
CONFESSIONS OF A BAD BOY SANTA

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Confessions of a Bad Boy Santa
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“Do you think that stick up Kellan’s ass hurts him when he bends over?”

“Ohmigod,” I say, the champagne I’d just swallowed zinging back up my throat as I laugh out loud. The damn bubbles sting my sinus as Destiny, my best friend and coworker, cracks yet another joke about our regimented boss, Kellan Bites, owner and CEO of Pennsylvania’s biggest candy conglomerate, Sugar Bites.

With our company’s first ever Christmas party in full swing around us, I grab a napkin and hold it to my burning nose. From the other side of the big decorated boardroom, my boss—aka, the man with a stick up his ass—stops to talk to Bob, the company’s Vice President. Kellan looks angry about something, but that’s not unusual. Most times he walks around the office with a scowl on his face, his jaw clenched tight, and his hands jammed into his pockets. Did the man ever let loose, have some much needed fun?

Then again who am I to talk?

As he speaks with Bob, he balances a huge package in one hand and runs the other along his tie, smoothing it over his

crisp white shirt. I can't help but wonder if it's knotted too tight, much like the rest of him. At his impressive height he stands a foot above the crowd, which forces him to dip his head when conversing with his right hand man. I can't hear what they're saying but from the distressed look on the VP's face, it's easy to tell the conversation isn't a pleasant one. But I'm no longer focused on their faces, or what they might be saying to one another. No, my gaze has left Kellan's clean-shaven jaw, and kissable lips to take in broad shoulders that narrow to a trim waist. The man is physically fit—he works out at the company gym at least five times a week—and looks as good in his custom made Armani suit as he does in sweat pants.

My gaze slides lower, hovers over the impressive bulge below his belt. His body shifts, turns my way, like he can feel me watching. My gaze darts back to his face and when those rich dark eyes connect with mine, linger a moment too long, a jolt of heat races through my system, hitting every erogenous spot along the way.

Mortified that he caught me staring, a sound catches in my throat—a needy little whimper of sorts—and I shift my focus back to Destiny to find her watching me, carefully.

Get it together, Eden.

“Don't ever make me laugh again when I'm drinking champagne,” I say quickly, blaming my inappropriate moan on the tiny bubbles tingling my nose. God, the last thing I should be doing is blatantly undressing my boss. I don't want him. Sexually or otherwise. He's just nice to look at, is all.

Yeah, right.

As Destiny tries to stifle a laugh, I swallow, hard, hoping she can't see through my diversion, and discover the real

reason for my bedroom noises. Clearly it's been too long since I've been touched by the opposite sex.

"Sorry. That must sting," she says, tapping my nose.

Playing along, I glare at her, refusing to focus on the heat between my legs, the tightening of my nipples. "You don't look sorry."

"I am."

I set the napkin down. "Then you'll wait until I swallow next time."

She bats long lashes at me. "That's what she said."

"How are we friends?" I ask and shake my head.

"Seriously though Eden, just look at him. He's wound so tight, not even the Jaws of Life could dislodge that stick."

"Stop it," I say, and steal another quick glance at my boss as I clamp my hand over my mouth to stop myself from laughing out loud again. I should not be sitting here snickering at Destiny's boss jokes, not when there are dozens of employees and their children in the near vicinity, enjoying trays of catered food and Sugar Bites sweets as they wait for Santa to arrive. Anyone of them could be Kellan's confidant and rat me out. From what I heard he's gone through six public relations managers in as many months. If he knew I was laughing at him, he'd fire me in a heartbeat and not think twice about it. Yeah, he's tough, in *The Devil Wears Prada* kinds of way.

Except Kellan Bites, who is now storming around the boardroom looking for God knows who as he juggles his big package—not the one I'd been glaring at with appreciation, thank you very much—is better known as the Devil Bites Candy, with Bites eluding to something entirely. Which means I need to keep my eyes off his body, before he's begins his search for manager number seven.

Seriously though, getting fired is not an option. I need this job, need it to help my sister and nephew financially. I

might be living off Ramen noodles and losing weight because of it, but I don't care. I'd sell a kidney to help with little Dylan's medical bills.

With that last thought in mind, I work to pull myself together, and plop a chocolate covered cherry into my mouth. "Mmm, delicious," I murmur as I enjoy the rush. Sugar Bites definitely makes the best chocolate I've ever had the pleasure of tasting. As I consider that, my thoughts once again drift to my boss.

Would he taste as delectable as the candy melting on my tongue, give me a different kind of rush?

Stop thinking about Kellan sexually already.

A squeal in the near vicinity helps me refocus. I scan the room, take in the hyperactive kids jacked up on sugar as they scream and dart around chairs, chanting for Santa. I take a quick glance at my watch. It's past seven. He should have been here an hour or go.

Destiny huffs beside me. "If I sneak out of here do you think the boss will notice?"

"Don't you dare leave me here alone." I'm the one who put this party together, and as much as I'd like to bail too, I can't. "If I have to stay until the end, you do too."

She holds her phone out, to show me a picture of a hot guy.

"When did you meet him?" Honestly, I'm unable to keep track of her Tinder hookups.

"Last week." She runs her finger over his picture. "You realize I'm giving up time in his bed for you, right?"

"You love me."

"Apparently." She tucks her phone away with a sigh. "Since you refuse to use Tinder or set yourself up with an online profile, maybe when Santa comes you can sit on his lap and ask him to deliver you a hot guy on Christmas Eve, dressed in nothing but a bow."

I run my finger around the rim of my flute, thinking that's not such a bad idea.

"Santa is here for the kids, not me," I say.

"The kids have to be out of here by eight don't they?"

"Yes."

She sits up a little straighter, mischief in her eyes. "Good." She points at me. "Then that's when you and I are really going to have some fun."

"I'm not—"

She closes her hand over mine, and her voice softens. "Look, you spend your days in the office, most of your lunch breaks at the children's hospital, and at nights you volunteer for the Christmas hotline. All I'm saying is you deserve to have a little fun. Hell, you *need* to start having some fun, Eden or you're going to turn into a droid like our boss man."

"He's not a droid."

Ignoring me, she wags her brows. "Maybe Santa will be super hot and have a special package for you. A big one, if you know what I mean."

Of course I know what she means. "I'm twenty three years old. I am not sitting on Santa's lap. Big package or not."

Okay, well maybe if he has a big package.

Wait, what?

Just then a server comes around and sets two more glasses of champagne in front of us. Destiny picks hers up and clinks it with mine. "You'd be surprised at what you'd do after a few more of these."

"I swore I wasn't going to have anything to drink," I say and put the flute to my lips. "You are such a bad influence."

"Be naughty, it makes Santa's job easier," she teases.

"Do you know the stats on people getting tipsy at the annual office Christmas party and doing something to embarrass themselves, or worse get themselves fired?"

"You've had two drinks, Eden. I think you're fine."

"I'm a lightweight."

"That's because you weigh all of one-hundred pounds, but it's hard to tell beneath that sweater." She makes a face and points to one of my many ugly Christmas sweaters.

I flick the bell on Rudolph's nose and grin at her. "The kids at the hospital seem to like them."

Her eyes soften as she gives me a warm smile. "Yeah, I bet," she says. "You're a good person. Way nicer than me."

I glance around again, and sigh inwardly as I catch sight of Kellan's back as he leaves the boardroom. Is he not even going to stay and enjoy his own office party? The man seriously works too hard.

"He has a lot of responsibilities," I say quietly.

Destiny's head jerks back with a start, and those astute blue eyes of hers burn into me. "Don't tell me you're sweet on him."

"Sweet on him?" I give a very unlady like snort. "Oh, come on. Far from it."

She taps her finger on my nose. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

"I am not sweet on Kellan," I say deadpan. Heck, even if I was hot for the boss, which I'm not, he has that no office fraternizing rule. If I wanted to see him naked, it would have to be in my dream. Not that I dream about him. I don't. "I'm just saying, taking over a multi-million dollar family business, can't be easy on a guy who's only twenty-nine. It's a lot of pressure."

She waves a dismissive hand. "He father was grooming him for this job when he was still a twinkle in his eye."

"Maybe, but still..."

"The man needs to get laid. That'll loosen him up. Hell, if I could get his head out of the spreadsheet for all of five minutes, and into different set of sheets, I'd take one for the

team,” she says with a wink. “Stick or no stick, boss man is hot.”

I consider his single status for a moment. “You’d think he’d have a harem of women.”

She sits back in her chair and shakes her head. “For as long as I’ve worked here I’ve not seen him with anyone,” Destiny says.

“Why is that?”

“Rumor had it he was engaged once. I have no idea what happened though.” She shrugs and takes a drink of champagne. “Maybe she cheated on him and he’s all dark and jaded now.”

“You read too many romance novels,” I say and roll my eyes. But maybe she’s on to something. Maybe he buries himself in his work because some girl hurt him, betrayed his trust. To me trust is everything. Without it what do you have? The thought of someone deceiving him like that makes me a little sad. Then again, there is that old saying: it’s better to have loved and lost, then never to have loved at all. I fall in to the latter. I’ve dated, sure, but for the last four years I had my head buried the books, graduating top of my class so I could get a good paying job.

“And you don’t read enough romance,” she shoots back. “You could learn a thing or two from the books I read.”

Yeah, I’m boring and vanilla, I know. And she’s right, I do need to have some fun once in awhile, before I turn into a little old lady with a dozen cats—at the ripe old age of twenty three. “Why do you think he has a no fraternizing rule, anyway?” I ask.

“Maybe he figures if the relationship sours, it will affect the workplace, make it a less happy environment.”

“Less happy?” We both laugh at that, and Destiny salutes me.

"You're right," she says. "We all walk around like obedient soldiers under our droid's command."

"Oh no," I say and swallow the rest of my champagne as I shift in my seat and try to hide myself behind Destiny.

"What?" she asks, her blonde curls bobbing around her shoulder as she glances around, searching for the source of my distress.

"It's Jeremy," I whisper. "He's coming our way." I glance up and catch the team's newest junior accountant weaving his way through the crowd, his eyes darting around, no doubt seeking me out. "Someone needs to remind him of the no fraternizing rule."

"Go get us more champagne," Destiny says, giving my leg a little shove. "I'll send him on a wild goose chase looking for you."

"Don't be mean," I warn.

"You're far too nice, Eden. Go. I'll get rid of him."

I slip from the chair and move through the crowd, a little lightheaded from the two drinks I'd already had. I probably shouldn't have too many more. I don't expect I'll ever find myself dancing on one of the tables, but alcohol does make me chatty, and well, less inhibited. Two things I don't want to be at this party.

Or maybe I do.

I get our drinks and stay at the bar a moment longer as Destiny points to the doors leading to the stairwell. Jeremy takes off, and I feel a little guilty as I make my way toward my friend. I don't want to hurt Jeremy's feelings, but every time I'm nice to him, it seems to encourage him more.

I hand Destiny her drink, as the kids grow antsy. Worry gnaws at me. Where the heck is Santa? This party was my idea. I was the one who convinced Kellan we needed it for morale, and he finally—reluctantly—agreed. A few of the staff decorated while I spent the day buying and wrapping

gifts for the kids. If Santa is a no show, and that reflects negatively on Sugar Bites, I'm sure Kellan will have my ass—and not in the way I've always fantasize.

Stop it.

Near the copier room, I catch a glimpse of red and a second later Santa's loud Ho Ho Ho reverberates through the room. Relief washes through me, and I take a big sip of my champagne, happy my plan has come together, and my ass isn't on the line.

Santa takes a seat in his big comfy chair. I angle my head, take in the way he moves. There is something very familiar about him but in my current buzzed state, I can't quite figure it out. As I mull that over, I sip my champagne. The kids all line up for their turn, blocking Santa from my line of sight. By the time eight rolls around, the line has dwindled and most of the parents are bundling up their kids and heading to the exit.

The overhead florescent lights dims, and the bulbs that had been stung around the ceiling earlier this morning flicker on, changing both the lighting and the mood in the room.

"Time for the adults to play," Destiny says. The DJ I hired switches the music from Alvin and the Chipmunks to Bing Crosby's I'll be home for Christmas. Destiny nudges me. "Go on. Go sit on Santa's lap and tell him to bring you a man for Christmas, or better yet, have a little fun with the big guy himself. He looks like he could be hot under all that red velvet."

"No. Not in a million years."

She gestures with her chin. "Fine then. Stay here and hang out with Jeremy. He's on his way over, and I believe he has mistletoe."

I brace my hands on the table. "You've got to be kidding me."

“I wish I was. Now go, he’ll never think to look for you on Santa’s lap.”

I jump from my chair, and grab the edge of the table to balance myself. “No more champagne for me,” I say as I glance at Santa. He’s shifting restlessly in his chair, like he can’t wait to get out of his suit.

Truthfully, I can’t believe what I’m about to do, but if I want to escape Jeremy without hiding out in some nearby closet for the rest of the night, what choice do I have? Here goes nothing.

“Jingle all the way,” I say to Destiny.

“*All the way*, girlfriend.” She winks. “Because no one likes a half ass jingler.”

Tomorrow morning someone is definitely going to be fired for this.

As the overhead lights dim, my red suit lit only by the glow from a nearby Christmas tree, I shift impatiently, so ready to get out of this Santa suit, and back into my own clothes. When the man Eden hired for the gig showed up as white as the ghost of Christmas past, looking like he'd eaten one too many of Mrs. Claus' cookies, no way could I let him dress up and give out presents. Instead I sent him to my office to lie down, and when I couldn't find anyone to take the role, I ducked into the copier room to put the damn suit on myself.

The kids wanted a Santa so I gave them a damn Santa.

My toe catches on the one present left on the floor beside me. It's past eight and the children are headed home to their warm beds. Obviously, whoever the gift was for was a no show, which means I can finally get the hell out of the boardroom, and back to the paperwork piling high on my desk.

I make a move to stand, when little Eden Davis—the sexy new hire who's been plaguing my fantasies—hurries toward

me like she's being chased by the devil himself. Which, around this place, would be me. Yeah, I know what they're really saying about me. Kellan Bites...bites. But I'm strict and regimented because I'm in charge of a multi-million dollar business, and I can't get off course again.

I'm about to tug on my beard and let her know it's me, until she sets herself on my lap and wiggles her sweet ass to get comfortable. Shit, I wish she hadn't done that. My cock twitches. Grows and inch.

Motherfucker.

"Ho. Ho. Ho," I say and disguise my voice. If she so happens to discover my thickening appendage no way in hell do I want her to know it's me. I'm the boss, for Christ's sake. How can I lead by example, and forbid my employees from fraternizing, when I'm about to sport the boner of all boners? "What's your name little girl?"

"Eden," she says, and gives me a warm smile.

"So Eden, what would you like Santa to give you this Christmas." She wiggles a little more and I nearly swallow my tongue. Fuck, if she moves an inch to the right she's going to see exactly what Santa would like to give her. But she's an employee, which makes her hands off. No way am I going down that road again.

"Well," she begins quietly, and I catch a whiff of sweet champagne on her breath. "The first thing I'd like is to have the stick removed from my boss's ass."

What the hell!

She giggles and puts her hand over her mouth. "Sorry, that just slipped out." She rolls her eyes. "Champagne."

"You think you boss has a stick up his ass?"

She frowns, and glances around the room like she's searching for me. "I'd just like to see him smile once in awhile. He doesn't seem very happy. She throws her hands up in the air. "He's not even here enjoying his own Christmas

party. I did so much to impress him, hoping he'd like the outcome and have some much needed fun."

I blink once, twice, hardly able to believe what I'm hearing. "That's what you want for Christmas? To see your boss happy?"

The same boss who apparently has a stick up his ass...

"Yes. That's what I want. To see Kellan happy."

I shake my head to get it on right. Am I being punked? The women in my social circle think only about themselves. None of them care about me as a man, or what might make me happy. They only want what's in my wallet. Thanks to my ex-fiancée, and former employee, I learned that the hard way.

She gives a little hiccup. "I don't really think he's bites." She leans back a little, and I catch a whiff of her shampoo. "That's what they say about him around here. That he bites, and basically that means he sucks."

"I know what they say."

Her gaze jerks to mine, her sweet raspberry scent doing mind-fucking things to me. "You do?"

"No, I mean no." I clear my throat. "What else do want for Christmas?"

"Well everyone around here works really hard, Kellan too, but I just wish he'd slow down a little, show a little more appreciation."

Appreciation? Hell, salaries here are well above average, and no one can complain about the health care plan or benefits.

"You don't think he appreciates his staff?"

Christ, I know I'm a hard ass, but I show appreciation, don't I?

She snorts, and the little bell on her ugly Christmas shirt jingles. I stare at it. Seriously, it has to be right over her nipple? I clench my fingers, before I do something I can only regret later, like flick it...with my tongue. Or better

yet, show her that Kellan Bites really does bite—with his teeth.

“I mean, he says please and thank you, but I just wish he’d noticed how hard everyone works.” A little sigh and then under her breath she adds, “Notice me...”

What the fuck?

As my mind races, she gives a nervous laugh, waves her hand and says. “Never mind. I have no idea what I’m saying. I just think he’s a good guy, with a lot of pressure and I’d like to see him let loose once in awhile. I just want people to like him, see that he’s a human and not a droid.”

Is she for real?

“And how do you think he should go about doing that?” I ask.

“I don’t know. Maybe when the staff have to stay late at night, he could buy a pizza or something.”

Hmm, never thought of that.

“And on secretary day, he could take the administrators out somewhere, or buy flowers. Just show them he’s human.”

Christ, am I really that much of an ass, that dislike around here? I know I’m hard, driven, and expect a lot from my employees, but a droid with a stick up his ass? I’d just been so focused after taking over from my father. I have to prove I can run the business and keep it in the black before my thirtieth birthday in March, or it all gets taken away from me. I got derailed a couple years ago after learning my ex was using me to climb both the corporate and social ladder. Since then my only focus has been on the numbers and proving myself to my father.

“Anything else?” I ask. My gaze roams over the sweet girl on my lap. She’s quiet, demure, really kind to others, and has said more to me tonight, than in the entire couple of months that she’s been here. *Champagne*. I should have made this an

alcohol free event. Then again, I kind of like talking to her, like hearing what she thinks of me.

There's a little mischief in her eyes when she asks, "Can I tell you a secret?"

Say no. Say no. Secrets are crossing the line.

"Yes."

Fuck me.

"Sometimes, I do things just so I can prove that he's a man and not a machine."

I tug on my beard as the room grows hotter. "Oh, and what exactly do you do?"

She glances around, then puts her lips to my ear and whispers. "Sometimes I knock the pen off his desk on purpose. I even drop files."

And here I thought she was bit clumsy.

"Why do you do that?" I ask.

"So I have to bend over to pick them up. You know to see if I can get a *rise* out of him."

Jesus fuck.

She sighs. "But he always picks it up before I can."

Not anymore I won't.

Wait, what? No. No. No. Don't go there, Kellan.

"You asked Santa for a lot of things tonight, but nothing for yourself."

"Well, my friend sent me up here because she thinks I should ask you to bring me a man Christmas Eve, dressed in nothing but a bow." She chuckles and shakes her head. "I actually can't even believe I'm telling you all this."

Fuck man, this woman is as beautiful as she is smart, and was hired to manage the spread of information between management and the general public. Only problem is, as she wiggles on my lap, and tells me all her secrets, the only thing I want to spread is her thighs.

Not going to happen.

I need to get this belt off and out of this suit. It's clearly cutting off the oxygen supply to my brain.

I swallow. Hard. "I...uh...not sure Santa can help you out with that."

She laughs again and the sweet sound strokes my dick.

"I know. Not only am I a jerk magnet, I don't have time for a man in my life anyway." She wets her lips, and shakes her long dark hair from her slender shoulder. "Not with working two jobs," she whispers under her breath.

I stiffen, in more ways than one. "Two jobs. Isn't that against office policy?" Employees under my charge know that moonlighting can interfere with the performance of their primary job and result in firing.

She puts her finger to her lip. "Shhh...don't tell on me."

I know she's been given a sizeable salary, but maybe—judging from her ugly sweaters, the ramen noodles she eats for lunch everyday, to her night job—I'm not paying her enough. I make a note to call her into my office and get to the bottom of matters tomorrow.

Speaking of bottoms, if she doesn't stop wiggling hers in the next two seconds, I might just bend her over this chair and fuck her already.

"I supposed I've asked for enough, Santa."

"Here, have a candy cane," I say, "And there's one present left. Take that too."

"Oh, thank you," she says, and as I see the sparkle in her eye, I wonder if she really is that sweet. It's been a long time since I've come across a woman who puts others before herself. But maybe this is all an act. Maybe she knows it's me under this suit, and is laying it on thick, smoothing over the boss to climb the corporate ladder. Fuck knows, I've been duped before.

"I hope you have the best Christmas, Santa," she says, and presses her mouth to my cheek.

I sit there a moment longer, willing my hard on to subside as she walks away, ripping into the package I'd just given her. I have no idea what's inside, but from the wide grin spreading across her face it appears to have made her happy. Jesus, when was the last time someone had given her a gift?

My attention is diverted to the make shift dance floor as the music changes, and people climb from their chairs to get the adult party started. All I want to do is get back to my office. I feel another all nighter coming on. I rub my tired eyes as I climb from my chair, Eden's words rattling around my brain like a loose pinball.

I want to see Kellan happy. Want the staff to like him.

I glance around the room and search for her, but when she's nowhere to be found—yeah she probably knew it was me and was just fucking me over—I head to the copier room to get changed. No one is that sweet right? I give my head a good hard shake to get it on right and remind myself I'm the boss and I don't need to be like.

So why then is it suddenly so important for Eden to like me.

Fuck, I never should have put that suit on, or let her sit on my lap.

I ease my way though the crowd. I get a few pats on the back and when no one is looking I slip into the copier room to change. I'm about to flick the light on when a panicky voice stops me.

"No lights."

"Eden?" I ask in my best Santa voice as my hand hovers over the switch.

"Santa, is that you?"

"What are you doing sitting in here in the dark?" I ask.

"Hiding. So please leave the light off."

My hand falls to my side. "From who?"

As my eyes adjust take in her outline, she waves her hand. "Doesn't matter. What are you doing here?" She pushes off

the wall, and her raspberry scent reaches my nostrils. My body tightens, and I swallow the groan climbing up my throat. When she steps closer, I back up, hit the door with a thud.

“Are you okay?” she asks and I hear genuine concern in her voice.

“Yeah.”

“Why again are you in here?”

“I changed in here earlier,” I inform her.

“Oh, then let me get out of your way so you can get out of that suit. You looked a bit uncomfortable in it when I was on your lap.”

No kidding.

I move away from the door to give her access, but we both end up wedged between the wall and the large copier. We struggle a bit, and I reach for something to grab on to. I push on the copier and slip, the cover to the machine hitting the wall hard as I try to right myself. Her body brushes mine as she tries to shimmy past me, and my cock thickens, outing me instantly. Shit.

“Oh,” she says with a giggle.

Looks like my secret is out. Big time.

She giggles some more. “Here I thought you’d given out all the presents, but you’re still packing.”

“How much champagne have you had?” I put my hands on her hips, and try to shift her, but her pert nipples rub up against my chest. Did her small breasts have to be so perfect, feel so good against my body?

“A couple glasses, or three.”

Her hands go to my shoulders, her fingers explore slightly, and I goddamn near shoot off in my pants.

I stand completely still for a moment, trying to wrap my head around the fact that quiet little Eden Davis—who had

too much to drink—is feeling me up, in the copier room none the less.

End this now, Kellan.

Her fingers move to my chest, and my heart is pounding so hard, I've no doubt she can feel it.

I clear my throat. "Maybe we should get you out of here and into a cab."

Her fingers still, and she stands perfectly still for a long moment. What is going through her head? "Eden?"

She pokes my chest. "Maybe instead of getting me into a cab, you could get into me."

I nearly swallow my tongue. "You've been drinking," I say. I don't know Eden well, but she doesn't strike me as the kind of girl who has sex in a copier room with a stranger. So what's going on with her?

"I'm a big girl Santa. I know what I want. You can trust me on this, and believe me, trust is the most important thing in this world to me."

I gulp.

"What do you want?" I ask, even though she's already told me all her secrets.

A man for Christmas.

"Just once in my life, I want to be naughty." She drags her finger down the front of my coat. "Apparently it makes Santa's job easier. You do like easy don't you, Santa?"

Before I can say no, she goes up on her toes and presses her lips to mine. Minty candy cane. Jesus, she really is sweet.

Walk away, dude.

I try to move, make my legs work, but how can I? She's a good girl, who, for once in her life, wants to be bad.

How can I say no to her?

A growl catches in my throat and instead of pulling away, like I should, I slide one arm around her body and anchor her

to me. I might be doing this for her, but the truth is, I've wanted Eden since I first set eyes on her.

She gives a breathy moan as my now fully engorged cock presses against her stomach. "Santa!" she says, equal measures of excitement and surprise in her voice.

The bell on her sweater jingles as I grip the hem and pull it over her head. She gives a breathy moan and while I wish I could turn the lights on and see her body, I can't let her know it's me, her boss. The guy who set the no fraternizing rule. She asked Santa for a man for Christmas Eve, and well, maybe I can give her that one wish tonight, and tomorrow carry on as if it never happened. Really, she thinks she's having sex with a stranger, not her boss. I'm pretty confident of that judging by her seductive behavior. She's always professional and quiet in the office. So pretending tonight never happened, should be easy to pull off, right?

Her hands work the buttons on my jacket, and when her warm fingers connect with my flesh, I find her lips again. Her mouth parts slightly and I slide my tongue inside to taste the depths of her. I turn her until her back is against the copier. Gripping her ass, I lift her until she's sitting on the machine.

I tug on my beard, shoving it below my chin. "These," I say, and touch her nipples through her lace bra. "They've been jingling all fucking night and making me crazy."

"There's a bell on my sweater," she murmurs.

"I'm painfully aware of that," I say as I pull one cup down and take her perfect nipple into my mouth. Heaven. I lick, suck, tease her nub until it's swollen and rigid, then treat the other to the same pleasure. She's writhing on the copier as her small hands push my hat off, and rake through my hair.

"Oh, Santa," she whispers. "That feels so good."

Desperate to taste her everywhere, I grip her skirt. "Lift," I say and she braces her hands on the copier and pushes up. I shove the skirt up to her hips and touch her thighs. "I need

you spread wide for me,” I inform her. With little finesse and much greed, I grip her thighs and widen her legs.

“Santa!” she cries out when I get a little aggressive. I should slow down, I want to slow down, but fuck man, I’ve been abusing my dick ever since she showed up at the office, quiet as a librarian, and dressed like one too. Lately she’s been wearing ugly sweater for some reason, one that never matched her skirts. Who knew I’d find that shit so sexy?

In the dark room with her legs spread wide, I can’t tell what color her panties are. I pull them down her legs, and tuck them into my pocket, determined to find out tomorrow.

Her sweet aroused scent reaches my nostrils, and for a second I let my eyes drift close, savor the moment, because there won’t be another like it. Pleasure rolls through me as her honeyed aroma fills the room, and caresses my aching cock.

“Do you know what Santa gives girls who’ve been naughty?” Fuck man, is that my voice. It’s so raspy from need, I don’t even have to disguise it anymore.

“No,” she whispers, a hint of excitement lacing her voice. “Tell me.”

“How about I show you instead.” I lean into her, press my mouth to her quivering thighs, and trail my tongue up until I reach her clit. Her hands wrap around my head, and her breathing changes. With the soft blade of my tongue I circle her clit, coming close but never quite touching, until she’s squirming, and shifting trying to get me to hit the spot that needs it the most.

“Stop torturing me,” she cries out.

I laugh between her legs. “Don’t you see, that’s what Santa does to naughty girls?”

She growls, but when I insert one finger into her hot center the sound morphs into a moan. “Oh, yes, Santa. I do like the way you torture.”

Christ, her responses are so agonizingly arousing. I bite down hard to keep it together. I want to make this good for her, bring this smart, beautiful woman, to orgasm over and over again. I have no idea why that's so important to me. Maybe because deep down I know she's a good girl who, for just one night, wants to be bad.

But Jesus she's so fucking tight and wet, it's all I can do not to go at her like a man staved of woman's touch for so long. I wiggle my finger inside her and her hands go back to my shoulders. She kneads my muscles, runs her nails all over my back. Tomorrow I'll be scratched, but I don't care. I want to remember this night. Her heat and scent surround me, her hungry cries urging me on, and in this moment all I want to do is give her everything she needs.

Wanting my mouth on her again, I suck her clit, nibble it slightly and she leans forward, her long hair tickling my back, and making me hotter. Her sex muscles tighten around my finger, as I inch it out and slowly, leisurely slide it back in.

"That is so good," she moans, a desperate edge to her voice. Jesus, I know it's been a long time for me, but when was the last time *she* was touched. Before Eden, my no fraternizing policy was easy to keep. Now I'm breaking all the rules, and I currently give all of zero fucks.

I slide another finger into her for a snug fit, and she gasps as I fill her. I fuck her with my fingers, eat at her with my mouth until her body is vibrating, practically convulsing. Goddammit she's so responsive it's fucking with my dick—which is just about ripping through the damn velvet pants. With my cock aching to be inside her, I increase the pressure on her clit, slick my tongue over her silky sweetness as I change the tempo of my finger.

"Oh, Santa," she cries out as she releases on a shudder. "I'm..." her words fall off as her body lets go, her muscles clenching and squeezing my finger so tight, I can feel it all

the way to my cock. She moves her legs, spreads them wider and that's when the copier lights up.

Shit, she must have hit the start button.

The sound blocks out her cries, and the room lights up. Fortunately, I'm still between her legs and she can't see my face. I continue to eat at her, lick her clean, and savor every fucking drop, wanting the taste of her on my tongue, a week from tomorrow.

When he muscles finally stop spasming, and the copier whirrs to a stop, draping us in darkness once again, I lift my face and press my forehead to hers.

She's breathing hard, and her sweet breath falls over me. There is a hint of laughter in her voice when she says, "I think we just made copies of my ass."

I chuckle with her, even though I'm in total agony. "I know. Your boss would have *your* ass for that."

"Then he can't ever know," she whispers.

"Speaking of your ass, though," I say and grab her and lift her from the copy machine. I turn her around, and slide my hand over her lush backside and she wiggles for me. "Tonight when you were on my lap, this ass gave me a hard on."

She giggles. "Really?"

"Yeah, really and you're lucky I didn't bite that goddamn bell off your nipple."

She reaches around her body runs her hands over my thighs, and my skin burns everywhere she touches. "Santa, I had no idea you were so bad."

Bad?

Well I used to be bad. Truthfully, I had a reputation growing up, but put my bad boy ways behind me when I graduated college and stepped into the role of owner and CEO. Fuck man, I'd forgotten how much I missed having fun.

I really do have a stick up my ass.

I slide my hands around her body, cup her breasts and

lightly pinch her nipples. Her head falls back against my chest and her little moan of pleasure fills me with a desperate sort of need—one I've never quite felt before.

"I need to be inside you," I growl into her ear.

"I want that, too." She turns to face me, and undoes the belt at my waist. She grabs the pillows that came with the suit, and tosses them aside. Making quick work of my clothes, she slides my jacket off my shoulders, and pulls the belt on my pants. They fall to the floor in a whoosh. One small hand goes to my hard cock, and she strokes the length of it through my boxers.

"You've been holding out on me, Santa."

"You think?"

"While I like the small package you gave me earlier, this is the package I really want."

"You seemed to like that small package."

"I'm going to like unwrapping this big one better."

I grip her long hair, twirl it around my hand three times and bring her mouth back to mine. I kiss her harder this time, hard enough to leave a bruise, but something about this sweet girl's, behind closed doors naughtiness, brings out the animal in me, the bad boy I'd left behind years ago.

She moans, clearly liking this side of me, and with my other hand I release her bra and toss it aside. "I've been thinking," she says breathlessly. "It's not really fair that Santa does all the giving." In a move that catches me by surprise, she drops to her knees, tugs on my boxers and licks my crown.

Sweet mother of God.

She runs her tongue along the long length of me, and I tremble. Fuck that is good. She moans and teases me with her tongue, but I'm desperate for her to wrap her lips around me. I let her play with me a little longer, then tug her hair.

"Open our mouth."

She makes a sexy noise at my command. My sweet little manager likes when I boss her around, order her to do things. Interesting.

With my eyes adjusted to the dark, I take her in as she obeys my order. Her mouth widens and I jerk my hips forward. She takes me deep, to the back of her throat and I'm pretty goddamn sure I just died and gone to heaven. "Fuck, Eden," I growl as she works her mouth over my. She slides a hand between my legs and cups my balls, massaging them gently. A deep growl crawls from my throat. Good fucking thing the music is blaring in the boardroom.

I hold her hair as she moves, taking me to the back of her throat. I'm wired so tight, if she keeps that up I'm going to shoot a load down her throat and no way am I ready to be done with her. No, I need my cock inside her. I need to fuck her long and hard up against the copier, need to get my fill of her tonight so tomorrow I can get back on track.

I gently tug on her hair and she gives a disapproving moan as I bring her to her feet. I turn her, place my hand on her back and bend her forward until her sweet tits are pressed against the glass copier.

Her skirt is still around her waist, and I shove a foot between hers to kick them open.

"Santa!" she says, and I grin.

"Santa gives, but sometimes he takes what he wants too, and what he wants sweet Eden, is to be buried deep inside you." I push a finger into her slickness and she whimpers, her hands gripping the edge of the copier. "You ready for that, bad girl."

"Oh, yes."

I grab my pants from the chair I'd left them on, and dig into my wallet, praying I still have a condom tucked inside. I dig deep, and almost scream Halleluiaah when I find one. I rip into it, sheathe my cock, and stroke my hand over the long

length of my hard on as I position it at her opening. I take a breath, then another, because I'm pretty sure the second I enter her, I'll never quite be the same. I grip her hips, give her an inch, and her hands curl into fists.

"Santa please. Fuck me. Hard."

"Bad girls don't get to ask Santa for anything," I tease.

"If I promise to be nice instead of naughty will you give me what I want?"

"Maybe I like you naughty," I say, the sweet/naughty contradiction of my newly hired public relations manager messing with my ability to think with any sort of clarity.

"I can be both," she says. "Good in the day and bad at night."

My mind takes a second to visual her walking around the office all demure in the day, and bending over to pick pencils off my floor at night when we're the only two in the building working late.

"Yeah, I like that." I grip her hips harder, my fingertips biting into her flesh and in one quick thrust I drive into her. Motherfucker. She gasps as I fill her and I damn near pass out as her warm heat wraps around my dick—and heart—pulling me into a place I've never been before, a place I shouldn't go with an employee.

Okay, yeah fucking this sweet girl is all kinds of wrong, but goddammit, it feels all kinds of right. I pull almost all the way out, and glide back in again, seating myself high, and going still for a moment. I don't want to move. I want to stay exactly like this until Christmas morning, next year.

But she has other plans. She rears back, and if I weren't holding on to her hips so hard, I'd have faltered. I inch out, and slam back in again, our moans mingling as we fuck without inhibition in the copier room.

"You feel so good," I growl, and lean over her to taste her skin. I kiss her back, run my tongue along her spine as my

dick fills her. We rock together, creating a rhythm like old time lovers, like we instinctively know what the other needs. It's been so long since I've been with a woman, I'm not going to last. Then again, maybe it has more to do with the woman I'm with that's taking me to the point of no return in record time.

I slide a hand around her, run my finger over her sopping wet clit, and she shudders once more.

"Santa, I'm...coming. Please don't stop." She whimpers and purrs as I pound into her, drawing out each hard pulse. Fuck I love the little bedroom sounds she makes when she comes for me. *Me*. Kellan Bites. Not Santa. Next time, I'm going to make sure she knows it's *me* doing this to her.

Wait, what, there isn't going to be a next time, dude.

Her pussy squeezes my cock as she comes and comes, like her release has been years in the building. Maybe it was. Fuck. Mine sure as hell was. Her liquid heat scorches me, and I struggle to hang on, until I've wrung out every last clench of pleasure from her body. She goes a bit limp and I drive into her, stilling as I release his inside.

"I feel you," she cries out as her hands grasp for something to clench on to but once again she hits the start button and the machine kicks in, lighting up her face as it makes numerous copies of her breasts.

"Ohmigod, I think I just went blind."

"It's that good huh?" Honestly, if I weren't in the middle of shooting my load off, this would be kind of funny.

I hear her giggle, and I let out a grunt as I completely deplete myself. I fall over her, and her vibrations go through me.

I press my mouth to her ear, and her laughing stops. "Did you do that on purpose? A souvenir for me," I ask.

"You already have my panties," she says.

"Saw that did you?"

“Yes, and no way are you taking home copies of my ass or breasts.”

“Think you can stop me,” I tease, as I slowly pull my cock from her beautiful warm body. A shudder wracks my body as I remove the condom, and wrap it in a piece of copier paper to dispose of later. “Do you have something in your purse I can clean you up with.” She goes quiet for a moment. “Eden?”

“Yes. I have tissue.”

“Do you want to grab them, or do you want me too.” I’d never go into a woman’s purse without her permission.

“I don’t think my legs work yet.”

I grin, loving that I’ve done this to her. I like seeing little Eden spent and happy.

I want to see Kellan happy.

Well, looks like a few of her Christmas wishes came true because I haven’t felt this happy in...ever.

Shit.

I reach into her purse, and find the tissue but when I pull it out something comes with it and brushes my leg as it sails to the floor. I’ll grab it after I flick the lights on. I step back to her, and run my hand between her legs.

“Ooh,” she says. “Keep that up, and Santa might never get back to the North Pole tonight.”

I chuckle, clean her up, and fix her skirt. “Can you stand now?”

“Yes.”

I lift her from the copier, knowing I’ll never be able to look at the damn machine again without getting a fucking hard on.

“I don’t think we should leave this room together,” she whispers.

“You go first. I need to get dressed, anyway.”

Her clothes rustle as she shifts. “Let me grab the copies. Can you imagine if they fell into the wrong hands?”

“Like Kellan’s?” I ask. Yeah, my hands were definitely the wrong one for Eden, but fuck, now that I’ve tasted her, touched her, why do I suddenly want to convince her they’re the right hands.

But that’s never going to happen.