



**YULETIDE
GREETINGS**

TABOO WISHES

BRYNN PAULIN

Yuletide Greetings

A Taboo Wishes Story

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

To my readers—may all your Christmas Wishes come true.

Happy Holidays ~~Brynn

Chapter One

Zach Colvin didn't believe in Santa. He hadn't since he was five and had caught his dad putting gifts under the tree. His dad was an abysmal liar, and Zach had been an astute and precocious kid. He'd reminded "Santa" that he'd cleaned his room every Saturday for the last three months; he'd really like him to come through with that promised bike.

He'd gotten an IOU.

He was sure, somewhere down south on vacation, his dad was laughing his ass off. This year, Zach had gotten roped into playing Santa at the local store while he was on break between school semesters. *Merry freaking Christmas, Zach.*

The irony wasn't lost on him. He had no Christmas spirit, and even if he did, he'd likely been smack dab in the middle of the naughty list for years. He suspected Santa didn't go in for kink—not the naughty kink Zach enjoyed. Not that he'd had the chance lately. If he could ask for one thing for Christmas, it would be a submissive of his very own. Someone who'd be around for the long term. Someone with whom he could build a relationship.

Not likely. Ho ho ho.

Feeling growly, Zach sat in his living room recliner and stared into the empty fireplace. The discretion required of a high school principal didn't leave much room for exploring what he wanted. He didn't need a thousand students clued into his private life. That would be a disciplinary nightmare, not to mention a credibility killer. On more than one occasion, the school board had made it clear that they expected staff to be squeaky clean. What would they think of him moonlighting as the mall's Santa this year?

He scowled at the idea. He shouldn't have answered the phone last week. His friend Dave, the mall's manager, had caught him off-guard. He knew Zach was on vacation for the

school break, so when the regular “Santa” had gotten appendicitis, Dave had known just who to call—Zach, the sucker for a friend in need. Dang it.

Punching the arm of his chair, Zach bounded to his feet and paced restlessly across living room. He should go change before he sank into a bigger funk. Wouldn’t his dad and brothers just bust their guts if they saw Zach in this red velveteen?

And that was the other thing. Dave had assured Zach the suit would fit.

It didn’t.

Yes, Santa was supposed to be jolly and round, but Zach wasn’t. The wide black belt that had been included with the outfit cinched the pants as tight as it could go. It was probably supposed to be over the coat, but it fit the belt loops, and he needed something to hold up the pants. The coat was enormous. He’d looked for strap-on filling, but none had been included with the suit Dave had delivered. At the moment, the garment hung open, displaying Zach’s pecs and washboard abs.

Dashing, he thought as he caught a glimpse of his ridiculous image in the mirror. But wasn’t Dashing one of those reindeer? He didn’t know—he knew appallingly little about Santa and his crew—but it sounded right. And he looked absurd, not dashing. Thank goodness, he wore a white wig and beard for this gig so none of his co-workers would recognize him—more importantly, so none of the students would know him. Wouldn’t that diminish his credibility down to zero?

His phone rang startling him from his funk. His brother Rob. Zach answered, but Rob was laughing so hard Zach wasn’t sure he heard the greeting.

“Hey,” Rob finally managed. “I just heard—”

Another burst of laughter choked the rest of his words.

“Yeah. Ha ha ha,” Zach replied.

“You. Santa. Priceless.”

“Did you want something? I mean, besides laughing at me?”

Rob settled down to a chuckle. “Are you scaring kids at the mall? The anti-Claus. Kidnapping the unsuspecting.”

“You’d know all about that,” Zach replied, since his brother had kidnapped his future bride a few months ago all in the name of love.

“Okay, Mr. Snide. I won’t tell you why I’m calling.”

Zach sighed. “You’re not calling just to laugh at me?”

“Nope. I wanted to let you know, I’m sending over a little something to ease your pain. Merry Christmas, Zach.”

In true Rob fashion, he hung up before Zach could reply.

Shaking his head, he headed for his stairs. He had another stint as “mall Santa” in the morning. He grinned. One of the elves had quit. Though tomorrow was the last day of this horror, maybe, there would be a naughty elf helper there who’d be up for some after-hours action. He smiled envisioning the scenario.

His black-booted foot had just hit the first step when the doorbell rang.

* * * *

Kate Morgan fiddled nervously with the edges of her coat as she waited for her mystery guy to open the door. She’d met him on one of those sex-hookup sites and had been emailing him for two weeks. Today, they’d finally meet for the first time.

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip. She’d been open about her curvy figure. She wasn’t rail thin which gave her a slightly convex stomach and bigger hips and thighs than the ideal, model types. But Bill, the guy with whom she’d been exchanging emails, knew that. They’d exchanged pictures. It had all been relatively tame, considering what they both wanted was a steamy hot hook-up. Neither wanted strings; both wanted a night or three of fucking then going their separate ways.

That in itself was an odd departure for her, but then her life as a writer left her somewhat cut off from the rest of the world, writing being the solitary activity it was. And the authors of young adult books weren’t exactly the types for nearly anonymous trysts.

Still, it seemed the thing to do to distract her from the solitude of the holiday season and the lingering sting of her ex-boyfriend’s jilting last Christmas. After two years, she’d expected a ring on her finger not the ring of the phone to tell her there was another woman. Oh she was over him, but it still left her alone and *lonely*. Her only relatives, extended family at that, lived on the other side of the country.

So there was Bill and their kinky assignation. He’d given her the address, told her he’d be home alone and to wear something sexy. And she was. This encounter was all about sex, and she’d dressed appropriately.

Standing on one stiletto with the other foot curled behind it, she let her long wool coat droop open, displaying the red, silk bra and panties beneath. Black thigh-high stockings caressed

her legs and were held up by lacy black ribbons attached to a red silk garter belt. Despite her usual body issues, she knew she looked good. Maybe even close to a wet dream. Almost.

A red-tipped finger lingered over the doorbell and she gave her head a little shake to be sure her auburn hair fluffed around her shoulders. Hopefully, Bill would hurry and open the door. The late-December weather was a little nippy on all her bare skin.

Her tummy gave a flutter as she heard heavy footsteps inside the house. In moments, she'd meet the stranger who'd hopefully give her enough memories to last the season.

They both froze as the door swung open. Her first thought as she stared into the blue eyes of the black-haired man was that this wasn't Bill. Her second thought was, "Santa?"

Santa had never looked so good. His jacket hung open displaying a perfect washboard stomach with a cute little navel that made her want to lick. His red velveteen pants were too big and hung low on his hips, displaying what she'd always referred to as "the curve" on both sides and his were drool-worthy. A thin trail of hair led from his belly button to his waistband and pulled the breath from her chest—oh and *his* chest. Breathtaking.

With a swallow, she took in his smooth-shaven, angular jaw and cheekbones. His lips curved as he broke the trance, and she recognized him—Zach Colvin, the principal at the local high school. They'd met more than once at various charity events over the years, and Kate had often had steamy dreams about him. She didn't think he knew her name, but she saw a light of recognition in his eyes.

"You look like you're on the naughty list," he said. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her into the house. The door closed behind her, and he looked down at her with that same devilish grin. He pushed the coat from her shoulders, and she made a split-second decision. This wasn't the guy she'd originally intended to meet, but he made her hotter than any picture ever had. Besides, she'd wanted him and been too afraid to make a move in the past. He'd seemed larger than life and so dominating. He still did. She could see why kids respected his authority. She would.

His callused fingers brushed her shoulders to her elbows as she looked up at him, mesmerized. Her body had gone from chilled to inferno in seconds under his gaze. Her cream flowed into her folds, begging her to let him take her for a ride.

"Have you been bad?" he asked.

She nodded slowly. "Very bad."

"Do you know what happens to bad girls?" he inquired, his voice a low, sensuous rumble.

She shook her head.

"It's naughty to lie," he replied.

She bit her lip, afraid to answer. She knew what she wanted, but she didn't know how to ask this man. What would he think of her if she told him what she really wanted?

He plucked her lip free with his thumb and ran the pad over the abused skin. "Bad girls get punished."

"How?" she whispered. Wow! She'd never expected *this* from him. Her breath shuddered as a tremble ran down her spine, and her body heated at the sexual undertones of their banter. She'd fantasized about situations like this, but she'd never dreamed it could happen.

His hands settled on her ribs, just below her breasts. Slowly, they slid down, his thumbs grazing her belly, then around to her ass. He cupped the globes and squeezed, the action bringing her closer to his body and the erection that strained against his red pants. She moaned. There was something particularly wicked about Santa with a hard-on.

"There are several ways," he replied.

Circling her wrist with his large hand, he pulled her into the living room and toward a pair of armchairs that faced a cheery fire. He stood her before one chair then took a seat.

"Hands behind your back, wrists crossed," he said in a quiet yet firm voice.

Immediately, she complied. All the while, she wondered what she'd landed herself into but rode the wave of excitement that kept her planted in that spot.

"Feet apart," he instructed. "Further."

Biting her lip again, she moved her feet just beyond shoulder width. Her position pulled her undergarments tighter and thrust out her breasts. Her nipples were hard and throbbed against the binding silk of her bra. She desperately wanted him to touch her but dared not ask. He was in control, and her pleasure would come when he wanted it—and she hoped he'd want it eventually. For now, she'd wait. If necessary, she'd go home and use her vibrator with his face in mind. Later.

Nerves, uncertainty and excitement aside, it amazed her how comfortable she was in complying with his commands. She'd always suspected she might be a submissive if put in a D/s situation, but she'd never been brave enough to seek it out. None of her boyfriends came close to being dominant, and it wasn't something she could ask someone like Bill to provide. Yet here she was, obeying Zach Colvin, a mere acquaintance, and putting herself in a situation she would have written kids' books about avoiding. *Don't talk to strangers. Don't go someplace alone with someone*

you don't really know. At least, she'd told a friend where she was going and had promised to check in.

He hadn't moved as he surveyed her, his intense blue eyes taking in everything. Did he think she was too fat? Too curvy? Too many freckles?

Worried, she brought her arms in front of her and crossed them over her middle, looking away.

He sighed. "Naughty," he murmured. "Arms back where I told you."

Slowly, she did as instructed wanting to cover herself, not expose her flaws. Once she'd done as he'd asked, he crossed *his* arms. He seemed to be playing a waiting game of silence. Was he testing her? She lowered her eyes to his knees to keep from asking all the questions rolling through her head.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She hesitated. He really didn't know? Should she give him a fake name? She'd given one to Bill. "Kate," she told him.

"Kate..." he said, trying it on his tongue then nodding. "Morgan, isn't it? Kate Morgan? Kate, have you ever been spanked?"

She shook her head. Oh, why did the idea titillate her? Her pussy fairly vibrated with the idea of it. Her buttocks clenched.

"Well, Kate." He seemed to be using her name as a touchstone, drawing her with each low intonation. "I think perhaps that might change today."

The certainty in his voice told her there was no "perhaps" or "might" about it. This man wanted to spank her, and oh God, she wanted him to. Her thighs trembled as she stood there, waiting. Wanting. Needing.

"Come here, Kate," he ordered.

She moved to obey, but he held her back with his fingers to her stomach.

"The correct response is 'Yes, Master' or 'Yes, Sir'. You can pick. I don't have a preference."

Kate ran her tongue over her lip. Sir would be tame compared to Master. She didn't want tame, and this encounter was only temporary. In a few days, it would be only a memory. So for now...

"Yes, Master," she replied, the phrase foreign on her tongue. It almost seemed silly, and she half expected him to laugh when he heard it. Instead, deep satisfaction filled his eyes.

“Now, you may come here,” he commanded. “Lie over my knees.”

She started to move then jerked to a stop. “Yes, Master.”

A little smile of approval curved his lips, and she bent over his lap. He kicked her feet from under her, making her rest fully on his legs. Her fingers curled against the carpet.

“Kate?”

“Yes, Master?” The word was getting easier.

“You’re not trapped here. I’ll never harm you, though some things might bring pain, but if you want me to stop, just say ‘caterpillar’.”

Okay. Strange word, but she recognized it as a safe word, and safe words weren’t supposed to be something a person would just blurt out.

“Repeat it,” he instructed.

“Caterpillar.”

“Good.”

She started as his hand slid over her silk-clad ass. His fingers traced the seam that ran over the crack of her ass then moved along the edge of one leg band. Suddenly, she was really glad she’d worn skimpy panties rather than a thong. His sensuous exploration would have been much abbreviated in the other garment. She shivered as the fabric shifted against her skin, warming beneath his touch.

“So sexy and still slightly prim,” he observed.

Okay. Caught.

“A perfect mix of naughty and nice,” he continued. His palm moved over her. “A perfect ass, too.”

A...perfect ass. Oh, she liked him.

“Just right for spanking,” he added, and she felt her face warm. Her teeth sank into her lip as anticipation wove through her. How many times had she fantasized about a situation like this? With him? And now, she’d tripped right into one of her dreams. It was like...a Christmas miracle. As if the real Santa had somehow heard and granted her secret wish. A wish she’d considered so taboo, she hadn’t so much as whispered an inkling of it to her best friend.

“Kate?”

“Yes?”

“In any other situation, I wouldn’t ask, but may I spank you?”

“Yes,” she exclaimed. “Please, yes, Master.”

His hand clapped down on her ass so quickly she gasped. Fire licked from the spot but was quickly dulled by her excitement. The man didn't pause before raining down several more swats on her rear. Soon the heat morphed into burning pleasure expanding through her like sizzling lava. It trailed to her pussy, filling her with warm, liquid arousal that had her crying out with each stroke. She squirmed, fighting the intense feelings as her consciousness fought with her body.

The edge of pain brought bliss so deep she wanted more and more. And the naughtiness of it only pushed her further along. Each spank he delivered pushed her closer to coming. Yet her mind screamed that she shouldn't be doing this with him, a man who she'd see at the next charity function they attended. Could she let go and have an orgasm right here on his lap? Should she? She didn't really know him or his predilections. Well, he liked spanking. And he was dressed as some smoking hot Santa. Kinky.

His hand rubbed over her heated ass, and she realized he'd stopped. A groan of protest rolled from deep in her throat.

"More?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," she replied easily.

"Then stop thinking. Let go and let your body take you where it needs to go."

She nodded unable to speak as his palm connected with her bottom. A stream of lightning sang into her pussy. Her eyes closed, and she took a gasping breath as her head tipped back. The movement arced her upper body and her rigid nipples rubbed against one of his splayed thighs. The muscles in her belly grew tight as heady need coiled, readying...reaching...

Suddenly, the world seemed to explode around her. She screamed as years of pent-up tension burst into a climax like none she'd ever known.

"Yes," he whispered above her as ripples shook her. Shaking, she gulped for air. Slowly, he stroked her back, easing her down from the stunning release. "Better?" he asked.

"Amazing," she breathed.

"Can I have my leg back?"

Looking down, she realized her nails were digging into his calf just above his black boot. "Sorry," she muttered, somewhat horrified that she'd been so overcome that she'd hurt him.

"Quite all right," he assured her. Drawing her up, he brought her to straddle his legs and she moaned at the sensation of her reddened ass against his hard muscles. He cupped her face. She sighed as his firm lips covered hers, his tongue thrusting inside to taste her.

Eagerly, she scooted closer. Her arms circled his neck as she gave him complete access to her body. Her pussy rubbed his erect cock, and another burst of sexual energy went through her. He groaned as she moved, and she absorbed his sweet peppermint taste. Candy canes. She'd never think of them the same way.

Reaching between them, he captured a nipple and pinched it. She arched into him. She'd take all he had to give. Already, this was far more than she'd envisioned when coming here. A faint bit of guilt niggled at her, telling her that perhaps she should leave and find Bill. But they didn't know one another, had never met, and she'd triple checked this address with him. Maybe this was some sort of prank? Too bad for him that it hadn't worked out then. So good for her that it had.

Zach pulled down both her bra's cups and exposed her breasts. She trembled at the cool air against her heated flesh, but more, she shivered at the intensity swirling around them.

He pulled at the peaks he'd released, bringing them to taut points. Drawing his mouth from hers, he leaned back slightly to look at the rosy tips he'd freed. Just that stare tightened her nerves, but she shook as his thumb traced the edge of one areola.

His hungry gaze slid up to hers, and his hands settled on her hips. Gently, he lifted her to standing while a tinge of regret colored his eyes. His head tipped slightly to a place behind her.

"Go stand in that corner, in the position I showed you earlier. We're going to talk."

Reflexively, she reached to straighten her bra.

One large hand stopped her. "Leave it. Go to the corner now."

Kate hesitated. She hadn't been sent to a corner since she was five years old. A now this man, smokin' hot though he might be, was sending her there?

The tension rose as he watched her, his face stern yet not unkind. Finally, when it seemed they were at an impasse, one eyebrow raised. "You can always say the safe word, Kate."

The unspoken offer to end things drove her into action. No way was she stopping things now, not when he aroused her so much and she wanted to know what happened next. She *craved* what would happen next. Still...a corner? She wanted sex.

She made a face and gave a huffed sigh. Turning on the ball of her foot, she marched to the place he'd indicated. Her hands snapped behind her and rested at the small of her back. With another disgruntled puff of air, she parted her feet and leaned her head and shoulders into the wall.

And something particularly strange happened.

She'd expected to feel humiliated by being treated like a recalcitrant child, but she didn't. It just added to the odd, aroused excitement she'd experienced when he'd spanked her. With her vision limited to the darkness of the sage-painted corner, she became acutely aware of the tingling in her body and the lingering sting on her punished ass. Her ears tuned to his breathing and any shift he made.

The chair creaked faintly as he rose and she heard his footsteps going the other direction, fading as he walked from the room. He was leaving her here? She didn't move though her first inkling was to look around her. Something told her he'd be right back, and she was soon rewarded with the sound of his steps returning.

"Good girl," he said, and a spurt of pride went through her. She'd done the right thing and pleased him—and inordinately that pleased *her*.

There was a faint sound of something being placed on the table between the chairs then of him returning to his seat. She remained silent as she listened to him settling back, and imagined him crossing his ankle over his knee, turning slightly toward her and resting his arm on the chair back.

Her fingers flexed as she thought of the way his coat hung open, displaying the smooth expanse of his powerful chest.

"I think we should talk," he said. "No, stay there," he added when she started to move. With a much quieter sigh than earlier, she returned to position.

"Yes, Master," she muttered almost under her breath.

He chuckled. "My name's Zach, by the way. But I think you know that."

"Yes," she replied. "I remember you from a few things we've both attended."

"We danced once. At that auction thing last month?"

"Yes." And she'd had the hottest fantasy later that night. They'd been dancing, and he'd slowly stripped away her clothes and fucked her right there on the parquet floor.

She liked his name. It seemed strong and no-nonsense like him. Immediately, she wondered if it was short for something or if it was his given name. Could she ask, or should she stay silent? She'd read about submissives staying silent unless given permission to speak, but she had no idea what applied here. He didn't seem to mind when she'd spoken so far.

"How did you get to be here, dressed like that?" Zach asked before she had a chance to speak. "My brother told me he was sending me a present, but I suspect it isn't you."

"Not unless your brother's name is Bill," she retorted before she could stop herself.

“No,” Zach said slowly, his tone dark. “It’s not Bill. Explain.”

She sighed, really glad for the corner. She didn’t want to look at him for this. Her eyes closed as uncomfortable prickles crawled up her back and tears trickled onto her cheeks. She’d enjoyed what Zach had done, but in retrospect, she shouldn’t have let him. And she certainly couldn’t tell him the full story of how she’d ended up here—the rash decision to hook-up, the humiliation of the trick that had been played on her, the stupidity of falling for it.

Her lip trembled and she bit it to hold in her emotions. Maybe if she just left. This episode could be a memory for both of them and she could save herself the embarrassment of what she’d done—until she ran into him again. Maybe she’d become a recluse. Her breath hitched as she longed to pull her arms to her front and wrap them around herself.

“Kate,” Zach whispered, his words stirring her hair. Only then did she realize he’d stepped close and sensed her emotional discord. His arms wound around her as he embraced her from behind, making her feel safe and cherished though she knew nothing of him. His hand came up and cupped her chin, turning her slightly toward him, and he kissed her temple.

Chapter Two

What was it about this woman that was working beneath his skin and wiggling straight to his heart? Her sturdy body felt perfect in his arms and snuggled to his chest. And something was bothering her. Instinctively, he knew it wasn't him, and he wanted to fix the problem. He'd never felt such a natural, immediate response to anyone. The need to protect her was almost...territorial. Animalistic. And the way she was shaking, he sensed he needed to gentle her now, or she'd go rushing out the door. He couldn't let that happen.

At first, he'd stupidly thought she was the present from Rob. His brother owned an establishment, *The Dungeon*, that catered to client's special sexual needs. It would have been just like Rob to send over a submissive in need of some Mastering. He knew Zach hadn't been with anyone lately. And the way Kate had been waiting on the porch in that pose and wearing...well, barely wearing anything, he'd thought she was here for some fun and games.

But she wasn't a schooled sub, and Rob wouldn't have sent a newbie. Zach had known in about two seconds that Kate wasn't here courtesy of his brother. And he'd known a second later that she was something special, someone he wanted to nurture and maybe even keep at his side. He'd felt that way every time he'd seen her, but the time had never been right to approach her. In his position, he had to be extremely careful of what he did and who he did it with.

Now, he needed to know why she was here. She had to trust him, and he needed to show her he was worthy of her trust—and earn even more.

"Tell me how you came to be on my porch," he murmured against her hair, drawing in her fresh, floral scent. His arms tightened as she tensed then she let out a sigh. He smiled faintly. In just the short time she'd been here, he'd learned her sighs spoke almost louder than words. They were a whole language in themselves. This one told of acquiescence and a bit of frustration.

"It's embarrassing," she whispered. "I...met a guy online. We were going to hook up. You know...for sex."

“Hmm,” he fairly growled, disgruntled at the thought of another man touching her.

“I shouldn’t be telling you this,” she moaned.

“Yes, you should. So, you’ve never met him? Face-to-face?”

“No,” she whispered, the single word wavering. “I was supposed to meet him here.”

“Here?”

“Yes. I checked the address with him. Three times...” Another sigh, this time distressed.

“Obviously, it was a joke.”

A rather cruel one, at that. Anger flooded through him as he contemplated who would do such a thing. While Kate’s presence might have been a random act of fate, his address wasn’t inaccessible. She could be here courtesy of a smart-ass or vindictive student out to play a prank on him. He only hoped the person hadn’t camped out somewhere on his street to watch him discover a near-naked woman on his porch. That struck him as far worse than being discovered as the mall-Santa. An innocent woman had been duped, and the roiling protective instincts inside him vowed it would never happen again. Not to Kate.

“Despite the circumstances, I’m glad you’re here,” he told her. He tucked her hair behind her ear then kissed her temple. “You’re a beautiful woman.”

“Thank you.”

“Why would you meet a stranger for sex?”

She shrugged, and he felt rather than heard her small sigh. “Excitement? Opportunity—do you know how hard it is to meet men when you’re a children’s book writer? And even when you do it’s all decorum and getting-to-know-you and appearances. I have to maintain a certain image for my publisher. And by the time sex *might* be on the horizon...” she exclaimed, tossing up her hands. “Sometimes I just want some excitement. Something illicit and *now*. You have no idea...”

“Actually, I do,” he replied then reminded, “Hands.”

“Sorry,” she muttered, slipping them behind her and grazing his belly with her palms. “I’ve never been able to ask for what I really want. I don’t know if I could have asked Bill.”

And she damn well wouldn’t get the chance to ask him now. Not if Zach had any say, but he knew what she wanted. He could practically taste her need.

“To be rough?” he asked.

“Yeah, kinda.”

“To spank you?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“To maybe...discipline you a little?”

She nodded while she trembled, easily transmitting her arousal to him.

“To tie you up? To play with you? To take your control?”

“Oh God,” she cried, the sound gripping his cock and making him want to thrust into her waiting warmth. He had no doubt that she’d be wet with need—for him.

“To...make. You. Submit?” he enunciated, his teeth gritted together in an effort to keep himself under control. This first time alone with her offered a tenuous future. He had to be careful and patient. One misstep could send her running. He’d already rushed ahead quicker than he should with that spanking.

“Yes,” she breathed.

He pressed his mouth to her shoulder and gently scraped her fair skin with his teeth. “You should never be ashamed of your instinctive needs. Power exchange is natural. It happens in every society in a plethora of situations, though no one wants to call it that. You just need someone to accept what you need and help you explore what you like.”

“You?” she asked.

“If you want.”

She paused, and he thought he might lose it as tension and silence built around them. Her head tipped back against his shoulder. “I...I do.”

Yes! Zach smiled, anticipating hours with her, in her, over her...training her and commanding her. Bringing them both exquisite pleasure.

“Very good,” he said, keeping his composure tightly about him. Leaving her, he went to the fire to stoke the flames higher. When they were again dancing merrily behind the grate, he returned to his chair and sat, taking a nonchalant position. With a slight slouch, he rested an ankle on the opposite knee and draped his arms along the armrests.

To his pleasure, Kate had remained where he’d left her, her positioning perfect. Her fingers occasionally fluttered, but her wrists remained crossed bringing his attention back to her lovely, round ass. He liked that she wore brief red panties that hid her flesh yet gave a tantalizing glimpse of the treasure within. And he wanted to see her naked, yet the lingerie turned him on and she needed to be more comfortable with him.

He sat up straighter, his foot thumping to the floor. “Come here, Kate.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied.

He immediately pulled her to straddle his legs again when she returned. "I think we're going to bake cookies," he told her.

Kate blinked at him. "Cookies?"

"Mm-hmm." He gave her a wicked half smile. "But we need to get you ready."

His hands wandered along her belly and up to her bared chest. Even bunched beneath her breasts, her bra supported the heavy mounds and gave them a perkiness they otherwise lacked. The nipples poked out proudly both from the air hitting them and her arousal. Leaning forward, he sucked one into his mouth, sucking hard and drawing her moan. Her pussy contracted as cream filled the folds. His tongue flicked over the tip, sensitizing it until she thought she might come.

Suddenly, he stopped and she saw him reach over to the table. When his hand returned, he held a small pink ball with an opening on one end. He squeezed it and brought it to her nipple. The device suctioned to the skin, pulling her tip inside and driving a bite of pain down the slope of her breast. She gasped at the welcomed pain that mixed with her arousal to feel sinfully good. A moment later, the same pleasure-pain coursed along her other breast.

"There," he said. "Those will stay on while we bake."

"But..."

"Don't you think this place could use some Christmas cheer?" he asked.

She looked around. There wasn't a decoration to be seen—except him. "You're dressed as Santa," she pointed out.

He chuckled. "Long story. And now...this goes."

He released her bra and her breasts fell forward as she protested. He swatted her behind.

"No arguments," he said sternly.

She looked down at her heavy breasts as he lifted her to her feet and stood. His fingers threaded through hers.

"Come with me," he told her and pulled her for the stairs.

"Your kitchen is upstairs?" she asked.

"Smart-ass. You must like punishments."

It seemed like she might. She shook her head though.

"Naughty," he said, calling her lie.

At the top of the stairs, he led her to a room halfway down the hall. Kate gasped as they walked inside. The space was furnished with BDSM paraphernalia—benches, bondage chairs, small hand-held sex devices, various whips and paddles, cuffs and shackles... Everywhere she looked there was something else.

Her gaze quickly turned to him, and he smoothed his hands down her arms. "Relax, baby. I'm not planning for you to try these things. Yet."

She wetted her bottom lip. "Eventually?"

"Yes."

She looked around again, trepidation knotting in her belly. Was she up to this? She imagined herself bent over one of the benches or restrained in one of the chairs as Zach had his way with her body, driving her to pleasure with sensations, including pain.

Her thighs quivered and she knew she'd be willing when he decided she was ready. What she really wanted was to feel his cock deep inside her, but he didn't seem inclined to go there. She'd heard of BDSM that didn't include actual sexual relations. Was that what he was into? God, she hoped not. She wanted him so badly.

"Why are we here then?" she asked.

He grinned and went to the closet then threw open the doors. "We need to get you dressed. Don't worry. No one's worn these. I usually just go to *The Dungeon* to indulge my needs, but I knew I'd eventually have my own submissive here."

And she was...his? She nodded as satisfaction warmed her. At least for now, she was his. He pulled out a few things then turned to her. Excitement played through her as she anticipated a game of sexy dress up. Then she frowned as she imagined whatever he had in his closet not fitting her. She wasn't a tiny thing...

"Off with the panties," he said. "The garter belt and stockings can stay. I imagine they'll go rather nicely with this."

"Will they fit?" she asked, nodding to the clothes.

"Of course, they will," he replied, his tone disgruntled that she'd ask. His eyes darkened with hunger. "Stop delaying. Panties off."

She bit her lip, her nerves fluttering in her belly. Slowly, she hooked her thumbs in her waistband and pushed. Zach's gaze latched on to her, watching as the garment pushed down her waist and revealed her waxed pussy.

“Beautiful,” he murmured. He set down his bundle of clothing on a black padded table and walked to her, his eyes now holding hers and his steps purposeful. His fingers joined hers, dragging the fabric down her legs. He crouched and brought it to her ankles. Carefully, he lifted free each foot.

Leaning close to her, he breathed her scent. “You know...that time we danced I wanted to do this.”

His fingers parted her labia as he nudged her legs further open with his elbows.

“I imagined you doing it,” she admitted, her voice a mere whisper as her breath suspended in agonized waiting for what he’d do next. Her thighs quivered. Could she withstand whatever he did? Her arousal was turning her body to liquid.

She moaned as his thumb rasped over her clit then he quickly licked away the moisture from the pad. With a growl, he leaned in and lapped at her folds, tasting her, consuming her and taking his fill of all she had to offer.

Her fingers buried in his hair. She loved him there, doing this to her, and she closed her eyes to savor the sensations. He shook his head and tipped back. “Hands,” he said.

“Yes, Master,” she muttered.

Frustrated, yet wanting more of his ministrations, she sighed. She knew exactly what he required, and she shoved her arms behind her back, crossing her wrists. The position thrust out her chest and strengthened the pinch of the nipple suction devices. It was like having two small mouths, pulling at the tips and giving her pleasure as he delved his tongue into her cunt. Ripples of delight pulsed along her tense limbs.

Zach’s tongue curled over her clit, prodding and flicking until she shook, then suddenly, his teeth clamped on the hard nub and pulled. Kate screamed as stars rocketed in front of her eyes and her knees buckled. He caught her beneath the buttocks and held her up, never ceasing his torment as she shook.

“Come,” he murmured then sucked hard on her clit once more. His fingers tightened on her ass then his teeth scraped her tender nubbin.

Her release flooded his mouth as she quaked, her cry echoing in the room. When she finally caught her breath, he was standing and holding her tight to his chest. Her head tucked beneath his chin as he murmured praise.

“Wow,” she whispered.

“I shouldn’t have waited,” he said. “I should have brought you home months ago.”

“I wish you would have.” How many lonely nights could they have spent together? She didn’t doubt their sexual connection would prove to be explosive. And their interpersonal link seemed to be growing each time they bumped into one another. And speaking of bumping, she tipped her hips toward him as they rocked and his rigid cock brushed her belly through the velveteen pants.

“None of that,” he ordered. “Not yet.”

She huffed. “All right...Master.”

“Okay, let’s get you dressed so we can make cookies. If we don’t move it, I’m going to bend you over my favorite whipping bench and fuck you until neither of us can think straight.”

Now that sounded far better than baking. “Choices, choices,” she quipped.

“Uh-uh,” he replied, apparently reading her interest. “We’re doing the cookies. Talk, then fuck.” He brought her to the table where he’d dropped the clothes. “This first.”

He handed her a miniscule, pleated skirt in green plaid. The front would barely cover her sex while the back...well, it wouldn’t really cover a thing. It was more a ruffle over the top of her ass than anything else.

Giving him a look of disbelief, she stepped into it then settled the elasticized waist just below her belly button. The hem didn’t even reach the top of her stockings, leaving her garters visible as well as a thin strip of skin.

Zach lifted the next piece.

“A corset?” she gasped.

“You’ll be sexy as hell in it. I love them on women, and I’ll want to fuck you even more when I see it cinching your middle and lifting your breasts for me.”

“You have a corset fetish?” she asked.

His brows drew together. “Are you questioning me?”

“No, Master,” she replied and held out her arms. He slipped it over her head and around her torso then fastened a halter strap behind her neck. Four buckles fastened down the front while the top cupped and lifted her breasts and the bottom dipped down in a soft V.

Zach turned her toward a mirror on the back of the closet door, and she saw not sexy dress up, but a sexy woman. A plaything. His submissive.

“Lift your hair,” he instructed and she pulled her dark auburn tresses to the top of her head. Deftly, he yanked at the ties at the back of the corset, squeezing her middle and constricting

her breathing for the first time in her life. She couldn't get a deep breath, yet the rush of it, the feeling of his dominance even without his hand on her body flooded her.

She dropped her arms and her hair tumbled around her shoulders. Zach gathered it in his hand then bound it in a loose ponytail. She looked like a schoolgirl gone astray...

"One last thing," he said. "Don't want you getting messy." He draped the sheerest black apron she'd ever seen over her. It covered her front from a couple inches down her cleavage to the top of her skirt—and hid nothing. If anything, it made the suction devices on her nipples all the more evident.

Kate revised her assessment of her look. Sexy French maid schoolgirl gone completely astray... And she was so wet she'd feel the slickness with every move.

"Sweet heaven," Zach muttered, and turning her in his arms, he dragged her to him and kissed her hard. His mouth hungrily took hers, his tongue thrusting inside and claiming her as fiercely as she sensed he'd like to take her pussy. Her taste on his lips permeated her senses, and she strove to get closer to him.

She gasped at the sensation of cold vinyl under her ass as he lifted her onto the table. Immediately, her legs parted for him then wrapped around his hips. The corset kept her back straight but her breasts thrust to him. She wanted to grind her pussy to his erection, but couldn't. She groaned in frustration, feeling as bound as if he'd tied her down.

"Do you know how much I want you?" he grated.

"Then take me," she begged.

"No."

"Zach," she pleaded. "We can make cookies after."

His forehead rested on hers, and she knew what he'd say even before he said it. "Sex after."

Damn it.

She took a deep breath—as deep as the corset would let her, anyway. "What kind and how many batches?"

Chapter Three

Zach wasn't all that interested in making cookies. Mostly, it was an exercise in control, over them both. One of the first things he'd learned in this lifestyle was to manage every situation. He had to maintain his grip on the power and wield it in such a way that she sensed it and took comfort in it. A submissive needed to feel her Master's domination. And a good Dom kept himself in check. With Kate, the difference between losing it and restraint was a fine line.

Right now, she was bent over grabbing cookie sheets from the cupboard, and he was thinking of holding her there and entering her from behind.

Striking away the image, he turned back to the small whisk in his white-knuckled hand and beat the eggs he'd just cracked into a small bowl.

The pans dropped on to the counter beside him. "You have admirable whipping skills."

He grinned but didn't look at her. "You have no idea."

"I think I have some idea," she replied. "But maybe you should demonstrate."

"Behave," Zach advised with a chuckle then added the eggs to the butter and sugar mixture for the chocolate chip cookies. He'd wanted to make sugar cookies, but being a bachelor, he didn't have a rolling pin or cutters. These would be just as good.

He jerked his head toward the table. "Have a seat."

"That sounds dire," she commented as she sat. Her eyes closed as her ass came in contact with the cool wood. Suddenly, he had an idea for what to do after this. But first, they needed to set ground rules.

"Not dire. Just instructional. I noticed you only call me Master some of the time—"

"I...well, I thought...did you want me to call you that *all* the time?"

“No, you seemed to know when—during some sexual situations, but not all of them. Before I go on, where do we go after today? Do you leave here and think of today as a great interlude, or do you want more?”

“More,” she replied. “I mean, I thought I just wanted a one off. But, well, we’ve gotten to know each other over the past years. I’ve, uh, been attracted to you, so I’ve watched you at the functions we’ve attended and taken in what you’ve said when we’ve casually talked. I’d really like to know you better.”

“It’s the same with me,” he admitted. The mutual secret attraction was more of a foundation than he could have hoped for. It forged a foundation for going forward and gave them a fledgling familiarity that helped to make her somewhat comfortable with him. “Since we’re on the same page, tell me, how much do you know about BDSM?”

She lifted her hand and made a gesture showing her thumb and forefinger about an inch apart. “About this much. I’ve read about it in romance books, but that’s about it.”

“So you know what a D/s relationship is?”

She nodded.

“You understand the Dom’s position in the coupling?”

She nodded again.

“And you know that, when it comes to discipline, I call the shots?”

Kate bit the side of her lip, and he saw understanding cross her face. She shouldn’t have suggested he paddle her. “Sorry,” she said. “Do I fail as a sub?”

Suddenly, cookies didn’t seem so important now. They’d make a little holiday cheer later. Zach dropped the wooden spoon then shoved the bowl in the fridge. He rounded the counter and dropped to his knees before her. Cupping her head, he kissed her.

“You don’t fail. I’m not going to set you up for losing. I don’t have a lot of rules and when it comes to most things, I’ll always ask for your input. I’ll respect your likes and your dislikes, but within those boundaries I will take total control and I’ll test your limits.”

“What...things...do you like to do?”

“You know I like spanking. I like those things that go with it—paddling, flogging. I like toys and I like tying. I like commanding you and having you obey because I know what brings you pleasure—and what will bring me pleasure.” His finger ran along the leather corset, tracing one of the steel bones from her waist to her breast. “I like dress up and role playing.”

Her eyes darkened as she sank under his spell.

“Yes, Master,” she murmured. Her legs parted so he could draw nearer. Reaching up, he removed one of the balls suctioned to her nipples. It released with a pop and she cried out at the sharp pain that accompanied it. His thumb ran over the reddened skin and Kate gripped the edges of the chair, screaming at the sensation against her sensitized skin. Panting, she writhed, her head dropped back as she took the bliss he offered. Quickly, he repeated the action with the other ball, and she wailed, an orgasm taking her by surprise.

Lifting her from the chair, he bent her over the table and tore open his belt. He yanked it from the loops and wrapped it around her arms, holding them behind her and forcing her nipples to the cool table. Shoving down his pants, he stepped closer and pulled her into position. He gripped her hips and drove forward. Her tight warmth surrounded his cock as he sank deep, finding peace on earth in the heaven of her pussy.

Kate cried out, helpless beneath him as he pistoned into her giving body. “Yes,” she gasped. “Yes!”

Already, he felt the ripples in her cunt as an impending release built. Ruthlessly, he drew to a dead stop. “Don’t come.”

“Please, Master,” she begged.

“No. You’ve had several. No coming until I say so.”

“Oh!” she wailed in distress and pressed her face into the table. It would be difficult for her, and he fully expected her to climax anyway. He’d said he wouldn’t set her up to lose, but some failures were part of the learning and the pleasure—for both of them.

Clamping her hips tightly, he thrust into her hard, being sure to make contact with her clit on each inward surge. He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back when she started banging her forehead as a distraction. Between the clasp of her fisting cunt and the sight of her totally submissive to him, his balls drew tight to his body and he felt his cum boiling for release.

“Now,” he demanded. “Fucking come now!”

A flood of her honey gushed over his cock and he knew the rough language turned her on. There was no time to think as her channel clamped tight.

“Yes, milk my cock,” he ordered. “Take it all. Take all my cum. You’re mine, slave. Mine!”

Kate screamed, going completely over the edge and Zach knew he’d finally found the right woman to stand by his side.

Kate hung from Zach's grip, mostly outside herself as she experienced taboo pleasure as she'd never imagined it. His hand was fisted in her hair and her legs were bent up at the knee, wrapping around him the best they could in this position. She was tied and helpless beneath him and she loved it. He'd been rough, and she loved it. He'd spoken coarsely, and she loved it even more—and she wanted *more*.

Why hadn't she approached him before when she'd perceived his dominance? Why had she waited? Because...he was a Dom, and even without knowing, she must have sensed it and recognized the order of things.

"Well done," he complimented her. She looked over her shoulder as he stepped back and straightened his pants. Then he lifted her into his arms. "Such a naughty girl deserves a reward, don't you think?"

"Please, Master," she begged, thinking to say "yes" might be out of order. Zach carried her into the living room again and returned to his chair with her face down across his lap. Her eyes went wide as she saw him lift a gigantic, red-striped peppermint rod from the table. He must have unwrapped it earlier because it was free of cellophane.

"I'm not much into sweets, but someone gave me this because it's sugar free. Still sweet. But I think it might have some use." Slowly, he drew its thick length along her ass. "Sometimes, I'll like to use my hand on your ass."

He drew back then smacked down the cane. Kate yelped at the unexpected solid sensation.

"Sometimes I'll use a flogger." The rod came down again. It struck deeper than a hand, and she knew she'd feel it when sitting down later. She couldn't bring herself to care. Already, her arousal was grabbing at the bite of pain and turning it to bliss. Her fingers clenched and she closed her eyes, focusing on his ministrations.

"Sometimes, it will be my paddle." Zach's voice was tight as the cane rained down several more times. "Or something else..."

"Yes, Master. I understand," she gasped. "Please..."

It had caught some of her moisture, making it a little sticky. It clung to her skin now as he punished her behind. "Mmm, we'll have to do this again," he commented. "The candy is leaving delightful red stripes I'll have to lick."

Kate's womb contracted at the thought, making her so wet, she was afraid of what would happen to his pants. Suddenly, she felt the wide end of the stick, pushing between her labia. She

shuddered and moved her legs further apart as the cane worked inside her. It was thicker than any man she'd ever been with, even Zach who'd been blessed with a satisfying girth.

She groaned as he pushed it deeper and spread her swollen tissues to make way for the invader. Slowly, he worked it in and out, going further with each stroke. If this was what naughty girls got...bring it on.

The strong scent of her arousal filled the room, mixing with the scent from the wood fire and peppermint. She'd never smell peppermint again and not think of this heady, illicit moment.

"More," she breathed then went up on her toes as he twisted the rod inside her. He stopped, finding the extent of her depth, and she felt his hand scoot up to meet her pussy to block anymore entering her overfull passage. Her air rushed from her in wild, shallow pants as she tried to adjust to the impromptu dildo and catch gulps of oxygen while constricted by the corset. Wearing the garment with her arms bound effectively caged to her to whatever his pleasure might be. All she could do was take it and enjoy the overwhelming sensations.

His thumb reached down to rub her clit with each drive, and bolts of jagged electricity tore through her until she was mindless. Darkness closed in on her as she became overwrought with her ecstasy. Suddenly, the world let loose, and a climax shot her into oblivion.

* * * *

"Kate? Sweetheart. Come on. Wake up."

Kate blinked, disoriented as she slowly surfaced from the black morass that had closed over her. Desperately, she tried to focus and remember what had happened. A man was leaning over her and her body felt well-fucked. She was reclining in his arms, her body slightly chilled.

Looking down, she saw her chest was bare. Oh, yes, the corset, she remembered. He'd unbuckled it and given her more air. The skirt below it was flipped up and her legs were sprawled. So ladylike.

And he hadn't said she could come, but it had been so good. Still...

"That was terrifying," he admitted. "I've never had anyone pass out during an orgasm before. It must have been the corset. We shouldn't—"

"I liked it. Well, not the fainting part, but the corset. I liked the way it made me feel while we were doing everything." She lifted her arm to his cheek and realized suddenly that she was unbound, as well. "Thank you for introducing me to it," she said. "I might need to buy a few of these contraptions for myself."

He turned his head and kissed her palm. "I'll get them for you since I like them so much."

“Maybe one in black?”

“Whatever color you want.”

She didn't actually care. She just liked the implication that they'd be together since he was buying her clothing to wear while they played.

“Are you feeling okay?” he asked.

“Mm-hmm.”

Carefully, he lifted her to standing, then scooted behind her and bent her to brace her arms on the chair back. Kate groaned as his mouth touched her abused skin and he licked at the sweetened stripes across her ass.

“I never realized how much I love peppermint—peppermint and Kate,” he rasped. Tilting her hips, he dragged his tongue over her folds then pushed it inside her opening. Her knuckles turned white as he sucked away the flavor. Her hands shifted down to the seat, to give him better access. Suddenly, Zach sat back on his heels and brought her onto his lap, unerringly driving his cock into her tender channel. Gripping the chair, she rode him as his hands guided her, getting her just where he wanted her. He kept their movements slow and deep as he ground against her clit.

“Cup your breasts and pinch your nipples,” he commanded.

“Yes, Master,” she replied, arching and taking each tip between her fingers. The peaks ached from the earlier attentions, and she moaned at her touch.

“Pinch,” he told her when she merely rubbed the flesh.

Tensing around his cock, she pressed her fingertips together and cried out from the feeling. Her hips jerked on him as the reaction arrowed to her core.

“Now let go.”

Pain! Oh God, such good pain... A sonorous groan rolled from her chest as fuzzy pleasure wrapped around her, taking her to a space where even breathing fed her arousal.

“Master...” she whispered, unsure what was happening.

“Come,” he replied, his breath hot in her ear, and she exploded in time with the burst of his fiery cum filling her womb.

Together, they slumped down onto the thick carpet with Zach spooned behind her, his cock still deep in her pussy. The fire warmed her front as his heat blanketed her back. Her lids drooped as she drifted through the afterglow of their love. She'd never been so thankful for a

wrong turn—or in this case, a wrong direction. Only, she suspected, it was the right direction.
Right into Zach's arms.

“What are you doing tomorrow?” he asked.

“No plans,” she murmured.

“Come with me to the mall and be my helper?”

“Your what?” she replied.

Chapter Four

His helper... When Zach had asked, she hadn't envisioned herself in an elf outfit at the neighborhood mall, handing out candy canes to hundreds of little kids—candy canes! It seemed so wrong! But she loved being with Zach and hoped they could spend the rest of his Christmas break together.

Last night, they'd made the cookies and drunk the really expensive wine his brother had sent. Then they'd tried out a few of the sex toys that had come in the box. Kate had been shocked by the present until he pointed out his brother owned *The Dungeon*. This was right up his alley. And Kate had really liked the thick glass dildo shaped like a candy cane. It would always remind her of the other one and the curved end bumped her clit each time the device was pushed inside.

She was also enjoying the other toy that had been included—a special vibrating g-string that tormented her whenever Zach decided to press the button. She currently wore it beneath her elf outfit while she tried to keep her legs from wobbling. Worse, the damn thing sensed each pleased contraction of her pussy and played *Jingle Bells* to announce it.

She'd been madly jingling Santa's sleigh bells and probably looking like a fool to mask it. Zach just smiled benignly at her, his devilish eyes full of knowing and intent. Then he'd press that damn button again.

Crouching down and leaning close under the guise of getting more treats, she whispered, "You're a bad, bad man."

"Baby, I'm a bad, bad man with the button," he chuckled. She dropped forward to her knees as vibrations sliced through her, and she tilted her head to the ground to hide her face.

"Pervert," she whispered.

He just laughed, because no one knew what he was doing but the two of them, and he probably knew she enjoyed his deviant ways.

“Hey, Mr. Colvin,” a voice called over the short barrier that divided them from the rest of the mall traffic. Thankfully, there was a brief lull in the line of kids so none of them heard the teenager calling Santa by another name.

Kate looked over her shoulder to see a red-headed youth with lots of freckles leaning on the short wall and flanked by two blond boys who appeared to be twins. None had a particularly merry expression on their faces.

“Ho ho ho!” Zach replied in a deep Santa voice. “You kids should go finish your Christmas shopping.”

“Ah c’mon, man. Give us a break. We even sent you a present.” He leered at her. “Doncha like her? I mean she didn’t leave your house too quick last night. Though she’s such a fat bitch, I have no idea why you’d want her. A pity fuck?”

Zach half rose from his chair, his eyes livid, before Kate discreetly placed a hand on his leg. “Santa,” she murmured, trying to disguise the hurt flooding her. “I think there might be kids around.”

“Bill,” Zach said, “Why don’t you come around here and have a chat with Santa?”

“No way, man.”

“You will be in my office the first day back to school. Don’t even think about dodging me,” Zach growled in an authoritarian voice that rose goose bumps along Kate’s skin. The redhead’s eyes went wide, and in a particularly teenage way, he suddenly realized he’d crossed the line and gone way too far.

“Yes, sir.”

“Alex, Bryan. You, too,” Zach added. The pair nodded, looking a little afraid. She looked at Zach. The man really was a tough guy. He must be if he could put the fear of God in a teenager just like that.

“Mr. Colvin,” Bill tried.

“Not now,” Zach cut in. “There are kids coming. I’ll talk to you later. And you *will* send the lady an apology. I assume you have her email address.”

“Yeah, man. Okay, whatever.” The trio scuttled away and Zach turned to the pathway leading kids to Santa.

“Ho ho ho!” he called, his voice full of holiday cheer.

The initial child in line, who'd at first looked a little worried, beamed with happiness. "Santa!" the little girl cried, running toward him while the harried mother tried to keep up. Kate smiled at the girl and readied a treat, though merriment was far from what she felt. With the teen's cruel words, her world had fallen flat. Even being near Zach didn't help. In fact, all she heard in her head was "pity fuck" and "fat bitch" over and over.

She hadn't thought she was so fragile that such a thing would hurt her, but it did and it made her want to run away from here as fast as she could possibly go.

After a few children, she leaned over to Zach. "I need to go to the restroom."

"Kate..."

"Really, I gotta..."

He glanced at the long line of kids.

"Santa, you don't want to see me doing the pee-pee dance. No one does."

"Go," he whispered. "Come right back."

She looked him in the eye, memorizing his blue-eyed gaze and wishing she'd feel it on her a million more times. They'd only just begun and now...the more she thought of it, the more she believed he couldn't really want her for more than a fun convenience.

"Yes, Master," she said with a nod. His eyes narrowed, but she turned away quickly and headed for the employee bathrooms which were down the wing and around the corner out of his sight. Lead weighted her stomach as she went, each step echoing like a death knell.

The restrooms were attached to the locker room, and once there, she grabbed her clothes and changed out of the elf outfit. Zach had asked her to wear the red corset under the costume, and she wore a white blouse beneath it, making the corset appear almost like a fancy vest. She'd have to return it to him. Later. She quickly pulled on her jeans and coat. Unsure what to do with the elf-wear, she folded it and placed it in the locker with Zach's things. He'd find it soon enough and take care of it.

Her car was in front of Zach's house, but that presented only a slight problem. Cabs lingered outside during the holidays, and it took minimal effort to hail one. Guilt plagued her. She should have said goodbye. She shouldn't have lied. But what difference did it make.

You're a pity fuck after all.

And then she cried.

* * * *

Zach had immediately known something was wrong. The joy had seemed to evaporate from Kate, but there was no way he could address it while a plethora of kids and their parents waited a few yards away. Then she'd taken her leave and he'd known she wasn't coming back. The longer he waited the more clear it became. And he knew exactly why. Damn teenagers. If he could, he'd expel all three.

Kate didn't understand. He wasn't giving up so easily. He was a man who knew what he wanted and once it—or she, in this case—was in his sights, he didn't just let go.

He shifted in his seat, half listening to the child on his lap. His mind was consumed with his plans for finding his sub, bringing her back to his side and doling out the appropriate punishment for her desertion.

First things first, he had to find her. Then he needed to convince her, she was the woman he wanted, and what some stupid teen said didn't matter. Bill wouldn't recognize a real woman if she stood in front of him naked.

The funny thing was, Zach wasn't angry with her. He was sad and disappointed, but they hadn't had a chance to build complete trust. He couldn't blame her for being confused and unsure.

"Ho ho ho!" he exclaimed as a little boy approached him. Carefully, he lifted the child onto his knee. "And what do you want for Christmas?"

Zach knew exactly what he wanted for Christmas. All he had to do was convince her, she was the key to curing his twenty-five year drought of Yuletide cheer.

* * * *

Obtaining Kate's address was simple through his contacts at the children's foundation that had hosted the charity auction where he'd once danced with Kate. At eight P.M., he stood at her door.

He'd changed out of his Santa suit and now wore khaki pants and a button down shirt. The outfit appeared laidback, but he would not take no for an answer. He shifted the sack he carried over his shoulder and rapped his knuckles on her front door.

"Katherine Morgan, open this door!" he bellowed. That ought to get her moving. She wouldn't want her neighbors poking into her business.

True to his suspicion, he heard feet rushing to the other side of the door then it swung open to reveal, her red, tearstained face. "What the hell?" she demanded. "You can't do that!"

“For the record, Kate,” he said, ignoring her ire. “When I tell you that you have a perfect ass, I’m not lying. And when I can’t help but tell you how beautiful you are, I’m telling the truth. And believe me when I tell you this,” he continued, crowding his way inside and slamming the door behind him. “I don’t do pity fucks.”

His eyes narrowed at her sharp intake of breath.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” The sack dropped to the floor and he yanked her into his arms. “When it comes to this relationship, the only one you need to listen to is me.”

“You don’t think I’m fat? I’m not exactly tiny.”

“Neither am I.”

“But you’re a guy, and it’s all muscle.”

“If you were smaller, I’d be afraid of breaking you. I prefer a real-sized woman as opposed to fun-sized girls who usually aren’t *fun* anyway. Not to me. Kate, I don’t find anything wrong with you—except for your idea that you’re not worthy. But we can work on that.”

She shook her head, and he thought she was getting ready to push him away.

“Zach...I’m—”

He pressed his fingers over her lips. “Shh... Enough of that. It’s Christmas eve and I want to celebrate with the new woman in my life...who I’m hoping will eventually become the old woman in my life.”

“Old?” she laughed.

“Okay, not the best phrasing,” he admitted. “I mean that I want you to be around for awhile. A long while.”

Kate stared at Zach, unable to believe he was here, he forgave her, he *wanted* her and he was talking about long term. Butterflies crashed around her middle, dragging along knots of tension in their wake.

“I’d like that,” she told him. “I’ll try to get over my body image issues.”

“Just trust me. And...don’t lie to me. I’ll let that thing at the mall slide, but don’t do it again.”

She’d been wrong to do it; she knew that. She could only guess what he must have thought, sitting there, basically trapped, at “The North Pole”. She’d be furious. He had to be pissed.

“Never again,” she promised.

With a smile, Zach leaned down for the bag. "Hold this," he said then lifted her into his arms. "Where's the bedroom?"

She pointed to the hallway on the other side of the living room. "Second door on the right."

Without another word, Zach headed for it. In a few moments, he'd shouldered his way inside and deposited her on the bed. She noticed as he leaned over her, caging her body with his arms, that he wasn't even breathing heavily. But his eyes were full of hunger as he took in her outfit that she hadn't changed after fleeing the mall. She hadn't been able to convince herself to take off the corset. It made her feel close to him.

His hands went to the blouse that showed above the leather and started to unbutton the garment. Slowly, he traced the exposed flesh, finding her nipples and pinching them until she gasped. Arousal flooded through her, heating her core and pulsing to her clit.

Suddenly, *Jingle Bells* blared from her crotch. They both laughed.

"Happy to see me?" he asked.

"Not at all." She grinned. "Apparently, my pussy wants to send you a yuletide greeting."

"I intend to give it more than that."

"Thank God."

Zach kissed her neck, and she trembled as the music kept playing, telling him she found every action orgasm-worthy. She suspected he didn't need singing panties to tell him that. He settled between her thighs and kissed his way to the taut peaks of her breasts.

"Santa's got some things for you in his pack," he announced.

"For a naughty girl?"

"Umhmm. Only bad girls can get these."

Kneeling up, he grabbed the sack and opened it. Kate giggled as he upended it and an avalanche of tiny candy canes rained onto her torso. He picked a small package from the pile and opened it. "Pretty nipple clips, just for you."

Pulling on each of her nipples, he placed the clamps. Kate gasped as fire leapt through her.

"It will feel better," he promised.

And already, she felt the pain morphing. Breathing shallowly while her body reacted to the clips and shot strange pleasure through her veins, she watched him pull another package from the pile, a flat square box.

"This one...is special," he said, his face solemn. "I want you to open it."

Fingers trembling, she flipped open the lid and stared at a multilayered necklace. The smallest layer would fit close to her neck while the other two would dangle lower. Her gaze searched his while her heart thumped wildly in her chest. “Is this...”

“A collar?” He nodded. “Yes. I want you to know my intentions. I want you with me to see where this goes. I don’t want to watch you from a distance anymore. I want you at my side.”

She pushed upright, and the candy canes slid off her like rose petals—and she found them just as romantic, something special for them. There was so much to explore and learn, and she wanted it to be with him.

Slowly, she raised her arms and lifted her hair off her neck. “Yes, Zach. I want the same thing.”

Closing her eyes, she smiled as the gold slipped softly over her skin and the clasp clicked behind her neck.

“Mine,” Zach said, and her grin widened.

“Yes, Master.”

He growled and pushed her roughly onto the bed, the action completely diffused by their joy and laughter. He tugged off her jeans and the noisy thong then discarded his own pants while she worked at the buttons of his shirt. The fabric hanging open, he lined up to her pussy.

“You better prepare for some of my whipping skills,” he warned, driving into her welcoming passage. “I plan to greet Christmas with the sound of your cries as I spank you for your naughtiness.”

“Merry Christmas to me,” she gasped, wrapping her legs around his hips and giving herself completely, and his cock pushed deep. “Best present ever.”

“It’ll be the best Christmas ever,” he countered. He’d gotten exactly what he’d wanted for the holiday, and he hadn’t even needed to ask.

About the Author

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn has one rule: there must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything goes. And it just might in her books.

She lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humor her and let her think she's a goddess...as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn has conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country and enjoys mentoring and meeting new people.

According to Brynn, her writing success can be attributed to an eclectic collection of music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook, and of course, her husband, Mr. Inspiration, who puts up with a lot in the name of research.

Brynn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.brynnpaulin.com.

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***Punished* by Brynn Paulin**

Prim Natalia Cooper lives life on the straight and narrow, never veering into naughty territory. But she wants to. One night, years ago, her boyfriend gave her a few swats on the rear as part of their sex play and she loved it. She wants more. But he's long gone and she hasn't been spanked since. When she learns of a club where she can get exactly what she needs—anonously—she's so turned on and ready she can hardly bear it.

For Ethan Tavish, *The Dungeon* has served as a place to exert his dominance without making lasting commitments. He can hardly believe his eyes when he enters the play area to find his secretary, Natalia, bent over the spanking bench in a schoolgirl uniform. They're both masked, but he'd recognize her anywhere. In an instant, he has a plan to give them what they both want...and perhaps a whole lot more.

***Possessing Eleanor* by Tessie Bradford**

Eleanor Lewis is perfectly content with her comfortable, quiet, relationship free life until she finds herself on all fours at the feet of Jackson Royce. Eleanor is stunned by her instant and intense attraction to the power and confidence radiating from the devilishly handsome building contractor. He scrambles her brain and heats her body to the boiling point.

Jackson always trusts his gut instincts. The ultra sexy woman sprawled on the floor is a sexual submissive. How intriguing that the all-business, sensible shoe-wearing office manager has absolutely no idea. The moment he takes her into his embrace, he vows to possess her mind, body and soul.

From their first sizzling encounter, through a whirlwind courtship, Eleanor discovers being possessed by a man who loves her absolutely is what she had been searching for all along.

***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't

know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

***Heart of Ice* by Brynn Paulin**

Kai is perfectly unhappy with his life. Cast into a role as shop boy and forced into marriage to save his family, he sees nothing good in his future. In fact, his betrothed, Gerda, seems to hate everything he enjoys. Especially winter and his attraction to dominating his partners. His prospects look grim...until the Snow Queen arrives.

Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

***Abducting Andrea* by Cheryl Dragon**

When an attack is confirmed against the rich and powerful Edington family, Raider's Bodyguard Service springs into action. Jake Raider is assigned the independent but spoiled Andrea. He's protected her before but this time he's bringing the tools to tame her and make her his.

There are plenty of things Andrea wants to do with Jake but none of them involve business. In the past, he rejected her advances but this time he's giving her what she wants and making her beg for more. Exploring the sexual needs they've denied, she's at his mercy and loving it.

***Red Ribbons and Blue Balls* by Tia Fanning**

After Nicolas punishes her for being naughty, the usually nice but now sexually frustrated Winter arrives at their secluded mountain cabin bearing gifts—special gifts that will ensure his submission and her revenge.

With only seven days left until Christmas, Nicolas expects to spend the night decorating the house for the approaching holiday, but Winter has other plans... Christmas might be coming, but if Winter gets her way, Nicolas won't be.

***Lust, Lies and Tinsel Ties* by Mia Jae**

Bree Connor thinks she's volunteered to be a cocktail waitress at a benefit party for the homeless, donating her tips to the shelter—until the end of the night when she gets auctioned off to the highest bidder. The buyer? A man who has been giving her eyes all evening. He also happens to be the partner of the man Bree had an extremely unforgettable sexual encounter with a few months earlier, and has been avoiding all evening.

Oh, what a tinsel web we weave...

With 24 hours to do her buyer's bidding, she finds herself draped in tinsel and bound to a humongous antique bed, awaiting her Christmas Eve fate, only to find that she's been purchased as a gift for the man she's been trying to avoid. Unfortunately, her buyer orders them to 'get each other out of their systems' so they can go on with their lives... or not. Thing is, while blindfolded and securely bound, Bree is pretty sure she feels two sets of hands on her body instead of just one...

***Hot Holiday Houseguests* by Cheryl Dragon**

Kelly always tried to be a good girl. Finally, she found the man who let her be a little bad with him and gave her the playful discipline she craved. That's the man to marry! Engaged and looking forward to a nice Christmas with his family, she couldn't be happier with her great guy and amazing sex life. Could she?

When her fiancé Mark's two sexy cousins come to stay for the holidays and burst in on the couple during sex, her shock quickly turns to arousal. She goes from having one hot man to three, and Mark is behind it all. A girl could get used to having three men fulfilling her sexual needs. But is this a treat for the holidays or can she actually keep them all?

***The Elves and I* by Catrina Calloway**

Marni Sands is spoiled, pampered, and has never done a day's work in her life. Arrested for speeding through a small town traffic circle, Marni's defiant attitude makes the judge think long and hard about her punishment. He assigns her 'community service' in Christmas Town, where she's to (*horror of all horrors!*) work with the elves that live there and help them create toys for some very needy children.

Meet Kip, Noel and Eldan, the three hot and hunky elves assigned to keep Marni in line. She needs a firm hand—on a very luscious part of her beautiful anatomy. It is hard to discipline such a gorgeous human, particularly when she divulges a painful secret—the mystery that has kept her miserable for most of her life.

If tough-love won't work, the elves have only one solution: to turn Marni into a caring elf, capable of holiday cheer, they must make love to her as often as possible. Only then will they be able to convince her that good can triumph over evil and love really does conquer all.

***Bound by Tinsel* by Melinda Barron**

BBW court reporter Fallon Nichols supplements her income by working as a phone sex artist. When she gets a phone call from three guys looking to play a joke on a friend of theirs, she gladly auditions, letting the dominant "Mr. X" run the show and doing exactly as he asks. It turns out to be an exhilarating experience, one that she's eager to repeat.

San Diego attorney Burke Gordon is shocked by the attraction he feels for Serendipity, after all he's only heard her voice and doesn't know what she looks like. But that doesn't matter to him. She's awakened something inside him that has to be fed, and she's the only woman he wants on the menu.

When Burke discovers Serendipity's real identity, he's thrilled. Fallon, however, thinks Burke is way above her station in life, and it takes a little thing like tinsel to convince her that they belong together. Forever.

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