



# *Stuffing*

*A Thanksgiving Tale*

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*A Samhain Publishing Freebie*

Stuffing, A Holiday Tale

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Yesterday. *Yesterday* he tells me that his parents and his perfect Suzy-homemaker sister Lisa, who has a talent for looking down her nose at me even though it's so snubbed it's a wonder she doesn't drown in a rainstorm and her husband and three equally snub-nosed brats who are in like *everything* at school are all coming for Thanksgiving. 'He' being my soon to be ex-husband. Bastard. Does he *know* how long a twenty-six pound turkey takes to defrost?

"Hey, I'll help," he offers. I just give him The Look.

If you're not married, you may *think* you know The Look. You don't. No woman ever *really* knows the true, primordial depths of The Look until the day you realize that you have, in a moment of lunacy right up there with leaving your keys in the ignition of your brand-new Mercedes -- in a parking lot -- in Queens -- with the door open and a big sign across the windshield saying "free car!!!" -- sworn to spend the rest of your *life* with this too thick to live, too stupid to just crawl off and die, inconsiderate, useless, pain in the ass man.

Besides, my husband can burn water. And the pot it's in. I've seen him do it. "No thanks," I say, and visualize ramming a meat thermometer straight up his rump roast. Holidays have, I am absolutely certain, been responsible for more justifiable homicides than all the extramarital affairs during the entire history of extramarital affairs.

So now here I am at four-twenty a.m. on Thanksgiving morning with my hands stuck up the ice-cold butt of a turkey which has spent the past fourteen hours in the bathtub while I feverishly drained and filled, drained and filled, trying to defrost that fucker without ever letting the water temperature get about 40 degrees while my husband bitches because he can't take a shower because there's this gargantuan frozen turkey carcass in there that looks like something out of Jurassic Park and I tell him if he *dares* take a shower it's gonna be a bloodbath exactly like the one in Psycho and right about now I would more than happily change my name to Bates. And damned if after all that, the turkey neck still isn't frozen in there.

So I'm pounding on the handle of a knife with a hammer trying to chisel the fucking thing out when my husband (whose name is no longer Steve but Shithead for Life) meanders down the stairs yawning with his pajama bottoms drooping around his hips which *really* pisses me off because he's got these abs from hell and there's just something about the sight of him with his jeans or pajama bottoms or boxers sagging over those lean hips and showing that curly chestnut trail of hair that runs over the flat of his stomach and down to his goddamn cock which is what got me *into* this situation in the first place and believe me I could *kill* myself for thinking with my pussy and just the sight of him, even when I'm mad as hell, is distracting the shit out of me.

"Jesus, Shell, do you have to wake the whole neighborhood?"

Obviously my patented death glare registers because his face immediately changes and he steps back about twenty-nine feet and says, "I'll make the coffee."

Which is fine with me because I've still got to stir the onions which are sautéing for the stuffing, heft the turkey into the sink and run hot water through it and at least get the damn ice crystals out of there, melt the butter, chop the celery, and get this damn thing in the oven twenty minutes ago.

So now when I stick my hand in its gaping gullet at least my fingers aren't frozen solid and I'm layering the stuffing in there and my hands are covered with grease when Steve the bastard comes up behind me and starts nuzzling my neck. "You look so domestic this morning," he says, and I'm wondering if I can reach the chef's knife without letting all the stuffing fall back out of the bird when I feel his hands untie my bathrobe (which is all I'm wearing since I couldn't take a shower because Godzilla Bird was still in the tub) and slip inside.

"Damn you, Steve, I have *got* to get the stuffing done!" and I try to kick backward but this only makes my bathrobe fall open further and now his hands are running down over my belly, my hips, and his finger grazes that little button in the midst of my curls which is starting to sit up and pay attention even though my hands are buried somewhere around where the turkey's liver used to be and his family is descending at 11:30 *sharp* and I can feel his goddamn cock rubbing up against my ass.

"Maybe I can help with that," he whispers in my ear. I make a motion as if to jerk away and he says, "Careful! The stuffing's going to fall out. Just keep your hands right where they are." And then his hands are back at my boobs and he's whispering something about always having been a breast man and I know this for a fact because he knows exactly how to touch them, trailing his fingers up over the lower curve of my breasts till my skin tingles and the nipples are sitting up and begging for attention. I can feel a first spurt of wetness trickling between my nether lips which are suddenly all thick and aching and all I can think of is an over-ripe peach, swollen till its fuzzy surface is begging to be split open pierced plundered till the juices come spilling out and *now* dammit his thumbs are flicking my nipples, making them stand and salute like good little soldiers and he rewards each of them with a hard squeeze. My knees are buckling and the stuffing is warm and soft against my palms and he's sliding my bathrobe up now so I can feel that huge cock trailing back and forth against the crack of my ass, the tip all satin and hard and velvet all at the same time, and the shaft pulsing. And that's when he bends me over just a little bit and places it firmly against my swollen lips and says, "How much stuffing do you think it needs?"

I can picture the grin on his face when I groan and I'm thinking about how I'm going to pay him back later but it doesn't stop me from arching my hips as he pushes in and I say "All of it," and he's pushing up into me, splitting me open, filling me with that enormous cock while his hands travel over my hips my clit my breasts and I want to absolutely murder him but his thumb is pressing down against my clit as he rides me, the motion of his hips rocking his thumb back and forth, sliding it up and down over my hot, aching nub and I swear if he doesn't stop now I'm going to scream.

But he doesn't stop -- he doesn't even slow down. In fact he's grabbing my hip with one hand as he pounds into me, his thrusts growing harder and harder and his

fingers now are rubbing fast little circles at the very top of my clit, right where I always rub it when I'm getting myself off but it feels completely different when he does it and I can hear the whimpers coming out of my throat as he glides in and out on the juices spilling out of me and he whispers "Jesus, if this turkey is even half as moist as you are..." but I'm not really hearing him because there's this roaring in my head and even though it's not even five in the morning there seems to be sunshine beaming straight into my cunt, hot and liquid and pooling in my belly and his fingers move faster as I feel him hit the point where he *can't* stop even if he wants to and I want to reach around behind me, cup his balls which I know are as huge and heavy as lead and aching with cum but my hands are still inside the turkey as all that sunlight explodes inside me and now I *am* screaming, my voice high and pleading as he grabs both my hips and drags me back to meet him as he rams himself home and fills my cunt with his cum.

My knees are quivering and if he lets go I think I'd probably fall but he presses close against me, his whole body trembling as his cock spasms again and again and I'm thinking *Jesus, how much is there?* and wanting every single drop of it so I press back against him, tighten my muscles, squeezing his cock, milking it for every last little bit and reveling in the way he groans and his weight slumps heavily against me.

And a few minutes later the turkey's stuffed, too, and he lifts it into the oven which is a good thing because right now I can barely stand and I watch his biceps bulging and wonder how I ever got so lucky, especially when he seats me on the kitchen stool and puts a mug of coffee in my hand made just the way I like it -- one of the few things he *can* make is coffee -- and says, "So tell me what to do. Just sit right there and tell me what needs doing next," and he is my glorious, wonderful, perfect husband, which doesn't keep me from kicking him under the table later when Lisa says, obviously shocked to her very core, "Shelly, this is the best stuffing I've ever had," and Steve says, "You like it? We'll make it exactly the same way next year."

## Author Biography

Sierra Dafoe published her first erotic romance in May of 2006, receiving three CAPA nominations that year including Favorite Erotic Author. She has since gone on to earn numerous recommended reads and awards for her work including a second Favorite Erotic Author nomination in 2007.

Sierra lives in the White Mountains of New Hampshire with her incredibly tolerant hubby, her fourteen-year-old puppy and one extremely bouncy new feline acquisition named Took who aspires to be the first romance-writing cat, judging from the amount of time she spends trying to commandeer Sierra's keyboard. Come visit Sierra on the web <http://www.sierradafoe.com>

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