



## **All in One Night**

By Jade Twilight

“I can’t believe you did that!”

Emmy glanced over at her friend as they left the department store and shrugged. “They would’ve found out sooner or later. If I hadn’t told them Santa wasn’t real, some bully would have.”

Roberta shook her head and hailed a cab for them, pulling her coat tighter against the chilly December night. “That’s not the point. You’re a grown up, you don’t break a little kid’s heart like that.”

Emmy rolled her eyes and climbed into the cab. Her friend hadn’t learned the hard way. She’d done those kids a favor. Now when Christmas morning came and they didn’t get what they wanted, they could blame mom and pop, not some figment of the imagination that let them down.

“I just don’t get you, around this time of year you turn into... well, a Scrooge,” Roberta continued as they rode through the crowded streets to their apartment a few blocks away. “You used to be so much fun.”

Emmy didn’t reply as the cabbie pulled over. She fished some money out of her wallet, paid the guy, and got out.

“So what is it about Christmas that puts a stick up your butt?”

“I just don’t like it. It’s all about gimme, gimme. And who has the biggest tree, or best toy,” Emmy half-lied unlocking the door and going in. She wasn’t going to tell her friend all the real reasons.

Shrugging out of her coat, Emmy yawned. “I’m going to bed, wake me when this whole holiday thing is over.”

Roberta shook her head again as she walked toward her room. “Hey Scrooge, let me

know if you get any visitors, okay?”

Emmy flipped her the bird as she closed her bedroom door.

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Emmy groaned, rolled over, and looked at her alarm clock. Freaking one in the morning, whoever was playing Christmas music this early needed to be drug out into the street and shot. She pulled her pillow over her head, trying to block out the annoying tune of *Here Comes Santa Claus*. Suddenly, the pillow was yanked from her hands.

“Listen, Berta, I’m so not…” She jerked into a sitting position, trailing off, seeing that it hadn’t been her friend who’d taken the pillow. Standing next to her bed was one of the hottest men she’d ever seen. His russet hair was pulled back into a low pony tail, green eyes danced with mirth. A well-muscled body was encased in blue jeans and a tight Christmas sweater. He smiled, and she felt like she’d melt.

“Hi Emmy. Any idea who I am?”

She shook her head, unable to form words. She hoped this was some kinda trick Roberta had set up. He chuckled, a low sensual sound that made her body react in a way it hadn’t in a long time.

“Your friend had nothing to do with this. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past, and we’re going to take a little stroll down memory lane.”

At that she laughed. “Sure, and I’m Peter Rabbit.”

His smile didn’t fade. “No one ever believes at first. Come on, take my hand, I’ll prove it.”

Almost positive this was her friend’s doing, Emmy shrugged, taking the offered hand. She’d play along and make Berta feel good since she’d obviously gone to a lot of trouble. The ghost pulled her to her feet and against him. His arm slipped around her waist.

“Hang on.”

“Holy shit!” Emmy exclaimed as her apartment disappeared and the house where she lived as a little kid replaced it. It was an old place, that had once been a cheese factory way back when. Her step father’s mother had owned it, and they’d lived there with her and his brother, plus his brother’s family. That had equaled five kids and five adults all living under the same roof.

She watched as all five kids came running down the stairs and into the living room where the tree was set up. Following much more slowly were their bleared eyed parents, including her mother on crutches. A few months earlier she'd taken a bad fall and hurt her heel and ankle extremely bad, slicing the heel open. There was talk that Emmy's step father had actually pushed her down the stairs, but no one could prove it.

Emmy blinked, turning her gaze to the kids, seeing her five year-old self tearing into her present. She remember what it had been. All that year the only thing she had wanted was a mermaid Barbie. What she got was a dollar store, plastic doll with a homemade mermaid suit and a couple other outfits. She remembered watching the other kids open their mountains of gifts, feeling cheated, and disappointed. What was the point of being good? There wasn't really a Santa or any other mystic being watching.

The ghost tightened his hold on her hand. "Your mother did the best she could with what she had."

"I know." Emmy whispered around the ball of tears in her throat and watched her crying five year-old self run up the stairs.

The ghost tugged on her hand. "Let's go. We have more to see and very little time."

The house disappeared and was replaced this time by a club. She was older now, in her early twenties, dancing, drinking and having a good time. She was wearing a tight, bright red dress, which set off her green eyes, and a mistletoe head band that complemented her dark hair. She danced around handing out kisses to almost all the guys.

"What happened to this Emmy?" the ghost asked, leading her into the throbbing crowd. "I like her."

"Him." Emmy replied, seeing the guy her younger self was making out with. Jack. He was tall, with blond hair and hazel eyes. They followed as she led him off the dance floor to a secluded booth in the back. "Do we have to watch this?" she asked, looking up at the ghost, knowing what was going to happen.

The ghost nodded, a seductive smile playing on his lips. Emmy turned back to the scene. She sat straddling his lap, her dress hiked up on her hips. She still couldn't believe no one noticed as she rode him right there. Her body pulsed at the thought of how excited she'd been then. Having sex for the whole club to see.

Back then she'd been wild. Doing whatever she wanted, no cares, no real responsibilities.

Having fun.

“That’s right, you used to have fun,” the ghost murmured in her ear. “Your body remembers, Emmy.” He ran his fingers over her taunt nipples that stuck out though her night shirt. His other hand let go of hers and slid under her shirt. “Just look how wet you are.”

She gasped as his fingers touched her nether lips, parting them. Closing her eyes she leaned back into him. Around them the music pulsed in time with her body. He rubbed the hard little nub between her lips, one finger slipped into her as he rubbed harder and faster. Emmy came at the same time as the self from her past.

“Are you done with me?” she asked after a moment.

He smiled, licking her juices from his fingers and shook his head. “One more stop.” He took her hand again and the room faded.

The place that appeared this time was her old apartment, the one she and Jack had shared. They stood in the small living room, the only light coming from the Christmas tree. From the bedroom drifted soft moans and whispers.

Emmy shook her head. “Please don’t make me relive this.”

The ghost looked genuinely sorry. “I have to.”

She swallowed as she heard keys jangle in the lock. The door opened and she walked in, carrying a couple of shopping bags. Flipping on the lights she walked to the open bedroom door. The bags fell from her hands as she saw Jack lying naked with another woman in their bed. Emmy heard the smash as something glass broke when the bags hit the floor.

She couldn’t breathe, it felt as if someone had kicked her in the stomach. Jack looked at her, wide-eyed, while the woman tried to cover herself. Staggering back, her old self ran from the apartment. Emmy closed her eyes, fighting the wave of hurt this brought back.

The ghost, drew her to him, wrapping his arms around her. “I’m sorry.”

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When she opened her eyes she was lying in her own bed. She curled up into a ball. It was just a horrible dream. She glanced at the clock, one fifty-nine, then the red lights switched to two o’clock.

Her stomach lurched as she felt the bed bow as though someone had sat on it. Hesitantly she looked to the foot of her bed, there sat another man. She groaned. He was dressed in a crisp

white business suit, with blond hair and intense blue eyes.

“Ghost of Christmas Present?”

“Yup. Come on, lots to do, very little time to do it in.” He stood, offering his hand. With a sigh she took it, and was pulled out of bed to her feet. Like before the room disappeared and was replaced. This time with her mother’s apartment, which was on the other side of town. Emmy had been here a total of two times, once to tell her that she was engaged to Jack, and once to tell her that the engagement was off.

Her mother, Marie, and half-brother, Mick, sat at the kitchen table. A tiny Christmas tree stood at one end with a few present under it.

“Do you think she’ll stop by this year?” her mother muttered, picking up her cup of coffee.

“No,” Mick tersely replied. “Emmy’s a selfish, spoiled, brat who only thinks about herself. She doesn’t care if it hurts you when she doesn’t come around, Mom.”

Emmy winched at the harsh remarks. It wasn’t true, she just had a hard time being around them. She cared and loved them, she just wasn’t sure how to show it. Then there was the other reason, her step father. From the living room she heard a snore, as if signaling he was still around.

Their mother absently pulled on her sweater, but not before Emmy saw the bruises on her wrist. Emmy’s hands balled up into fist. Mick was oblivious to the whole thing, but she knew. She’d dealt with it firsthand.

“You shouldn’t talk about your sister that way,” Marie chided. “She might not be the perfect daughter, but when was I the perfect mother?” Tears crept into the corners of the older woman’s eyes.

“Oh Mom, don’t blame yourself,” Mick said, getting up and walking around to hug her.

Emmy felt the urge to go to her mom, she’d never seen her like this. She’d only seen the distant, unavailable, disillusioned woman, who could ignore what was right in front of her. Maybe if she gave her another chance they could work things out.

The ghost squeezed her hand and she looked at him. “Time to go.”

She nodded, with another glance at her mom and brother. The room faded, and this time she wasn’t sure where she was. It was a strange house, with a Christmas tree and other festive decorations.

“Remember the kids you told there was no Santa?”

She nodded with a sick feeling. She heard little feet pounding on the stairs, then two kids appeared. A little boy around five and a girl around eight.

“Come on, Mom,” the boy yelled at the bottom of the stairs.

“Yeah, we want to open presents,” added the little girl.

The ghost whispered, “That’s Jacob, Kelly, and their mom, Sara. Their dad is in the army overseas. Guess what they asked for for Christmas.”

Emmy didn’t need to guess, she had a pretty good idea. Sara stumbled down the stairs, still half asleep. “All right,” she mumbled around a yawn. “Just let me get some coffee, and you can open presents.” As she finished speaking the front door swung open, startling them all.

The kids jumped. “Daddy!” they squealed, running at the man who had just entered the house.

“See? Sometimes it’s not the commercial stuff people need,” the ghost whispered in her ear.

From his father’s arms Jacob said, “See Kell, I told you there was a Santa. That lady at the store was lying.”

Emmy smiled, glad she’d been proven wrong. She guessed it really couldn’t hurt for kids to believe in something. Even if it that something was a fat man in a red suit who flew all over the world in one night.

The ghost tightened his hold on her again. “Time to go.”

Her bedroom reappeared, the ghost’s arms wrapped around her waist. “So what did we learn?”

She looked up at him. “That I was possibly too hard on my mother. It doesn’t hurt to believe in something, even if you can’t see it, and that not all people are about the commercialism.”

“Very good.” He bent his head and kissed her, his lips soft against hers. His hands slipped under her night shirt, caressing her hips and butt. Putting her arms around his neck, she let him deepen the kiss, exploring her mouth with his tongue. His clothes seemed to disappear as he lowered her to the bed. The head of his member probed her pussy til it slipped in.

She gasped, arching into him as he filled her. Pulling out he thrust back in over and over again. Emmy whimpered, squirming in pleasure under him. She felt her body tense like an

overwound spring, then he plunged in again, driving her over the edge. Her eyes closed, and she fell back on the bed.

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Opening her eyes, she found herself in bed, wrapped in her blanket, no sign of the ghost or what they'd done. With a sigh she looked at the clock again. Two fifty-nine... three o'clock. She sat up, swinging her feet off the side of the bed.

"Let's do this," she muttered. From the darkness stepped another man. He wore black jeans, a black biker jacket, dark hair and eyes topped off the package. He gave off a very bad boy essence. He didn't say anything just held out his hand. Emmy took it and was pulled to her feet.

The room faded and she stood in a hospital room. Her mother laid on the bed. Tubes and cords ran from the bed to various equipment. Mick sat at her side, holding her hand as the heart monitor flat-lined.

Emmy gasped, raising her hand to her mouth. Where the heck was she? There was no way she wouldn't be here.

The doctor walked in, calmly turning the monitor off. "I'm sorry."

Mick nodded, looking down at their mother and silently crying.

The room faded. She was at her brother's house. Emmy stood with Mick in his living room.

"Now that she's gone you choose to show your face," Mick yelled.

"I—" she began, but he cut her off.

"Mom wanted to just spend time with you. But no, you couldn't even come to the hospital," he ranted.

Emmy watched, shocked, as her little brother browbeat her. Their mother had passed on, and he was taking it out on her.

He turned his back on her. "Get out and don't come around here again."

"But, Mick—"

"I said, get out!" he shouted.

Emmy watched as she left the house, tears in her eyes. The ghost put his arm around her waist and the scene changed. She sat alone in her apartment, a carton of ice cream in her hand. The phone rang and she ignored it. After a few rings the answering machine picked up.

Roberta's voice sounded through the speaker. "I know you're there. Pick up." There was an audible sigh. "Fine, then just ignore the only friend you have left. Keep it up and you'll end up like the cat lady in 6G." The phone clicked, and she still just sat on the couch, watching TV, eating the ice cream.

Emmy studied herself. Roberta had said only friend left. Had she let herself get so depressed that she isolated herself from everybody?

She looked up at the ghost, who nodded. Wow, this was crappy. The room disappeared and she was back in her bedroom, the ghost still with her.

"So you're telling me if I don't get with the program, I'm going to lose my mom, brother and friends? Ending up alone, eating ice cream, and possibly getting far too many cats?"

The ghost nodded, his intense dark eyes running over the length of her. "Don't let that happen, it'd be a waste and a shame."

She felt a flush through her body under his forceful gaze. He ran his hands over her chest, grabbing the front of her nightshirt and pulling her to him. A gasp escaped her lips seconds before he ravaged them.

He roughly pushed her back to the bed and straddled her. She noted his clothes had disappeared as his hands slid under her nightshirt and caressed her hips, stomach, then breasts. Emmy sighed, closing her eyes only to jerk them open as he kissed her pussy lips. She glanced down to see just the top of his head. One of his hands slid down, parting her nether lips. His tongue swirled around her clit before he latched on, sucking gently.

Emmy let her head fall back on the bed, closing her eyes. His mouth drew away, only to be replaced by his hard member. She moaned as he filled her and slammed himself into her over and over, bringing her nearer to her climax each time. As she got close he rubbed her clit, bringing her over the top. She cried out, eyes closed, grasping her blankets.

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Emmy smiled, glancing up at Roberta as she made her way to the coffee pot.

"Yes Mom, I promise. I'll be there for Christmas supper. If I'm not you can send Mick after me, okay?"

"I'm going to hold you to that," her mother said on the other end of the line.

"All right, see you then. Bye." Emmy hung up the phone and looked at Roberta, who

stared at her. “What?”

“I don’t think you’ve spoken to your mother since you moved in.”

Emmy shrugged, getting up and topping off her coffee cup. “I guess you could say the spirits did it *all* in one night.” She laughed at Roberta’s confused look. “Oh and Tina called, she’s have her party at the club tonight. I told her we’d stop by.”

Roberta swallowed. “You agreed to a Christmas party?”

“Yup. One more thing, could you help me pick up some last minute gifts for Mom and Mick?”

“Okay.” Shaking her head, Roberta studied her. “Who are you, and what have you done with the real Emmy?”

“Very funny. Let’s just say I had a change of heart.”

Roberta looked at her skeptically over her coffee mug. “Fine, whatever you say. I’m just glad you’re not a grump anymore.”

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Emmy took a sip of her wine, looking around the crowded club. Techno music poured out of hidden speakers, while most of the occupants swayed on the dance floor. Roberta and Tina appeared from the crowd.

“There you are.” Roberta yelled over the music. “We have found the most delicious hunks up stairs, one for each of us.”

With a smile, Emmy picked up her glass. “Lead the way.”

They led her up to the second floor, which was set with couches and plush chairs. It was slightly quieter up here.

“See?” Tina pointed to three guys sitting on one of the couches, talking.

Emmy blinked and almost lost her grip on her glass. It couldn’t be... “Tina are they friends of yours?”

“No.” Tina shook her head. “Never seen them before.”

Emmy looked at Roberta. “You?”

Roberta shook her head. “Come on, does it matter? They are completely drool-worthy.”

Well she was right about that. Emmy let her friends drag her the last few feet to stand in front of the guys.

“Mind if we join you?” Roberta asked playfully.

Emmy felt her stomach flip as they looked up. She was wrong. The dark lighting and her overactive imagination had her thinking they were last night’s visitors. But she was wrong. Although they were close.

The redhead grinned, setting her blood on fire. “The more the merrier.” Reaching up he grabbed her hand and pulled her onto his lap.

She let out a bubbly laugh as the other two followed suit, yanking her friends onto their laps.

“I’m Charles.” He pointed to the other two. “That’s Dick and Sonny.” He bounced her on his knee. “You can call me Chuck. Having fun?”

Emmy smiled, slipping her arm around his neck. “I’m Emmy, and I sure am. How about you, Chuck?”

“I am now.”

## Epilogue – One Year Later

“Mom, I’m so proud of you. This is a huge step.”

“Are you sure you and Chuck don’t mind?”

Emmy shook her head and looked over at Chuck, who sat next to her on the couch.

“Honey, tell her.”

Chuck reached over the coffee table and took Marie’s hand. “We’re happy to have you. You can stay here as long as you need to.” He glanced at Emmy. “Besides, Em can use all the help she can get with the little one on the way.”

Marie smiled, then suddenly it fell. “Your brother is going to be so upset. He thought things were getting better.”

Emmy sighed. “You just let me deal with Mick.” She put her hand on her belly as the baby started kicking.

“Have you two given any thoughts to names?” Marie asked, changing the subject.

Chuck smiled and nodded. Emmy smiled back sharing their private joke before answering, “Noel.”

## The End

### About Jade Twilight

I’m a married, stay at home mom, with one daughter, and hoping to have more. We share our home with 2 dogs, 2 parakeets, and a fish tank full of fish. I enjoy being outside, gardening, hiking, and playing with my daughter. When I’m not doing any of those things I’m reading or writing. Mostly paranormal, fantasy, western erotica/romance, but the limit is my imagination. Which is a little warped so you never know what’ll pop out.

I’m owner of *Dark Diva Reviews*, we’re the gals who make reading sexy. When I can find a few minutes I post on the blog I share with fellow author Tess Macall, titled *Sensual Secrets*. Which is where I let my dirty mind run free.

Well that sums me up in a nutshell. I hope you’ll stop by my website and blog to see what I’m up to.

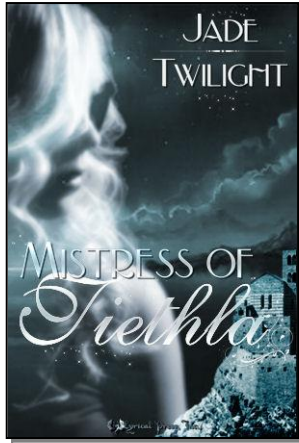
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