "On your stomach."

Santa flipped over. Jack grasped a strap anchored from the corner of the bed. The long strap would allow Santa to move his arms, but the left wrist cuff on the end would keep him on the bed. Another strap secured Santa's right wrist. The leather was tight, but rather than feeling restricted, Santa felt safe—controlled. But he wondered if the bondage was part of the play or if Jack still thought he wanted to leave. He hadn't uttered the safe word. And he wouldn't. "I thought we'd established I didn't want to leave."

"I know. Spread your legs." Jack secured his feet with similar straps. Then he sat on the edge of the bed. Santa turned his head and their gazes met. Damn, Jack was beautiful. Hard masculine features, hard body and a hard cock. Candlelight cast a golden glow over his silvery hair. His eyes were bright. Santa had been spying on Jack for years, but he'd never seemed worried or concerned as he did now.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know." His gaze raked over Santa's prone form. He curved his hand over Santa's inner thigh. Santa shivered from the touch and his hardening cock pressed against the oily leather. Jack touched the rim of the plug and twisted the rubber. Santa groaned and ground his dick into the bed.

Santa inched his ass higher in the air. "Jack Frost, if you lie, you'll never get on the good list."

"And if you lie, you'll be on the naughty list."

Santa laughed. "It's my list." Santa glanced at Jack's cock. Pearly pre-cum glistened on the darkened head. Ropey veins tracked through the soft-as-velvet skin. He was hard and thick. Santa inhaled, drawing in the rousing aroma. Saliva pooled in his mouth and heat streaked from balls to buttocks. His passage tightened on the plug. "I want you to take the plug out of my ass, turn on that machine and fuck me."

Jack smiled. "No." He climbed onto the bed and knelt between Santa's spread thighs. He reached for the candle. Holding the base, he rolled his wrist, letting the thick clear wax fill and coat the edges of the reservoir.

Panic welled in Santa's throat. He tried to swallow over the lump. "Jack?" An inkling of Jack's intent became a vivid picture. He wasn't sure about this, about hot wax on his oil-slicked skin.

"Have I hurt you?" Jack asked with passion. "I'm sure the belt stung. But you loved it. You loved my hand on your ass. Everything I've done has been for your pleasure."

"Yes." But Santa had never known Jack to be anything but self-serving. Why would this be any different? "And yours."

Jack tipped the candle. A small amount of hot wax trickled from the well and splashed Santa's shoulder. He arched, a groan ripping from his throat.

Jack tipped the candle again. Hot wax followed the groove of his spine, setting fire to his flesh from neck to buttocks. He flinched, every muscle tensing.

"Don't fight the burn. Simmer in the heat."

The intense fire dampened to a melting warmth. Santa rocked his pelvis into the leather, fucking the padding as he absorbed the erotic heat. Jack dribbled stinging wax into the divots of muscle in his lower back. Santa jerked. Jack braced his groin against Santa's ass, rubbing his cock along the crease.

Santa's heart pounded with the smooth slide of flesh against flesh. The plug lodged in his passage shifted and ragged breaths escaped his lips in an uneven rush. Cocooned in dim candlelight, the fragrant scent of oil, leather and sex surrounded him.

Jack slowed his rhythm. Santa braced for the heat. Another hot bubble of wax splattered his flesh.

"Ahh," Santa moaned as hot wax drizzled over his ass. He jerked up, bracing on his hands and his knees. Like molten lava, a river of wax trailed down his thighs. "Yes!" he cried and wax snaked over his skin. With a tortuous tug, Jack slowly inched the widest part of the plug in and out of his hole. Wax crisscrossed his buttocks. The heat, the plug stretching and fucking his ass, the anticipation of more had his cock bumping against his groin. He fought the tethers, fighting against the rope as he reached between his legs and fisted his cock.

"Fuck." Jack cursed as he ripped the plug from Santa's ass.

Santa shuddered from the sudden loss, then Jack was there, forcing the blunt head of his cock past the stretched rim of muscle of Santa's passage. Shivers crawled over his flesh yet sweat dripped from his temple, trickling along his face. Jack pressed deeper and shearing pain streaked from anus to his brain. Santa froze, shoulders tensed and his buttocks clenched against the invasion.

"Fuck, you're so tight." The plug hadn't been half the size of Jack's cock. "Let me in." He eased back then pressed forward again. Santa moaned and dropped his forehead to the bed, hiking his ass higher in the air. "Push against me."

Santa couldn't move, couldn't breathe. He wanted Jack's cock in his ass, but the pressure was too intense.

"Fuck!"

Hot wax splashed Santa's ass and Jack's dick where they were joined. Santa jolted to his knees. A feral moan rent the air as Jack's cock slammed hard into Santa's ass. Wax burned the rim of Santa's passage, scorched a trail to his balls and dripped to the bed.

Jack blew out the candle and flung it to the floor. He grasped Santa's hips hard and screwed his cock deep into Santa. He filled him, dominated him, fucked him in a way he'd only fantasized.

Jack grunted, pulling slowly out of Santa. "Merry Christmas, Santa."

"Ho...ho...hold on tighter and fuck me."

Jack caressed Santa's hips, his back, touching and rubbing as his cock slowly sawed in and out of Santa's ass. A hot mess of slippery oil and melted wax morphed the burning pleasure-pain into an arousing fuck.

"I'm not going to last," Jack said to Santa as he increased his speed.

Santa didn't care. The exquisite friction of Jack's dick gliding into his ass had him on the brink of spewing cum onto the bed. His own cock stretched and throbbed, bouncing in rhythm to Jack's thrusts. Wet sounds of their bodies coming together echoed in the nearly dark room. Only a few candles burned, but with the sex candle extinguished, their corner was again cast in shadow.

Without warning, Jack landed a stinging open-palm blow to Santa's ass. Then another. Timing the spankings with the force of his thrusts, cramming Santa full of cock, he reddened his cheeks. Santa clawed at the leather bed, grunts and moans

flowing freely from his lips. The collar pulled tight to his neck as he arched and took every hard pound of Jack's cock.

"Come for me, Santa." Jack reached around Santa's hip, grasped his cock and squeezed.

"Jack!" Santa gasped for breath as his body convulsed. Jack milked Santa's cock with his fist as he drilled his cock into Santa's ass with short, hard stabs. Cum churned in Santa's balls and fire shot through his shaft. His mind dizzied. Jets of cream spurted from his cock head, splashed the bed and Jack's hand. Jack pumped him a few times, wringing every drop of fluid from his dick.

Santa collapsed to the bed. Jack followed him down, letting Santa take the weight of his body. Jack gripped the collar around Santa's neck hard with one hand and the other palm braced against the padded leather. Santa grasped the edge of the table with a white-knuckled grip.

"Fuck. Fuck." The collar jerked tight as Jack dug his knees into the bench, buried the length of his thick, hard cock in Santa's ass and filled him with holiday cheer.

Silence descended. The room was still and the moment poignant. Santa relaxed his muscles yet his pulse continued to race. He was sore and hot...and jolly. He smiled as he closed his eyes and relished in the heat of Jack draped over his back.

Jack smoothed a hand over Santa's shoulder and kissed his neck. His cock slipped from Santa's ass as he shifted to the side. Santa turned his head, stared into Jack's eyes and smiled.

"Good?"

Santa leaned over and kissed him. "I won't need to check the list. You've been very good." Santa chuckled.

"What?"

"I'm glad you didn't use the fucking machine on me." He was tender from Jack's ride. He couldn't imagine the pounding he'd have taken with the fucking machine.

KyAnn Waters

Jack combed his fingers through Santa's hair. The touch caused rioting emotion to flutter in Santa's belly. Tenderness, compassion and maybe something more.

"I shouldn't spoil her surprise," Jack said. "But you'll know when you receive Abby's Christmas list."

Santa lifted his head. "Abby wants to be fucked by the machine?" Not that it would surprise him. Mrs. Claus had always been adventurous.

Jack chuckled and sat up. "No, Santa, Abby wants to be here when you're fucked by the machine."

Santa laughed. Being on the naughty list, it turned out, was so very good.

T'was Christmas Eve night and no safe words were said.

Santa had all he needed...his wife, his lover and the BDSM bed.

About the Author

KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen and hot scenes on the pages of her books.

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