

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

*The Twelve Quickies of Christmas*



Book 4

*Just A Little Magic*  
Kate Douglas

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An Ellora's Cave Publication, DECEMBER 2003

Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.

PO Box 787

Hudson, OH 44236-0787

ISBN MS Reader (LIT) ISBN # 1-84360-729-8

Other available formats (no ISBNs are assigned):

Adobe (PDF), Rocketbook (RB), Mobipocket (PRC) & HTML

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Cover art by Darrell King.

# JUST A LITTLE MAGIC

Kate Douglas

## Chapter 1

*The lights on the Christmas tree twinkled and glittered, reflecting off the few gaily-wrapped packages beneath its fragrant boughs. The dying fire cast a soft glow about the formal dining room of the small cottage, throwing the holiday decorations into muted shadow. The scent of a well-seasoned roast blended with the piney smells from the fresh greens trimming the mantel.*

Beth Adams watched the expensive beeswax candles on her perfectly arranged dinner table sputter and die as, one by one, they burned out.

Sort of like her plans for the evening.

*Face it...just like my plans for the rest of my life.*

A soft clink disturbed the silence, the bottle of champagne settling among the melting ice cubes. She reached for the bottle. No point in wasting good, chilled champagne.

Steve was a jerk. He would never have appreciated her grandmother's bone china with its gilded design, or her great-aunt Audrey's beautiful silver service – one reserved for only the most special occasions.

He wouldn't notice the expensive brand of champagne, or recognize the fact Beth had prepared for a very memorable evening.

Steve couldn't help it if he was culturally, emotionally and intellectually challenged. She'd honestly thought he was cute enough to compensate for the occasional lapse in ...well, just about everything.

"How could I be so stupid?" She rested her aching head in her hands and fought tears. He wasn't worth tears. He certainly wasn't worth the effort she'd gone to tonight.

She'd never before pulled out the china, the crystal goblets, the gorgeous silverware. Never opened her heart and her home with so much expectation.

*Only for special occasions...*

A wedding proposal on Christmas Eve definitely came under the special occasions heading. Steve had been hinting at something big, something special, something just for Beth, all week long. Not just little hints, either.

Of course, she'd been so sure he was planning to propose. She didn't expect him to pick the perfect setting, so she'd created it herself. They'd dated for months. Tall and slim she wasn't, but her ample curves were in all the right places and her auburn hair waved and curled in shining splendor almost to her waist. The sex had been good. Not spectacular, but okay. At thirty-two, Beth figured she was willing to settle for okay.

She was not, however, willing to settle for a boyfriend who thought a satellite dish for her TV was the perfect Christmas gift.

Especially not when she'd been expecting a diamond ring.

She went hot and cold all over, remembering how stupid she'd felt, standing out there in the snow, dressed in her dark burgundy velvet gown designed specifically for seduction, asking Steve what he was doing on her roof.

"Isn't it great, honey? Merry Christmas! I got you a satellite dish for the TV. You can get the Sports Channel, Playboy TV—why, you can get almost two hundred channels with this thing!"

She'd opened her mouth, but nothing had come out. She'd opened it again, swallowed, blinked. "That's my big Christmas surprise? A satellite dish?"

"Yeah. Cool, huh?"

"No, Steve. It is definitely not cool. Take it away. I don't even watch TV. Why would I want a satellite dish?"

"Uh, to make watching TV more fun? I really miss seeing the games when I'm over here. And think of all the fun we could have with the Playboy Channel."

Suddenly, Beth realized her entire relationship was there, encapsulated within those few words. Steve didn't have a clue who she was, didn't care what she wanted. Did she really want to marry this schmuck? Create more little schmucks?

Clear as the driven snow, as fresh as an ice crystal and not nearly as painful as Beth would have imagined, it all coalesced into a single amazing thought.

This was not the man she wanted to marry. Thank goodness he hadn't actually asked her, because she would have said yes.

*Not a smart move. Not smart at all. Waking up to Mr. Sports Channel every morning?*

"Go home, Steve. Go home and take your satellite dish with you. Have a merry Christmas. Watch the Playboy Channel on your own TV because you certainly won't be watching mine." With her dignity intact and her head held high, Beth had quietly gone back inside the house and closed the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

She poured another glass of champagne from the half empty bottle. A bit splashed on the linen table cloth, but she leaned over and licked it up with her tongue. The same tongue that could have been licking Steve. *The idiot.* She focused on the small pile of opened gifts resting in front of her, gifts from her girlfriends at the office.

Irene's package was really interesting, nothing more than a little egg with a remote control. Of course, once Beth figured out where the egg went, she realized someone else really needed to work the remote to get the full effect. She giggled, thinking of the possibilities. Margaret's present was more obvious—a lifelike purple penis, complete with extra batteries.

She stared long and hard at the phallus, comparing it with Steve's. His was nothing like this monster! She flipped the switch and it pulsed to life, throbbing in her hand like something alive.

She felt the muscles between her legs contract at the possibilities. She'd never once used a vibrator, but ever since Tina from marketing had invited her friend Dot to give that sex toy party, all the girls had been giving them as gifts.

Beth wondered if anyone had actually used the damned things.

Filling her glass with the last of the champagne, she wobbled across the plush carpeting with the purple penis buzzing in her hand. It felt alive, the covering warm and sleek. Slipping her panties off, she hiked up her long skirt and sprawled on the pillows in front of the fire, the same pillows where she had intended to seduce Steve.

Sipping at her champagne, Beth stared long and hard at the softly humming dildo, then took an experimental swipe with the vibrating tip across her clit.

She jumped and giggled. Champagne splashed down the front of her burgundy velvet dress, so she slipped the gown over her head and tossed it aside. Her brassiere went next.

Beth decided there was something wonderfully decadent about lying naked on a pile of pillows in front of a dying fire, sipping good champagne and fucking herself with a huge vibrating purple penis. She stroked between her legs, parting the wet folds with the throbbing head. It practically crawled in deeper on its own.

Who was she to fight the power of two D-cell batteries?

Damn it felt good. She spread her legs wide and ran the dildo all the way inside. She was wet and ready, something that usually took forever when she had sex with Steve. The pulsating vibrations reached all the way to her bones.

She slipped it in and out, sighing with the pure pleasure of being completely filled by something hot and *almost* alive. She let it touch her clit on every other pass, then realized she was spending just as much time on that needy little bit of flesh as anywhere else. She thought about pinching her breasts, but she was holding the champagne with one hand and the dildo with the other, and she'd just flat run out of hands.

It didn't matter. Not one bit, because suddenly her orgasm slammed into her out of the blue, a deep, throbbing, needy crush of nerves and muscles and ripe sensation.

Gasping, sighing, Beth slowed her new favorite toy to a steady rhythm, catching each tiny quiver and clench, riding her climax to the very last shiver. Finally, with a long, shuddering sigh, she flipped the *off* switch.

She lay there a moment, staring at the huge purple monster still deeply imbedded between her thighs. It felt good, filling her completely while her pussy spasmed and rippled against the ribbed surface. Gazing thoughtfully at the vibrator, Beth finished off her last swallow of champagne and set the glass aside.

After a few minutes, she giggled. They'd all made silly jokes about women needing toys for sex, embarrassed to admit they even knew about the blasted things, but this was the best orgasm she'd had in her life.

Great sex without the complications. D-cell batteries and a purple plastic penis were certainly a lot cheaper and easier to handle than a selfish, thickheaded ex-boyfriend.



## Chapter 2

*Ouch!* Beth awoke out of a sound sleep, stabbed in the crotch with the purple penis when she tried to roll over. Blinking herself awake, she removed the plastic toy from between her legs. Naked, the dildo hanging from her limp fingers, Beth headed toward her bedroom.

Her lonely bedroom. Damn. She'd really expected to spend the night with Steve, wearing a new diamond engagement ring and nothing else. Somehow, she didn't picture herself wearing a satellite receiver...

*The little egg glistened on the dining room table. Beth picked it up and carried it into her room. She'd find the remote in the morning and put them away. Until she found another significant other, the egg would just have to wait.*

She hoped it wouldn't be too long. The concept of wearing a vibrator that someone else controlled made her hot just thinking about it.

Still half asleep, she left the purple dildo on the nightstand by her bed. She stared at the little egg for a long moment, until curiosity won out, then with great care, inserted it way inside between her legs. Just knowing it was in there was a turn on.

Feeling more than a little bit decadent, Beth floated off to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Thump. Thump. Thump.*

Beth jerked awake. *What the hell?*

A loud clatter followed the thumps. A bang, what sounded suspiciously like a curse, then another thump.

*Steve! Damn him...* The idiot must think that if he installed the stupid satellite dish, he'd get back in her good graces.

And her bed.

"Fat chance, you bastard." Beth jumped out of bed and grabbed her robe and slippers. Thank goodness she'd finally seen the light. Tina and Margaret had been telling her what a jerk Steve was, but she just hadn't been able to see it.

"Well, my eyes are wide open tonight, kiddo."

Like an avenging angel, Beth stormed out the front door.

How odd. There was no ladder in sight.

She heard it again. A thump and a muffled curse.

"Steve, *get off* my roof. I told you, I do *not* want a satellite dish."

"Huh? Wha...?" A startled shout, another curse. Suddenly a body slid over the edge of the roof, past the rain gutters, missed Beth by mere inches and landed in the snowdrift beside the front porch.

Not Steve. Definitely not Steve. Caught in the glow of the porch light, the figure was dressed all in red and buried face first in the snow. Cautiously, Beth leaned over to see if he was all right.

The figure moaned, grunted, said, "Aw, fuck," in a soft, dejected voice, and Beth heard a loud sigh. After a moment, he turned himself right side up and shook his head.

White hair, a long white beard...red suit and black boots.

It had to be... *Nah*. No way.

"I don't think so." Beth crossed her arms over her large breasts, suddenly feeling nearly naked and a whole lot vulnerable, standing in her front yard in her robe, talking to a strange man.

A *very* strange man. "Who the hell are you?"

"I was supposed to be the new Kris Kringle. They pink slipped me." He sighed, then held up his right hand. Without thinking, Beth reached out and helped pull him to his feet.

Just as quickly, she dropped his hand and rubbed hers against her thigh. Even beneath the black leather gloves he wore, his grip was warm and alive. She felt a shiver race from her fingertips to the spot where she suddenly remembered the little remote control egg was waiting for instructions.

Her vaginal muscles tightened involuntarily around the egg. Beth grabbed the porch railing for support.

Obviously favoring his right ankle, the man still towered over her, no great feat since she was barely over five feet tall. Beth fought the impulse to step back. "I'm still waiting to know who you are and what you were doing on my roof."

She thought of tapping her foot, realized her toes were numb from the cold, and stepped up on the porch. At least now she was closer to eye level with the man.

He grabbed the railing, as if for support. She wondered just how badly he'd hurt himself in his tumble from the roof.

"I'm Dominic. Dominic Claus." He reached up and swept the red hat off his head, taking the heavy white wig with it. The fake beard joined the wig. The two pieces dangled like dead white rabbits from his left hand. Beth shuddered and took another step back.

With his overly long coal-black hair and clean-shaven face, Nick Whoever-he-was suddenly looked a lot more threatening...and terribly appealing.

Once more, Beth was almost preternaturally aware of the little egg resting snug and warm inside her. She fought an impulse to glance toward the dining room table where she'd left the remote.

Then he shivered, and gave her a pleading look. "I'm freezing and my ankle hurts like a son of a gun. This has been one helluva night, and I could really use a drink. May I come in?"

Nonplussed, Beth realized she was already holding the door open for a complete stranger. Limping heavily, Dominic crossed over her threshold and entered Beth's little home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beth decided there was definitely something surrealistic about sipping brandy in front of a glowing fire in the wee hours of Christmas morning with the sexiest man she'd ever seen in her life—a sexy man dressed in a bright red Santa suit.

“So you're telling me there really *is* a Santa Claus, but he's not just one man, he's a succession of men, all related?”

“Right. Each generation, a new Santa is chosen by the Santa Committee of elders to carry on the family tradition.” A look that might have been relief crossed his face. “I honestly didn't want the job, but I must admit to a sense of loss when I realized my cousin Nick made the cut.” His smile was rueful, self-deprecating. “We've always been competitive. I hate losing, but I know Nick'll make a better Santa than I ever could. I'm more into research and development.”

He was either totally bonkers, or one of the most sincere liars Beth had ever known. He was also making her think deliciously naughty things. “Research and development?” she asked, forcing her thoughts out of the bedroom. “Research and development of what?”

“Well, toys, of course. It's a big job.” He spread his long fingers out as he spoke. Beth listened with only a fragment of her mind. The rest of it was concentrating on those long, almost elegant fingers, imagining them touching, pinching...probing...

“...world population isn't shrinking, you know. I got my business degree at Harvard and finished up the MBA at Stanford, but I've always been more interested in research and development of new toys than the actual distribution.”

What did he say? Beth's gaze flew from his fingers to his face. “Harvard? Stanford?” At least when he told a story, it was a good one. “So, do you actually do all this research and development at the North Pole?” He couldn't be serious... She glanced around the room, wondering if she might need to defend herself from a complete nutcase.

Of course, depending on his intentions, she wasn't all that certain she'd defend too hard. She blinked, suddenly aware she hadn't thought of what's-his-name in ages.

Dominic laughed, a deep, mellow, sexy laugh that sent shivers along Beth's spine. "Of course not, silly. All that North Pole stuff is just to keep the fantasy alive for the kids, though I must admit, children appear to be a lot more cynical than when I was young. I own the Rudolph Toys chain. We're international, you know." The pride in his voice was typical male. Beth found it endearing.

She was also completely familiar with Rudolph Toys. She even had stock in the company – one of the few stocks she owned that actually made money.

"Of course, we sell a lot of our product, but most of it is funneled through the Santa Claus franchise for Christmas deliveries. Commercial sales cover the costs of answering all the requests we get on the letters to Santa. Tonight was a test run for the seven of us in this generation who had a shot at the Santa Claus title and position. Usually, if you aren't selected, the reindeer immediately take you back to headquarters. It's all done by very old magic, but unfortunately, I'd gotten out of the sleigh to pick up a bell that fell off the harness. I made a consummate error by not keeping contact with the sleigh, so when it was called back, it went without me. That's how I ended up stranded on your roof."

"Reindeer?" Beth swallowed. "Magic?"

Dominic yawned. "You know, little flying beasts that carry Santa's sleigh?" He yawned again and smiled at her. "Would it be asking too much to let me spend a few hours on your couch? I'm beat, and it's going to take a call into headquarters to see if they can arrange transportation home for me." He shook his head, his expression rueful. "I feel like such an idiot. This is a terrible time to screw up. I doubt anyone's even answering the phones."

"At the North Pole?" *No*, Beth thought. *I am not having this conversation.*

Dominic smiled. His lips were full, his teeth perfect. Everything about him was perfect, except for the fact he was nuts. "Actually, no," he said. "I live in Akron. That's where Reindeer Toys is headquartered."

"Right." Beth wanted to rely on her gut. She really wanted him to be telling the truth, but of course that was impossible. Still, he didn't appear dangerous. He'd been more than sympathetic when she'd explained her break-up with Steve. He'd agreed completely with Beth's decision to end the relationship.

He might be absolutely nuts, but he was also sincere and warm and funny. Beth nodded, wondering if she was preparing to make the biggest mistake of her life. "You can stay," she said. "No funny business."

Head spinning, heart pounding, she went directly to her bedroom and locked the door behind her.

### Chapter 3

It was the most delicious dream she'd ever had. Dom was there, his dark hair mussed as if from sleep, that serious half-smile on his face that somehow felt achingly familiar. He leaned over her, his big hands splayed out on either side of her head, his long fingers tangled in her hair. He was naked, his body taut with barely contained passion, the huge head of his cock barely pressing between her legs, teasing her, sweeping through the tangle of auburn curls.

He practically vibrated against her and she felt him deep inside.

*Impossible.* Her door was locked and the man in her bed was pure fantasy.

Writhing against her tangled bedding, Beth felt her climax building, felt the deep vibrations against her womb, the low thrum of passion climbing to a crescendo, an earth-shattering, mind-numbing, toe-tingling...

Nothing.

The vibrations stopped. Beth hung there, suspended between lust and incredulity.

The egg! The damned egg was still inside her!

But that meant...

A tentative knock on her bedroom door snapped her fully awake.

"Beth? Are you awake yet?"

*Dominic!*

"Um, yes. I'm awake." Brushing her tangled hair back from her eyes, Beth grabbed her bathrobe off the floor. "Just a minute."

She opened the door just enough to peek around the edge. Dom waited on the other side, hair slightly mussed, his dark eyes looking warm and seductive, the red velvet Santa pants riding low on his hips. His chest was bare, the dark whorl of hair spinning

over taut muscles and arrowing down a narrow trail to disappear beneath the waistband of his pants. He held a steaming cup of coffee in one hand, the damned control for the vibrating egg in the other.

“Merry Christmas and good morning, sleepyhead. I wondered if you were ever going to wake up.” He chuckled, the sound deep and as seductive as the aroma of freshly brewed coffee. “I hope you don’t mind my snooping around your kitchen, but I saw the coffee grinder on the counter and figured you liked your cup in the morning as much as I do. Here.” He held the steaming mug out to her. “I hope you like it black.”

Beth opened the door just enough to grab the coffee. She couldn’t take her eyes off the little plastic remote he held in his left hand. “What are you doing with that?”

Dom looked down at the remote. “Oh, I was trying to get the TV to work. Battery must be dead.” He negligently flipped the switch.

The egg went back to vibrating against Beth’s already sensitive womb. She gritted her teeth and clutched the handle of her coffee cup so hard her knuckles turned white.

“Uh, Dom...that’s not actually the remote for the TV.”

Dom continued to fiddle with the controls for a moment. The vibrations revved up a few notches. Beth felt the first stirrings of her delayed climax, the shivers and rhythmic clenching deep inside. She stared helplessly at Dom’s big hands, the long fingers playing with the buttons on the remote. The egg vibrated faster.

Dom turned his attention from the remote in his hand to smile directly at Beth.

“I know it’s not the TV remote,” he said, grinning devilishly. “This is one of my creations. We make these at Rudolph Toys.” He brushed a wisp of hair back from Beth’s forehead. His voice was low, conspiratorial. “They’re very popular in our adult toys section. One of our best sellers.” He held the remote up for her inspection. “See this little button? The red one? Heat.”

He pressed it with his thumb. Within seconds, the vibrating egg began to grow warmer inside Beth. Helplessly, she watched him work his fingers across the buttons, as if he played a computer game.



“This one increases vibrations...”

The egg practically buzzed inside her. She felt her teeth start to vibrate.

“But this is the most popular feature.” Grinning even wider, Dom pressed another little button.

The hot little egg began to slowly tumble back and forth, vibrating and moving about inside Beth’s pussy like a thing alive.

Her lungs expanded but she couldn’t draw enough air. She grabbed the door frame as lights danced behind her eyes, her field of vision narrowed to Dom’s eyes, his lips, no longer smiling now, but slightly parted as if he, too, shared her building climax.

The cup of hot coffee would have tipped from her fingers but Dom caught the cup and deftly set it on a table in the hallway. Beth screamed, her knees buckled and Dom caught her up in his strong embrace, his mouth finding hers, his tongue thrusting deep between her lips as she shuddered and pulsed with the rhythmic vibrations deep inside.

Dom fingered the controls and the egg slowed to a gentle vibration, just enough to ease Beth down from a mind numbing orgasm. He kissed her once more, gently, then carried her into her room, laying her out on her bed. He leaned over her and brushed her sweat-dampened hair back from her eyes and kissed her once more on the mouth.

Waves of pure pleasure gave way to the hot and cold wash of absolute humiliation. Turning away from Dom’s sweet smile, Beth tried to decide the best way out of what had to be the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to her in her life.

She had no control over the tears that squeezed from beneath her tightly closed eyelids. *Just go away*, she begged silently. *Just go away so I can pretend this never happened.*

“My God. That was the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

Dom’s voice sounded reverent, almost awestruck.

Beth opened her eyes just enough to see through tear-clumped lashes. His face was mere inches from hers. She hadn't really noticed the color of his eyes last night. Now she saw they were a deep gray, lost somewhere between green and blue. "What?"

"Your climax." His voice was barely a whisper, rough around the edges, emotional. "That was the most amazing... I mean, when I created the egg, I thought of it as a great thing for couples to play with at parties and such. I never thought beyond the social aspects of it as a silly sex toy. Watching you come just now, knowing I had control over you, knowing what was happening inside you with each button I pushed... We don't know each other, Beth, but I have never, not in my entire life, felt such a connection to another person. I don't think I've ever wanted a woman as much as I want you right now."

He sat back and held his hand up. "No. Please. Don't be frightened. I would never do anything you don't want." He shook his head, apologetically. "Well, beyond pushing your buttons." He reached playfully for the remote.

Beth giggled and swatted his hand away.

"I should probably call a cab," he said, turning to sit on the edge of the bed. "I doubt anyone's at the office this morning, and I've imposed on you more than enough."

"It's Christmas Day." Beth scooted back and leaned against her headboard. "What will you do?"

"Go back to work. In a way, I'm glad the Santa selection process is over for this generation. It means I can concentrate on what I do best."

"Thinking up sex toys?" She giggled again, aware on a visceral level of the little egg, still now, that was resting inside her pussy.

"Among other things." He smiled, touched the side of her face. "What are your plans?"

Beth sighed. "I don't know. Like I told you last night, I expected to be planning my wedding. I don't know what I'm going to do today."

“Wanna do whatever it is, together?”

Dom glanced sideways at her out of hooded eyes. His look conjured up all kinds of thoughts in Beth, most of the carnal variety.

She didn't know him. Didn't believe half of what he said.

She wanted to know him. Wanted to believe.

“Yeah,” she said, putting her heart in his hands. “Let's do it together.”

## **Chapter 4**

Beth wasn't quite sure what she'd expected, but ice skating in the park wasn't on her list, at least not until Dominic suggested it. She noticed there was no sign of the limp that had convinced her to let him in the night before. He wore the Santa suit, along with the flowing white wig and beard, and stayed in character throughout the day. The children trying out their new ice skates loved it.

Not nearly as much as Beth, though. She kept looking for flaws. There weren't any, once you got past the fact Dom still believed in Santa, in fact believed he could have been Santa. Dom was funny and sweet, he loved little kids and was polite to their mothers. He found candy canes in his pockets for each child he saw, and helped one little girl learn to skate when her very pregnant mother begged off.

They found a hot dog stand under a snow covered cedar and ate polish sausages and sipped hot chocolate. Dom held her hand as if he'd known her forever, twirled her on the ice like a ballerina and kissed her nose to warm her up.

She wanted him to kiss even more, but he was the perfect gentleman. They walked hand in hand down Main Street as the short day turned to night, gazing at the lighted displays in each store window. At dinnertime they ate the roast dinner Beth had fixed the night before, sitting in front of the fire in their stocking feet, toes pointed toward the warming flames.

She could hardly recall the reason she'd prepared such a feast.

Later, they cleaned up the kitchen, the conversation between them light and fun, the tension simmering between them hot enough to steam the windows.

"I don't want to leave, but I've imposed on you long enough." Dom dried his hands on the dishtowel and wiped down the counters as Beth put the last of the dishes away. "It's been an amazing day, Beth. Absolutely amazing."

He hadn't kissed her all day. Hadn't made a move of any kind. Still, Beth knew he felt the same desire shimmering and pulsing just beneath the surface. The tension between them had about it a lovely, expectant sort of feeling.

One she wasn't about to waste.

She opened her mouth, closed it, swallowed and tried again. "It could be an amazing night, I think. Dom, will you stay with me tonight?"

He didn't say a word, just smiled at her with that half-expectant smile she'd grown to love over the course of one day. Smiled and touched the side of her face, then slowly leaned over and kissed her.

This was the kind of kiss Beth had dreamed of, the searching, touching, tasting kind of kiss that parted her lips and drew her tongue into play, a dance of the senses as they slowly but thoroughly explored each other's mouths. Dom cupped her shoulders with his big hands, drawing her closer, molding her body to his.

"Mmpf!" Beth tilted her hips away from the heavy brass buckle on Dom's Santa suit belt. Without breaking the kiss, Dom unbuttoned the red velvet jacket, undid the belt and slipped out of the Santa coat.

Beth traced the heavy pectoral muscles across his chest with her fingernails, dragging them across Dom's nipples. He moaned into her mouth, his fingers searching for the hem of her sweater.

Gasping, he stepped back just far enough to tug the sweater over her head. Her long braid caught in the knit. Dom pulled the band off the end of her thick rope of hair, slipped the sweater off of her and flung it across the room. Then he stepped back, gazing at her breasts with frank admiration.

"Oh my." His hands came up to cup them on either side, tracing the pale lavender colored lace on her bra. He reached for the front closure and carefully released the snap, then eased the straps over Beth's shoulders.

Her breasts spilled free, large enough to fill his large hands, the rosy tips already puckering with need. Dominick stared at them transfixed, holding the smooth globes in his palms, running his thumbs over the sensitive tips.

This time Beth moaned, arching her back into his touch. Reverently, Dom leaned over and drew one taut nipple between his lips, biting down just hard enough to send a piercing stab of need arrowing straight between her legs.

Her knees almost buckled. Dom caught her up in his arms and carried Beth into her bedroom where he lay her down on the bed. Standing over her, he slipped out of the red velvet pants, pushing his socks off at the same time.

Beth watched, fascinated, as the pants slid down past his thighs, uncovering a pair of very brief, bright red silk underwear.

Tented underwear. Dom's cock stretched the fabric to its max.

She giggled. "Wow, to think I never imagined what Santa wore beneath his suit!" She reached out and stroked him through the smooth silk. Dom closed his eyes and groaned, thrusting his hips forward, forcing his ready cock into her hand.

She stroked him again, then leaned over and tasted him through the silk. A drop of fluid darkened the red silk at the very tip. Suddenly, Dom pulled away and leaned over Beth, tugging her jeans and panties quickly down over her knees. She raised up to help him, parting her knees and lifting her hips to give him a better view of the secrets between her legs.

He paused, swallowed deeply, then reached down and ran his finger through the juices spilling from her pussy. Beth sighed and pressed herself against his hand.

She had no shame with this man. None. No worries that he might find her too big, too short, too round, too anything. The look of pure adoration in his eyes removed any inhibitions she might have found.

She lay in front of him, completely naked, her unbound hair spilling over her chest in an auburn mass of shining silk. Her breasts practically tingled with desire. She felt

the thick fluid between her legs, felt the pressure building as she waited for Dom to touch her, to fill her with the hot, hard thrusts she needed.

Instead, he worshipped her. Kneeling between her legs, still covered in the red silk briefs, he touched her belly, her mons, ran his fingers through the tight curls between her legs. Almost hesitantly he leaned over and kissed her stomach, running his tongue around her navel, dipping lower to lick at the tuft of auburn hair between her legs.

Sighing, she let him part her knees, opening her secrets to his curious eyes. He knelt there for a moment, watching her, then leaned over and gently suckled her clit between his lips. Beth felt the shock of contact, the bone shuddering current when Dom scraped the sensitive nub oh, so gently, with his teeth, then laved her with his tongue.

He spread her legs wide, giving himself access to her heat. Nibbling at the fleshy lips, he drew first one and then the other into his mouth, sucking and licking at the sensitive flesh until Beth squirmed beneath his touch. She raised her hips and he speared her with his tongue, licking and suckling at the juices flowing freely between her legs.

She was helpless, caught there in the sensual caress of his mouth, hanging on the very edge of ecstasy. Dom grasped her buttocks in his hands, lifting her to his mouth, filling her with his tongue while his fingers made furtive explorations over her flesh, tickling her ass, pressing at the sensitive ring of flesh as his tongue probed her pussy deeper, hotter.

Suddenly his finger gained entrance to her ass just as his tongue flicked quickly over her clit. Without warning, Beth exploded, clamping her legs tightly against his head, arching into his mouth, screaming out in wanton ecstasy. His finger probed deeper, harder, finding nerves and sensations Beth had never even suspected.

Slowly, so slowly she felt herself coming down from her climax when Dom suddenly found her clit once more, drawing it between his lips, tonguing it with rapid flicks as his finger moved in delicious circles within her ass.

Barely able to breathe, Beth screamed again, riding this climax to the very end as her body finally subsided in shuddering, shivering release.

Dom sat back on his heels, a big grin on his handsome face. His chin was shiny with the fluids from her climax, his cock was rock hard and jutting forth in red silken splendor.

Beth struggled for breath, her mind working at a feverish rate. Dom looked much too self-satisfied for a man who still hadn't had his turn. The least she could do was make his wait worthwhile.

Sitting up, she gently pushed Dom to the bed. He offered absolutely no resistance. She spread his legs out, then his arms, so that he lay there in a most helpless position. "Close your eyes," she whispered.

He did.

"Keep them closed," she said, reaching for the silk scarves she kept in the bedside table. She'd never once used them on Steve, but there was no hesitation with Dom. She tied one around his eyes, effectively blindfolding him. "You'll like this," she promised, mentally crossing her fingers. Quickly, Beth secured his hands to the bedposts, then slipped his red silk underwear down his long legs.

Dom played along, blissfully unaware of what was going on in Beth's mind. She was absolutely certain he didn't have a clue.

Damn but he was gorgeous! His cock waved unfettered, finally free of the restraining briefs. It bobbed in the cool air, surrounded by a nest of dark hair. Beth paused a moment, hoping her plan would work. Dom was huge, his penis almost twice the size of Steve's, and Steve was the only lover Beth had ever had.

She swallowed back a momentary stab of fear, leaned over and kissed the purple tip, then backed off when Dom thrust his hips forward.

"Not yet," she said. Quickly she tied his feet to the bedposts, spreading his legs wide and securing him so he couldn't free himself.



Dom tugged lightly at the restraints, then grinned. "Have you been reading my mind?" he asked. "This is my ultimate fantasy...a beautiful woman tying me to the bed and having her way with me."

Beth sat back on her heels and laughed. "No, haven't read your mind, but we're doing my fantasy, not yours. It's merely your luck that we share this one." She leaned over and kissed Dom on the lips. He kissed her back, raising his head to follow her as she pulled back.

Beth got up from the bed and found the little electronic egg. She'd carefully washed it and checked to make sure the batteries were good. Now she covered it with a lubricant before crawling back on the bed and kneeling between Dom's legs. "I've always wanted to take a man in my mouth and make him come," she said, softly stroking Dom's huge erection. "I've never done it before. Is that okay with you?"

Dom's laughter ended in a choking sound. "Okay? You think I'd complain about that? Is that why you tied me up?"

"Partially." Beth leaned over and drew his cock into her mouth. The flesh was smooth, hot, the taste a little salty. It made her blood run hot, her heart beat fast. She fondled Dom's balls between her fingers and he thrust himself forward as if reaching for her touch. Beth took the egg and rubbed it over his cock, along the length of the shaft, up and down as she traced the same movements with her tongue. After a few moments, she turned on the remote so that the egg vibrated against Dom's erection.

He moaned, lifting his hips as he thrust against the vibrations, against Beth's lapping tongue.

She ran her fingers along his balls, rolling each round sac between her fingers, and heard Dom's breath catch in his throat. With one finger, she traced the crease from his scrotum to his ass, rubbing the sensitive flesh back and forth, over and over.

Dom twisted against the restraints, his breath huffing out in short gasps. Beth found the little tube of lubricant and quickly massaged the opening around his ass, rimming

the puckered flesh, occasionally breaching the opening. Dom moaned, but he didn't say a word.

She penetrated him again and again with her finger, each time finding the entrance easier, the muscles relaxing.

Quickly, before Dom could figure out her intentions, Beth shoved the mechanical egg up his ass. Only the little removal string remained outside. The minute she inserted it, Dom went still.

Too still.

"What the hell are you doing?" He didn't sound particularly happy.

"What do you think?"

"Did you just shove that egg up my ass?"

"Maybe."

"Why?"

"You'll see." Beth leaned over and drew his cock between her lips, suckling him deep and hard. At the same time, she hit the little button on the remote control.

Dom jumped. Beth bit down, then settled into a slow, sensual rhythm. She raised the vibrations on the egg. Dom's cock got bigger, harder. He moaned, tugging at the restraints.

She heard him muttering under his breath. oh shit, oh shit, oh shit...

*Beth hit the "tumble" button.*

Dom cried out, arched his back and his cock convulsed. Beth caught the spurting semen, suckling him hard, her mouth covering him and taking everything he could give her.

She reduced the rate of vibration, finally easing the egg to the off position. Dom lay gasping on the bed, his cock still rock hard between her lips, his balls drawn up tight to his body. His trembling body. The body that was still tied tightly to the bedposts.

Beth slowly suckled along the length of his softening cock, then turned the remote back on low. Dom immediately got hard again.

“Ohmygod.” He raised his head, his eyes still covered by the blindfold. “What the fuck are you doing to me?”

“Do you like it?” Beth sat back on her heels and grinned. She slowly raised the vibration level on the egg. Dom’s cock twitched, expanded, then bobbed in a lonely circle.

“Hell, yes.” He tugged once more at the restraints. “I really, really want to fuck you, though. Is that in your plan?”

*“Oh yeah...” Beth scooted forward along Dom’s chest, finally reaching a point where her pussy was at lip level. Without any instruction, Dominic leaned forward and began suckling at her needy clit. His tongue gained entrance and he lapped at the juices flowing freely from her pussy. It felt so fantastic Beth pushed the next button on the remote.*

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit... Dom bucked beneath her and bit down on her clit. Beth bit back a scream, scooted back down his body and hovered over his straining cock. She grabbed a condom out of the table by her bed and carefully sheathed him, spending an inordinate amount of time smoothing the latex down over his swollen cock.

Slowly, so very slowly, she eased herself down over him. She felt his hard shaft enter, stretching and throbbing against her vaginal walls, slipping into the wet and ready place she kept for him.

Raising and lowering herself over his huge cock, Beth felt her climax growing. Unwilling to go alone, she increased the speed on the egg, sending it into that tumbling mode Dom was so proud of.

He thrust into her, hard and solid and hot, so very hot, his cry echoing in her small room. Beth took him deep inside herself, crying out as he did, her thighs clamping down on his hips, her mouth latching on to the taut nipple on the left side of his chest, just over his rapidly beating heart.

He came into her over and over again, each thrust of his hips claiming another piece of her heart. Finally, long moments later, Beth turned off the remote and Dom stilled within her embrace.

“Payback?” he whispered, his voice breaking with each gasping breath.

“Not really.” Beth quietly untied the restraints holding his hands and feet and removed the blindfold. “I wanted you to experience what I did, that sense of no control, of pure physical sensation.” She looked into his dark eyes. “Did you feel it?”

“Oh yeah.” Dom reached up and kissed her, hard on the lips. “Oh yeah, my love. I felt it. Shit. Did I ever.”

## Chapter 5

They showered together. Sex while standing under a cascade of steaming water was something Beth figured she could become addicted to. Dom lifted her so easily, wrapping her legs around his waist, filling her with his huge cock and never missing a beat, even when she accidentally kicked the faucet with her left foot and turned off the hot water.

Contrary to common belief, the icy blast had absolutely no effect on Dom's libido. Of course, he got the temperature adjusted in record time without missing a stroke.

He caressed her thighs, grabbing her round cheeks in both hands and holding her close, thrusting with long, smooth strokes that filled her with heat and fire and need. Sobbing, she broke in his arms, her climax tearing out a little piece of her heart with each pulsing contraction.

Dom cried out as well, a shout of triumph, of pure masculine joy. He wrapped his arms tightly around Beth and slowly slid down the wall until they sat together on the floor of the big shower, steaming water cascading over the two of them.

She could still feel him inside her, erect and filling her more completely than she'd ever been.

Dom kissed her ear, the sensitive line of her jaw. "My God, Beth. I am one lucky elf. You're magic...who you are, what you do to me. I felt it the first time I saw you, standing out there in the snow with a look of total disbelief on your face." He chuckled. Beth felt his stomach move beneath her clasping thighs. "I've heard it can happen like this, heard about guys who found *the one* they were meant to find. I never dreamed I'd find you."

He hugged her close, his lips buried in her wet hair.

Beth kissed Dom's neck as the water sluiced over her back and shoulders, thankful it disguised her flowing tears. There'd been no warning, no wake-up call, no sign that this Christmas Day would be the most bittersweet of her life.

She'd gone and fallen in love with a man with delusions of Santa, a man who thought he was a Christmas elf, who believed in magic and flying reindeer and Santa Claus. A man who, despite his peculiar beliefs, was perfect in every way.

Dom tilted her chin up and kissed her. His dark hair was slicked down around his face and his eyes sparkled with laughter, as if they shared a most beguiling secret. "Have I told you lately how beautiful you are? How much I love what we are together?" He kissed her again, then trailed tiny kisses across her jaw. His tongue touched the side of her mouth, then followed the trail of her tears.

Gently, he kissed the corner of her eye, then her temple. "Tears? Either you're crying, or the water in this town has way too high a salt content."

"It's nothing." Beth ducked her head, unwilling to look at him. How could she tell him it was everything? She untangled herself from his embrace and clambered awkwardly to her feet and turned off the water.

"C'mon." She held her hand out and Dom grabbed it. Looking down at their entwined fingers made her want to cry again. Beth took a deep breath instead and led Dom into the bedroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pale winter sunlight barely lighted the dark corners of Beth's bedroom. She lay there, naked, caught in a tangle of sheets, the room awash in the sweet/pungent scent of sex and sweat. Dom slept, one arm thrown over his head, stretching toward the headboard. The other was curled close to his chest.

Beth watched him, wondering how she could possibly let this man go. He wanted her to come with him, to see the plant in Akron, to meet the members of the Santa Committee, the board of elders.

They were elves, he said. Elves just like him. He'd swept his hair back and, though she had to admit his ears did have a bit of a point to them, it certainly wasn't enough to convince her.

She thought of her job, the daily grind she truly loved, the fact that her ability for organizing kept her boss on time for his meetings and in good graces with both his wife and his mistress. Then she compared it to the last twenty-four hours she'd spent with a madman.

There was no other way to describe him. Dom made her laugh, made her forget her pragmatic, organized world, and he made sweet, wonderful love to her. He took her to heights she'd only imagined, tasting and touching her in places she'd barely known existed on her own body.

He'd managed to put that purple penis to shame, but not until he'd put it to lots of good use.

It was also one of his products – at least he said it was.

And that was the problem. Could she really trust a man who believed in Santa Claus? Who said he was an elf, explained how he took his directions from a governing board of elves? Could she tie her future to a stranger who believed in magic, who waited for the flying reindeer to come back and rescue him?

It made Beth want to weep. Damn it, how could she have fallen in love with a nut?

\* \* \* \* \*

Beth awoke early the morning after Christmas. The room was a dismal gray, awash in the thin sunlight of an early winter's morning. She ached in places she'd hardly noticed before and was decidedly aware of a tenderness between her legs that was definitely new.

The place beside her was empty, the indentation on the pillow the only proof anyone had shared her bed. Aware of a hollowness deep inside, a premonition of utter dread, Beth grabbed her robe and headed for the kitchen.

Dom sat at the kitchen table, nursing a cup of coffee. He wore dark slacks and a white dress shirt. A coat and tie hung neatly over the back of one of her kitchen chairs. The black hairs on the back of his hands and the day's growth of beard shadowing his hollow cheeks gave him a ruthless appearance, even dressed as he was.

Dom looked up as she hovered there in the doorway. His eyes were dark, hidden beneath sooty lashes. He stared solemnly at Beth for a long moment, then sighed. "Are you sure you won't come with me? I contacted headquarters. My ride will be here in about fifteen minutes."

"What? Eight tiny reindeer and a little bell-covered sleigh?" She couldn't even hide the bitterness in her voice, didn't try. Without giving Dom a chance to answer her sarcastic question, she demanded, "Where did the clothes come from? All you had was the Santa suit."

Dom blinked, as if suddenly aware, for the first time, he was wearing something entirely different. "I can't wear a Santa suit today. Christmas is over. It reverted."

"Reverted?" Beth swallowed back the little squeak that threatened to escape. "What do you mean, 'reverted?'"

"The red suit is Santa's business suit. This is mine. It was red velvet when I needed red velvet. Now I need a dark suit, so that's what it is. It's just a small magic, but really handy. You can't expect me to go back to Akron dressed like Santa. People would think I was nuts." He spread his hands wide, as if his explanation made perfect sense.

Beth felt the tears threatening again. "I can't go to Akron with you, Dom. I have a life here, a job I need and love." *I can't tie my future to a madman.* She folded her hands across her chest in what she knew was a purely defensive position. It would be so easy to go with him, so easy to throw away everything she had worked for, just throw it all away for love.

Dom sighed. His big shoulders drooped. He folded his hands together on the table in front of him, but for all the vulnerability in his pose, his voice was pure, masculine intransigence. "I wish you'd tell me why. Why can't you believe? We may have only



known each other a couple days, but we have something so special we'd be fools to let it go. I recognized it the moment I saw you. You can't possibly deny that you feel it too! Beth, you complete me. You make me feel like the man I should be. I woke up this morning thinking how depressed I should have been, knowing the Santa job didn't go to me, and then I looked at you sleeping beside me and realized I didn't care a bit about being Santa. I was relieved I wouldn't have that hanging over my head, wouldn't have to worry about having my wife approved by the Santa Committee."

"What?" Beth took a step forward, into the kitchen. She wasn't sure which statement affected her more—the fact he was still talking about that dumb Santa Committee or the fact they wouldn't have to approve his wife.

"What do you mean, the committee has to approve your wife?"

"If I had been selected as Santa, my choice for Mrs. Claus would have to meet certain requirements. She'd have to be jolly and sweet and love to bake cookies, she'd have to love children and be willing to help care for the reindeer and accept the fact that her husband will be away every Christmas. Some women just aren't cut out for the job."

"Oh." What else could she say? Obviously the delusion was a major part of Dom's existence. "I guess it doesn't matter who you marry, now you're out of contention for the job, then. That should be a relief." Beth bit her lower lip, ashamed at the sarcasm in her reply.

"It matters to me." Dom stood up, suddenly filling the small kitchen with barely restrained emotion. "I hardly know you, but I can honestly say I love you, Beth. I want you to come to Akron as my wife, dammit, but I can see that you're just humoring me. Until you can believe that what I say is true, there's no chance for us. No chance at all."

Suddenly he raised his head. "My ride is here." He flipped a red business card down on her table. "If you change your mind, if you realize you have it in you to accept the magic, to *believe*, call me." He looked down at the little card, then back at Beth. "You, me...we're magic. Can't you see that? Call me, Beth. I'll be waiting."

He grabbed his coat and tie, slung them over his arm and headed for the door. As he passed Beth, Dom leaned over and kissed her. She knew it was meant to be a punishing, angry kiss, but her heart practically broke under the love she felt in Dom's touch.

Still, it was too soon, too much, too unbelievable.

Dom broke the kiss and stepped back. He stared at Beth for a long, tension-filled moment, then opened the front door and practically ran down the front steps.

A long, black limo waited in front of Beth's house. Steam billowed from the exhaust though she couldn't hear a motor running. The windows were dark, but tiny bells hung from the radio antennae. The front door opened and a little man dressed all in green climbed out of the car. He bowed deeply to Dom, sweeping his pointed cap off his head as he opened the door to the back seat.

His ears were just as pointed as his cap. Beth could practically see the twinkle in his eyes from her doorway. He closed the door behind Dom, jumped into the front seat and the limo pulled silently out into the snow-covered street. As Beth watched, the back of the limo seemed to sparkle as if it were lost in a storm of fairy dust.

Then it simply disappeared.

## Chapter 6

By ten A.M. Beth had quit her job and arranged for a real estate agent to give an appraisal on her house. By airplane, it should have taken Dom about four hours to reach his office. Beth wasn't sure how long it took by magic limo.

Still, her hand was shaking when she picked up the phone. Her mouth was so dry she could barely make herself heard when Dom's warm baritone sounded on the line.

"I love you, Dom. How do I find you? There's only a phone number on the card, no address. Will you forgive me? Do you really love me?"

She hadn't meant to sound so desperate, hadn't meant to beg...hadn't realized how empty her house would feel with Dom not in it.

How empty her life could be after knowing him. She couldn't face another day without him, couldn't face her life without Dom in it. How could he have burrowed so deeply into her heart in a mere matter of hours?

It had to be magic.

"I love you more than life itself. Can you be packed and ready to go in half an hour? It'll take me that long to arrange for transportation."

Beth giggled, imagining the magic limo landing in her neighborhood. "What do I need?"

There was a slow, sexy chuckle from Dom's end of the line. "That negligee you had on last night might be good for starters."

Beth laughed out loud. "Clothes, Dom. What kind of clothes?"

"What you're wearing. I carry a line of women's clothes. You'll be the perfect model." He laughed again, as if he felt the same relief at Beth's decision as she did.

“Don’t worry about a thing. We can come back to your place later and get whatever’s important to you.”

“Dom?” Beth gripped the phone in both hands. “I realized the moment you left...you’re important to me. Without you, nothing else matters. I love you.”

“I love you, too. Make that fifteen minutes.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Beth tugged lightly at the handcuffs securing her wrists to the headboard and tried, unsuccessfully, to move her feet, which were secured to the other end of the bed. She grinned in anticipation, almost certain Dom was in the room, though everything remained dark behind the silk blindfold covering her eyes.

All Dom had told her was that they were going to be testing some new products for the adult section of Rudolph Toys. After a little over a year of marriage to her favorite elf, Beth figured product testing was just about her favorite part of her job at Rudolph Toys.

Occasionally she thought of life before Dom, but not nearly so much anymore. His was a world on the cusp, hovering between magic and reality. Beth never would have dreamed how much she loved the magic.

She sensed him, almost preternaturally aware of his presence close by. His hand cupped her left breast, rubbing, caressing and then gently pinching the nipple. She arched into his touch, only to feel him clamp something over her nipple. It didn’t hurt—the pressure wasn’t that great—but it was getting hot and she was almost sure it was beginning to vibrate.

Before her other breast had a chance to feel ignored, Dom repeated the procedure. The heat and vibration seemed to send a shock directly between Beth’s legs. She arched her back, hoping Dom would take her up on the invitation.

His fingers found the damp folds between her legs. Beth sighed with a sense of pure carnal anticipation. Dom was amazingly good with those long fingers of his! She

felt him slide the tiny hood of flesh back from her sensitive clit, knew he spread the moisture gathering between her legs to lubricate her. Expecting his fingers, she jerked in surprise when a third little vibrator suddenly clamped down on her clit.

“That doesn’t hurt, does it?” Dom’s voice was right next to her ear. So close, she wasn’t surprised when his tongue traced its contours.

“No,” she gasped, suddenly overwhelmed by tiny little hot vibrations on her most sensitive parts. “Doesn’t hurt.” She took a shuddering breath. “Surprised. Just surprised.” She gasped again when his tongue traveled a little deeper into her ear. “Ohhhhh, Dom. What are you doing?”

“Testing our mini-vibrating clamps. What do you think?”

“I think you’re trying to drive me insane!” The vibrations increased, taking her just to the edge of ecstasy but not letting her go beyond. Her pussy clenched in frustration but the sensations merely kept her on the edge of climax.

The bed dipped from Dom’s weight. Beth knew he knelt over her now, but he didn’t touch any part of her body. He did, however, lightly touch each vibrator. The level of sensation increased even more. Still, it wasn’t enough! Beth squirmed and thrashed against her restraints, lost in a frustrating maelstrom of sensation, reaching for an orgasm that wouldn’t come. Her breasts ached with as much need as her pussy. How long did Dom intend to leave her like this—her body needing, wanting, demanding release?

Crying out, Beth arched her back and raised her hips off the bed.

Dom’s huge cock slipped into her, filling her needy pussy with heat and hard muscle. She laughed and thrust her hips against him. “You creep! You were waiting for me, weren’t you?”

His laughter echoed off the walls. “Ready and waiting. I didn’t think you’d be able to last very long.” He kissed her, hard, on the mouth, driving into her with enough force to stretch her ankles against their restraints. She grasped the chains to the handcuffs, holding herself against his onslaught.

The tiny vibrators buzzed over her sensitive flesh, Dom's cock pounded between her legs. It was all Beth needed.

Gasping, writhing against her restraints, she screamed. Dom groaned, pumping into her, flooding her with heat and something more – Beth smiled, even in the throes of climax. It was time to think about bringing a new generation of potential little Santas into the family.

*Christmas morning, nine months later...*

"He has his father's eyes." Tired, elated, fulfilled, Beth stared into the dark eyes of her newborn son as he suckled at her full breast. Dom stood next to the bed looking haggard, concerned, and very much in love.

"And his mother's smile." Dom leaned over and kissed her, then placed a gentle kiss on his newborn son. "This is the real magic, my love."

The snow was falling softly, just outside the window. Beth glanced at the myriad flakes, then back at her husband and son. To think she hadn't believed. She shook her head, smiling at her own lack of faith, then stroked her son's perfect little pointed ear.

## **About the author:**

For over thirty years Kate Douglas has been lucky enough to call writing her profession. She has won three EPPIES, two for Best Contemporary Romance in 2001 and 2002, and a third for Best Romantic Suspense in 2001. Kate also creates cover art and is the winner of EPIC's Quasar Award for outstanding bookcover graphics.

She is multi-published in contemporary romance, both print and electronic formats, as well as her popular futuristic *Romantica StarQuest*. She and her husband of over thirty years live in the northern California wine country where they find more than enough subject material for their shared passion for photography, though their new grandson is most often in front of the lens. Kate is currently working on the screenplay adaptation for one of her contemporary romances.

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