



A WORKING CHRISTMAS

D. J. MANLY



The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal, and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Fantasy Games – A Working Christmas

Copyright © 2006 D. J. Manly

Cover Art by Martine Jardin

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books 2006

Look for us online at
www.extasybooks.com

A Working Christmas...

By

D. J. Manly

A Working Christmas

As Holden drove to work on the snowy Christmas Eve, he glanced around him at the last minute shoppers hurrying home with their parcels. To him, it was just another work night, although it would probably be unusually quite, like last Christmas Eve. Although he could have had Christmas off, he decided to work it again. There were just too many men and women on the force with kids, and to Holden, it was a crime for children to be without their parents on Christmas. It had happened to him often as a child. His father had been a fire fighter, and he remembered him being absent for many Christmases.

As he got out of his car in front of the twelfth precinct in downtown Manhattan, he paused to listen to the carollers singing 'Silver Bells.' *Silver bells, silver bells. It's Christmas time in the City...* He turned around on the snowy street and walked to the corner, slipping a little on the icy sidewalk. He could see the carollers across the street, standing in front of the department store. They were



dressed in their old fashioned costumes, holding lanterns. Silver Bells was one of his favourites, and they were doing a excellent job of singing it.

On the opposite corner of the street was Santa Claus, ringing a bell, and swinging a plastic pot back and forth, collecting money for the poor. God knows if this one was legit or not. They had had more fake Santa's filing into the police station in the last three weeks than they could shake a stick at. Oh well, Holden thought with a grin, 'Tis the season.

The soft snow was falling harder now, landing on the collar of his navy cloth coat. It was wet. He pushed back some of his thick wavy black hair and began to hum a little with the music. He was sure that he would have plenty of time to catch up on his paperwork tonight, although he wasn't really looking forward to that. He loved his job but the paperwork, he could do without.

He turned now and walked in the direction of the precinct, still humming. Several officers paused to greet him on their way out, anxious to get home. "Merry Christmas, Holden," a uniform chimed. "Merry Christmas Detective," one of the dispatchers called out. They were laughing, throwing snowballs at each other, and talking loudly as they got into their respective cars, shouting out final greetings before starting their engine. Holden echoed the sentiments of each

A Working Christmas



person he met on the stairs, wishing them all a merry Christmas, and then walked inside, shaking the snow off his hair. He loved this time of year. Everyone was in a good mood. Everyone was smiling. It was too bad it couldn't be like that all year round. After New Years, every one would be back to their old bitchy selves, grumbling about how much money Christmas had cost them, and how they sure as hell weren't doing that next year.

Holden shrugged out of his coat, glancing at the sorry looking Christmas tree that stood sagging in the corner of the room near the front desk. It was a real tree but the precinct had bought it too early. It had been there since the last week of November, and God only knew when it had been watered last. There was one string of lights burnt out on the left side, and a tired looking angel sitting on top with a tattered halo. She looked a little drunk.

"The tree looks dead," Holden told officer Lewinski as he folded his coat over his arm and proceeded to walk to the front desk. The poor sap lost the draw for the nightshift tonight, as did the uniforms in the patrol room.

"Naw, it's just tired. Got intoxicated by all the rummies we brought in this last week."

They both laughed.

"Hey Damask," Lew went on in his gruff Irish accent, "looks like we both got screwed tonight. It's a lovely place to be on Christmas Eve eh?"



"It's okay," Holden shrugged. "No kids so..."

"You're a sweetheart," he growled. "You did this last year too. Look," he said suddenly, reaching under his desk. "I brought my pillow." Lewinski held up a red velvet cushion with Rudolph on it, and grinned proudly. "My little granddaughter gave that to me for a Christmas present. Isn't it cute? Get this," he pushed the cushion towards Holden so that he could inspect it, "she says, 'Grandpe'... she calls me Grandpe... like pee pee..." he laughed, "she's only four you know. She says, 'Grandpe, that's so your butt don't get sore from sitting.'"

Holden laughed. He touched the cushion, then, passed it back to him. "She'd be right on there, Lew. You do spend an awful lot of time sitting on your butt."

Doug Lewinski was a little on the plump side and headed for retirement in a year or so. Lew threw back his head and howled with laughter. "That's a good one, Damask," he said. "So, what you intending on doing down there in the dicks squad room? Finally a dick doing some real work. That would be a shift."

"Very funny," Holden shook his head, pointing at him.

He chuckled. "You'll be the only one down there. You should come on up here with us lowly uniforms later. We're planning on a little punch

A Working Christmas



just before we go home." He winked.

Holden grinned. "I'll do that. I'll come up later for punch. How many are on tonight anyway?"

"Only ten. You know how it gets. I might just get a little sleep sitting here on my comfy cushion."

Holden laughed. "Merry Christmas Lew, and say hi to Clarice for me as well."

"Will do, and Merry Christmas, Kid."

Holden walked on by, casually lifting a hand to some of the uniforms in the room next door, who shouted out Christmas greetings as he passed by. He had to smile at the way Lew always called him a Kid, as he descended the stairs to the detective's room. When he had first come to the twelfth as a rookie, Lew had been there, the gruff lovable old desk sergeant. From day one, he had been the kid. He was the youngest detective now at the Twelfth, but it still seemed wild to be called a kid at twenty seven years old.

He opened the door of the room, and switched on the light, glancing around at the array of desks, the marker board, the pictures of suspects and murder scenes on the wall. *Homicide, the perfect Christmas decoration.* There was another Christmas tree propped up in the corner. This one was artificial and it had to be ancient. He was afraid that if he touched it, it might fall over. It looked as if someone had tied it together with string and



masking tape. He fingered one of the ornaments for a moment, sure that it had come from the 1950's. It was a round bulb, and at one time it had been red and gold. Now the paint was mostly gone and it had big silver patches everywhere. He examined it thoughtfully, wondering what it was like to be a detective here in the 1950's.

Holden released the ornament and threw his coat over his chair. He sat down at his desk, the first one on the right, and studied the pile of papers. He sighed. He was way behind, and the captain had been nagging lately. He reached for one of the files and opened it, Silver Bells still echoing in his head. He worked for what must have been a couple of hours, and then stopped, looking at his watch. God, where had the time gone? He stretched, yawned slightly and got up to make some coffee. It always was an excellent way to procrastinate. He'd have some coffee, work a little bit more, God knows, he'd barely made a dent in those files; and then around five in the morning, just before the shift change, he'd go up and hang out with the other guys for awhile. He'd be off at six, then he'd go home, get some sleep and come back to work tomorrow night. New Years he did have off, and he was so looking forward to it.

As it turned out, there was no coffee underneath in the cupboard, so he had to go into

A Working Christmas



the storeroom to hunt for some. It took him almost twenty minutes to find it. So much for his detective skills, he thought with a laugh. He headed back to the squad room with a can of coffee in his hand, and began humming Silver Bells again, trying to remember the damn words. He was spooning out the coffee when he heard a voice speak his name, a female voice.

He turned around to see Monica standing there. She had just come in from outside, her golden blonde hair, usually pinned up, hung in damp curls around her shoulders. It was sprinkled with snow. She was wearing more makeup than usual, and the way she was dressed almost knocked Holden on his ass. Monica was tall, at least five nine, and with the four inch heels she was wearing, she stood almost six feet. Her long luscious legs were hugged with black fishnet stockings which climbed up to an unbelievably short tight skirt in bright red. She was wrapped in a white furry stole like thing which made her look like a street walker.

"Monica?" He didn't know what to ask her first, what she was doing here at this time or night, or why she was dressed like a hooker. Moving his eyes down to her hand, he noticed that she was holding an automatic. "Are you going to shoot someone?"

She met his eyes, and grinned. "We have a



situation."

"Situation?" He felt a little chill go up his spine. "What kind of a situation?"

"I just arrested a suspect. He has to be interrogated. He's special." Her eyes looked unusually bright. "I'm going to need your help."

"Oh yeah? Where is he?"

"I have him handcuffed. He's down the hall."

Holden put down the spoon. "Well, I guess the coffee can wait. Are you sure this is the right time?"

"Yes," she breathed, unhooking her stole and removing it. "This is the perfect time."

Holden cleared his throat, trying to look anywhere but at her. Underneath the stole, she wore only a black leather half cup bra.

"Forgive this," she said, placing her hands under her bra cups and lifting her breasts. "I had to entice him with something. You wouldn't believe how difficult it is to find one of these in my size. I guess they think woman with 36 D breasts shouldn't be sexy."

Holden let his eyes settle on the full mounds of her creamy breasts for a second. He felt his cock stiffen a little in his pants. "Do they...ah...stay in place?"

"As long as I don't move around too much," she replied, meeting his eyes.

"Are you ready?" she insisted, making eye

A Working Christmas



contact.

"Ready?"

"To help with the suspect?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well then..." she paused, glancing at him over her shoulder, "what are you waiting for?"

As they walked down the hall, Holden asked Monica where they were going. They had already walked by two holding cells.

"Oh, sorry, I put him in the old interrogation room, the one we don't use anymore." She turned around and smiled at him. "No one can hear us down there."

Holden eyed the gun. "Are you planning on shooting him?"

"No, but I have a feeling he's going to give us trouble."

"What did he do?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

When Holden opened the door and walked in, he smiled. The guy sitting in front of him with his hands cuffed behind his back was young. "How old are you?" Holden demanded, then, looked at Monica.

"Nineteen," he said with a smirk on his face. "Worried, Detective? I might be underage."

"He only looks young," Monica stated, coming in behind Holden, and closing and locking the



door. "Believe me, he's very experienced and well trained."

Holden let his eyes move over him. He was dark haired, possibly Latino, with liquid brown eyes. He was wearing a shirt that was open to the waist and with his hands cuffed behind him; his sculptured chest was pushed out, making his hard brown nipples appear even more prominent.

"He tried to talk me into taking him to Juve," Monica said, leaning over in front of him across the table.

The suspect sneered at her. "Smart and beautiful," he said.

"Never mind that," she said. "Tell Detective Holden what you were up to tonight, Rene."

Holden moved closer, letting his eyes move down the suspect's chest to the definite bulge in his tight, tattered looking jeans.

Rene met Holden's eyes. "What you want to know for? Will it turn you on?"

"That depends," Holden said, watching Monica as she moved around to the back of Rene's chair. "Come on, what were you arrested for?"

Monica took Rene's head between her hands and tipped it back. She looked down into his eyes. "Talk," she said, "or we'll make you talk."

"Guess you'll just have to make me," he said.

Monica released his head and placed her hands on Rene's shoulders. Bright red nails moved down



over his chest to his nipples. "Ever had your nipples tortured, Rene?"

"That's an unusual interrogation technique, isn't it?" Rene glanced at Holden. "Are you going to allow that, Detective?" he asked, his voice silky and seductive.

"She's the officer in charge," he said, his tongue darting out over his lips as Monica pinched the suspect's nipples between her fingers. She rolled them and tugged at them now until she heard a small moan. "Quiet now," she said harshly, "or we'll have to gag you. Damn," she said, looking at Holden, "I don't have a gag. Holden, can I borrow your shirt?"

Holden began to slowly unbutton the buttons on his shirt while Monica and the suspect watched quietly.

"You have a great chest there, Detective," Rene said.

"You better shut up," Monica said, "or we'll make you tongue the detective's nipples."

"Oh, I'm so afraid," he said softly.

"Talk," she insisted, pinching his nipples again. He moaned, which prompted Monica to reach out for Rene's shirt and threaten to place a portion of it in Rene's mouth. "Tell the detective in detail what you were doing in that back room tonight?"

"Okay," he said. "I'll talk." He looked at Holden. "I was being used for sex."



"Were you paid?" Holden asked, his eyes again moving to Rene's crotch.

"No, because Ms. Keener here arrested me before I could get my money."

Monica smirked. "Tell him what debasing things you were made to do," Monica insisted, her hands roaming Rene's chest.

"If I begin, you will have to undo my pants because my cock is straining against my zipper and it...it's painful."

"Forget it," Monica said.

"It is Christmas eve," Holden replied. "We should have some compassion."

"Please," Rene begged, lifting his liquid brown eyes to Holden, and pushing his groin forward.

Holden sucked in some breath. He reached down and undid the top button on the suspect's jeans, then slowly unzipped the zipper. "You're not wearing any underwear." His cock, hard and already slick with pre-cum immediately sprang out of his pants.

"I lost them," he said.

Holden took a step back, his hand gripping the edge of the table.

"He's a dirty, dirty boy," Monica said, still playing with his nipples. "Look how stiff his nipples are. He obviously likes it. Are you a slut?"

"God yes," he said, licking his lips. "I'm a slut."

"Explain what you were doing in that room,"

A Working Christmas



Monica snapped again.

"On one condition," he said.

"I don't think you are in any position to be calling the shots," Holden told him.

Rene let his eyes move over Holden's six foot frame. "I know, but officer, please, I could only tell you these things if you were both naked. I'd feel more comfortable that way."

"What do you think, Holden?" Monica asked, meeting his eyes. "If it means a confession, it might be worth it. You're not modest, are you?"

Holden shook his head. "No. It's highly unusual but...okay," he told the suspect, "but this better be good."

"Come around in front when you strip," Rene said to Monica. "I need to see you."

Monica walked around in front of Rene. "You do realise," she looked over at Holden who was pulling down his pants, then, back at Rene, "your confession better be really, really good."

"Oh," Rene said softly, "you won't be disappointed."

Holden stood there now, completely naked. He glanced over at Monica who had taken off the short skirt and the leather bra. She was full figured and all woman. Those breasts of hers, in spite their size were firm. Her nipples were like hard diamonds at the moment and he told himself that he shouldn't, but he really wanted to reach out



and take one of them between his teeth.

"You're really buff, Detective," Rene said.
"What a great cock."

"Never mind that. If we're naked, well then, damn it, you will be too," Holden said. Quickly he stripped off the suspect's shoes and socks, then his jeans. Monica reached over and literally ripped the shirt off of him. He had a great body, all muscles and waves, and his cock now was standing stiffly at attention, as was Holden's. "Okay, enough stalling, talk," Holden growled.

"Well, I was taken to this room, and offered money by three men," Rene said.

"Describe them," Monica demanded.

"Big and muscular. One of them had a ten inch cock. I thought he'd split me apart."

"What did they make you do?" Monica urged. She raised her hands to her breasts and casually rubbed her nipples.

"They ripped off my clothes and spread me out on this table. My hands and feet were tied. God, they spread me so wide and began to play with my body. They played in my ass, slapped and abused my cock, just about sucked my nipples off. They fucked my face, then my ass, over and over."

Holden's cock was throbbing. "Did you like it?" He breathed.

"God yes. I loved it. I wanted more."

Monica went against the wall and began to

A Working Christmas



masturbate. She rubbed her nipples with the other hand.

"It's not good enough," Holden said, coming around back and undoing the cuffs. "You need to show us. I'm not getting it, are you Monica?" He looked over at her.

"Not entirely," she moaned, her eyes closed.

"Get up," Holden told him, his eyes moving to Rene's firm, rounded ass as he got up. "Get on the table and show us how they posed you."

Rene climbed up on the table. He sat there for a moment, his thighs apart, knees up. He let his head go back. "I think I'm going to need a little help. I can tell you only if you use me."

Holden immediately walked around to the head of the table and yanked his head back. Monica came to the front, pulling his legs down and pushing them apart. As Monica's hand crept up Rene's thigh and began to fondle his cock, Holden shoved his erection in Rene's mouth and began fucking his face.

Rene was moaning deeply, and Monica climbed up on the table and positioned herself over Rene's hips. She wrapped her fist around his cock and then began to run the head of it over her clit. Suddenly Rene let out a gasp as Monica sunk down on his shaft and began to use it for her pleasure.

Holden let out a cry now as he exploded in



Rene's mouth. As Rene anxiously swallowed Holden's juices, his eyes lit on Monica's huge tits bouncing up and down as she rode Rene's shaft. He wanted to play with her, twist her nipples, make her whimper.

She cried out now and climbed off of Rene who picked his head up and glanced at Holden. "Get the picture?"

Holden nodded. "I don't think Monica does," he said.

Monica glanced at him. "What?"

Holden motioned to Rene that he could get off the table. When he did, Holden grabbed Monica and pushed her down on her back. "What are you doing?" She squealed.

"Suspect, I think I need your assistance. We have an officer clearly out of order here. Hand me those cuffs, will you?"

Monica struggled as Holden pulled her arms over her head and cuffed her wrists. "Now, wait a minute," she said.

Holden stood at the head of the table while Monica squirmed, her luscious breasts moving back and forth.

"Now Rene, you crawl on the table between her thighs and lick all those juices off."

Rene slowly walked around the table, then, climbed on. While he did, Holden went to work on her tits. First he kneaded them with both

A Working Christmas



hands, moving them back and forth, lifting and shaking them. "God, they are so big," he murmured, lowering his mouth down to taste each nipple. Then he pinched each nipple between his thumb and forefinger several times until they got much stiffer. After they stiffened some more, he began to lick them, then, bite each one in turn, pulling with his teeth.

Monica moaned loudly as Rene continued to tongue fuck her vagina. Holden looked at Rene. "Let's get her up on her knees," he said.

Monica struggled some as Rene and Holden quickly got her into position. She lowered her cuffed hands behind her head. With Rene now in back, and Holden in front, they both ran their hands over her. Holden fingered her vagina and inserted one, then two fingers into her anus, while Rene played freely with her breasts. "I'm going to take you from behind," Holden told her while she whimpered her consent. "While I take her," he told the prisoner, "make sure her tits are well played with, and run your finger continually over her clit."

Holden slowly inserted his cock into Monica's ass while Rene was busy in the front. She was panting and crying out with orgasm within minutes. Holden kept pumping until he emptied himself inside of her. Trembling, Monica crawled off the table and curled up into the corner to rest.



Holden looked at Rene. Rene smiled at him, then, lay down on the table, letting his thighs fall open. "Was that it, officer? Did you like my confession?"

"It was not satisfactory," he said, meeting Rene's eyes. "You're going to make me a lot of paperwork."

"Am I to be punished for that, officer?"

"I think so," he said and crawled over on top of him. "I hate paperwork."

Rene's arms reached up and wound around his neck. He pulled his mouth down on his, kissing him deeply.

Holden moaned, feeling Rene's hand moving down his flank, then wrapping around his cock. "You're hard again, officer. Isn't that against the law?"

"Not tonight, it isn't," he moaned, moving his lips to Rene's throat.

"My punishment," Rene begged.

Holden roughly lifted Rene's legs and practically threw them over his shoulders.

"Oh officer, police brutality," Rene muttered.

Holden's cock was hard again. He put a finger up inside of Rene and moved it around. "What a slut," he said when Rene grunted. "You know what sluts get?"

"Fucked," he sighed.

"That's right." Holden withdrew his finger and

A Working Christmas



sunk his cock into Rene's more than anxious orifice.

Rene's moaning grew so loud that Holden placed a hand over Rene's mouth, afraid that the guys upstairs would hear. Suddenly they both exploded. Holden let out a shout himself that he realized could have awakened the dead. Finally he separated himself from Rene's body, and crawled off the table.

He walked over to Monica and took off the cuffs. They both dressed again while Rene lay there naked on the table, a smile on his handsome face.

"Okay, prisoner," Holden said, straightening his shirt. "Put your clothes on."

Rene got off the table and began to dress.

"Monica," Holden said, "what do you think? Do we have enough to hold him?"

She shook her head. "We'll hold him over night, then, let him go in the morning."

Holden pointed his finger at him. "Stay out of trouble. I don't want to see you in here again?"

"You don't?" he mocked.

Holden ignored him. "Monica, I'm going upstairs to have some punch with the guys. Secure the prisoner and then come and join us. I suggest you get out of those working clothes."

She nodded. "Good idea. See you in a bit."

Holden nodded at her. He unlocked the door of



the interrogation room and left.

Silver Bells was playing in the squad room upstairs as Holden walked in. The guys were celebrating now, drinking punch, shouting out greetings as he walked in. Holden took the punch that was shoved at him. "What's in it?" he joked.

"You'll never know," Lewinski boasted, then guffawed. "We won't tell the Cap, don't worry."

Holden took a sip and made a face. There was more than cranberry juice in the one he had, but they were almost off shift so it didn't matter.

A few minutes later, Monica walked in, dressed in a pair of jeans and a blue sweater, a gold shield dangling off her neck on a chain. "Moni," they all called, "come have a little Christmas cheer. The more Dick's the better."

"Ha, ha," she threw at them.

Monica took the little punch glass and raised it, then, she took a sip and went to join Holden. She slipped her arm around him and smiled. "Merry Christmas, Darling."

He kissed her softly on the mouth. "Merry Christmas."

"Hey, how come you're working tonight, Moni?" one of the officers asked. "Thought you were off."

"She came to keep the hubby company in the squad room," one of the others jeered, then, they

A Working Christmas



all laughed.

"I had some paper work to catch up on," she said, smiling secretly at Holden.

"Where in hell is Thompson by the way?" Lewinski said all of a sudden. "That ass wipe was supposed to clean up the desk files downstairs, and be back up here for the punch."

"Rookies," Monica said, rolling her eyes. "You can't do a thing with them, can you Holden?"

Holden met her eyes. He wanted to laugh. Instead, he said, "rookies can be difficult. However, in their defence, they do get a lot of grunt work to do, and these things take time. And sometimes they can be very useful."

As if on cue, Thompson made his appearance. His uniform looked a little rumpled, and he dropped half the files he was carrying onto the floor.

"There you are," Lewinski said, shaking his head, bending over and picking up the dropped files. "Did you get all those files you said you needed from downstairs?"

"Yeah, I think so," he said, looking breathless. "If we're going to clear out the backdated computer files, I have to check them against the hard copies."

Lewinski shook his head. "Technology. In my day, well...a file was a piece of paper. I was just mentioning to Holden and Moni how worthless



rookies are," he teased, giving Thompson a hard time as usual. "Not worth their asses if you ask me."

"Really?" Thompson said, coming over to stand with the three of them. "Tell him, guys. We are good for some things, aren't we?" He met Holden's eyes, then, looked at Monica. There was a smirk on his handsome young face.

"Good to stir things up," Lewinski supplied, glancing curiously at the three of them as they burst into laughter. "What did I say that was so funny?"

The other cops in the room began singing a chorus of Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire. "Like with these files. I don't see why we had to..."

Holden placed a hand on Lewinski's shoulder. "Never mind that. Let's sing okay? It's Christmas. Let's hear that great Irish tenor of yours, Lew."

Monica took Holden's arm, and they began to sing loudly. Rene Thompson moved closer to Holden. Holden could feel his breath on his neck. "Same time next Christmas Eve," he whispered against Holden's ear, and then placed a discrete hand on his ass.

Holden glanced over his shoulder and threw Rene a smile. Lewinski had been dead wrong. Rookies could be very useful, especially when it came to helping him and Moni live out a sexual

A Working Christmas



fantasy they'd both had for a very long time. Umm, working Christmas Eve wasn't so bad after all. Everyone should try it at least once. Christmas...ahh...and its many possibilities. *Chestnuts roasting on an open fire...ummmm.* It was certainly a time for dreams to come true.

Happy Holidays from D.J.
Mandy!

The End.

About the Author

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

PUBLISHED BOOKS:

Eternal Souls Book 1 Vampire Lust

Eternal Souls 2: Beloved Foe

Brennus' Witch

Brennus' Witch - Body and Soul

Xmas with Wistan

Dreaming of Brandon Archer

The Initiator

Borderline

Ash: Son of the Demon God - Tarot The Devil

Look for them at www.extasybooks.com