

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Santa's Lap
LANI AAMES

White *Hot* Holidays

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Santa's Lap

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SANTA'S LAP

Lani Aames

Chapter One

“Is that a candy cane in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?” Tasha Elliot whispered in Santa’s ear, wiggling her butt over the hard bulge in the front of his red velvet suit. She had hitched up her skirt and straddled his lap, facing him, but couldn’t see much of his face around the curly white beard and froth of white fur trimming the Santa cap.

She planned to teach her best bud Rob Sinclair a thing or two about teasing her. Just because she was in between boyfriends as well as jobs was no reason to send her an invitation requesting her to sit on Santa’s lap and tell him all about how naughty she’d been this year – after the store had closed and everyone else had gone home.

The expensive note card had been signed with a large scrawled letter “R”. Who else but Rob? He’d filled in as Santa because the man who usually wore the suit had called in sick that morning.

The long hard object expanded beneath her rump, confirming that it wasn’t a candy cane at all. The size of his cock impressed her but she considered it TMI—too much information – about her friend.

What the hell did Rob think he was doing? He knew she had never considered him in that way, and she would have sworn he’d never thought of her like that either. They’d known each other forever, but there’d never been a hint of anything other than friendship between them. He also knew she’d had the hots for his older brother Reed for as long as she’d known what “the hots” were.

If Rob had no problem continuing the game, she might as well play along too. He’d be the one to end up with a raging case of blue balls, not her, because she had no desire whatsoever to sleep with Rob Sinclair. She pushed the fake whiskers aside and licked the curve of Santa’s ear – a couple of wet, sloppy swipes – then she breathed heavily.

He shuddered and his cock jumped. It felt like it had grown another two inches in length *and* diameter. That had to be the imaginative product of her overactive libido, of course, because it had been months since she'd last slept with anyone. Santa's cock hadn't really enlarged quite that much, but it still felt bigger than any she'd ever had before.

If Rob was built like a horse, couldn't Reed be even bigger? The brothers looked enough alike that they could pass for twins to someone who didn't know them well. Both were tall and well-built with deep brown hair. There were differences, of course. Reed's eyes were blue while Rob's were brown. Reed was a little taller and a little broader, and the Sinclair cut-granite features of his face wore the five years he had on his brother in rugged experience and maturity.

She knew the breadth of the man didn't have a thing to do with the dimensions of his cock. Wasn't it the size of his feet or hands? Reed had large hands and huge feet. A little moan escaped her lips. Blowing more air into Santa's ear, she fantasized about the scope of Reed's cock.

Santa's hand, enclosed in a red velvet mitt with white fur trim, glided up her leg, under her mid-calf skirt. A little curl of heat started in the pit of her belly and spread deliciously. It had to be a joke, but how far would he go? Oh, Rob was going to pay dearly for this.

Reed had been away the past three years, managing an upscale department store in the city. When he came back home to manage Sinclair's after the death of their uncle had left the store to the two brothers, Tasha knew it was her chance. After being downsized from her last job, she had begged Rob—who just happened to be the personnel manager—to hire her during the Christmas rush.

The soft velvet mitt slid up her thigh and her clit started to throb. She wanted to spread her legs wider and squirm on that candy cane of a cock, but she couldn't let Santa know how much she was affected.

Tasha needed the job to get her through until she started her new position as manager of a health food store opening in mid-January. Even though she invariably bought a lottery ticket twice a week, the state lottery that had just started last spring hadn't made her a millionaire yet. She also wanted Rob to give her a job so she could be close to Reed.

She should stop this right now, but everything felt too wonderful...the hard cock prodding her butt and the velvet mitt exploring her leg. Santa knew how to use that cane, and that mitt.

Rob had hesitated about hiring her because they'd already taken on all the extra employees they needed for the season. But after thinking about it, he'd agreed—if she'd help him in return. Expensive items had been disappearing at an escalating rate since Thanksgiving.

After questioning all the employees, they'd received no leads. Even with surveillance cameras turned on day and night, they'd been unable to catch anyone in the act. Although they had a security guard making regular rounds during the hours when the store was closed, nothing had been seen.

Santa's mitt brushed farther up her thigh and another moan sounded deep in her throat. She needed to stop this. Now. Right now. But the velvet felt so good against her skin she forgot to tell him to stop.

She didn't mind playing detective if it placed her close to Reed. She had agreed to keep her eyes and ears open and let Rob know if she saw or heard anything suspicious from the other employees. Rob had even consented to look the other way when she flirted with Reed, though it was against store policy for employees and management to fraternize.

Tasha didn't want to fraternize with Reed, she wanted to fuck him. Fast and hard. Slow and deep. Any which way he wanted and she could imagine. Thoughts of doing the nasty with Reed set her body on fire. After this little tease with Santa, she'd have to

go home and break out the toys she hadn't touched in weeks – after picking up a jumbo pack of batteries on her way out.

So Tasha had agreed, but Rob had stashed her back in Auto Maintenance, the least busy department during the Christmas season except for de-icer, snow scrapers and antifreeze. But Tasha didn't care. Being in the store every day put her in close proximity to the elder Sinclair brother.

And it worked! She'd come into daily contact with Reed the past few weeks. She sat with him at lunch in the break room nearly every day. He'd come to her department to help shelve stock with her the few times they'd been shorthanded. She was impressed that he'd get down and dirty, with a smile on his face.

She'd like to get down and dirty with him in another way, and the resulting perma-grin would *never* leave his face.

She and Reed had talked and laughed, but he'd never asked her out. She didn't have the nerve to ask him because if he turned her down, her heart would simply break in two.

When Santa's other mitt covered her breast, his thumb and forefinger easily finding the hard, sensitive peak through the layers of red velvet, her knit sweater and lacey bra. It was time to bring the game to an end.

She knew Rob hadn't had a date in a while either. Just the day before they'd exchanged horror stories about how long it had been, each trying to outdo the other with increasingly worse scenarios. Did he think because they were both desperate they could become fuck buddies? No way! She could never screw Rob just to get her rocks off then sleep with Reed if the chance arose. She just couldn't!

Maybe it was time to call his bluff and watch him backpedal. She rocked against his cock, giving him – and her – a last little thrill, then twirled one finger in the luxurious white beard.

“Tasha’s been a very naughty girl this year, Santa.” She kept her voice low and breathy which wasn’t hard to do because she was already turned on. “She couldn’t help herself. Being naughty is a lot more fun than being nice. Don’t you think?”

Santa nodded as she twirled her finger deeper into the beard.

“Can you think of some way to punish Tasha for being such a naughty girl?”

When Santa nodded again, he pinched her nipple. Hard. Pain mixed with pleasure shot through her. She winced, but the sensation wasn’t unpleasant at all. Then his hands slid down and grasped her hips.

Apparently, Rob wasn’t going to call an end to it. She pushed the cap off his forehead and looked into baby blue eyes. She grabbed a fistful of beard to yank it down and—

Tasha froze. *Baby blues*. Rob had brown eyes. *Reed* had blue eyes. She jerked down the beard and looked into the handsome, chiseled face of Reed Sinclair.

Snapping her hips forward so that her thighs spread wider, he ground his candy cane against her pussy, and Tasha thought she would die. From embarrassment or pleasure, she didn’t know. Heat flushed her cheeks, but it could very well have been from the sensations flooding her body as the underside of Reed’s cock rubbed her pussy.

Reed. She’d said and done all those silly things to Reed!

His mouth covered hers, and it was all she’d ever dreamed about and more. His tongue probed between one set of her lips while his cock prodded the other. Her hips began a rhythmic undulation, stroking her clit against his cock. It had been so long since she’d even bothered to self-pleasure that her body had gone into some kind of dormant state.

What a way to wake it up!

She slid her arms around Reed’s neck and her tongue clashed with his. She was so close to orgasm, her pelvis moved on its own and she could barely breathe. One of his

hands moved from her hip and slid under her sweater and bra. He'd removed the mitt and his warm fingers and thumb found the hard pebble of her nipple.

When he squeezed, she exploded, her back arching as icy fire rocketed along every nerve. Her hips moved in a frenzy, rubbing her clit against him to make the pleasure last as long as possible. When the last of it moved through her, her body relaxed against his, her pussy resting on his still stiff cock.

"Oh, Reed," she whispered and buried her face where his neck met his brawny shoulder.

He removed his hand from her hip and stroked her hair while his other gently tweaked her nipple, keeping it hard and sensitive. His cock rubbed her pussy in a slow rhythm. Small currents flowed through her, stoking the heat within. If he continued to play with her breast and tease her clit with his cock, she could easily come again.

"Santa knows what Tasha wants for Christmas," he murmured, his voice thick and husky.

"More of that would be nice." She raised her head, making sure she didn't pull her breast away from his hand or her clit from his cock.

"I think that would be considered naughty as well as nice."

Tasha laughed, slipping her hand between their bodies until she found the hard length of his cock. "How did I ever mistake that for a candy cane? I've never held one that big."

Reed groaned as she massaged up and down his erection. "Do you mean candy cane or cock?"

"Both."

She unzipped Santa's trousers and then undid Reed's slacks. His cock popped free, tall and straight and hard as the sweet treat she'd compared him to. She ran her fingers over the hot, velvety skin, thick with veins. The engorged head seeped clear lubricant.

“Hmm. Sinclair’s carries candy canes this big.” He drove his cock hard through her caressing fingers. “And the Sinclair men are equally well equipped.”

“All of them?”

“So I’ve been told. We don’t measure them and keep a record, if that’s what you’re wondering.”

They both laughed, and Tasha quickened her strokes on his cock. “I think you’re getting delirious.”

“Maybe. Damn, Tasha, you’re driving me crazy.”

She put both hands on him, but he stopped her.

“I have a better idea if you’re willing.”

“I’m listening.”

“There’s the display in Bed and Bath. We could put the bed to good use.”

“Here? Now?”

“Sure. The store is closed, and I’ve had this fantasy of fucking you in every department in the store.” His dark brows knitted together. “But if you’d rather not, we can finish this at my place. Or yours. Whatever you want, Tasha. It’s *your* Christmas wish Santa wants to fulfill.”

She placed her hands on his tall erection again, amazed that it took both hands to wrap around it completely. “Your cock will be very fulfilling, and I’m too impatient to go somewhere else. Besides, we might as well take care of both our fantasies while we’re at it.”

He pushed her sweater and bra up farther and leaned forward. His mouth sealed over a nipple, his tongue raking the hard point. Tasha let her head fall back and moved her hips until she could press his cock against the soaked panties that covered her clit. She trembled as the heat built up again.

He moved to her other nipple and gave it the same attention. When she didn't think she could take much more, he pulled free. His hands still held up her sweater and he thumbed both damp nipples.

"Let me get you something from lingerie. Then you can change and we'll meet at the display bed in Bed and Bath. We've got all night, Tasha, and we'll make it a night to remember. I want to fuck you over and over again."

"Oh, yes, sounds like a plan," she whispered.

Reed pinched both nipples, and she squirmed from the pleasure darting through her.

"Santa wants to see just how naughty Tasha can be."

Chapter Two

In the lady's room, Tasha washed up at the sink. She scrubbed her face clean and put on fresh makeup. She stripped off all her clothes and used a handful of wet paper towels to spot bathe, then spritzed with a small bottle of body spray she kept in her purse. Looking at the nightie, panties and robe in a lovely shade of lavender, she approved of Reed's choice in lingerie.

She picked up the panties that would cover only a little more than a thong. She was glad she'd gone to the trouble of shaving her legs that morning. She pulled on the panties. The thin straps hugged her hipbones, and the triangle of material barely covered her patch of dark curls.

She dropped the nightie over her head and adjusted her breasts in the cups. Her erect nipples poked the silk, and she rubbed them experimentally. Closing her eyes, she imagined it was Reed's hands on her.

Her pussy grew wet, dampening the panties, and one of her hands automatically caressed between her thighs.

Quivering, she opened her eyes. Why was she standing here fondling herself when Reed waited for her and wanted to do the fondling? She didn't have to imagine or daydream any longer. Tasha smiled in the mirror over the sink. She'd received the best Christmas present ever – Reed.

Putting on the matching robe, Tasha stepped into the slippers. She tied the belt in a pluckable knot and took a last glance at her reflection. She smoothed a few strands of her short auburn hair that had ruffled from changing clothes then left the restroom.

When she reached Bed and Bath, Reed was now dressed in midnight blue silk pajama bottoms and loosely tied robe. He stood beside an intimately small, linen-covered table she recognized from Kitchen and Appliances decorated with an array of

tapers, pillars, and votives from Candles and Scents. Dishes and utensils pilfered from Housewares were stacked amid boxes and tins from Gourmet Foods. A bottle protruded from a bucket, also from Housewares, filled with ice probably taken from the break room.

She spied one large candy cane. This one was straight, but it was about a foot long and maybe an inch and a half in diameter. Her eyes widened and she wondered what Reed had planned for that stick of candy. Then she noticed a box of chocolate-covered cherries and knew exactly what she could do with them later.

The puffy comforter on the display bed was turned down on one side. A radio from Electronics sat on one bedside table, and a slow romantic instrumental played softly.

“Oh, wow. Was I gone that long?”

Reed grinned and began lighting the candles with an electronic lighter. “I work fast when I’m motivated. Since we don’t carry alcoholic beverages, I brought sparkling white grape juice and club soda. Are you hungry?”

He meant food, but all she really had an appetite for was Reed. She sighed and nodded to please him because he’d gone to the trouble of setting it all up. All she wanted to do was jump his bones. She wanted Reed’s cock inside of her, and the thought made her burn with desire.

He poured the sparkling juice as she sat in one of the chairs. His robe was open and the front of his pajama bottoms bulged suggestively. He still had his hard-on. Of course, anticipation was as much fun as actual fucking, but for some reason she wanted to bypass all the foreplay and get to the main event.

She took a glass and sipped a bit of the juice. It bubbled in her mouth like champagne.

“All of this is impromptu. I’d hoped you would, but I didn’t expect you to take the invitation to sit in Santa’s lap literally.”

Tasha nearly choked on the juice. If he only knew *why* she’d taken the invitation literally, he’d probably throw her out on her ear. How embarrassing if he ever found

out she'd thought his brother was under all that red velvet and white fur, and she'd sat in his lap to teach him a lesson. She wondered what she would have done if she'd known it was Reed? Would she have still sat in his lap and teased him mercilessly?

She didn't think so. She had always been too self-conscious around Reed. Perhaps it was best she hadn't known. They wouldn't be here now, on the verge of jumping into bed and doing the horizontal tango.

He opened crackers and a vacuum-sealed package of soft cheese. She spread the cheese on a cracker and took a bite, washing it down with a swallow of juice.

"I see you brought one of the Sinclair candy canes."

He picked it up. "You said you'd never seen one this large."

"I guess I'd never noticed them before. Now it takes on a whole new meaning."

"Yes, it does." His blue eyes had darkened, and his cock bounced a little behind the midnight blue silk.

She set down the remainder of the cheese and cracker and glass of juice. She didn't want food. She wanted Reed. She reached out and placed her hand on that bulge. The silk radiated his heat and almost burned her hand. Reed set his glass aside and caught her hand, pulling her to her feet.

He kissed her, his lips sliding over hers as their bodies picked up the rhythm of the music playing on the radio. Silk glided over silk, their bodies rubbing together. They swayed until he simply scooped her up and carried her to the bed.

Reed still had the foot-long candy cane in his hand and tossed it on the bed. Tasha sat up and pulled off her robe while he shed his robe and pajama bottoms. He had to stretch the waistband out over his jutting erection. She had started to remove her nightie but was mesmerized by the size and rigidity of his cock.

Reed got on the bed on his knees, straddling Tasha's outstretched legs. She wrapped her hands around his hot length and massaged from the bulging tip to where it nestled in a bed of coarse curls. He placed his hands on her back and gathered the

nightie, drawing it over her head. Tasha released him long enough to pull her arms through the straps then replaced one hand on his cock. She teased his balls with her other hand.

The nightie dropped into a puddle of silk on the bed. His back arched, and he groaned, a guttural sound that came from deep inside his chest. Tasha's fingers played over his sac, and his hips pushed his cock in and out of her other hand until he finally put his hands on her shoulders and pulled free of her touch.

He blew out a deep breath. "Better hold it, Tasha."

He was ready, and she had been ready for some time. She lay back and hooked her fingers in the straps of her panties. But, again, Reed stopped her.

"I want to do that," he said and bent over her.

Tasha stretched her arms over her head and closed her eyes. He grasped her panties by the straps and slid them over her hips. The triangle of silk peeled away from her wetness. He spread her bent legs as far as they would go and touched her gently around her labia. She gasped, her hips raising her pussy into his caress.

His fingers swirled over the folds and creases, dipping in and out again, teasing her. Her clit burned and tingled, and when he touched it, warmth spiraled out. Her body squirmed restlessly, ready for the burst of pleasure that was soon to come.

She heard the crinkle of plastic and her eyes barely opened to see Reed with a condom pack between his teeth. He ripped it open in one yank and pulled out the rolled-up rubber. She closed her eyes again. They hadn't discussed taking precautions. She was on the patch and disease free. But she was happy he had the forethought to grab condoms while setting up for their romantic interlude.

She expected him to crawl between her legs any second and drive into her with a force that would send her skyrocketing into orbit. Instead, she felt the bed shift and his fingers on her pussy again. He spread open her lips and something big and hard entered her.

She opened her eyes and raised her head. He grinned up at her. "It doesn't hurt, does it?"

She shook her head. "What are you doing?"

She rose to a sitting position and saw he had put a condom on the stick of candy and was inserting it inside her.

"Oh, wow."

"Have you ever been fucked with a candy cane before?"

She shook her head.

"How does it feel?" He pushed it in a little farther.

"Good." She lay back again and closed her eyes to enjoy the ride.

By tilting her pelvis, she guided him as he inched the cane in farther and farther. When she was filled completely, Reed fucked her with the candy cane, moving it in and out, and his thumb stimulated her clit. Her hips met the rhythm and moved faster as she neared orgasm. Whimpers and moans escaped her lips, and her hands clenched the sheets. When the pleasure burst and washed over her, she cried out and ground her clit against the pad of his thumb.

As she spiraled down and her body relaxed, Reed eased the candy cane free. His fingers caressed her pussy, sending little tingles and shocks throughout her body. Now he crawled between her legs, propping on his elbows on each side of her.

She looked up at him lazily. Her body was drained of energy. He smiled and kissed her.

"That felt wonderful," she murmured.

He moved down a little and kissed the taut tip of one breast then the other. He shifted to one elbow and his free hand surrounded her breast as his lips suckled, his tongue raking the hard peak.

After coming twice, Tasha didn't think she would react, but his lips and tongue stirred her again. He kissed a trail from her breasts, over her ribs and belly to where her curls began. A line of fire followed behind. Then he straightened up.

Tasha sat up and put her hands on his rigid cock. "My turn. Now, lie down."

He did as he was told as she scooted off the bed. She found what she wanted from the table and crawled back on the bed, between his legs. She opened the box of chocolate-covered cherries and picked one out.

He had folded his arms behind his head and watched her intently. Tasha took a bite out of the confection and savored it, licking the drop of liquid that dripped over the open edge. Then she stretched out on her belly between his thighs. She wrapped one hand around his cock and held the piece of candy over it with the other.

Slowly, she tilted it until the thick, gooey liquid drizzled over the head. When the last drop streamed out, she popped the rest of it into her mouth and started massaging him, spreading the liquid all over his hard length.

Reed groaned, pumping his cock into her hands. His movements were short and hard and she knew he was nearing his release. She pressed her thumbs against the underside so when he drew back, they touched the soft, sensitive spot just under the head. Within a few more strokes, his body stiffened and he exploded. He grunted, the sound coming from the back of his throat as semen jetted into the air, sprinkling his belly and her hands. She milked his cock with slow rubs until no more white fluid seeped from his slit.

Tasha watched his body relax. She had pleased him as well as he'd pleased her. He lay with his eyes closed, his breathing becoming more even. She left the bed and went to the table. She dampened a cloth napkin with the club soda and washed off the sticky candy goo and Reed's semen from her hands. She poured on more club soda and returned to the bed, carefully cleaning the stickiness from him. When she finished, she crawled up beside him, and he gathered in her in his arms. She snuggled close to him.

"Where'd you pick up that trick?"

She shrugged. "It just came to me when I saw the box of chocolate-covered cherries."

"I'll never be able to look at chocolate-covered cherries the same way again."

Tasha laughed. "I feel the same way about candy canes."

She closed her eyes and felt herself drifting into sleep. Her last thought was that they'd pleased each other, but they still hadn't actually fucked.

Chapter Three

Someone shaking her, gently but firmly, woke Tasha. She didn't want to leave the wonderful dream where Reed had dressed in a red velvet Santa suit and fucked her till her eyes crossed. She didn't want the fantasy to end, so she pushed the insistent hand aside and muttered, "Go away."

"Tasha, it's Reed." The hand jiggled her shoulder again. "You have to get up now. I just thought of something."

Reed... It hadn't been a dream! Tasha blinked her eyes open and turned over to look up into Reed's devastatingly handsome face. His dark hair was tousled, and he looked like he'd just had a good fucking. Which was sort of what had happened before she'd fallen asleep. He looked like he needed it again, and she was more than happy to oblige.

Her hand stole under the comforter toward Reed. When her fingers met his cock, she seized the moment. "I just thought of something too," she murmured and proceeded to massage the part of Reed that grew longer and harder the more she rubbed.

He groaned but put his hand under the comforter to stop her. "I was thinking of that, but I meant there's something else we need to consider."

Tasha maneuvered her hand past his, and she continued what she'd been doing when he interrupted her. "What could possibly be more important than *this*?"

"That." Reed pointed.

Tasha's gaze followed the line of his finger up to where the nearest wall met the ceiling. Next to a dimly lit light fixture a camera, small red light aglow, stared back down at them. Tasha snatched her hand away from Reed's cock and pulled the comforter – suddenly not much of a comfort at all – over her bare breasts. "Uh-oh."

“Uh-oh is right. Stu’s had an eyeful tonight.”

Tasha cringed. Stu Denison, the security guard, was in his fifties and had worked in security for decades. She had heard him remark that he could afford to retire, but he continued working because he couldn’t imagine *not* working the rest of his life.

Reed slipped out of bed and pulled on his slacks and shirt. “I’d better get in there and try to explain. Damn, I can’t believe I didn’t think about the cameras—and Stu—before this. I’ll have to erase tonight’s recording, too.”

“I’ll go with you.” Tasha couldn’t imagine waiting in front of the camera for Reed to return, knowing that Stu might still be watching. She started to get up but glanced at the camera. “Will you throw me the robe?”

Reed handed her the silk robe, and she managed to wriggle into it while under the comforter. She stepped into the slippers as she got out of bed. Thankfully the robe reached her knees and covered everything adequately.

Reed grasped her by the arm and pulled her up close. “I should have remembered the cameras and Stu, but you drive me crazy, Tasha, and make me forget everything when I’m with you.”

“Me too,” she murmured.

Reed leaned in close to her ear. “We can play the recording and watch ourselves.”

Heat rose in her cheeks, but she was curious. How would it feel to watch all the things they’d done that evening? It surprised her just how much thinking about it turned her on.

“How about it?” he asked, his hand slipping between their bodies and caressing her breast. Fortunately, her back was to the camera and blocked his actions.

Tasha nodded. “Sounds like fun.”

“Hmmm, the thought of watching me fucking you with a candy cane while fucking you is exciting.”

“What about Stu?”

"He can watch too, if he likes."

Tasha gasped. "Reed!"

He laughed. "I'm joking. I'll send him on an extended break."

"That sounds better."

They walked hand-in-hand through the dimly lit store to where the offices were located. Tasha stayed out of sight, clutching the edges of the silk robe together, while Reed opened the door to the security office.

"Mr. Sinclair!" She recognized Stu's voice. He sounded truly surprised to see Reed. "I didn't know you'd stayed late tonight."

She saw Reed smile. "I told you to call me Reed."

"Yes, sir."

Stu was the type to stand on formality with his superiors no matter how much older he was. He would never call Reed by his first name.

But she couldn't understand why Stu was surprised to see him. Reed and she had fucked and played in front of several cameras. No way could he have missed seeing their wanton behavior unless he'd dozed off or just wasn't paying attention to the monitor like he was supposed to. Tasha couldn't imagine conscientious Stu doing either.

Reed glanced at her and shrugged minutely. The same thought must have run through his mind. "I'd like to take a look at tonight's recordings. You can take a long break, if you don't mind. I'll give you a call when I'm through in here."

"I'm not supposed to leave the office other than to make my rounds, and I take my breaks during rounds. Mr. Greene made it clear I'd be fired if I didn't do exactly as he said."

This time Reed frowned. "I appreciate you taking your duties seriously, but Paul Greene works for me. I think it's all right if you do as I ask. I'll be sure to speak to Paul about it."

Tasha heard the creak of the chair as Stu got up. "You're the boss."

Reed looked at her and motioned for her to come to him. She shook her head. She wasn't ashamed of what they'd done, but it would be simply embarrassing—for her as well as Stu—to face him after what he'd witnessed on the monitors. Stu might well be able to keep a poker face with Reed about what he'd seen, but there'd be no denying it with her in a robe. Reed beckoned her again.

"A friend is with me," he told Stu.

Reed had made it impossible for her to continue hiding. She was going to kill him! Her hand tightened on the silk lapels until her knuckles brushed her throat, and she scurried to Reed's side.

Reed put his arm around her. "Tasha and I were—um, testing some of the merchandise."

Stu's eyes widened and his mouth fell open in absolute shock, but he recovered quickly. His jaw snapped shut, and he blinked until his eyes were normal sized again. There wasn't anything he could do about the red creeping into his face.

"Hi, Stu," Tasha greeted him as if she saw him every day wearing nothing but a robe.

"G-good e-evening, Tasha," he stammered. He edged by them and out the door. "I'll make rounds early and be in the break room when you're done. I've got a walkie-talkie with me. The other one is on the desk. Just call me when you're ready for me."

"Thanks, Stu," Reed said, but Stu had already disappeared down the hall.

Tasha punched him in the ribs. "That was embarrassing and humiliating for both of us. Why did you do that?"

Reed rubbed his side. "I'm sorry, Tasha. I didn't plan for Stu to see you at all. When he didn't act like he'd noticed anything unusual on the monitor, I wondered how he'd react to you."

"He didn't see anything, did he?" She frowned. "Do you think he's getting senile? I can't believe he's slacking on the job."

"Me either. I've known Stu Denison most of my life, and I've never seen him try to get by with anything. He's always been hard-working and reliable." Reed glanced at the shelf of recorders and electronics beside the desk. "Something might be wrong with the equipment."

But Reed shut the door instead of giving the equipment a closer inspection. He sat in the chair at the desk that held the computer. Tasha watched the monitor.

Twelve cameras had been placed around the store. Four of them covered the exits, and the other eight were discreetly placed in various departments. The monitor showed a split screen divided into quarters. The four doorways showed for a few seconds, then the screen changed to scenes from four of the departments, then it changed to the last four areas with cameras. The next screen change started the loop over again.

Each screen stayed on long enough to detect movement within the view of the camera but not long enough to study details. Still, Stu should have noticed them making out in Santa's chair and on the bed.

"Come here." Reed caught her wrist and pulled her into his lap. His cock had grown long and hard again, and she could feel its heat through the material of his trousers and the thin silk robe she wore. She squirmed on top of it while Reed spread the lapels of her robe open without untying the belt.

One of his hands went to the back of her neck and the other covered one of her breasts, his thumb and forefinger lightly pinching her already hard nipple. His lips clamped to her other nipple, and his tongue made quick circular strokes around it. Sensation tumbled through her, settling in a rhythmic throb in her clit. She spread her legs and shifted, seeking the head of his cock with her damp pussy.

"Hmm, I never knew sitting in Santa's lap could be so much fun," she murmured as she rubbed against his cock.

Reed humped his pelvis against her, then his lips popped free of her nipple. "You never did tell me how naughty you'd been."

She giggled but it turned into a sigh when he licked her nipple over and over again, intensifying the burn in her clit. "Before tonight I'd only been nice. Now you know exactly how naughty I can be."

"Oh, Tasha, you're nicest when you're naughty."

Reed slid his hands to her waist and set her on her feet. Her back was to him and her legs straddled his. She looked over her shoulder to find him unfastening his slacks. When his beautiful cock sprang free, she reached for it, but he stopped her.

"I thought we were going to watch ourselves," she reminded him.

"Later. Right now, I want your pussy, Tasha," he said in a low, husky voice. "I'm going to fuck you hard. No candy cane this time."

Heat flashed from her clit through her pussy at his words. Her womb clenched, released and clenched again, anticipating the explosion he would detonate within her. He raised her robe to the small of her back, exposing her rear cheeks, and laid his hot hands on them. Branding her with his touch, his fingers kneaded her flesh in deep, deliberate strokes.

He moved lower and spread her labia. "Oh, Tasha, you're so wet and hot. I have to taste you first."

Weakened by his ministrations, Tasha leaned over, resting her arms on the desk, her face only inches from the monitor. She watched the scenes changing one after the other. Something was different...but then he licked her from clit to perineum and back again, and she closed her eyes to enjoy the sensation without being distracted. Her hips undulated, matching his rhythm, and her breathing deepened. Just before Tasha reached paradise, he stopped, and a mournful moan escaped her throat.

"I want to be inside you."

She heard the rip of a condom package, and a few seconds later his hands were at her hips, pulling her back toward him. She lowered with his guidance, and when the tip of his cock touched her she moaned again. He pulled her down quickly until his length was completely inside her. Breath escaped her lips in a rush. The candy cane had been nice, but this was heaven.

Reed rocked the swivel chair, and Tasha bounced to keep up with his pace. Her clit bumped his balls, and she twisted when she hit to increase her pleasure. When the explosion careened through her, her back bowed and she cried out her release.

At the same time, Reed's hands tightened on her hips and his body stiffened. His sounds mingled with hers as their bodies wrung every bit of ecstasy from the other.

When the last tremors dissipated, Tasha collapsed in Reed's lap, leaning back against him. Reed's hands roamed her body, from the tips of her breasts, across her ribs and stomach, to the patch of curls between her thighs. He stroked her skin with a gentle, lover's touch as he slowly rocked the chair back and forth.

Tasha sighed, her lids half-closed, her body completely relaxed. She'd never experienced anything like this night with Reed. There had been several men in her life, but none of them had ever treated her to a night of fantasy.

The security monitor continued to change screens, the tempo almost lulling her to sleep again. The four exits. The first four departments—Jewelry, Bed and Bath, Gourmet Foods and Kitchen and Small Appliances. The next four departments—Toys and Games, Auto Maintenance, Santa's Corner and Women's Lingerie. Back to the exits.

They'd played in Santa's Corner then played in Bed and Bath. Now they'd fucked in the security office. Bed and Bath popped up again. The display bed dominated that quarter of the screen. Fun and games with a candy cane and chocolate-covered cherries. Food could be incredibly sexy and not just by eating it.

The bed showed again, and Tasha bolted upright, staring at the screen.

“Something wrong?” Reed asked, but his hands didn’t stop. His fingers delved into her wetness, his thumb brushing her clit and bringing on an aftershock of pleasure that rippled through her. Her hips tilted to rub her clit against his thumb again.

No, she had to concentrate. Something was wrong with the picture on the monitor. The bed. Yes, that was it. They’d left the bed in a mess, but the bed on the screen was still perfectly made up, not even a pillow out of place.

Chapter Four

"Look at the bed." Tasha tapped the monitor screen.

Reed pulled his fingers free and shifted her to the side so he could see the monitor. He watched as the screens cycled through.

"The bed," he murmured. "We didn't clean up before we left and came here to the security office."

"No, we didn't," Tasha agreed. "The bedding should be all jumbled up, the comforter and pillows strewn all over. We should be able to see the table you set up too."

"What the—" Reed didn't finish. He pushed Tasha up as he stood. After examining the equipment, he straightened. A puzzled frown creased his face. "I didn't notice before, but there's a DVD player here, and it shouldn't be. Guess what? It's running."

Tasha shook her head. "I don't get it."

"This system digitally records everything to the hard drive, then it's burned to a DVD and stored short-term. If nothing happens that night, there's really no reason to even view the recording or keep it for any length of time." He pointed to the bottom shelf and the row of jewel cases. "We only store the past two months of disks."

Tasha looked at the equipment, but she still didn't understand. "Why would the thief bring in a player? The computer has that capability, doesn't it?"

"Yes, that's how the DVDs are burned from the hard drive. It has an internal player-recorder. But..." He thought a moment. "Stu knows which computer lights should be on. If he saw the DVD player on the computer lit up, he would report it as a malfunction. He knows very little about the other equipment, and he'd never notice a small external DVD player hidden in the back."

Tasha's eyes widened. "Smart thief."

"Yeah, someone went to a lot of trouble to cover his—or her—tracks." Reed bent over the equipment again, pointing as he talked. "The DVD player is hooked up between the cameras and the monitor. At some point, the DVD player was switched on and overrode the camera feeds. What we're seeing was probably recorded earlier this week."

"You're right." Tasha pointed to the screen. "Santa's Corner is still intact with the tree and the fake snow drift full of merchandise."

Reed tapped in a key sequence. The cycle stopped on the screen with Santa's Corner.

"Most of the display was moved into the big window this afternoon...or yesterday afternoon now since it's well after midnight." He looked at Tasha and grinned. "The chair and a few of the candy cane poles were left so the children who came late yesterday would still get to see Santa."

Tasha smiled back. "I'm sure they appreciated it. I know I appreciated being able to sit in Santa's lap."

"So did Santa." Reed kissed her—a warm, solid kiss—then turned his attention back to the equipment. He moved the coax cables, connecting the computer directly to the cameras again. He sat at the desk and keyed until the screen blinked. This time, the cycle of screens showed the departments exactly as they were. The bed was covered in a disarray of linen and pillows with the table nearby, and most of the Santa display had disappeared.

Tasha chewed her lip. She was losing her heart to this man, but now wasn't the time to revel in the newfound emotion. They had to figure out what was happening. She focused her attention on the monitor.

"So if someone broke into the store, Stu wouldn't know it. He's watching an old recording where nothing happens." She shook her head. "Who would have access to the equipment to be able to do something like that?"

"And the knowledge. Stu has access to the equipment but doesn't have the know-how. Paul and I had to teach him how to operate the computer as well as how to use the system." He let out a rush of air. "Rob and I have both."

"You obviously didn't do it. And Rob wouldn't do it— You're not thinking Rob did it, are you?"

He shook his head emphatically. "No, I certainly don't suspect Rob. I trust him implicitly, and I'm confident he feels the same about me. There are only five years between us. It was just enough for us to avoid any rivalry and hard feelings when we were teenagers, but we're close enough in age to still have things in common and be friends."

"I'm glad. I don't have any brothers or sisters, but I've always thought it's great that you and Rob get along so well. I trust Rob, too. He's been my best friend since grade school. So, who else?"

"Paul Greene, our security consultant. Security was the main source of tension between Uncle Roger and me. He believed in running Sinclair's the old-fashioned way. I could go along with most of it. After all, the store had been run that way since the early seventies when Dad and Uncle Roger established it. But I thought we should upgrade to a modern, state-of-the-art security system."

"And your uncle didn't agree."

"He hated computers. Said they were going to be the end of civilization as we know it. In a way, he was right. Computers have changed everything." Reed sighed and leaned back in the chair. "He thought I was trying to completely take over running the store, but I wasn't. I only wanted what was best for Sinclair's. I thought installing a computerized security system would bring us all peace of mind."

"But he didn't see it that way." Tasha laid her hand on his knee and squeezed. "And Rob agreed with you."

"Yes. We didn't want both of us to alienate Uncle Roger. We agreed that I would push, in case his mind could be changed, and Rob would pretend to go along with him."

It was a good thing too. When Uncle Roger and I had that last big argument, he threw me out." Reed propped his elbow on the arm of the chair and rested his head on his fist. "I was glad Rob was here for him. I didn't even try to talk my way back in. I got a job at a department store in the city, thinking I could learn the most efficient way to modernize Sinclair's. And maybe one day, I'd get the chance to explain it all to Uncle Roger so he would understand."

Reed fell silent.

Tasha perched on the edge of the desk and let him brood. She had heard most of the story from Rob, but she let Reed tell her as much as he wanted.

He drew in a deep breath. "We never expected him to die of a heart attack at fifty-five. Barring accidents, like the car crash that killed our parents when Rob was barely out of high school, the Sinclairs usually live to be in their eighties."

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "I know you and Rob were close to your uncle."

"Until the argument, yes, we were. But Uncle Roger could be unreasonable where the store was concerned. Anyway, because Uncle Roger had no children, Rob and I inherited it all. We decided to modernize everything, including the security system...even though we knew Uncle Roger wouldn't approve."

She wished she knew the right words to make him feel better. "You have to do what you feel is best for Sinclair's. Surely, he would approve of that."

Reed turned his eyes up at her and smiled. "I keep telling myself that. Rob and I both feel we're betraying his memory every time we get rid of the old and bring in the new. We know it's working because sales are up and, financially, the store is doing better than it has in two decades."

"Then you're doing the right thing."

"I know." He nodded. "But it still feels wrong. Maybe one day Rob and I will feel the store is really ours instead of feeling like we're just taking care of it for Uncle Roger."

"It takes time to adjust. It's only been...what? Six months?"

"Almost." He raised his head and motioned for her to come to him. She sat in his lap once again and nestled in his arms. "I'm sorry. I'm rambling like the ungrateful, pompous ass my uncle called me."

"No, you're not." Tasha reached up and stroked his cheek. "You sound like you haven't finished grieving for a man who was like a father to you and your brother. You'll have to come to terms with the fact that you and your uncle weren't at the best place in your relationship when he died."

"You're right about that. I was about ready to do anything I had to do to come back to Sinclair's, even grovel, when he died. I wish I'd had the chance to tell him how much I respected and loved him."

"He knows." She put a comforting arm around him.

He sighed. "I hope so."

He sounded so sad. Tasha knew it was time to move the conversation back to the security breach. "Who else besides you and Rob would know how to rig the equipment and have access to it?"

"Miss Monroe, my secretary. But she's in her seventies and has been with the store since the day it opened. She is incredibly computer savvy for someone her age, and she has been talking about retirement. But I can't imagine her planning and executing a scheme like this. Besides, Uncle Roger's will left her enough to live comfortably for the rest of her life."

"Anybody else?"

"Chelsea Lowell, Rob's secretary." Reed shook his head. "The girl is an airhead, but Rob likes her. I assume she has some computer knowledge, but her keying skills leave a lot to be desired. I can't imagine Chelsea plotting to break into Sinclair's either."

"You, Rob, Paul, Miss Monroe and Chelsea. That it?"

Reed nodded. "The only ones who have access to the keys to the security office. Only Rob, Paul and I—and to a certain extent Stu—know how to run the system."

Tasha ticked them off on her fingers. "But Miss Monroe is a computer whiz, so she might be able to figure out how to run the system. You said you can't see Miss Monroe doing something like this, and frankly, neither can I. Chelsea's probably been exposed to computers most of her life, but I agree that she's ditzy—unless she's a good actress. Stu doesn't really understand how the equipment works—unless he's playing dumber than he is too—but he wouldn't need to bring in the DVD player in the first place. Unless he was using the DVD to throw off suspicion in case someone came in unexpectedly and would notice the extra light on the computer. So those three are possibles. That leaves you, Rob and Paul. It's not you or Rob, so that narrows it down to—"

"Paul!"

"Right." Tasha scratched her head. "But I can't see Paul Greene doing it either. His company is the only security consulting firm in three counties. Most of the businesses use him. And I've always heard he's a wealthy man."

"No, Tasha. Look."

Reed was pointing at the monitor. When the four doors flashed onscreen, Tasha saw Paul Greene disappearing out of the shot of one of the back doors. From the glimpse she got of him, it looked like he was carrying two suitcases.

Once again, Reed pushed Tasha out of his lap. He scooted the chair up close to the desk, and they watched the monitor until the screens had cycled through a few times.

"There he is," Tasha said as Reed started keying to halt the loop.

Paul Greene, only a few years older than Reed, was a tall, burly man with crisp red hair and pale, freckled skin. He was dressed in dark clothing and black gloves. He had gone directly to the jewelry department and started loading the more expensive rings, bracelets and necklaces. By the time he'd reached the pricey watches, Reed had dialed 911 and the police were on their way.

Reed snatched up the walkie-talkie. After explaining to Stu, he told the guard to wait for the police at the front door and bring them to the jewelry department.

"You stay here, Tasha. I'm going to make sure Paul doesn't leave the store."

"Reed, no. He might be armed."

"I doubt it." He got up and headed for the door. "He didn't expect any problems tonight. He thought he had the system fixed and knew Stu would never notice the extra piece of equipment or that it was wired differently."

"I wish you'd stay here and wait for the police." But she put her arms around his neck and kissed him thoroughly. "Be careful. Paul Greene may not seem like a threat, but if you corner him—"

"I know, Tasha. I won't take any chances. I just want to keep him talking until the police get here."

Then he was gone, shutting the door behind him.

Tasha sat in the chair and watched Paul clean out the good jewelry. Sinclair's carried merchandise in all price ranges to appeal to the widest customer base. Paul knew what he was doing. He ignored the low-quality items.

Suddenly, Paul froze and his head snapped up. His eyes opened wide as he looked at something—or someone—out of camera range. Unfortunately, the system didn't have sound. If there was a way to turn on the audio, Tasha didn't know how to do it, and she was afraid to try to figure it out. She didn't want to inadvertently erase the evidence.

Reed moved into view, and Tasha could see he was talking. Paul listened then his face contorted angrily and he started shouting, his mouth working furiously. Without warning, Paul charged around the display case toward Reed.

Tasha gasped, but Reed was ready. He stepped out of the way so that Paul missed him. When Paul turned around and swung, Reed ducked. As he came up, he plowed

his right into Paul's midsection. The security consultant grabbed his stomach and went down to his knees. Then Reed clipped his chin with a left hook. Paul fell down face first.

Reed looked up at the security camera and gave her the a-okay sign.

A few minutes later, just as Paul started to move, Stu and two police officers crowded into the scene. Tasha watched as they listened to Reed and handcuffed Paul. The cops hauled Paul to his feet and took him away. Reed spoke a few words to Stu then they both disappeared out of view.

Tasha wrapped her robe up tight in case Stu came back to the office, but Reed entered alone.

"I sent Stu back to the break room for a few minutes."

"Good. You know, what you did to Paul was impressive."

He shrugged. "I did a little boxing in college. And I've had a few fist fights over the years."

"It's nice to know you can protect me if I ever need it."

"You can count on it. Now, give me a few minutes. I want to burn the recording of Paul to DVD."

"Did he say why he was stealing from the store?"

Reed nodded. "Paul owns a successful business that would have given him a comfortable retirement, but—believe it or not—he's spent every dime on lottery tickets. He embezzled from his own company, trying to win back what he'd lost. Then he started stealing from the store to fence the goods and buy more lottery tickets."

"How sad. He had everything, a thriving business and financial security, but wasn't satisfied." Tasha thought about the two bucks she spent on tickets weekly. Spending hundreds or thousands of dollars every week was beyond her comprehension.

When Reed finished, he stood and pulled her into his arms. "Where were we?"

"Anywhere you want to be," she said suggestively.

“I wish we could go back to bed, but with the system now working properly, Stu would see everything.”

Tasha looked up into his blue eyes, deep enough to drown in. “I guess our time together is over. It’s been wonderful.”

Reed drew in a deep breath. “Well, we knew tonight would have to end.”

Tasha waited, hoping he would say anything to let her know he was interested in seeing her again. What if all he’d wanted was one night of fun and games? Did he expect everything to go back to the way it had been now that the night was almost over?

He said nothing more to her but called Stu on the walkie-talkie, telling him it was all right to return to his post. Reed opened the door and they left the office.

Chapter Five

"I have only a few hours to clean this place up," Reed commented as he glanced at his watch after they'd returned to the display bed.

The bedding was all tangled, and most of the pillows were on the floor. The remains of their late-night snack littered the table. It had been a night of dreams coming true for Tasha, but now it was over. She had to face the reality that Reed might not be interested in anything more permanent.

"Yeah, Rob will be here at seven sharp," she said quietly. "I'll help you."

"No, I'll drive you home then come back."

"I have my car, but I'll stay until we get things set right again. By the time we're done, nobody will ever know what happened here tonight." Tasha started to pick up a pillow, but Reed caught her and swung her around.

"What kind of date is that if I let you help clean up?" He brushed back the short hair that had flown into her face and looked deeply into her eyes. "I want more dates with you, a lot more. A lifetime of dates."

Tasha's heart skipped a beat. This is what she wanted to hear from him. "I want that too, Reed."

"Did you know that I've been half in love with you for a long time now?"

Startled, she shook her head. "Why didn't you ever say anything?"

"You were too young."

She laughed. "You're only five years older than me."

"Now it doesn't matter, but back then when I was nineteen and you were fourteen, you were jailbait."

Tasha laughed. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"I went away to college, and on my visits home watched you change from a girl into a woman. You were my little brother's friend, and sometimes I thought there was more than just friendship between you two. By the time I realized you would never be anything more than buddies, Uncle Roger and I had our big argument. When I took that job in the city, I hoped you'd still be here when I came back."

"Oh, Reed. I never knew." For some reason, tears burned her eyes, and she blinked. She didn't cry but she wanted to. "I had a crush on you back then, but I never dreamed you thought of me in any way other than Rob's pesky friend."

"You were never a pest."

"You were always telling us to get lost," she protested.

"Rob was the pest." Reed grinned. "You just happened to be with him."

Tasha shook her head. "It's probably a good thing I didn't know. I would have been even more awkward and self-conscious than I was."

"I didn't see you that way. I saw a very pretty girl who would – and did – grow up to be a beautiful, sexy woman."

Warmth seeped into her cheeks. "Thank you, Reed."

"But that was the past. We have the future ahead of us, Tasha. I want to share it with you."

"Me too," she murmured breathlessly.

It was enough for now. Love would come. She could feel it blossoming in her heart, the teenage crush changing into real feelings for this man. And she could see it shining in Reed's eyes when he looked at her. Love would grow between them in their future together. She was so happy she had decided to sit on Santa's lap.

Tasha stared at the mess they'd made. "Before we start cleaning this up, I'd like to see you in the red velvet suit one more time."

Reed threw back his head and laughed. "So you can sit in my lap again?"

She looked up at him, fluttering her eyelashes. "Maybe."

They made their way to the front of the store where Reed had left the Santa costume. He picked up the pile of red velvet. "I'll have to send this to the cleaners as soon as they're open."

She searched around the chair. "Isn't there an elf costume somewhere?"

Reed nodded. "It's on a mannequin in the window with the rest of the display."

Tasha moved aside the red curtain and went up the steps into the window. The whole area had been transformed into a winter wonderland. The floor was covered in a white cloth over thick padding to simulate snow, and the corners of the window had been sprayed to appear ice-frosted. Tinsel, garland and strings of lights were draped along the walls and around the edge of the window.

The decorated tree sat in one back corner. The waist-high snow drift was next to the opposite wall. Huge candy cane poles tied with big green bows sat on the drift among toys and small appliances which were there to suggest gifts potential customers might want to get those hard-to-buy-for people on their lists. The mannequin, dressed in a red velvet elf suit that matched Santa's, stood behind the drift.

She peered out the window. Everything was quiet and still. This early, no one was stirring, not even a mouse. No cars passed by and no pedestrians braved the cold. Tasha eyed the mannequin again. The elf suit should fit...

Reed joined her in the window. Behind the snowdrift, he changed into the Santa suit and Tasha donned the elf suit, complete with the pointy ears she'd found in the makeup kit sitting on the floor. The flared skirt fit well enough and went halfway to her knees, but the top was a little snug. Her breasts threatened to spill over the stretchy neckline trimmed in white fur if she breathed too hard or bent over.

"Come here, my little elfling," Reed growled in a husky Santa voice behind the frothy white beard.

She went into his arms and his mouth covered hers, the whiskers tickling but not enough to distract her from Reed's lips and tongue as they moved over hers. He rolled her to the white-covered floor, the padding beneath cushioning her shoulder blades and

hips as she stretched out beneath him. He settled between her legs and she felt his cock, candy cane hard once again, nudge her.

When their lips parted, Reed gasped for air. Her hand searched between them for his cock.

He hadn't zipped the Santa trousers, and she closed her fingers around his hard shaft with a sigh. His cock was hot and a finer smoothness than the velvet they wore. She moved her hand up and down over the hard length, from the nest of coarse curls to the bulging tip.

Reed groaned, sitting back on his heels, and Tasha rose, propping herself on one elbow while still caressing his cock. His mittened hands lifted the hem of the skirt to her waist. He smiled at finding she hadn't put on the brief shorts that went with the suit.

Red velvet touched her wet pussy. He rubbed her labia and clit, sending shock waves of pleasure through her, and she squirmed, her hips writhing to match his movements. The night had been a fantasy come true for her too, but the reality fueled her passion. Her body responded easily to Reed and his touch.

He brought out a condom pack and ripped it open with his teeth. He rolled it down over his cock then leaned forward, resting a hand on each side of her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, and he drove into her.

Their bodies pumped together, and each thrust brought her closer to the edge of orgasm. Their hips became a frenzy of movement until every nerve ending ruptured with pleasure. She cried out, and Reed leaned forward, his mouth covering hers and catching the sound.

Then Reed groaned his release as his hips screwed against hers. When his cock slithered out of her, he rolled over to his side, and she went into his arms, her backside against him. She looked up at the string of lights twinkling around the window. They had shifted beyond the snow drift and were partly in sight of the window.

"Oh, Reed," she cried out. "Anyone could have come along and seen us."

"If they did, I hope they enjoyed the show as much as I did," he growled into her ear.

"Too bad we didn't catch this time on camera either."

Reed rifled in his pocket and brought out a DVD. "The camera actually recorded us earlier. While I was making the copy of Paul, I made a copy of us playing in Santa's chair and on the bed then erased them from the hard drive. We can watch this to celebrate New Year's."

Tasha giggled. "That sounds lovely."

They lay still for a while, basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking and enjoying being in each other's arms.

Then Reed kissed her cheek. "Tonight is like a fantasy come true."

"You've fantasized about fucking an elf?"

He laughed. "That too, especially if the elf is as sexy as you. But I meant fucking you in every department in the store."

She grinned. "We missed a few."

Reed's hand dipped into her red velvet bodice and caressed her breast. "We can take care of that next Christmas."

"And will I get to sit in Santa's lap?" Tasha closed her eyes, melting at Reed's touch.

"You can sit in my lap," Reed promised, "any time during the year, for many years to come."

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