

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Anh Leod

CHRISTMAS

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GO-GO

Merry Kinkmas

## Christmas a Go-Go

Anh Leod

Lexie has a serious love for go-go boots and an heiress-sized fortune to build her collection. She has everything but a man who shares her fetish. When her new custom-made Christmas go-go boots capture the eye of Adrian, she wonders if she has finally found *the one*.

Adrian has always been turned on by a woman wearing sexy boots, and he's immediately smitten with the lovely Lexie. Sparks fly and he leads her away to the VIP dressing room for a sultry tryst.

They both want more, and Lexie plans to have it. She wants Adrian at home, in front of her boot wall—naked, touching her body, touching her boots—while they have the best sex of their lives.

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Christmas a Go-Go

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# *CHRISTMAS A GO-GO*

**Anh Leod**

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Bottega Veneta: Bottega Veneta International

Caribou Coffee: Caribou Coffee Company

Donna Karan: The Donna Karan Company LLC

Woodfield Shopping Mall: Taubman Centers

## **Chapter One**

The upscale department store was a vision of blond wood and seductive lighting, perfectly on trend. Even the other shoppers looked appropriately dressed. Lexie Loveland adored the hushed atmosphere of the place, even with the holiday music being piped through in typical tinny fashion. The Christmas tree at the doorway inside Woodfield Shopping Mall was tastefully avant-garde. This was her kind of store, as it certainly should be.

First she walked by Accessories, which was a shopping must for those holiday gifts. Mom received the new “it” bag every Christmas. The aunts were given scarves in appropriate winter colors. All three of them were thrilled that cotton scarves were “in” and fashionably hid their aging necks.

Lexie had finished her shopping two weeks early though—all but one gift. The gift for the not-quite boyfriend. What did you buy for a guy you’d been out with on two dates, had already scheduled for New Year’s Eve, but hadn’t slept with yet?

She knew the men’s shop was at the back of the main floor. If only she didn’t have to pass the shoe department on the way.

Her feet stopped on the marble floor that click-clacked so beautifully against her two-inch Cuban heels. No stilettos in slick December, thank you. Her cunt literally quivered at the sight of the newest Bottega Veneta boot line, which had been put on display in the two weeks since she’d been here. Back before she had scheduled that New Year’s Eve date.

Without conscious thought, her feet danced her to the display. Was it hot in here? She unbuttoned her coat and unwound her scarf, then stuffed the scarlet silk into her pocket. Her nipples came to attention at the sight of all that gorgeous leather. Their

boots were perfect for winter, though of course she could wear them in her bedroom any time of year.

“May I?”

Lexie frowned. She’d heard a rumbly, sexy male voice, but where was it coming from? Her feet? She looked down to see a head of thick black hair crowning a face of stunning Mediterranean beauty. He was “tall, dark and hunky” personified.

Of course, his charcoal gray suit and multicolored green tie were impeccable too. Her cunt grew moist, heavy and ready for action. This man was *prime*.

His hands hovered over her latest pride and joy – a limited edition white go-go boot with perky green tassels. He had large hands with long, thick fingers, which were lightly dusted with black hair. She could imagine those fingers caressing her clit with the same delicacy he offered her treasured boot.

Her mouth dried. Her cunt creamed. Hadn’t she dreamed something like this on the plane when she returned from her buying trip? OMG.

“Hi,” she ventured. “May you what?”

“Touch them,” he said reverently.

“Did I get dirt on my boots?” Lexie’s mind raced, horror-struck, as he pulled a soft cloth from an inner pocket. “The parking lot is such a mess at this time of year, especially with the snow melting from that storm two days ago. Oh, thank God you have a towel.”

You had to love the northwest suburbs of Chicago in winter. At least there was a huge three-hundred-store mall to walk in when she became stir-crazy.

Sexy Salesman flicked a fine white cloth over the rounded toe of her left boot then tucked his cloth away. “Now they’re perfect.” A finger stroked the top of her right boot, sending electricity straight to her clit.

Lexie bit back a moan. “Touch away, sir.”

He grinned at her, white teeth flashing in that classic profile. His hands spread over the boot, not quite touching again. Her knees trembled at the mere suggestion of both hands stroking her leather-clad feet. Feet that had been freshly pumiced and painted, upon her arrival home, to tender perfection.

“Where did you find them? I know they didn’t come from here.” He raised a black eyebrow, which would have been too thick on a woman, but was perfect for his chiseled face.

“I’m very loyal to this shoe department but I was in London,” she said. “I returned right before the storm hit.”

“Just in time for the holidays.”

“Exactly, though London was nice and Christmassy too. Minus the snow.”

“Of course,” he murmured, sliding an index finger over her leather-clad toes. “These boots had to be from London.”

She couldn’t help wriggling her toes in sheer delight.

“They are so rare, you couldn’t have found them anywhere else. I thought maybe they were copies but the workmanship is exquisite.”

“I love the boots here too,” Lexie said, feeling defensive. “Have you worked here long?”

“For a couple of years, as many hours as I can manage. I’m working on my doctorate at the University of Chicago most of the time, but employment in this department is almost my hobby.”

“Wow,” Lexie breathed. “I don’t think I could focus on the job if I worked here. I’d just stare at the boots all day.” Professionally, she focused on women’s wear, which saved her from a life of permanent arousal.

Though at this moment, she was a bit distracted. He was down on one knee and there was quite a bulge in his well-tailored charcoal trousers. The salespeople here had



the best clothes, courtesy of a strict dress policy and generous employee discount, but she was pretty sure they weren't supposed to be sporting erections on the sales floor.

"Speaking of focus, I'm going on break soon. Did you want to try on one of these boots?" He gestured at the new display.

Lexie looked longingly at the black linen calf boot. "Do you have time?"

The man stood. "Back in a flash. Ask for Adrian if you start missing me." Good as his word, he had barely smoothed down his jacket before he walked swiftly away.

She admired the easy, confident stride. The way his legs separated as he walked offered her new confirmation that he was packing quite a bit in his boxers or briefs. She bit her tongue. Once she slept with a guy, she was committed to serial monogamy until the relationship ended, but she hadn't slept with Mr. New Year's Eve yet. She had a window of time to change course. Was Adrian for real or was she just misreading his attention to her boots as erotic excitement versus good salesmanship? She'd never met anyone who shared her kinky love of go-go boots before and she so longed for a partner who understood.

The risk of embarrassing herself was worth taking. She had to know if Adrian was like her.

Careful to keep her wrap dress tucked over her knees, she sat on the suede couch nearest the boot display and checked her text messages. She had a couple from her office so she took care of those quickly then tucked her phone away.

When she spotted her salesman with the boots, her cunt clenched again. He was too good to be true. This had to be the real thing. She needed the real thing.

He went to one knee before her. Reverently, he took the boots out of their dust bags and held them up to her.

"Gorgeous," she agreed, lifting one of her boot-clad feet to the stand so he could remove the go-go boot. This was the moment of truth. She held her breath.

He moved in front of the stand and put his hands on her foot. She was staring at him when she heard his sharp intake of air.

“Ooops, did I forget to wear a thong today?” she said in a low voice. A middle-aged woman wearing Donna Karan was trying on a sensible black pump at the next sofa.

Adrian’s Adam’s apple bobbed above his silk tie as he swallowed. “Are you trying to kill me, woman?”

She smiled. That was the response she was hoping for when she flashed him.

He shook his head. “Pink and perfect.”

“Thank you.” She widened her knees slightly, giving him a look at the cream melting out of her cunt.

“I can see your clit,” he said conversationally. “It’s poking out of its hood.”

“Oh?” She couldn’t quite figure out what to do with her hands. She wanted to rake her fingers through that overlong, thick mane of hair and pull him toward her.

“I bet it’s desperate to be sucked.”

“Oh?” she said again, her brain stuck on repeat.

“A woman who wears a boot like this must be adventurous,” he mused, stroking the white leather.

Her toes tingled. “You think?”

“And a world traveler too,” he said. “Has anyone ever fucked you in these luscious white boots?”

She bent forward and flicked one of her green pom-poms. All thoughts of her New Year’s date evaporated. “Not yet. I’m waiting for you to ask.”

He pulled the lanyard containing his employee badge off his neck and tucked it in a pocket. “I’m on break now.”

They rose together. He was a good eight inches taller than she, but the boots made up a bit of the difference.

"I'm glad to hear it, Adrian." She smiled up at him. Thank God for employee background checks. At least she knew he didn't have a criminal history.

He swept the Bottega Veneta boots back into their dust bags and placed them in their box. "Have you ever been in the VIP dressing room?"

"No, I have not." She'd been travelling a lot lately.

"We just opened it before the holiday season began. Let's try on those boots there, miss."

Lexie watched him smile politely at his manager, a polished, gray-haired woman in a severe suit, as she followed him out of the department. She forgot all about the woman as Adrian led her down a hallway in the gift section then swiped a card through a security slot outside an unmarked door.

"It has its own entrance," he explained. "Normally only employees enter this way."

"Are you going to get in trouble?"

"With a customer dressed like you?" he scoffed. "Not a chance."

Lexie fingered the lapels of her coat. It was good to know her London shopping excursion was paying dividends, though of course she always dressed well. Besides, she had every right to be here. He just didn't know that.

Adrian couldn't believe his luck at finding a fellow boot fetishist in the shoe department. He'd met his last couple lovers by following the boot blogs online and both of them had lived more than an hour away.

His heart raced as the woman stepped into the dressing room ahead of him. He couldn't wait to play with the zipper that kept the fine leather molded to her shapely calf. From what he'd seen, the woman's entire body was exquisite. She was probably his age, mid-twenties, and was slim and willowy with admirable leg muscles, just perfect for showing off her chosen boots.

Under normal circumstances, this was the last place he'd be turned on. Usually the customers he served in the VIP dressing room were high-powered businesswomen and celebrities such as the local chefs who'd made it big, the wives of local politicians and the wives of, well, the descendents of Al Capone.

The room was decorated seasonally. A spruce graced the corner, lavished in silver balls and tiny white lights. Normally he was glad the strong Christmas odor helped block the overpowering scents the older ladies wore. Not today. He'd have to get close to this new customer to smell the enticing hint of leather. But, close was where he wanted to be.

He suspected his passion had come from childhood. Halloween was a big deal in his family and he had three slightly older girl cousins who raided closets to dress up for the holiday. They always seemed to find go-go boots from the sixties and seventies to go with their costumes, whether they were pretending to be superheroes, dancers or rock stars. Something about the boots drew him in. The smell of the aged leather? The way they hugged the leg? The snick of the zippers or sexy crossing of the laces? He didn't know but what a turn-on.

The woman in front of him opened her coat, her graceful arms turning it into a ballet when she saw she had his full attention. But his reaction then was nothing compared to the way his cock jerked when she sat down and crossed her legs.

*I'm a dead man.* "You're going to make me come in my pants if you keep moving like that."

She smiled. "Your seductress of the day is Lexie."

"Lexie," he repeated. "I hope you are my seductress for more than one day."

She raised an eyebrow.

He felt his palms sweat. "You don't have a one-day policy, do you?"

"I'm seeing someone else."

He fell to his knees, then to his stomach before her. "I'll make you forget all about him."

She put her boot-clad foot on his head for a moment then released him. His cock throbbed.

"Then maybe you'll get more than this one time. I bet you'd like to fuck me in front of my boot wall."

He closed his eyes in sheer delight. Yes, he had a small collection, including those family discards from way back, but was perpetually broke thanks to tuition. He couldn't afford good boots. This girl had money though, he could smell it on her. You couldn't be in sales and not pick out the wealthy.

"Man," he whispered. "You are walking sex. I'd love to see your boot wall."

"I like go-go boots," she confided. "I've got other types, like ballet boots, and they are good for variety, but I always come back to this style. Something about it gets me."

At a nod from her he slid forward until his nose was touching the toe of her left boot. He took a long sniff, entranced. "You keep these in excellent condition. Newer boots smell so different from the vintage ones."

"Which gets you most?"

"I'm a sucker for vintage from way back," he admitted. "But working in the store has expanded my horizons."

"I like new boots best," she mused. "My father used to bring home a new pair every fall for my mother—whatever was in fashion at the time. Their wedding anniversary was in September. The smell of fine new leather signified love to me, I guess."

"Makes sense." He cupped his fingers around both sides of the boot then swept them to the heel and back again. "These fit you perfectly."

The boots made him crazy but so did the woman who wore them. He'd never been one of those masturbatory fetishists. Fucking was what he enjoyed and he never had trouble finding a partner. But a perfect partner was something else.

“May I?” He lifted his hand to the knee that was crossed.

He heard her inhale. “Please do.”

Gently, he separated one leg from the other then kissed up the inside of one boot-covered leg to her knee, then down the other leg.

“Did you like that?” he asked.

“The leather is so fine that I can feel your lips on my skin,” she said.

“The scent of the spruce from the Christmas tree is really adding something to the leather,” he said.

“Erotic holiday memories?” she suggested.

He sniffed the top of one boot, than the other. She was so tasty he wanted to lick her all over. “Not really. I think I’m a holiday clean slate. I’m usually too busy working. Papers due, extra shifts at the store.”

“I’m usually travelling,” she said. “Business, family. I’m a holiday clean slate too.”

He smiled up at her. “Let’s make some memories.”

She held out her hand. “Deal.”

Instead of shaking, he put his cheek to her hand and rubbed it inside her palm. She giggled and pulled away.

“You’re a little chilly.”

“You’re going to have to warm me up.”

Her designer faux-fur coat slid down her shoulders as she pulled him close. He closed his eyes as his lips touched hers. Instant ecstasy as he felt her covered legs wrap around him.

She nibbled at his lips then opened her mouth and traced his with the moist tip of her tongue. Her breath was cinnamon-and-espresso scented, with a hint of orange. For a moment, he had a vision of them sipping gourmet mochas together at the little Italian café in a strip mall across the way.

He opened his eyes. Lexie was relaxed, focused on their kiss. It was so sexy to see a woman open to an experience. His fingers found the hair above her ears and pushed in, massaging her temples and dislodging the band that kept her luxurious black hair in check. Overgrown bangs fluffed into her eyes.

Laughing, she broke the kiss and blew, her lower lip extended. "I'm trying to grow them out."

"Here." He extricated the band and gave it to her so she could push it back into her hair. "I guess I'm better with boots."

"No." She shook her head. "You're messing me up. I love that. I've dated guys who thought I was too perfect to touch."

He knelt back and regarded her. Her lipstick looked untouched despite a fairly passionate kiss. The rest of her makeup was flawless, as was her skin and her figure. "You are practically perfect."

"Exactly. I need a guy who isn't afraid to get down and dirty with me."

"I like that. Maybe there are some hiking boots in your closet."

Her mouth quirked. "Maybe not that but I do have riding boots."

He felt his lips stretch. "I can't wait for you to ride me."

"Mmmm." She licked those perfect, holiday-red lips.

Her dress was covering her knees now that she'd folded her legs into some debutante-worthy, ankle-crossed position. That wouldn't do, though he couldn't help admiring the way the pom-poms on the boots dangled perfectly. He flicked them with his fingers, making them dance, then gently unclasped her ankles and pulled her legs back apart.

"I'm so wet," she murmured.

He smelled a vanilla-amber soap, something that might be masculine on a less feminine woman. The heat of her body was releasing the scent. He knew she was ready for him but he was never sure if the store cameras were turned on or not in here and

wasn't going to give some horny security guard a show. No, what he was going to do would be more discreet than that.



## **Chapter Two**

He'd keep her covered from any potential security cameras while he gave them both what they needed. First though, he needed to explore the boots one last time. He lay on the floor so he could have the full experience, though the friction of his cock against his clothes against the floor told him he was going to have trouble not coming. This was about anticipation though. She would get a reward but he would still enjoy the experience.

Hell, the memory alone was going to add some spice to old age.

The leather smelled different from the boots he was used to being around. Probably something about the way leather was cured or tanned. He played with the sole a bit, discovered it was flexible and that Lexie was ticklish just under her toes, even through the boot.

She giggled and moved her foot. With a smile, he stopped torturing her and slid up, flicking her pom-poms so they danced in the air.

"Merry Christmas," he murmured.

When he reached her knee, he found another drop-dead incredible aroma adding to that of the leather. The earthy scent of Lexie's arousal tickled his nose and turned his erection into solid stone.

"You're just as excited as I am. I love that."

She made a strangled noise in the back of her throat when he touched the backs of her knees with his fingertips.

"And so sensitive."

"Sensitized," she gasped. "You're making me crazy."

“That’s good, my little boot slut.” He glanced up and saw her head was tilting back, exposing the delicate lines of her throat. Her hair spread across her shoulders, tangled in the cleavage of her dress. For the first time, he noticed she wore a fine gold chain and he couldn’t help flicking it out with a finger. At the bottom of the chain dangled three charms. One was a cowboy boot, one was a stiletto, and one was a go-go boot.

“You got it. I’m a total boot slut.” Lexie pushed his hand to her breast. He found a turgid nipple waiting under his palm, though she was wearing a bra.

A bra and no panties. She was perfect. Gently, he squeezed the bud then did the same with her other nipple before dancing his hands back to her knees. He played with her there again until she made that noise in the back of her throat.

He loved it when women were so excited they got beyond words. Giving pleasure was such a high. “You like stilettos and cowboy boots too?”

“Not like this.”

He touched his tongue to the tender inner side of her knee. Her skin was baby-fine and lightly scented with that hint of amber that was too light to be perfume. Maybe lotion or bath oil. Either way, he liked it on her. He stroked her with his tongue, too enticed by her arousal to move slowly. He wanted to follow his nose to the source.

She spread her legs further apart to give him access but halfway up he restored his control and switched to the other leg, using his tongue to stroke back to her other knee.

“Tease!” she gasped.

“You aren’t ready yet.”

“Liar!”

He chuckled. “You’re using words again.”

“Mmmm?” The sound ended on a question.

“I’ll know when you’re ready.” He played with the backs of her knees again then caressed the tops of the boots. She was gorgeous, but so were they.

Lexie had never actually orgasmed from the attention a man paid to her legs, whether in boots or out, but then she'd never admitted to her sexual thing for boots to anyone before. Obviously it was impossible to deny she was obsessed with her boots, given their place of honor in her bedroom, but this was something else entirely. Something with a partner instead of solo. Something wonderful.

These boots were pretty tight around her calves since they were too new for the leather to relax yet and the relief she felt when Adrian found the zipper and began to pull it down one tooth at a time was indescribable. Especially since his tongue found every little opening the zipper offered. As soon as he found the room, he began to nip at her skin too, sending tiny sparks of not-quite-pain through her system. Her cunt gushed again and she stiffened. She'd never been so wet in her life.

"No," he said.

"Oh." She leaned her head against the wall and allowed her legs to relax. He'd caught her trying to squeeze her legs together to directly stimulate her clit. She was used to doing this alone when there were boots involved. "I don't know how much more of this I can take."

He ignored her and finished unzipping her right boot. Now open to the ankle, it offered this stranger direct access to her ankle, an erogenous zone on her body for certain. It wasn't safe to be this vulnerable but it was such a turn-on.

She bit back a cry when he nipped the thin skin there, then writhed on her seat when he did it again. Thankfully, with her legs spread, she had a hint of friction against her cunt. She was going to have quite the wet spot on her skirt.

Adrian zipped the boot back up and offered the same attention to her other booted leg until she was quivering with need. Beyond desire, beyond frustration, she wanted to push him to the floor and mount him. Her nipples felt distended to three times their normal size, her breasts heavy within their scraps of lace. The scent of spruce wrapped her nose in an intoxicatingly heavy holiday scent. Someone was going to have to wheel her out on a stretcher but hopefully not until this was over.

His hands found the backs of her knees again and, thankfully, his tongue found the lowest point of her inner thigh. She supposed she could have understood if a man with his fascination for boots gave most of his attention to her lower legs, but Adrian was too expert for that. His fingers found every tender spot on her runner's legs and massaged as his tongue, lips and teeth worked their way even higher.

Now she could spread her legs, cup his neck and ears in her hands, gently encourage him toward the area she'd wanted him to touch ever since he'd brought her into this room. The sound system piped in *A Holly Jolly Christmas* as his tongue first probed her swollen cunt lips but she was thinking *Hallelujah*.

He sucked every swollen, juicy lip until he came to the magic spot. She felt his hands still caressing her boots when he nudged her clit with his nose.

"Don't stop," she gasped, feeling the zing through her body.

When he did it again, she saw stars projected on her closed eyelids. She found the armrests on the chair and dug in her nails. He nudged again and she lifted one leg onto the armrest to give him better access then grabbed his hair again.

She already knew the man was a master with his mouth but the music he made on her clit was something otherworldly. Her body writhed and she distantly hoped the room was soundproof as she moaned and begged and gasped. The mountain of pleasure seemed too high to climb. She'd never felt such anticipation, such satisfaction. Adrian knew exactly what she needed. Her little kink was finally coming out to play.

"Oh jeez." Her chest heaved.

"Let go," he said.

Miraculously, she did. She lifted her foot to his shoulder, tucking her boot against his ear and soared. Even through the thought-destroying triumph, she hoped this was the first of many such moments with Adrian.

When she started to come down, she heard a popping noise.

### **Chapter Three**

Her body was still throwing sparks and her mind was fuzzy but she'd definitely heard a pop. She glanced at the Christmas tree but nothing had changed there. The mini-lights still glowed and no ornaments were on the floor.

Adrian knelt before her, his head buried against her pubis. She could hear him panting and one of his arms was hidden. Had he come when she had? His other arm was wrapped completely around the booted leg she'd flung over his shoulder in that last heated moment.

Gently, she extricated herself. Something was wrong, but what was it?

Then Adrian opened his hand. His look of horror matched hers. In that ultimate moment he'd pulled her green pom-poms right off her boot.

Adrian stared at his traitorous, boot-destroying hand in horror. He squeezed his eyes shut then opened them again. No, he still held the pom-poms.

He'd found the perfect woman and now she was never going to speak to him again.

Slowly, he released Lexie's leg and moved back. Her foot hit the floor.

"I am so, so sorry," he said. "I'll get them fixed. I know the best guy in Chicagoland."

She cleared her throat then said slowly, "I expect you would, working here."

He stared at her beautiful, sexy, ruined boot. "I know it won't be the same. Could I special order another pair? From London?"

"Not if you have tuition to pay." She dabbed at the corners of her eyes.

"Were they a once-in-a-lifetime purchase?"

He watched her closely as her eyes widened, remembering she liked new boots. While vintage could often be more expensive, he bet this woman wasn't buying the kind of boots targeted toward drag queens and costume wearers.

"No," she said. "I can't say I was planning to dash off and buy five pairs, but I could afford to buy them."

"That's good." He felt as if he was taking his first breath since his orgasm. "Not that it matters really. I'll find a way to make it up to you."

"Where are you spending Christmas?" she asked abruptly. "Local? Can you get the boots fixed and back to me by then?"

"My parents live in Elgin."

"My mother and her third husband live in Barrington Hills." Her tone was cool.

That was one way of advertising her financial status. His family was working class and hers obviously wasn't. But what did he expect? He was a shoe salesman going down on a customer in the VIP dressing room. Going down on a customer who looked as if she belonged in the VIP dressing room.

"Here." He grabbed the box containing the Bottega Veneta boots.

"What?"

"Trust me." She didn't resist as he removed her boots then replaced them with the new ones. Her feet were so dainty, with long, narrow toes painted holiday red like her fingernails. He wanted to fuck with her for hours, days. "I know they aren't go-go boots but they'll do for now. Give me your address and I'll get yours to you as soon as they're fixed."

"How do I know you won't play with them?" Her eyes fixed longingly on her one-of-a-kind darlings.

"Honey, it would hurt too much."

"Why?"

He swallowed. "Because you wouldn't be in them."

“What does it matter? We just met.”

“But it was going to be good.” He balled his fists, suddenly red hot with anger at himself. She was perfect, almost too perfect for him.

When he looked up, she was holding out a credit card. One of the unlimited kind, he suspected. “What?”

“For the boots.”

He waved it away. “I have my employee discount. Merry Christmas.”

She shook her head. “An orgasm and a pair of new boots. This was quite a shopping trip.”

He smiled at her bemused tone. “The holidays get crazy.”

“Yeah. But you’ve got me wrong, you know.” She did a little tap dance with the new boots. “These are exactly what I like to wear. It’s the others I love to play with.”

He stood. “We did some playing.”

“Yes, we certainly did.” Lexie stood too and fastened her coat. “Thank you.”

“Any time.” He gave her the boot bags and tucked her mangled boots into the box. His boss would require an explanation but she’d expect him to make it right with the customer regardless so she wouldn’t complain that he was buying the new boots with his discount.

Lexie opened her purse and dug into it for a moment then handed him a restaurant business card. She bent over his hand and he inhaled the rich, wintry scent of her thick hair as she scribbled her number on the card.

“Thanks.” He tucked the card into his pocket.

“What’s your last name? So I can contact you at the store?”

“It’s Maragos. But here’s my cell.” He took a pen and small notebook from his pocket and wrote it down. “Call me any time.”

She nodded. "Thanks again for the orgasm. I'll let you get cleaned up." With a little smile and wave, she was out the door before he could even check for a visible stain on his pants.

He sank onto the chair, still warm from her body heat, and put his head in his hands. Today had started out so normally. He opened the boot box and peeked in. They were still the most beautiful boots he'd ever seen. He'd just come from the excitement but his balls were tingling again. Too bad he was on the clock. He knew he had to take the boots straight to his repair guy after work, but he'd rather bring them home with him for the night and relive his time with Lexie.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, Lexie rattled off her address into the cell phone. "Yes, that's Schaumburg, not Barrington Hills. I find it easier to live close to work, not to mention that it's wise to put distance between my parents and me. Anyway, hope you can make it."

She shut her phone and cleared her throat then leaned her head against her headrest. Why, on the way back from a Caribou Coffee run, had she found this sudden urge to invite Adrian Maragos to her party? Probably because she hadn't heard from him yet.

Despite the destruction of her new boots, she'd found it hard to stop reliving that incredible orgasm. She had to admit that she was shallow enough to be especially amused that she'd had a sexual encounter at Woodfield Mall. The experience was major gossip but she hadn't shared it with her friends. Her Chicago girls loved spice but she wasn't dishing it out.

That could only mean one thing. She wasn't done with Adrian yet. She rubbed tired eyes with her glove-covered hands.

Music spilled into the air. She grabbed her cell phone. "Adrian?"

"Hi, Lexie. I just got your message."



She instinctively pressed her thighs together when she heard his voice. The grind had her clit roaring to life. "I thought you'd be working."

"I am – grading papers. Selling shoes isn't my main job."

She pressed her thighs together again. "That's right. Are you going to keep your hobby when you finish your Ph.D.?"

"Not if I can find someone to share my obsessions with. I'd rather play with boots in private. I've already got a job offer. I just have to defend my dissertation then I'm done."

"You're doing that before the holidays?" It was already the twentieth.

"No, sometime around Valentine's Day. Listen, I think I can pick up your boots before the party. My technician said to give him a week and it's been about that."

"Come for the party," she said, her voice a little throaty with arousal. Listening to him and stimulating herself had her close to exploding.

"You sure? I thought you might want them before, so you could wear them."

"I'm sure. Maybe you can stay late. Test out the repair job." Her nipples tingled as she made her invitation. Jeez, she needed to focus. The coffee was getting cold and she had a meeting to get to.

"I like the sound of that invitation. You aren't angry with me?"

"No, I got what I wanted." Despite the cold, she blushed at her own words. "I mean, we had fun with them."

"You looked horrified at the time."

"Can you blame me?" she panted.

The static on the line reminded her that she had to hang up. Not until she came though. She wriggled on the seat.

"No, not at all."

"Great then. You have my address. See you tomorrow night?" It was hard to talk now. She gave in and put her fingers into her panties, rubbed against her slick skin.

"I'll do my best," he promised.

"Say something sexy." She slid her fingers around her clit.

His voice lowered. "I wish I was fucking you right now."

"Really?"

"Yeah. First in our favorite boots. The scent of the leather and your wet cunt is insane. Then I'd lace you into those ballet boots you mentioned, make you spread your legs and bend over while I thrust into you. You'd be the perfect height balanced on your toes. Damn, Lexie, I'm getting hard."

*And I'm getting off.* "How hard?"

"So hard, and I'd thrust so fast that you might not be able to keep your balance."

"What does your hard cock look like?"

"Like a tree trunk with a purple mushroom on top."

She chuckled and the movement brushed her hard nipples against her blouse. "Wow." Her eyes unfocused as a pearl of heat expanded inside her.

"You okay?"

Lexie felt herself losing her balance now, falling into the wildfire of her orgasm. She let out a long breath, feeling loose and happy.

"I recognize that moan. Lexie, did you just come?"

"Mmmm. You have a very sexy voice." She opened her glove box and found moist towelettes for her fingers.

"Better get back to the books." His voice was strangled as he hung up and she wondered if he'd study or jack off next. She disconnected then smiled as she stuffed her phone in her pocket and steeled herself for the cold before she opened her door and grabbed the carryout tray. The frosty air cleared her mind as she walked toward the door. He'd do his best to come to her party, huh. What could he possibly have better to do than show up for a can't-miss orgasm at her apartment?

\* \* \* \* \*

Adrian fumbled with the shopping bag. His fingers were encased in thick gloves, courtesy of the season. Now that he was inside the upscale, multi-story, brick apartment building he could take them off but his skin hadn't warmed yet. He knew Lexie would be thrilled to have her beautiful boots back but would she appreciate his gift? It might be perfect, or too cheesy for words.

The woman opening the door was unfamiliar to him, but she said, "Hi Adrian!"

He blinked. "Hi, do I know you?"

"I'm Becks. I work in Couture? I've seen you around but your shopping bag gave away your identity anyhow. Lexie said she'd invited you but I didn't know you knew each other?" Becks pointed to his bag.

Her runaway words made him smile. They didn't mesh with her elegant, evening suit and glossy, brunette-chignon appearance.

"We met a couple of weeks ago at the store," he said.

"Sure. She can't stop shopping, you know? Even though she works in the office complex instead of the store? My dream is to be a buyer like her someday but I don't know if non-family can get a job that plum?"

Every sentence was ending with a question mark but Beck's words gave Adrian a question of his own. Lexie worked for his company? She was part of the Loveland family? He'd gone down on a Loveland in the store dressing room? If he were a woman, he'd be fainting about now. As it was, he thought he'd gone a bit pale. Thank God he almost had his degree and a job offer at Loyola, in case this went sour.

"Huh," he said, unable to get anything more out of his mouth.

"Come in. Oh my God, you look cold? Is it that bad outside? I've been in here cooking for, like, hours."

"I had to drive out to Skokie to pick something up."

“Ugh.” Becks made a face. “Fun drive. Is it snowing? I’m so glad I live in this building because I don’t have to think about the weather.”

The door opened further and Lexie’s head poked out. “Adrian! Is Becks keeping you stuck out here in the hall? Come in.”

Adrian almost laughed when Lexie asked a question too but he kept his laugh to himself and stepped in. “Merry Christmas.”

“Can you believe it’s so close? The store is going to be so crazy. Are we going to survive the last four days?” Becks said.

Lexie rolled her eyes. She wore a forest green dress that displayed gorgeous cleavage. His cock twitched at the sight. A Christmas tree pendant nestled against her skin, right where he wanted to lick. “That’s retail, mama. Can you ask Guilia if she wants to cut the cheesecake now? It’s getting late for heavy carbs and I promised not to keep her out late. She’s opening.”

Becks patted her stomach. “We’ll all work them off on the floor tomorrow. No problem. See you later?”

She waved at Adrian and trotted off.

Adrian took in the tastefully decorated living room, the tasteful, well-dressed friends. This didn’t appear to be the home of a woman who had a secret kink. He was afraid she wasn’t going to appreciate the present he’d bought for her.

“May I take your coat?” Lexie asked, the perfect cool, polite hostess. Her voice held none of the sexual hunger that had been evident during their phone call.

Melting snow dripped from the shoulders of his coat as he pulled it off, then his gloves, and handed them to her. He kept his bag.

“Come with me,” she said. “I’ll get you a towel for your hair.”

“Thanks.” He’d refuse out of politeness but she might not want him dripping on her floor. Besides, it was a chance to be alone with her. It had been two weeks since he’d

seen her, and though the wild ride of holiday shopping hours at the store had kept him incredibly busy, his every spare thought had been about her.

“Did you find the place okay?” she asked as he followed her down a hallway.

“Yes. I was late because of the traffic I hit coming back from the boot specialist. The pom-poms look like they were never severed and he was also able to polish away some scuffing. They look new.” Just speaking about the boots made him harder. He’d already been at half-mast watching her hips sway in front of him.

She was shod in a flat-soled, black, lace-up boot with fake fur inners, perfect for a cozy evening. The cashmere of her dress hugged every curve but the boots made the outfit.

After she opened a door, she ushered him in with a wave. First, he noted twinkling lights at one enormous window. Then he turned and saw it. His heart skipped a beat and he pressed his free hand to his chest.

The room was dark other than task lighting over a gorgeous wood shelving unit reminiscent of Loveland’s Department Store’s displays. In each individual compartment was a boot. A go-go boot.

His knees felt weak in the fall-to-the-floor-and-bury-yourself-in-a-willing-woman kind of way. He even thought his nipples were standing erect. Certainly the hair on his arms was electrified. Goose bumps? Maybe.

He took a step closer. They were all her size. Custom made. Some with heels, some not. Some black, some white. Some leather, some vinyl. He wanted to rub himself against them, put them on the floor and roll in them. Play dress up with Lexie. Oh yeah, he wanted to see them on her.

“Towels?” he asked, trying to hold himself together.

“Right.” She went through an open doorway. Adrian watched her hips twitch by then returned his attention to the boots.

Slowly, he counted. Thirty pairs, from low to high end. A month of sensual exploration, every night in a different boot.

“I’ve found the perfect woman,” he muttered.

There was one spot empty at the top left. It must be the place of honor. Storage drawers underneath would hold the boxes and second boot. Numbly, he noted more drawers than displays. What was in the open must be the heart of the collection. She had even more boots!

He took her restored boot out of its box and reverently placed the boot in the open cubby. Then he smelled a whiff of perfume. Lexie was at his right, taking the box with the other boot from his hand. She handed him a towel and opened a drawer then placed the box inside. The drawer was silent as it closed on high-end runners. Very couture.

“I’m in awe,” he told her. “This is a fucking wet dream.”

She ran her finger down the shelves then moved to the door of her room and shut it. Adrian felt like he was under a spotlight because of the way the light from the bathroom shone on him. Quickly, he toweled his hair while she leaned against her door.

“You aren’t so bad yourself,” she purred.

“I like your boots.” He peered in the bathroom and tossed the towel in a laundry basket underneath a long counter with double sinks.

When he returned to the doorway, he found her directly in front of him.

“You know what my fantasy is?” she asked.

“What?”

She pointed to the boot wall. “I want you to take me right there.”

“How?” His throat was too dry to get out more than the one word.

“From behind. I want to brace myself on the display. Feel my face pushed into a boot.”

She was offering him control. He felt his underwear dampen as a bead of pre-cum moistened the fabric. This was going to happen. It was happening now. He pulled a

condom from his pocket and tossed it on the display at shoulder height, right next to a sleek black vinyl boot. Then he took Lexie's shoulder and whipped her around.

"Spread," he rasped in her ear.

"My arms or legs?" she asked.

"Don't push me. I'm half mad with lust already."

Slowly, her legs spread a shoulder-width apart and her hands found dividers to grasp. He bumped his crotch up against her back and heard her gasp.

"Yeah, Lexie. I'm hard, long and thick. Think you can take me?"

"Oh god," she whimpered. "I'm so wet."

"You're gonna need to be," he said into her ear. She smelled so good. Of course she would. If she was really a Loveland, she'd be able to afford perfumes so rare they only made ten bottles a year. Better not to think about that and just enjoy the moment.

She reached for the condom, handed it back to him. "Please."

He stroked down her leg and pulled up the hem of her expensive dress. "Why are you wearing a thong?"

"I didn't know if you were coming," she said on a sigh.

"Oh, I'm coming all right, and so are you. Never doubt that."

He kept one hand on her, running his fingers up and down the thin strap of lingerie that separated her rounded ass cheeks while he undid his belt and unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. When he had the condom on, he grabbed one side of the thong and ripped it from her body.

"Oh yes," she breathed. "Fuck me, damn it."

"You're gonna scream so loud your guests will come running."

"Yeah, they'll all see you fucking me. Right here, right in front of them."

"They'll be jealous when they see what's ramming you," Adrian boasted. "Supersize."

"Yes." He heard her fingernails scratch the fine wood. "Hurry."

He slicked his fingers into her sopping folds, found her clit and rubbed it. Her knees began to buckle and he pulled her back against him. "Damn, you're wet."

"Can you smell the leather?" she whispered. "Isn't it great?"

"I smell your cunt," he said. "Wet, empty cunt."

He held her folds apart and rammed himself into her. He almost came right then and there but then he saw those sexy green pompoms out of the corner of his eye and knew he needed to give this woman the ride of her life if he ever wanted to return to this paradise.

The tendons of her hands stood out in sharp relief as she braced herself. He didn't hold back but kept her in check with his arms while he slammed into her again and again, flexing his knees and pumping his hips. She was up on tiptoe, ass tilted back to give him full access to her cunt.

"You're taking me in." He reached for her hair and pulled out the barrette that held her ponytail together.

"Every last thick inch," she agreed. "My boot fanatic."

"My princess," he said. "My boot-loving slut."

"Yes." She arched her head back and he blew her hair out of the way so he could nibble on her neck while his hips continued to thrust. His cock filled her perfectly, her slick heat lubing his every move with juicy, scented perfection. The leather and wet cunt combined into a perfume more perfect and rare than anything in a bottle.

He found her clit again and pressed it with his thumb. She moaned then screamed shrilly when he tugged at it. Then he pulled her back so her face was directly on top of a white vinyl boot so shiny it must never have been worn outside that room.

"They're gonna come looking for you if you scream like that again. All your friends will see me fucking you, princess."

"I locked the door."

"Slut," he said. "You knew you wanted me to fuck you."



He gave her everything he had. His cock was like a battering ram and he knew she was loving it as much as he was.

“Yes, since the second I saw you checking out my boots,” she said. “Oh God, I’m coming!” She went rigid, then shuddered.

The way her pussy clenched on his cock had him wanting to come too but he just focused on those pompoms and kept going, pushing in, pulling out, her juices dripping around him. She was tight but the slide was fine with all that cream she was offering him.

“Adrian, that was insane. More, I need more.” She swayed and he knew she was only staying upright because of his arms around her waist.

“You stay put, Lexie,” he ordered. “You keep your face in those pretty boots while I give it to you.”

“Okay,” she breathed. “Give it to me. Fuck my brains out.”

He saw her arms go taut again.

“I’m gonna keep fucking you until you come again, so help me,” he promised. “You’re gonna scream so loud one of your friends will be looking for an ax to break that door down.”

“They’ll find a huge cock up me,” she said, releasing another gush of cream that had him nearly losing it right then. “They’ll find me being fucked like I’ve never been fucked in my life. They’ll wish they were me.”

“I bet they already wish it,” he growled, then slammed into her so deep that she gasped. “Like that?”

“I’m taking it. God, I’m close again.”

He tried to find the pompoms but his vision was unfocused. His balls were on fire with the need to come in her. Thank God for the condom or he’d have already lost it.

“Oh...oh,” Lexie moaned. “Yes, damn, oh yes.”

She went rigid again and this time he couldn't help himself. The explosion in his body had him slamming his cock in deep, pressing her entire body up against the shelves while they spasmed. The unit shuddered and boots began to tumble to the floor.

Adrian went to his knees, pulling her down with him until they were doggy style on the floor. He kept pumping until his heart rate slowed and he was sure all the cum had left him.

Lexie found an armful of boots and pulled them toward her then rested her head on them. Adrian pulled out and discarded the condom then sat down on the floor next to her. She had a goofy smile on her beautiful face. It was shiny with sweat.

"I've never been fucked like that in my life," she murmured. "With all my boots around me, by someone who gets as turned on by them as I do."

"We have that in common," he agreed, kissing her on the forehead then stretching out his legs and leaning his head back on a shelf. He felt sleek vinyl under his hair and visualized an especially sexy and unusual neon-blue go-go boot behind him.

"I think we have a lot in common. You are the sexiest man I ever met and I haven't even seen you completely naked yet."

"Thanks. I think you're the best too." He found his pants and found the slim box in his pocket. The bow was a little smashed but he handed it to her. "Merry Christmas."

She pushed her hair out of her eyes and took the box from him. "You brought me a present?"

"I hope you like it." He found her barrette on the floor and twirled it in his fingers.

She smiled delightedly and toyed with the ribbon. "I adore presents."

"Then I did the right thing."

"You haven't made a wrong move yet," she said.

"I tore the pompoms off your boot," he protested.

"In the heat of passion," she said. "My boots may be on display here but I like them used. I want you to fuck me in each and every pair."

"I'm not your kind," he said. "You're a Loveland. I'm just a student from Elgin."

She undid the ribbon on the small package and tied it in a bow around his neck. "I want you for Christmas, Adrian. I like you exactly the way you are."

He felt a wave of well-being infuse his body. "I had no idea who you were."

"That's good because it didn't matter anyway. May I open my present now?"

"Please."

She took the top off the white box and cooed. "It's perfect!" Her manicured fingers held up a perfect miniature, white go-go boot with a loop for hanging on a tree.

"I saw it on a fetish blog," he said, "and ordered it for you immediately. You are so perfect for me."

She grinned. "Same place, same time on New Year's?"

"As long as you promise not to lock the door this time. I'm curious to see what would happen."

She laughed. "This was just a wine and cheese gathering. My friends left before you even pulled out that condom. But who knows on New Year's Eve?"

He gathered her into his arms, along with a handful of boots. "You'll have to tell me the story of each one."

"Mmmm. That's going to take all night..."

## About the Author

Anh Leod is a goddess-in-disguise who hopes readers will enjoy her romantic, erotic stories as much as she enjoys creating them. Her favorite things are love and chocolate. She writes about love because, after all, it's awfully hard to write about chocolate all the time.

She also writes as Heather Hiestand for Cerridwen Press.

Anh welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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