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LOUISA TRENT

A CHRISTMAS
COMING

An erotic interlude set in the world of *Tainted Love*

A CHRISTMAS COMING

An erotic interlude with the characters of
TAINTED LOVE

Louisa Trent

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This book contains explicit sexual content and graphic language.

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Louisa Trent

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**MERRY
CHRISTMAS!**



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The year 1890, Bar Harbor, Maine

Christmas Eve, and the house John Donovan had once shared with his two recently wed brothers -- surly Doyle the elder and even-tempered Theo the younger -- stood empty and silent, undecorated for the holiday, and in total, unmitigated darkness.

Save, of course, for the damn fire burning brightly in the hearth, a comfort he most certainly would have dispensed with as well ... if not for the company he expected to arrive any moment.

His anticipated visit was from a local woman. Presumably. A laundress, he understood, who was no better than she should be, and who could be had, for a modest sum, to do more than scrub his linen.

At least, according to the laundry owner and sometime procurer of flesh, a frugal fellow in the know about monetary matters and Christmas gifts a man gave to himself.

Purportedly, the whore had some looks, would serve him well and robustly, ask no questions, and expect no idle small talk in bed.

Or on the floor, before the fire, which was where he intended to have her.

Overall, this laundress should make him the perfect female companion to diddle for the night. A comely appearance, good strong hands, and the commonsense to know when to open her mouth -- around his burgeoning loins -- and when to keep it shut -- when she swallowed. At any rate, come Christmas morn she would be gone. Back to her farm and cows. Or shop and goods. Or tavern and ale. Or wherever the hell she had originated. No concern of his her background.

Save -- he would not countenance her *background* sporting unsightly gooseflesh as he pushed between her nether cheeks. Thus, the need for the warmth the fire provided.

Ironic, he mused, staring into the leaping orange flames given off by the sturdy Maine logs, that the holiday of lights would go unobserved by a man who made and installed electrical generators for a trade.

Then again, perhaps not so ironic after all.

Every day, Christmas included, he clung to his dark misery. He generated more of the same. And why not? He had no cause for celebration, no reason to rejoice. Regardless that he worked with electrical current, he had no light in his life. Not since the woman he loved wed another man.

"Lily," he growled, the reds and golds of the fire bringing to mind the highlights shining in her burnished hair, "I hope you and Doyle fuck one another senseless tonight under your well-lit tree."

As devoted parents, his brother and sister-in-law would first put their newborn son, William, to sleep in his cradle. Then, hand-in-hand, they would creep quietly downstairs. Under the mistletoe, they would lustfully kiss in the hall. Afterwards, whispering sweet sentimentality into each other's ears, they would jointly tear off cumbersome clothes and such, before sinking under the boughs of white pine, where, doubtlessly, they would rut like animals in a manger, a fitting display given the time of year and their excessive romantic devotion.

Their love for one another made him sick.

With envy. How he coveted his brother, putting it to his beautiful, deceitful bitch of a bride on Christmas Eve.

Lily was beautiful. Had always been beautiful. Even as a tomboy hoyden, climbing trees, riding Diablo bareback, painting -- endlessly, ceaselessly painting -- she had been beautiful. Even when she had teased both Doyle and him with her body, her seductive young body, until John knew he would either go out of his mind with wanting or resort to rape to have her, he had thought her beautiful.

One summer day, after they'd all swum nearly naked together in the pond behind the house, he had come close to succumbing to both.

Madness and rape. Her relentless teasing driving him to violence, into unhinged derangement, he had brutally kissed her, and then nearly forced her to ...

One hand gripping the mantelpiece, the other hand clinging for dear life to a large goblet of port -- the bottle, already half-emptied, situated within easy reaching distance -- John scowled into the leaping flames as he knocked back yet another lengthy gulp of holiday cheer.

The naked swimming episode had not come down to assault. Due, primarily, to Doyle's timely intercession. But John could attest that his shaky sanity had departed that day never to return. And here he was, still crazed, staring into the fire, going over and over in his mind the might have beens, the *should* have beens, had there been any justice in life.

There was no justice in life. And no chance of happiness for him. Not even on Christmas Eve.

He would love Lily until he dragged in his last gasping breath, a release from torment that could not happen any too soon for him. How long must a man already dead wait to wear the shroud of a corpse?

Several heavy metallic thuds at the front door, the vexing sounds of the blasted brass knocker dropping into place, startled John briefly out of his misery.

Turning, he shouted into the foyer, "Damn it all to hell! Are you dimwitted or merely a fool? I left instructions for you to enter at will upon your arrival!"

His visitor's inability to perform even the most simple of functions did not bode well for the carnal festivities he had planned for the coming night.

Then again, his expectations were low. All she need do was to spread her legs while lying prostrate on the floor, her ass warmed before the hearth. Was that so very difficult?

Finally, a gray-hooded head poked around the wall, a reddened nose leading the way, a cheerful smile making him wince. "Here I am, sir, Molly Fitzgerald, at your disposal and ready to --"

"That last had better be some derivative of fornicate," he barked, interrupting her pleasantries. His head, after all, already throbbed.

"Well -- actually, yes. But I should think talking would be nice too. And I thought first to explain my presence. Sir, a few months back ..."

He cringed at her jolly tone, shuddered at her irritating gaiety. "Silence! I require no formal introduction from you. We are not at a church social. And I know damned well why you are here, for I paid you well and in advance --"

"Not that well, but the amount will do, I reckon."

"Are you haggling for more?"

She grinned merrily. "Not precisely, but I shan't refuse a little in the way of a bonus, given this is Christmas Eve and all. If I may say so, you are a bit of a tightwad, Mr. Donovan. Truth to tell, a mean-spirited Scrooge right out of *A Christmas Carol*."

"What!" he shouted. "You overstep yourself, girl!"

"Perhaps. But, truly, where is the yuletide welcome in this house? Where is the kissing ball, the holly, the garlands of evergreen? Where are the lit lamps?" Her hands went to her

hips. "Are you not in the electrical generator business? One would have thought you would have flipped the light switch if only to keep a body from tripping over her own two feet in the vestibule. And will you just look at that miserly fire! Why this front parlor is worse than damp --"

She stopped listing her grievances to take a breath. Then, her smile widening above a set of even white teeth, she asked, "Do you even read Dickens or are you too taken with pouting and sulking for the amusement of books?"

His jaw dropped. "Enough!"

At his roar, she bobbed a haphazard curtsy. A spread of inferior gray skirts and matching thin cloak both clumsily done, telling him she had enough civility to be a step above a common street prostitute and not a riser more.

Though, since when did whores read Dickens?

Who the bloody hell had the laundry owner sent him to topple?

* * * * *

Molly placed her reticule on the horsehair sofa. Truly, she did so for show more than anything else. Not a cent to her name, she had no reason at all to carry a drawstring bag -- save pride.

Pride also prevented her from pleading for a cup of hot tea to chase away the chill of her long walk to the Donovan place. She had a little something in her belly, but not much, only a bite of roly-poly pudding with jam. Though the food had been free and she had been near to starving, she had not eaten much after the Christmas Eve caroling. John Donovan was a large man and he was about to lie atop her. Who would wish for squished innards on Christmas Eve?

"Well, shall we get on with this?" she said brusquely.

"Do I know you, girl?"

"I just gave you my name, did I not?"

"Yes, I do recall the presumption."

No presumption, not from where she stood. But the same pride that kept her from asking for handouts, the same pride that had prompted her to carry an empty reticule, was the same pride that prevented her now from telling him so.

The self-absorbed beast might have had the decency to remember her of his own accord. Even without her name -- which, in all fairness, he had never asked for and so could not be chastised for not knowing -- he should have recalled her. Even while wearing her hooded cloak he should have realized her identity. By her voice alone, she had expected him to recognize her. *She* would have known *him* anywhere.

Here, she had assumed their conversation of a few short months ago had meant something to him, as the intimacy of their long talk had meant something to her. But rather than touch him, as he had touched her, she had slipped from his memory. He had been drinking that night too, and she supposed, in his alcoholic haze, she had made no lasting impression. Still, his forgetting all about her did hurt.

John Donovan had installed the new electric light system in the fancy Portland mansion where she had once worked as a kitchen maid. It was there that they had recently enjoyed an intense, all-night discussion --

On love, of all inconsequential and impractical things.

As he was a gentleman, he had done most of the talking, and mainly about himself. And, as though he were the only human being ever to have lost a sweetheart, he had spoken at great lengths about the vagaries of fate that had deprived him of his beloved Lily, the dastardly woman who had broken his heart.

Having had her own heart broken once or twice, Molly empathized.

She wished she could have shared her own tales of woe during their all-night conversation, if only to prove everyone was in the same sinking boat when it came to

matters of the heart. But Mr. Donovan had asked nothing about her. Neither her name, nor about any former occupation she might have had before entering domestic service. Because he had not asked, he could be forgiven for not knowing the installation of the new electrical system would eliminate many household positions in the Portland mansion, hers amongst them.

His work had put her out of work, and new positions were difficult to find.

With no one else to turn to, she had come to Bar Harbor, where he had mentioned living, and where, by his insistence, abundant servant positions in fine private houses existed.

So far, whoring for the night was the only employment she had found.

She had been seeking day work as a washerwoman, cleaning linen sheets with a board and lye soap over a tub, when the laundry owner had instead offered her a position on her back. Upon hearing the name of the man involved in the proposition, she had promptly agreed to go see him. To renew their acquaintance, she had thought. Only he had no memory of her, or the blissful night they had shared talking.

What a romantic fool she had been to come all the way to Bar Harbor hoping to find him! What a romantic fool to have walked the long distance from town to this remote and dark house the night before Christmas, with the hope of rekindling a fire that had only blazed in her own mind. Delusions fed on loneliness, and hers had offered them a banquet.

John Donovan, the man she had journeyed so far to see again, frowned down into her eyes. "Your face looks familiar. Have we a limited acquaintance of some sort?"

"We hardly run in the same circles, sir," her hurt pride made her say. "Now, am I here to share my sad story or something else?"

"Something else," he readily answered, obviously relieved he would not have to listen to her beggar's tale.

She swung her cloak from her shoulders. "Fine. Then shall we get on with it?"

His dark eyes narrowed on her full breasts, supported by a threadbare corset under her best Sunday gown. "But what I meant to say was -- have I ... uh ... ever availed myself of your services before?"

"No, sir, you have not." Her chin hitched high. "Not until now."

The man, who had once turned her head with his undivided attention, wore an ordinary dark sack coat. He removed the garment and pulled up a chair, sinking into the red velvet cushioned seat and stretching out his striped trouser-encased legs.

He waved a hand, a flourish of fingers and arrogance. "Well then, do get on with it."

She began to disrobe, worn and humiliating article of clothing by worn and humiliating article of clothing, until she was entirely nude.

Their past conversation minimized her trepidation. And, though she had never prostituted herself before, she was no virgin, after all. Granted, she had misjudged his character, the same as she had misjudged the character of another man or two, but Mr. Donovan struck her as a gentleman wallowing in self-pity, a gentleman far too listless to go through all the extra bother of carving her up after getting it up.

Speaking of which -- could he? Or, was getting it up something she would need to coax? She had never had to encourage a man before ...

But no. He seemed to have no problem there. Now that her pathetic stripping was over and done, he sat up straighter, if agitatedly, in the chair. His restiveness was a good sign: Mr. Donavan would not require further cajoling.

"Well ... *ahem* ..." He shifted upon the red velvet cushion. "You have a passable figure."

"My thanks," she said tightly.

"Full, lush breasts --" He paused. "What did you say your name was again?"

"Molly."

"Well, Molly, be a good girl, would you, and show them to better advantage?"

The wretch! Who was he to patronize her in such a condescending manner!

She had not always been a servant. Nor a whore. She had not always gone hungry on Christmas Eve.

But pride would not pay the rent, so drawing back her previously rounded shoulders, she thrust her bosom up and out.

"Mmmm." He bent his elbows upon the arms of his chair and tapped the fingers of his hands together. "Nicely shaped breasts. Virtually no hang. The nipples are rather larger than I like -- I prefer small areola -- but they will do me well enough." He tilted his head. "Upon occasion, I enjoy ejaculating in the cleavage. Or about the throat. A pearl necklace, as it were. Does that suit you?"

"Whatever you say, sir. But are we talking about only tonight or a long-term arrangement?"

"We shall see. I can be persuaded --"

"As can I. But first -- have you no mistress currently?"

"No."

"Then, we shall try to persuade each other."

His hands went to his lap, covering a specific bulge. "I like to watch."

"Watch what? Could you possibly be more specific?"

"I like to watch a woman pleasure herself. Masturbation. Are you familiar with the term?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with deviant sexual behavior?"

She sighed at his male fantasizing. When would this man pull his head out of his arse and get on with reality?

Mr. Donovan had lost a woman whom he at least *thought* he loved to his brother. But there were other fish in the sea. All he need do was open up his eyes and look. “Yes. I am familiar with perversions.”

“Are you willing to engage in those behaviors, including bondage and discipline and ménage?”

What an extraordinarily bloodless interview! She had not coupled for a while, but the last time she had, there had been action, not questions. “Yes, sir.”

“Good. Please to turn and face away.”

She waited until she had completed the command before rolling her eyes.

“Buggery,” he announced.

“Yes, anal intercourse. What of it?”

“I would like to engage in the perversion with you. You have ... well ... tempting hindquarters.”

Laughter bubbled up within her at the absurdity of his carnal shopping list. This was a man who understood nothing of passion, about how messy and *real* true feelings could get. Whatever had happened to spontaneity? Dirty laughter. *Heat*.

But naked and penniless, she was hardly in a position to reason with him. “You wish buggery tonight?” she asked, as she would ask a child if he would prefer his penny candy now or later.

“Perhaps.”

“Then perhaps the answer is yes.”

“Since you appear to have no problems posing nude in front of strangers -- have you ever considered life modeling? The recompense is substantial. Better than washing dirty linen.”

“Would be so kind to give me a referral --?”

An address slid off his tongue. "Mrs. Donovan, my sister-in-law, is an artist. A landscape artist. She will direct you. You may turn around again."

"She will direct me to whom?" she asked, as she swiveled. "To figurative painters?"

"Yes." His gaze fell to her mons. "*Male* figurative painters."

She nodded. "I see."

"I would like to as well. If you would be so kind as to spread your legs --?"

As John fidgeted in his damn chair, Molly Fitzgerald spread her shapely thighs wide.

"Dry," he pronounced, peering at her rosy slit.

"Foreplay," she flung back at him. "Are you familiar with the term?"

Despite himself, he guffawed. Molly was quick of wit, a sign of a higher than average intellect. She had made him laugh more than once that night in Portland.

He had resented that ability mightily.

"No need for foreplay," he said moodily. "Not when I am with a prostitute." And that was what she was -- why else accept the fee and take off her clothes? Good thing he had not followed through with getting in touch with her again.

"No need for foreplay?" She clucked her tongue. "That might explain why you need to pay," she said tersely. Adding, "Sir," only after a slight delay.

"I pay to eliminate the need of such niceties. And to avoid daddies with shotguns. And so as not to encourage a woman's misguided attempt to prolong an evening that had not a chance in Hades of going anywhere. Now come here to me."

She crossed the space that divided them, her large breasts shifting only a small amount above a waist of minute dimensions. She stood before him close enough for him to touch her.

He did not.

"Let down your chignon," he ordered.

Her hair carried no red in the strands. Thank the Christ child, the shade was a common sable brown. But her eyes were an uncommon shade of disappointed gray as she removed the pins from the plain knot at the nape of her neck -- her lovely swanlike neck -- and shook her head.

The thick sable mass tumbled, sweeping her shoulders and falling to her ass. Her dimpled ass with toned buttocks. He liked her buttocks very well.

But first things first.

Now, he would touch her. He cupped the weight of one large breast and squeezed.

Her lids came down, hiding her reaction. Though her mobile lips had thinned somewhat.

"Tell me how much pressure to apply." Without withholding his fingernails, he pinched the tip.

"Uh." The air left her lungs on a rush, but she offered him no response.

"Come now," he said, pressing harder. "Surely, this must be enough --?"

"Does any future relationship between us depend on my ability to withstand your anger?"

"Anger?" he scoffed. "Who is angry?"

"You, sir. You are angry. And at a mirage named Lily."

He looked away. "You may gather up your clothes and leave. Leave posthaste! Keep the bloody whore fee."

Naked and haughty, she stalked to him, her fists clenched at her sides. "Stick your fee." Her formerly clenched finger pointed at him. "You recognize me."

"Not at first. Not from the start." Only when she had snuck past his defenses and made him laugh had he known for sure.

She jerked her chin, which he noted had gone wobbly. "You never wrote, as you promised you would."

"Life became ... well, complicated."

"You have no idea as to life's complications."

"It was just one night," he said gruffly. "Why extend something, Molly, that stood not the remotest possibility of thriving?"

She sprang, climbed naked up into his lap. Hissing and spitting like a wildcat, she tossed her head so that her common sable hair, hair that held not even a hint of red, whipped about them. Breasts -- large, unladylike, wholly succulent breasts -- bore into his sateen vest. Enormous nipples, the points hard and reddened, quivered with rage. Against his pinstriped trousers, he became conscious of her animal heat. Dry before, she was juicy now. Creamy now. Her wet cunt ground to the pulse of his cock. Before he could speak, she opened her lips over his gaping lips.

Her tongue! Her wickedly hot-wired tongue plumbed his mouth, the current passing from her body to his body, electrifying him. He grabbed her ass, held onto her tight, his fingers digging into her flesh as she forced a surge of unwanted light into his being.

As quickly as she had attacked him, it was over. Rising up from his lap, she walked away.

"You will find me in town, more than likely modeling for a *male* artist," she said, gathering up her pauper's clothes. "Do not tarry too long or I may just forget you."

She called back as she walked out the door. "Merry Christmas, John Donovan."

He could not catch his breath. Could not get his racing heart to quell. And his cock? Buzzing like live wattage.

Tearing open his pinstriped trousers, he stumbled for the fire with his cock sticking out, a wild and stiff arc that hurt like hell. From the blunt head, a purple and yes, angry blunt head, sluiced a slick of precum.

Eyes closing, mouth opening, he fisted his aching flesh and applied an ungentle stroke. Up. Down. His fingers milking the hard length.

Feeling like he would die, but for the first in a long time, not wishing to die, he came on a wheeze and a groan, the spurt very nearly smothering the miserly fire in the hearth.

And this time, this one time, he could not conjure up Lily's beautiful face.

 THE END 

Louisa Trent

I am a writer raised in a family of storytellers. My earliest and fondest memory is of my Irish Nana relating a mystical story of a man looking in a window upon a beautiful lady whose long silvery hair swept the floor as she walked. With a simple telling, my grandmother drew me into her tale. A man. A woman. A forbidden love that wouldn't die. From opening word to shivery conclusion, I lived that story with her. Many years later, I'm still awed by the spell of the fantasy world she created with only the dip and swell of her voice.

There's power in words. Hope in love stories. Joy in a happy ending. I'm proud to carry on my family's storytelling tradition.

Visit Louisa on the web at <http://www.louisatrent.com> or email her at louisatrent@louisatrent.com.

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *Tainted Love* by Louisa Trent:

Lily Hill's sexual odyssey begins when she returns home to untangle the lies and distortions of her past, a past involving a lurid sex scandal, a suspicious death, and the angry man she once loved and wronged, Doyle Donovan. Despite anonymous threats warning her to stay away, Lily is resolved to make reparations to the brooding Doyle...in any manner he so desires.

And Doyle is a man of many dark desires.

Publisher's Note: Tainted Love is a revised and reedited version of a previously released story by the same name. Includes sexual situations with multiple partners and other situations that may be offensive to some readers.

Tainted Love is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=279>