



Vallerie O'

CHRISTMAS
CAROL

Authors note:

Dear Reader: Here's wishing you HAPPY HOLIDAYS! May all your wishes come true!

CHRISTMAS CAROL

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CHRISTMAS CAROL - VALLERIE O'

The present begged to be opened.

Carol anxiously wrung her hands above her lap and stared at it hard, as if she could force it open with a mere look. It was wrapped in gold foil paper and a big velvet red ribbon. Not surprisingly, it was the only thing beneath the lonesome Christmas tree. The tree was of course not natural. It was not even a good imitation, since it was less than fifty inches tall and anorexic-thin. It boasted very few decorations; gold stars, a few pine cones, and long tapered green ornaments.

It really wasn't that the tree was ugly, it was only that the owner hadn't been much in a Chrismassy mood to make it look really beautiful (like she had during other years). Carol had figured that no one but *she* would get to look at it anyway, since her parents were happily gallivanting around Europe without their only daughter, her best friend had moved to New York with her new fiancé after a very thorough, very unexpected strike of love, and Carol was sad to realize that she had no one else to spend Christmas with (without imposing on any of her casual acquaintances, of course).

The fact was, despite all that ring a ling ting, and ting a ling tong, Carol Simpleton was simply not feeling very cheery this Christmas. Not the spirited chants of the merrier people, nor the tantalizing fifty percent off sales advertisements, nor the caramels, sweets and scents wafting in the air seemed to be able to lift her spirits. She felt lonely, unloved, and ill-humored.

Carol lifted her very female, very agile and petite twenty-eight year old body from the sofa and took several steps across her living room towards the window –and towards the little tree. Without so much as a flinch, she swung out an arm, grabbed the present, and determinedly carried it back to the sofa. It was her Christmas present, after all, and she could do as she pleased with it.

She flicked the tag open just to make sure it was hers, since she didn't want to have gotten it mixed up with all the *other* presents beneath the tree, and smiled obviously when the tag read, 'From Carol to Carol, with love'. Carol had purchased herself a little something for Christmas several weeks ago when she'd realized she'd be spending it alone.

She'd scoured the internet until she'd found what she'd wanted, and now she was grateful, because she would definitely need some cheering up tonight.

Unexpectedly, now that she stared down at the glimmering gold paper, she thought maybe she should have gotten a puppy instead. A puppy at least would make her feel loved and cherished. But then, so would this, wouldn't it? Biting her lower lip, she pulled at the tip of the velvet bow and watched it slither and unfold until it lay helpless over her lap. Then, she tore at the foil wrap and watched with wide, sparkling eyes as her hands reached into the box and pulled out her new, incredible, big and beautiful treasure. Her very first dildo.

She almost squealed with delight. She'd chosen the most life-like resembling one, since Carol was a bit of a conservative. It was pink and thick, erect, and plastic, with mushroom head and slight straining veins. It was not surprising to realize that at this moment in her life, this dildo represented everything she wanted for Christmas. A man, sex, and a relationship with something *other* than her job.

Carol had been so busy her whole life studying, making someone of herself, that she had never paid much attention to boys, nor men. But now, now that she was someone, with a solid, high-paying job in a retail-corporation, she realized she wanted company more than anything else. Love. And in the future, a family. This Christmas, she knew with a certainty that Santa wouldn't bring her any of those things, so she got herself a dildo instead.

It was Christmas Eve and she now decided that instead of wallowing in self pity, she would love herself with this dildo as if it were a man and enjoy every minute of it. She deserved to be loved, even if just a little.

Carol held it longingly in both hands and walked towards her bedroom, set it down on the bed. Crossing over to the mirror above her vanity, she began to peel off the layers of her clothing slowly, with steady hands. Her eyes roved over her breasts, small but puckered, her slim waist and hips, and that place between her legs she'd shaved only yesterday for this special occasion. She'd been turned on as she'd watched the hairs flutter away as she showered and shaved, and even more so when she'd exited the shower, naked with her pussy completely bare, her lips and clitoris looking wildly pink and erotic. Just looking at it had made her vagina clench in want. It had been very long since it had been taken care of . . . and it demanded attention tonight. This was her Christmas gift to herself.

She climbed onto the bed and knelt in the very center of it, next to the dildo, her eyes settling on her reflection on the mirror across the bed, over her vanity. She would be able to watch as she touched herself, fondled herself, and the thought, too, excited her, made her sex tingle with need.

She fell back against the plush down pillows and looked down at the tip of her breasts, taut with need, and at the neatly shaven pussy, already glistening with her own wanton juices.

She wondered why, since this need was natural, as part of a woman as her need to eat or sleep and as primal and age-old as a primitive beast, and yet she still felt shameful somehow. She had to put that shame aside, had to realize that she was lonely and she would love herself even if no one else would. If she didn't have an orgasm soon, she feared she'd end up a dry old prude like her aunt Nelly, a person who found no positive side to anything, always found the faults and was always rude and crude. She, too, was probably spending Christmas alone, since she'd driven everyone else away. No one wanted to be near her. And Carole had no wish to end up like her.

Slowly, she stared down at her Christmas present, lying beside her on the bed, already hard and throbbing (of course!), and she grabbed it between her hands. She would stick it inside her and stop with this nonsense of having so much doubts, she thought as she bit her lower lip. Curiously, now that she had this very prominent dildo in her hands and she was naked and fully ready for a good session of masturbation, she frowned at it, thinking what an inappropriate, cold, positively whorish present she'd given to herself for Christmas.

It alarmed her, the fact that she hadn't had sex in years, the fact that she'd had to resort to this. Dear Lord. Without thinking twice, she jumped from the bed, lifted the window open, and flung it outside. Only afterwards did she consider that, hopefully, she wouldn't be charged with littering. And, oh dear, what if there were little kids prancing around the streets and found that horrible thing lying there on the sidewalk . . . Oh, shit, Carol should *not* have thrown it out the window. What in the hell had she been thinking? She froze for a few interminable minutes as her mind raced with options. Finally, she yanked open her closet and took out the first coat she could find, a black wool one, and a

pair of cozy pink slippers. She thrust her arms into the sleeves and buttoned it while she marched towards her front door.

When she pulled the front door open she was startled to find a life-size, very real, very fat Santa Clause.

Carol's eyes turned to saucers as she stared at him. He seemed to be equally surprised, for his blue eyes were wide and they couldn't seem to stop looking at her from bottom to top, top to bottom.

"May I help you?" she said with a frown, wondering if someone hated her enough to make a distasteful joke such as this one on her.

"Merry Christmas," he finally said, not in his Santa's voice, but in what she supposed was his real, very seductive, low and thick voice. He handed something out to her. "I believe this is yours."

She could just die from the shame when she saw the pink hard dildo in his hands. Her hands shook when she yanked it from his grasp, her cheeks blushing a bright tomato red. "Oh, I . . . well, I . . ."

"It's nothing to be embarrassed about," he reassured.

She thrust the dildo behind her back and out of his eyesight. She was so nervous she couldn't stop herself from launching into a half hour explanation filled with shameful lies. She didn't want this present, some weirdo sent it to her, she hadn't meant to throw it out the window, but she was grateful that he'd found it, so she could return it to the sick wacko who had for some mistaken reason thought she even needed one!

While she launched into her speech, Santa nodded the whole time, a flickering smile in the luscious, pink mouth framed by a fake white mustache and beard. When her eyes landed on that sinful mouth, she forgot what else she was going to say.

"So what *did* you ask for Christmas, Miss . . . ?"

"Carol."

"Carol," he repeated. Oddly, her name in his lips sounded like an indecent proposal.

She smiled shakily. "I'm a little old for Christmas, aren't I? We both know that you," she eyed his Santa outfit pointedly, "are just a regular man in a suit."

He clutched his hand to his chest and made a pained expression. "Yes, but please, please don't tell anyone." She pursed her lips at his theatrics. Great, a comic cheery Santa brought back her dildo. Hooray. Now she would have something to toast about tonight.

Carol sighed and grabbed the edge of the door. "Thanks for bringing this . . . Santa. I'll make sure the rightful owner gets it."

"It's Jake, actually. Jake Richards."

She nodded, trying to act as formal as possible under the circumstances. "Well, thank you Jake."

"Wait," he halted the door with a white-gloved hand. "Want to come? I'm on my way to surprise my nephews, my brother's sons. They invited me over for a small Christmas dinner and I can bring a date if I'd like."

"No, thank you."

"I know, I know." He shook his head, his eyes dead-serious. "I'm too old for you." She laughed softly.

"Come on, Carol, say yes."

"Actually, no, I can't."

"Why not, Carol? I swear I'm not a mass murderer, thief, nor rapist. I'm just a regular guy . . .and you're . . ."

"Just a regular girl," she finished.

"I was going to say very pretty." His tone was low and seductive.

"Oh." She blushed to her toes.

Carol knew this was not a good idea. In fact, she had no desire to see him ever again, for he was the only living soul in this world who now knew the indisputable truth: Carol owned a dildo. She wouldn't probably be able to look at him without remembering what he knew. But then, staying home alone with this blasted dildo was such a dreary option that finally she said, "Will you give me at least five minutes to change?"

"Take ten," he smiled. She nodded and opened the door for him. "Please come in, I won't take long."

"You look fine to me," he said, eyeing her appreciatively.

She didn't want to point out that she was naked beneath the coat so she just smiled and disappeared into her bedroom. Oh, lord, she hoped she didn't regret this later. She

dropped the dildo on her bed and stormed into her closet. She slid into a beige cashmere sweater and a pair of black velvet skinny pants with matching jacket and boots.

They walked on their way to the Christmas dinner, and Carol found herself laughing at every silly thing Jake said. He wrapped an arm around her shoulders as he led the way, and she let him, for the air was cold and chilly outside, and his arms were warm and comfortable. He guided her to the front door of a charming San Francisco townhouse and rang the doorbell.

A man Carol was certain was his brother opened the door. He was very handsome, very big, with eyes identical to Jake's, and he'd accessorized with a fat little child on top of one shoulder. The child was viciously pulling his hair off, and the man was squinting with pain. His eyes went huge and round when he saw Carol. The little child stopped yanking and his eyes went round and huge when he saw Santa. Jake's brother recovered before his child did.

"Come in, you two," he ushered in a conspiratorial tone.

"Santa!" A voice from behind him screamed just before a torpedo smashed into the round of Santa's belly. Santa threw him up into the air, and the little thing squeaked and squealed.

"Santa, Santa," a little girl screamed, her chubby hands thrust in the air. Santa set one the other child down, then picked her up and bombarded her with loud, noisy, tickly kisses on her neck. The little girl laughed in delight. Carol smiled wistfully, suddenly wishing she were home. The sweetness here, the family ambience and the aroma wafting from the kitchen, were perhaps too much to handle at this point in her life when she was beginning to long for these things herself.

"I didn't know Jake was bringing company," a female voice said. Carol turned just in time to watch the woman's eyes scan her with a quick, thorough gaze. "I'm Margaret."

She smiled and said, "I'm Carol, Carol Simpleton. It's nice to meet you."

Jake's brother came from behind Margaret, wrapped his arms around his wife's waist and kissed her temple. Margaret fairly melted back against him with a dazed smile. "Funny Jake has never mentioned having a girlfriend, honey."

Jake came from behind Carol, but he didn't wrap his arms around her, he only spoke, but his voice was so smooth and soft she could have melted, too. "I abducted her

against her will, Charles,” Jake said softly. “She thinks I carry uzis and semi-automatic weapons in here.” He patted his belly in good humor.

“I do not,” Carol breathed shakily as she glanced at him past her shoulder with a smile. She then turned to Charles and Margaret and explained. “It’s only that we’ve just met.”

“Take off that silly thing, Jake, unless you want to get it full of dinner,” Margaret said like a mother would. Jake chuckled as he walked towards the living room to remove his Santa outfit, and Carol could only gape at the man that emerged. He was drop-dead, toe-curling, knee-wobbling gorgeous. Tanned, muscular, blue eyed, and lean, with hair as dark as night, deep blue eyes, and features that would have seemed to perfect if it weren’t for the masculinity of his square jaw. He’d worn jeans and a long-sleeve crew neck shirt beneath his Santa outfit. She much preferred the latter, for he’d seemed safer, and much more approachable. Jake set the costume over the sofa and turned to her, his eyes sparkling in amusement at her awe-struck gaze.

“Hi, I’m Jake,” he said, extending his hand out to her. She placed her shaky hand in his warm grip and attempted a smile that didn’t quite make it.

“Nice to meet you again, Jake.”

His thumb circled the side of her hand in a slow caress, and she forgot to speak altogether. It seemed like an eternity passed before Margaret called them over to the table. Carol felt like a love-struck teenager having brought her new boyfriend to meet her parents, with Margaret and Charles eyeing them speculatively as they walked towards the dining room.

Once they were seated at a round, merry table, with a handful of noisy infants, Margaret looked into her eyes and unwittingly asked, “So how did you meet Jake?”

Carol felt herself go pale. Oh, no, the dildo story. But Jake took her hand beneath the table and squeezed it over her lap. “I saw her walking in the street and just had to have her phone number.” He nodded solemnly. “It didn’t help that I was dressed as Santa. She thought I might be a wacko or something.”

“Of course not,” Carol said shakily. *I’m the one who has the dildo, I’m the wacko!*

They spent the evening laughing, and by the time Margaret put the children to bed, Carol had heard wonderful things about Jake and had several sips of delicious eggnog. Jade

had apparently played basketball in college (which explained those strong hands with the long tapered fingers). He'd had dozens of girlfriends (whose names Margaret and Charles could not even remember—while a bashful Jake pretended not to remember either). He worked at a comedy nightclub and made funny faces all night (some which he showed her and made her giggle in delight). By the time they left, Carol felt a sleek but sturdy bond between her and Jake. Perhaps it was the bond of sharing a secret (they both knew she owned a dildo) or perhaps it was the bond that emerged after you spent a lovely, beautiful Christmas evening together. Whatever it was, it made Carol feel giddy and warm as Jake walked her back to her apartment. The Santa outfit had remained in Charles's house, and walking side by side with Jake filled Carol with very shameful, very wild thoughts about him and her sharing her very weird Christmas present. Who knows, maybe that thing might come in handy, after all!

Jake Richards was extremely good-looking, and Carol would have to be dead not to feel fiercely attracted to him. He was also relaxed and good-humored, and a few years older than she was. Would it be too horrible to sleep with him, when all she knew was little bits of his life? Yes, it probably was too horrible. Too desperate. Oh, but her sex ached with his nearness. There was tension in the air as they walked side by side, a sizzling heat that she was certain he had to feel just as strongly as she did.

Carol nearly went crazy not knowing what to do when she opened the door to her apartment and turned to look at him. He watched her solemnly and the eyes that had sparkled with mirth during the evening were now clouded with desire. He took a step towards her, and she held her breath when he did. When he spoke, his voice was deep and edgy. "I'd love to spend the night if you'd let me." He bent forward, his eyes partly-closed as he brushed his lips against hers. "I'd love to get to know you." He pressed a soft kiss on the tip of her nose. "I'd love to taste you." His lips brushed one cheek. "Hold you." He kissed her other cheek. "Kiss you." He pressed his lips ever so softly to hers, doing it so slowly in order to give her a chance to back away if she wanted to. But she didn't. She pressed against him instead, her heart racing against her ribcage like a maddened thing while her lips parted wantonly beneath his.

She gasped at the feel of his tongue sliding into the warm cavern of her mouth, instantly possessing, claiming what she so generously offered. His arms coiled around her

waist and she was suddenly overwhelmed by the boiling warmth of his body pressed so close to hers. She wrapped her arms around his neck and met the thrusts of his tongue one by one with hers.

With a low guttural sound, he pressed her back against the open door and shoved his hips against hers. Carol's eyes popped open at the feel of his very big, very hard arousal rubbing against her lower belly. Jake pulled back and brushed a tendril from her forehead. "I've had this hard-on for hours," he confessed. "Ever since you opened this door and I gave you that dildo."

Her cheeks turned bright red. "Jake, really, I hope we can forget about that, it's embarrassing."

"I don't want to forget. In fact, I want to use it on you, tease you, play with you." He rocked his hips against her pelvis, making her feel dizzy. She closed her eyes and pressed the back of her head hard against the door for support. Moaning, she let herself luxuriate in the feel of his cock through the fabric of his jeans and her velvet pants.

"Don't stop," she breathed, shaking her head side to side against the door. "Please."

His lips were plush and damp against hers as he kissed her softly. "Let's go inside," he urged. Her eyes fluttered open and Carol realized they were making-out in her open doorway. They could have been seen, oh, Lord! Fortunately, it was Christmas and every neighbor of hers was probably celebrating with family, so Carol let out a breath and ushered him inside.

She almost ran to her bedroom, yanking off her jacket and sweater on her way to reach it. When she got to the bed, she sat on the edge of it and turned to watch him walk towards her in nothing but his jeans. The muscles of his body jerked and bulged with his movements, and Carol was speechless at his sheer magnificence.

He paused a mere inches away from her. Dazed, she reached out and traced the squares in his abs with her fingertips. He sucked in an audible breath at her touch. She lifted her face and met his intense gaze. Her breath caught at the sight of the indisputable spark of lust behind the blue depths of his eyes. Emboldened, she splayed one hand over his crotch, feeling the big bulge of his jeans beneath her palm. His heat almost burned her skin through the material of his jeans.

“Touch it,” he whispered. He didn’t need to ask twice. Briskly, Carol flicked the button open and slid the zipper down. The sight of the crisp white underwear beneath sent a jolt of desire from her sex to every nerve in her body. She pulled down his jeans and stared at that prominent package beneath his simple white underwear.

“Oh, my,” she gasped as she pulled down his underwear and her eyes settled on the strait, taut male dick standing tall among a mass of curls. It all but shivered with need for her. She could feel his eyes burning the top of her head as he watched her bend down to taste him. He cursed when her mouth enveloped him. He cursed again when her hands gently cupped his balls and she tilted her head sideways to gain better access to his length. He cursed for a third time when she withdrew only to circle the head of his cock with her tongue in a slow caress.

He pushed her gently away and offered a shaky smile in explanation. “I don’t want to come until I’ve tasted you, beautiful. Lie down on the bed for me. And hand me that dildo.” Carol reached backwards and handed him the dildo before she lay back on the bed in her bra and velvet pants.

“Take off your bra, baby.” Carol slowly took off her bra. “And the pants must go, too.” Carol slowly removed her velvet pants. “Now spread your legs apart. There. Yes. Hmmm, very nice. I’m going to have to taste that shaven little pussy of yours, Carol.” His mere voice, soft and low like butter, sent her senses reeling with a furious, primal need to mate with him.

“Jake, I want you so much,” she urged. He moved and in one single thrust slid the dildo deep into her sex.

“Will this do for now?” he asked hotly, his eyes burning her face as he watched her features tense with desire. She arched her back to receive the dildo more fully. “All night I thought about doing this to you. Watching this devilish little toy fade inside you.”

She cried out when he twisted his wrist, screwing the dildo even deeper. The pleasure was so excruciating it was almost painful. She clutched her own breasts and rocked her hips against the dildo, desperately seeking more.

“You’re a little wild cat, aren’t you?” He withdrew the dildo, flung it aside, and braced himself on all fours as he positioned himself over her. “More dildo? Or more Jake?”

“More Jake,” she gasped as she clutched his face and kissed him. He kissed her back with unrestrained passion, delved his tongue far into her mouth again and again. She felt the tip of his cock poised at her entrance and she lifted her hips in welcoming. He rammed straight home. She cried out at the same time he groaned, their sounds muffled by each other’s lips.

“You feel so right, Carol,” he breathed against her face, his eyes closed as he savored the feel of the tight, closed muscles of her cunt wrapped around his cock. “So right.”

“Kiss me,” she begged, and he bent down and kissed her fiercely. A minute afterwards, his lips left her mouth only to trail a path of kisses down her neck and towards her breasts. All the while he continued to pump inside her in slow, measured strokes that made every sense of her being extremely sensitive. Her ears tingled with the harsh sound of his breathing, with the low seductive brush of their skins, and her muscles tightened around every inch of his cock that slowly slid in and out of her being.

When his lips reached her breasts, he sucked on the distended crest of her nipple like a starved infant wanting milk, then he did the same with the other, making her whimper in plain sheer wantonness. Her low moans reverberated in her bedroom and took over the silence along with the low, guttural sounds that tore from his throat. And although the harsh sound of their breathing was louder, they could still faintly hear the sound of skin brushing against skin as their hips joined and rocked together in the darkened bedroom.

Carol cried out when she came, and his head lifted from her breasts only to kiss her open-mouthed and sloppy as he delivered one final blow and let himself follow her to oblivion.

The sex had been the best in her whole life, but like the Visa commercial, sleeping besides his warm, firm, strong body had been . . . priceless. And so was waking up with a shower of kisses.

“Wake up, beautiful. Look what Santa brought you.”

Her eyelashes fluttered open and she found herself mesmerized by his gorgeous face and the deep blue pools of his eyes. They sparkled with mirth and pointedly glanced down to his groin. Her own eyes widened when she noted he had an erection the size of a Christmas tree.

Carol's smile was wide and sincere. "Wouldn't you know it? It was just what I'd asked for," she breathed just before he bent down and crushed his lips to hers.

THE END