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The Christmas Gift

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Merry Christmas, everyone... and a safe and prosperous 2005.

### The Christmas Gift

Ariana tossed and turned. Sleep would not come. It was Christmas Eve and she knew all her wishes would be fulfilled. They always were. As the only child of wealthy parents, her parents bought each and every item on their daughter's wish list. But, there was one wish they couldn't grant her—a man who would give her love and fulfillment.

Sure she'd dated. Without her parents' knowledge she'd been on the pill since graduating from high school. But never could she find real love—in college, or at the social gatherings her parents insisted she attend. Most men dated her for her money and if not for her money or for the lifestyle she could offer them, they'd date her for her looks and her body.

After turning on the bedside lamp she produced the magazine she'd secretly bought. Every month she'd buy the new issue. They were hidden in the secret panel in the closet. Last month's issue had a special article—a contest for the best letter sent in to Santa Claus. 'What would you most desire for Christmas? Write Santa a letter...' The prize was a midnight surprise—a night in bed with one of the magazine's models. So she'd written her wish letter, just for the fun of it because the chance of winning was one in a million.

Turning the pages, she came to the centerfold. The photo was of a young, handsome man in his late twenties. His dark eyes looked back at her, hot, sexy. Mid length dark hair curled waywardly around his face. His hand rested casually on his cock. It was flaccid, but it was the most delicious piece of

equipment she'd ever seen. Her libido surfaced in full.

Placing the magazine between her legs, she sat up and gazed down at the photograph. Her fingers stroked the man's cock while her other hand played with her clit. Saliva gathered in her mouth at the thought of sucking that immense tool. She drooled, watching a droplet of spittle land on his firm balls. Panting, she inserted her fingers into her vagina. It didn't work for her. Her fingers were too short. Not wanting to break the moment of ecstasy to fetch the hidden dildo, her eyes scanned the nightstands for something else she could use. The handle of her hairbrush would have to do. Holding the bristly end, she quickly inserted it into her vagina and twirled it around. It caused waves of heat to scorch her body; sent the blood pumping through her veins and her heart thundered in her ears. "My God, you're beautiful," she whispered to the picture.

Closing her eyes, she allowed her imagination to take over. His name was Gavin. She whispered it several times, slowly, sensually. Her right hand worked her clit frantically while her left hand stole up to her breasts and tweaked the nipples. Liquid gushed between her legs and a long sigh escaped her lips as she dropped the brush and rubbed the come into her cleft. She imagined it to be his cum. Curling into a fetal position, she brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them.

The magazine lay forgotten on the bed as she fell asleep, her fingers hovering between her lips.

\* \* \* \*

Cole O'Donnell got out of the limousine that had driven him to his destination. He wanted to yank off the blindfold they'd tied snugly around his eyes and head so he had no idea where he was going. The Santa suit felt awkward, the pillow stuffed inside the jacket a nuisance. Yet he'd agreed to the deal. The money was excellent, and it would help pay off the student loans he'd racked up while in medical college. Ariana was her name. That's all they would tell him. She was the winner of the Christmas wish contest. Everything was set up, they told him. All he had to do was to satisfy the girl. But what if she was ugly and fat? It didn't matter. They'd told him, no lights. No talk. So...he wouldn't have to look at her. All he needed was a boner, but that eluded him for now, as he wasn't in the habit of screwing strange young women, especially not ones he'd never seen and could be as ugly as hell.

Snowflakes fell steadily on his forehead and nose; the only bits of his face still exposed. He stood beside the car for a moment sucking in the last drags of his cigarette. Footsteps came toward him. The snow muffled them but he could hear the ice creak beneath the layer of snow.

"Okay, Santa, it's time to go," said the chauffeur. "I'll lead you."

The chauffeur took Cole by the arm and led him to a waiting ladder. "Remember, don't take off the blindfold until you're inside."

He smiled beneath the beard. There had to be something wrong with the girl for her to enter such a contest. Trying to stop his thoughts because they were only making matters worse, Cole put down the jute bag and examined the ladder with his hands. It felt sturdy enough.

The rungs creaked loudly under his weight as he climbed, the bag slung over his shoulder and awkward weight. He stopped to listen for a moment if the creaking rungs had woken the occupants of the house,

but nothing stirred. The night was quiet, the blanket of snow dulling all sounds.

When he reached the top rung he paused for a moment, yanked off the blindfold and looked behind him. In the distance he saw a car approach slowly. They'd warned him about this. It was the patrol car that patrolled the street every half-hour. He had to get inside fast.

Quickly, he slid open the window. He knew it would be open because they'd arranged for the lock to be broken and the alarm turned off. Vaguely wondering how the editors had arranged it all he climbed through the open window just as the patrol car came within viewing distance of the house.

He crouched on the floor for a moment and waited for the car to pass. The tires crunched on the icy snow. Slowly, the crunching faded. He was safe.

Brushing the snowflakes from his hair he walked softly to the foot of the bed and looked down at the sleeping contest winner. He couldn't see her face but her body caused an instant reaction. His dormant cock jumped to attention straining against the red pants.

She looked innocent as she slept. Her face half buried in the pillow, an arm hugging it, he saw a mass of blonde curly hair that if unbound would almost reach to her waist. She was slim, with an hourglass figure and a beautiful pink cleft that lay opened before his gaze. No lights, they'd told him. But he hadn't turned on the lights—the bedside lamp was already ablaze. Still, if they were out there somewhere, watching his movements, he wouldn't get paid. He had to do it right.

Before turning off the light he emptied the bag of its goodies. The gifts were all wrapped but he knew what the parcels contained—sex toys, magazines and books. He laid them all beside the bed. Next, he started to unzip the red suit. The beard was a nuisance, but he'd been told he had to wear it, and the wig too. They felt suffocating. Why the hell he had to wear all that stuff he had no idea. If the girl woke up, he guessed, he'd be fulfilling her wildest fantasy. This was her wish, her dream, and he had to make good on it. Ariana's letter said she wanted to be surprised by a sexy Santa Claus, a Santa who would fulfill her secret fantasies and he'd studied those fantasies carefully, so he knew exactly what to do.

Standing naked beside the bed for a moment he drank in the sight of her breasts. They were firm, large, big dark nipples nestled on a bed of puckered brown skin. Regretting he couldn't see her face fully, he turned off the light. It took a moment for his eyes to get accustomed to the dark but once he could see a little, the light from the snowy world outside illuminated her body enough for him to maintain his erection.

Crouching down by the bed he started by stroking her nipples. They hardened under his fingers. A deep sigh escaped the girl's lips as the aureole puckered under his touch. Her nipples were hard as pebbles. He'd never seen nipples quite that large and it excited him. He leaned forward and took one between his lips and nibbled it playfully. His hand stole down to her cleft, his fingers parting the folds. Silently he wished he could turn the light back on, especially when she turned onto her back and opened her legs for him. He gazed down at her, tried to make out her features, but her face was a blur in the darkness of night.

The beard irritated him. He felt like ripping it off his face but under no condition was he allowed to kiss her on the lips or reveal his face. He traced the outline of her face with his fingers. It felt smooth, perfect, and her lips full, sensuous. Never had he wished for anything more than to see this girl. She didn't feel ugly. Her face felt alabaster smooth, refined, and her face elflike. Why then had Ariana made such a crazy wish? Had it been out of fun? A joke? Something to laugh about with her friends? What if she started screaming?

But she didn't scream.

\* \* \* \*

Ariana woke slowly from an erotic dream. At first annoyed that her dream had been disturbed, she turned onto her back willing herself back into the dream. But then, the dream had become reality. This was real. Not daring to open her eyes she let the burglar do as he pleased. She lay immobile under his touch though everything within her screamed to respond. But what if he was a rapist and would kill her? Fear and erotic sensations mixed as one causing wild abandonment such as she could never have imagined in her wildest dreams.

Waiting for bondage, she was surprised when it didn't happen. This man was playing with fire. If she screamed, the whole household would wake up. She felt his head between her legs. Something tickling her clit almost causing her to giggle but she kept her teeth tightly clamped together. His tongue licked her cleft causing her clitoris to throb with the want of more. It entered her vagina flicking in and out, teasing her, drawing every ounce of libido from within her body. She wanted to squirm; to grab this man's cock and have him enter her, but she dare not.

Carefully she opened her eyes a little, wondering who this could be. Almost afraid to look in case this was an ugly old man, she opened her eyes a tad wider to see a silver head delving between her thighs. "My God," she whispered softly. "It's Santa Claus."

\* \* \* \*

Cole thought he'd heard her whisper, but he couldn't be sure. He continued his assault on her vagina, her clit and was enjoying the moment more than he thought he would. His cock pulsed with anticipation as her legs spread wide as possible. He withdrew his head and gazed down at her cleft trying to peer through the darkness, but he couldn't see much except the glistening drops of her cum. He did a mental rundown of the list of wishes he'd read in her letter. Pictures, she had fantasies of a man taking pictures of her vaginal area. In the heat of the moment he'd almost forgotten about the Polaroid camera in the pocket of his Santa suit. Quickly, he reached beside the bed and dug for the camera, while his left hand continued to stroke her. He opened her legs wider, lifting one leg and then the other so that her vagina now faced him fully. Wishfully, he glanced at the nightstand and the lamp. But the flash on the camera would briefly illuminate that which he wanted to see so badly, so holding the moist lips open with his left hand, he held the camera close to her cleft, hoping that his aim was right.

The flash was bright and for a moment he drank in the sight of delicious pink flesh, flesh that throbbed under his caressing fingers. Her pearly nub looked swollen, aching for his lips. He bent down and sucked it. Was it his imagination or did her legs open even wider, did her hips raise a little to meet his mouth? Drawing back, he took more pictures and as the snapshots slid out of the camera, he dropped them on the floor next to the bed near the pile of gifts. He licked her then, starting at her anus, all the way to her clit and back again, his hands kneading alabaster buttocks. But the camera wasn't her only fantasy. She wanted to be screwed in every way possible and feel a man's fingers in her ass. He only had an hour.

Flicking the light on of his watch, he saw he'd already spent half an hour trying to make her dreams come true.

Sitting on his knees between her legs he drove his cock toward her waiting warmth. He glanced up at her face but the girl hadn't moved. She lay immobile. For a moment he wondered if she'd had too much to drink the night before and she was passed out. Surely, anyone being assaulted in this manner would wake up and scream her lungs out?

They'd told him if she screamed, to whisper that he was her Christmas gift, that she was the winner of the contest. That would stop her. But she didn't scream. He inched into her. Her vagina felt tight. After rotating his cock inside the entrance for a minute, he felt the walls giving way to the size of his cock and he pushed into her further. Still, she lay silently until he drove into her completely. Then, suddenly, her arms shot out and she pulled his head down to her breasts. His cock entered her fully then, the warm velvet walls of her vagina holding him tight.

He fucked her urgently, wanting to fill his need and get out of there. But did he really want to get out of that room? She had her legs wrapped around him now, her hips rotating, her vagina holding him tightly within the velvety tunnel. Never had he felt like this with any girl he'd made love to. This was wild, untamed sex. He felt her hands on his head and feared for a moment she'd pull the wig off, but she didn't.

His cum shot into her and breathing heavy, he lay quietly for a while, his cock still filling her vagina. Her hands stroked his naked back; her fingernails raked his chest. It didn't take long for him to get another erection as he felt the walls of her vagina contract around his cock, and he pulled out of her. Her protesting hands tried to stop him, but he'd been told to fuck her every way possible. Silently, he turned her over and pulled her hips up. Her smooth buttocks shone like marble as they gazed up at him, the crack between them dark and mysterious. He spit on his finger and felt her anus. It was tight, the rim closing around his finger like a wedding ring as he prodded deep inside.

Her sighs of ecstasy stroked his ego and he rubbed his cock between her cleft, then entered her. Never had a girl moaned like this when he'd made love and he'd had his share of girlfriends. What was so different about this one? Was it the mysteriousness of it all? He moved his finger inside her anus in tempo with his cock and feeling his own movements inside her through the thin walls, caused him to explode almost instantly. He let out a deep breath. Wanting nothing more than to lie down on the bed beside Ariana and take her in his arms, he closed his eyes and waited until his cock was fully flaccid before pulling out of her. Regretfully he gazed down at her beautiful creamy skin. He stroked her buttocks for a moment, then kissed each cheek, before he rolled her over onto her side.

He flicked his watch on and noticed it was almost 5 a.m. It was time for him to leave before the household staff got up ready to start the day's preparations for Christmas breakfast and dinner. Stroking her breasts and nipples one last time, he climbed off the bed and quickly put the Santa suit back on. Her arms reached for him. For a moment he was tempted, but the chauffeur waited for him. He had to leave. This time he left the pillow out of his pants and jacket as it hampered his movements. The girl, if she was awake, knew by now he didn't have a big belly anyway. He stuffed it into the empty bag.

"Merry Christmas, Ariana," he said softly before leaving her bedside.

He heard her sigh and the soft question, "Who are you?" as he walked toward the window. As he climbed out onto the ladder, he glanced at the bed once more. She was sitting up now, staring at him. He still couldn't see her face clearly. In his mind she was the goddess he'd wished for all his life. But she wasn't for him. After this night, he'd never see her again. All he knew about the girl was her first name

and that she lived in a mansion. He tied the blindfold around his eyes before descending toward the waiting man at the bottom of the ladder.

\* \* \* \*

Ariana rubbed her eyes. Was it all a dream? If it was, it was the most realistic dream she'd ever had. Her cleft even felt sore. She glanced at the closed window and shook her head at the unreality of it all. It *was* a dream. It had to be. Her pussy was chafed from using the hairbrush the night before. She lay down and pulled the covers up. Suddenly the room felt chilly. Hugging the pillow, smiling at her erotic dream, she fell into a deep, restful sleep.

Loud knocking on the door woke her the next morning.

"Ariana, get up. We're waiting for you downstairs. Grandpa and Grandma are already here and your aunt and uncle and the kids will be here shortly."

It was her mother. Her eyes felt like they had a pound of sand in them as she struggled awake. For a moment she looked around the room disoriented and thought about the wild dream she'd had. Her vagina throbbed as if it had all *really* happened. Gingerly she touched her cleft and felt the sticky cum still nestled there. "Boy, I must have been horny last night," she muttered as she got out of bed and stretched.

Slowly, stretching, she got out of bed to go to the bathroom until her eyes spotted the gifts on the floor. "What's this?" she wondered. "How come they're not under the tree?" She pulled the wrapping paper off one by one, her hands urgent. And then she knew. It had been real. Santa Claus was not part of her imagination or a dream. Poking out from beneath a scattered piece of wrapping paper, she noticed some pictures. She groped for them and spread them out on the bed. "Ooooh," she exclaimed as she examined the photos more closely. "Pictures of my own clit...just like I asked." Just the thought of the mysterious lover gazing at her exposed clit, her open vagina, caused a rush through her veins and she felt her clit begin to throb.

She dropped the pictures on the bed and rushed to the window to look out and saw the indentations in the fresh snow. "Holy shit, I really *did* win the contest," she said in a jubilant voice. "If only I knew who made love to me last night. That would make it perfect."

She wanted to do nothing more than to use the toys now, her adrenaline at an all time high, the blood rushing to all those parts that once again ached for release. But there was no time. She had to squash the urge to use the toys until later. After breakfast she could come back up and have a shower and satisfy her cravings.

After hiding the sex toys quickly in a drawer, she hurried to the bathroom. Her parents were anxious to have her come downstairs and join the family for the traditional Christmas morning breakfast.

\* \* \* \*

Cole was surprised when Brandon invited him to Christmas dinner at his aunt's place. "Are you sure your auntie won't mind?" he asked.

"Hell, no, she's a jolly lady. The more the merrier. And wait till you see her daughter."

"Your aunt and uncle have a daughter? How old?"

"She's twenty-three now. And a beauty. If we weren't cousins..."

"I don't want to intrude."

"Nonsense. Mom has already phoned Auntie and it's okay. Hurry up and get dressed. Oh, and wear dress pants and a tie. They like to dress up for Christmas."

"So I notice," said Cole glancing at Brandon's suit.

Half an hour later, Brandon pulled into the driveway of a large mansion. "Here we are. Look at the decorations. They do that every year."

Nearly all the trees on the property were lit up with flashing Christmas lights. Cole noticed the tree in the living room windows, its lights beckoning invitingly.

The door opened, a friendly butler greeting them as they entered. "Brandon, your parents, brothers and sisters are already here. They've been waiting for you anxiously."

"Merry Christmas, James," Brandon said as he handed the butler his coat.

Cole followed Brandon into the living room. A loud chorus of Christmas wishes greeted them. Brandon's twin sisters flew at them, hugging them both. "I thought you'd never get here," pouted Tracy. Cole knew the twins quite well as Brandon had sometimes brought them along on hikes. They were young, giggly and reminded him of his own family back home.

"Everybody, this is Doctor Cole O'Donnell."

Cole felt welcome among the chaotic family. Christmas wrapping flew to all sides as the younger children tore open their gifts. He wished fervently he would have made the trip home to see his own family, but the job he'd had to do the evening before and the money it paid, caused him to cancel for this year.

Sitting on the arm of a big chair Cole hardly noticed the young woman who entered the room.

Until she spoke.

"And who is this?"

Brandon jumped up from the floor scattering wrapping paper as he enveloped his cousin in a bear hug. He turned to Cole with a huge grin on his face. "I'm sorry. Cole, this is Ariana."

"Ariana," said Cole softly. He knew her by the sound of her voice, without the formal introduction, without ever having seen her face properly. He gazed into cornflower eyes, eyes that had widened now as they returned his gaze. She looked beautiful, his unknown contest winner. The long, blue dress



accented her eyes, her blonde hair cascading in soft waves down her back. Her lips and face were devoid of make-up, but she didn't need any. A soft flush painted her cheeks, her eyes lustrous now, mysterious, as if she was reminiscing on her night of love. The dress was cut low, exposing half her breasts, the cleavage inviting, alluring.

The memory of the night before caused his cock to stiffen. Quickly he bent down and picked up some discarded paper pretending to smooth it.

"Have we met?" Ariana asked innocently though by the look in her eyes, he knew she'd recognized his husky whisper of her name. She held her hand out in greeting.

"Eh... I don't know," Cole stammered.

The electricity between them charged the air. Ariana felt her hand clasped by Cole's and a tremor shook her body as she felt the instant chemistry that hung between them.

"Are you cold, dear?" asked her mother.

"No, I'm fine. Maybe we're getting more snow," Ariana answered with a smile in Cole's direction.

Cole could hardly wait until the gift opening was over. He watched her every move. It was as if she deliberately brushed against him as she handed out parcels, causing his stomach to flutter, his cock to misbehave.

Once, she offered him fresh eggnog. He accepted it gratefully but after she handed it to him, she bent down to pick up a toy that lay discarded on the floor. He could see down her dress, saw the delicious nipples beckoning him like luscious ripe strawberries. His balls ached, his cock demanding release.

Finally, he excused himself to go to the bathroom. Once inside, he leaned against the door. "Phew, what stroke of luck brought me here today?" he asked the mirror softly. He'd not needed to go to the bathroom, but he could hardly control his cock anymore and there was only one way to get rid of his erection.

Conjuring up Ariana's sweet face before his eyes, her ripe breasts and the nipples he'd just glanced at, he started to work the skin back and forth frantically—until a knock sounded on the door. "Who is it?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"It's me. Open the door!"

He didn't have to be told twice. Hastily burying his cock inside his slacks, he opened it a crack and groaned inwardly at his aching balls.

Ariana pushed her way through the open door and locked it behind her. She grinned. "So, Santa Claus, have you come back to give me another gift or have you come to collect yours?"

"That wasn't in the contract," he murmured, his stiff cock slipping through the open fly.

Ariana feasted her eyes on his erection. "My God, it's really as big as I remembered," she whispered. "Sit down on the toilet."

She slipped the straps off her shoulders and wiggled. The whispering silk slid slowly down her body to

fall in graceful folds to the floor. He held his breath and felt the pulsing of his cock as her breasts bared before his eyes, her nipples hardening into pebbles. Beneath the dress, she wore nothing. No panties hid her pussy. His eyes feasted on her bush, the cleft he'd assaulted just hours before, on her exposed clit as she raised a leg and delicately planted her foot on the toilet seat, exposing herself to him fully. He gazed at the pink haven bared before his eyes, sucked in his breath as she ran dainty fingers up and down the folds, then pulled the lips apart and he saw droplets of pearly liquid slither slowly down the slit.

Cole put the lid down and sat on it. He gasped as she tugged at his belt, at the button and stripped down his pants. His legs were held together as she pulled them down to his knees. Then she straddled him. He could feel her breasts against his chest, rubbing, teasing, his cock hard against her flat belly.

Slowly, she lifted her buttocks and rubbed her cleft over his cock until he couldn't take any more. He grasped her waist and pulled her down savagely onto his hardness until it drove deep inside her. Her nipples were even harder now and poking straight at his face. He tweaked them, circled them with his thumbs then bent forward to take one into his mouth. He glanced up at her, noticing her head flung back, the hair cascading down. Savagely, he grabbed her by the mane of hair and brought her face close to his. Her lips were parted, inviting, and he licked them slowly, sensually until she squirmed for more.

Her small tongue entered his mouth sending him to heights he'd never imagined, teasing, exploring, leaving his mouth and sensually tracing the outline of his lips. Slowly her hips started to move, until he groaned in misery. Her movements became more urgent as he felt his cock swell with imminent release. He kissed her fully then, sucking, tasting the sweet honey of her tongue, her lips, until he came suddenly. He felt their juices spill onto his legs soaking his thighs. The musky scent of their mingled cum entered his nose. He inhaled sharply, the aroma another turn-on for him. She didn't move but kept her lips silently on his, the only sound her heavy breathing—until she pulled back and said with an impish grin, "Merry Christmas, Santa! Did you enjoy my Christmas gift to you as much as I enjoyed yours last night?"