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A story by Kelsey Roberts from a sizzling new collection, *Red Hot Santa*

A Naughty Holiday Tryst

There's only one thing bodyguard Jack Palmer wants for Christmas: his stunning client Meghan Beckham. Luckily, she has a sexy surprise in store that will *definitely* jingle his bells.

■ *Sexy CEO Meghan Beckham is revving up for the holiday season at Beckham's, the department store she owns. But when several Santas at the store are murdered and Meghan receives death threats, she has to figure out why someone is out to kill her and her employees. Enter Jack Palmer, a gorgeous bodyguard who's hired to protect Meghan. Jack tries to keep their relationship professional, but after Meghan reveals that she wants to have her way with him under the mistletoe, Jack's tempted. One morning, Jack is watching over Meghan at her place. While she's getting ready for work, Meghan makes Jack an enticing offer he can't refuse....*

A Wanton Wish

Jack paced across Meghan's spacious living room, thinking about the horrific murders that happened during the last

couple of weeks. Three store Santas were dead, and the killer was still on the loose. *What was the connection between the victims?* he wondered. Maybe the killer was a disgruntled employee who wanted to wreak havoc at the store.

Jack hoped to come up with an answer to help the police who were on the case. Even though he was assigned simply to protect Meghan, Jack couldn't help but guess at the killer's next move. Besides, trying to solve the crime was less complicated than attempting to forget about his feelings for Meghan.

He walked to the kitchen. When he heard Meghan taking a shower upstairs, Jack began fantasizing about her wet, naked body. *Stop it,* he told himself. He needed to stay focused on his job. After he heard her turn off her hair dryer, the sound of her bare feet came padding down the hallway.

She walked into the kitchen, her shiny blond hair blown straight. A clingy white robe was draped around her curvy body. Jack stared into her smoky blue eyes, wanting nothing more than to take off her robe and touch her smooth, pale skin. As if reading his mind, Meghan shot him a lusty look. With his strapping physique and smoldering emerald eyes, Jack was a major hunk. If Meghan didn't do something now, she knew she'd always regret it.

Steamy Stocking Stuffer

Jack decided he couldn't fight his urges another second. At last he succumbed to his desire and moved toward her, wrapping his arm around her waist. He dipped his head to passionately press his lips against hers and slipped his tongue inside her mouth.

Meghan's heart was beating so fast, she just couldn't think straight. Suddenly, she pulled away and stepped back to glance up at Jack.



She ran her hands over his defined six-pack, savoring every inch of his chiseled abs.



"So," she said. "What are we going to do now that your self-control seems to have gone right out the window?"

"I want you," he admitted. "But I was hired to watch you, not have a fling."

"I want you too. But are we really going to be able to hold off that much longer?" Meghan asked.

"Right now, your safety is my main concern," Jack explained. "I'm here to protect you. I have to stay close to you, but I can't get distracted."

"I think we could get a lot closer in the bedroom, don't you?" she said coyly, biting her lip.

Unwrapping Her Pulse-Racing Present...

"You shouldn't make these kinds of offers, Meghan," Jack said, attempting one last time to keep his cool. "They're downright impossible to turn down."

Meghan usually wasn't so forward, but Jack was one of the sexiest men she had ever met. Whenever she was in his presence, all she could think about was how attracted she was to him. "Look Jack," she said. "I'm asking you to go to bed with me. If you're not up for it, that's fine. But I need an answer."

"I wasn't expecting to fall for a client," he said. "This is a first for me."

"I'll be gentle," Meghan teased, then seductively wrapped her arms around Jack's neck. Before he could stop himself, he kissed her again. He couldn't resist anymore. He lifted her in his arms, carried her to the bedroom, and carefully lowered her onto the bed.

Sliding next to her, he showered her face with kisses. While his mouth searched for that sensitive area at the

base of her throat, she unbuttoned his shirt. He moaned when she pulled off his pants. Then his boxers fell to the floor. Meghan took one look at him and thought, *This is definitely the best package I'm getting for Christmas.* She ran her hands over his defined six-pack, savoring every inch of his chiseled abs.

Jack reached for both of her arms and held them above her head. He peeled away her robe with his other hand and was rewarded by the sight of her round, full breasts in a lacy bra.

"Let me touch you!" Meghan begged, wanting to please him.

"Not yet," Jack whispered, as he slowly released the front clasp on her bra. His mouth closed around her right nipple, and he rubbed his tongue against her, causing Meghan to gasp. He lifted his head to kiss her again and released his hold on her arms. He then inched his fingers downward and tugged her thong over her hips and legs.

Ho Ho Ohhhh!!!!

Jack rested his hand between Meghan's thighs, searching for her hot spot. He wanted her just as crazy with lust as he was. He gently slid a finger deep inside her. Meghan groaned. "I'm ready, Jack," she said. "Now."

Jack wasted no time responding to her request. He positioned himself between Meghan's legs and thrust inside her. The ecstasy of being so close to her rocked him from head to toe. Meghan put her legs around him, moving her hips in a primal, erotic rhythm. Their pace quickened. The absolute pleasure of Jack grinding against her was almost too much for Meghan to bear. When the first waves of bliss washed over her, she called Jack's name as her body tightened around him. After Meghan let herself go, Jack did too.

A Fearful Finale

When it was over, he rolled onto his side next to her. Catching his breath, Jack rested his head against his arm and glanced at Meghan. Suddenly, the telephone rang. Meghan immediately winced at the jarring sound. "I don't want to answer that."

"You'd better," Jack said. "It could be someone with news."

"All right." She reached for the receiver and reluctantly picked it up. "Hello?" A moment later, all the color drained from her cheeks.

Jack noticed the horror in her eyes. "What is it?" he asked.

Meghan cupped her right hand over the receiver and told him, "There's been another murder."

Jack protectively placed an arm around her trembling shoulders. Until the killer was found, he wasn't letting Meghan out of his sight. ■

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