



BAD SANTA

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Dedications:

To everyone

Please have a very happy holiday season with your families and loved ones. Know that where ever you are and whatever you do, that you are loved.

Remmy & Torro

Love.

It was a word that was carelessly tossed around every time something feels awkward. It was a word that Kingston James had been careful not to utter, to any man he's ever been with. It was a word that he did not want to hear unless it was the truth. He could not bear it if the word was said to him, and it was a lie. When he heard it the first time, his heart soared but he backed away in fear. Now as he stood there, alone, shaking with his anger and his rejection, he knew that the word had been confessed to him in falsehood.

Their bodies flowed together on the bed as though the rest of the world did not exist. Hands fought for gentle domination as their mouths hung open in silent, wonderful pleasure. Powerfully, each stroke filled the bottom as if he belonged there. Together they rolled against the bed, one holding down the other, taking charge of both their pleasures but making sure the other was blissfully satisfied. Their growls erupted in the silent early evening air, with the reminiscent quality of thunder before an impending storm and he knew they were both having orgasms. He stuck his fingers roughly through his hair, tightened his fingers hoping that he would feel something, but nothing. Kingston wanted to feel. He wanted to feel the pain of his hair being pulled or his foot against the ground. But betrayal was all he could see. Everything else around him meant nothing.

His breathing left his body in quick spurts as he pushed away from the window, his Stetson in his hand. He staggered away from the window with his heart crushed at his feet. So much for laying it on the line.

There's some twisted logic for you.

Love and loss was not better than having loved at all.

There were very few things that could bring, Kingston James to his knees. So few that people in town stayed away from the Jagged Sword ranch. But a broken heart was one of those things; in fact, a broken heart was the largest of those things. He slumped against a tree before falling to his knees to catch his breath. He barely had enough energy to breath, for inhaling hurt. His chest was physically numb

but each time he inhaled, a sharp pain jerked through his very being. Resting his head against the tree and closed his eyes, he tried to gather his strength before sticking his hat back onto his head. But having his heart twisted from his chest and stomped on, was one of those very few things. Kingston braced against the tree and pulled to his feet. He didn't trust his feet to move but he began walking away. Stopping, he meant to look over his shoulder but his pain wouldn't let him. His anger and weakness kept him going, pushing him back towards the Jagged Sword ranch.

Had he truly taken that long to come around to really seeing how Cade was feeling? Just a week ago, Cade had confessed his love for Kingston. They had known each other for so long that Kingston thought it was a joke. Kingston had loved Cade the first time they laid eyes on each other in high school. But Kingston didn't know if Cade was gay; he was too handsome to be gay. Kingston spent many nights, touching himself to visions of Cade then feeling guilty the next day.

When Cade finally confessed his feeling, Kingston was ecstatic but he didn't want Cade to have any regrets. Now the only person with regrets was Kingston. He stumbled through his back door and slammed it behind him. Kingston stopped, opened and slammed the door over and over until he felt as though the door would splinter in his hand. He was in so much pain that he didn't think anything of it. He walked into the kitchen, tossing his hat somewhere he grabbed a beer from the fridge. Wrenching the lid off, he chugged the whole bottle, belched, dumped it into a recycling bin then grabbed another.

A knock came at his front door and he tried to ignore it.

"Kingston?" it was Cade's voice and the bottle he held snapped from his hand. It smashed into the ground, sending cold beer everywhere. But Kingston simply stepped over the mess and walked for the front door.

He pulled it open, "get off my property." He growled.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Cade snapped.

"Oh that's rich," Kingston shoved Cade hard into the chest and watch him fall backwards but still Kingston didn't give up. "If you don't leave now, you will have a bullet between your eyes."

"Do you really want a fight, Kingston?" Cade got up and charged at Kingston. "I'll give you one."

Kingston was more than willing to beat the living snot out of Cade at that moment. He grabbed Cade by the front of his shirt and lifted a fist.

"James!" his nick name was screamed and his fist stopped.

Mrs. Dempsey, the housekeeper pushed herself between both men while trying to shove them apart, "let him go, Kingston!" she snapped angrily. "Let him go. Come on."

Kingston's eyes broke from shooting daggers at Cade before looking at Mrs. Dempsey. She was telling him to let Cade go. How could she do that? He didn't want to let him. Kingston wanted Cade to hurt as much as he was hurting. "I don't want to," he spoke softly to Mrs. Dempsey.

"Please, for me," Mrs. Dempsey pleaded.

For Mrs. Dempsey, Kingston would have done anything. Slowly he shoved Cade away from him and backed way, "get him out of here," Kingston ordered before walking into the house. He fell into a seat and rubbed his eyes.

"What the hell was that all about?" Shirley Dempsey questioned.

"Why don't you ask Cade?"

"You wanted him gone, remember?"

Kingston growled, "he said he loved me, nana..."

"And for that you wanted to beat him senseless?"

Getting up, Kingston walked away for the kitchen for another beer. Stepping over the puddle of on the floor, he pulled one from the fridge and was pulling the cap off when Shirley walked in after him, "I thought love was what you've been looking for? If he loves you why are you angry at him?"

"At first I thought he was joking," Kingston spoke before hopping onto a stool beside Shirley. "But then he was so persistent and finally I decided to just go over there, take him into my arms and let him love me. But when I got there he was kind of busy."

Again Kingston left the room with Shirley calling after him, "what? What do you mean busy?"

Kingston stopped at the foot of the stairs before climbing up. He turned to face Shirley, "he was making love to someone else."

"Oh..."

Kingston took the stairs two at a time and when he was at his bedroom, he slammed the door behind him. Stripping off his shirt he wondered how could he

not have seen that Cade's confession would be nothing but a waste. He had known Cade for so long and had seen the way Cade handled relationships. Somewhere inside, Kingston thought that Cade could never hurt him like that.

Kingston was only human.

Kingston was wrong.

That was so long ago. His heart was ripped from his chest leaving him sobbing like moron for days. It had taken Kingston almost two years to even let a man get close again – a lover, a best friend. But Clive was so true. There was something in his new best friend's eyes that just spoke volumes to Kingston.

Kingston James stood at his window and peered out through the falling snow. He hated snow and the raging urge to scream "bah humbug!" surged through him. He didn't though. Instead he folded his arms across his chest and continued watching people go by outside. The gated community he lived in was for GLBT people only and he felt sick as he watched couples holding hands and hurrying about their ways. Jealous crept through him like a disease. Growling, he did mutter, "humbug," beneath his breath and pulled the curtains roughly in place. It seemed as though they were all sleeping with each other. What happened to him? It had been two years since he's had any ass and it was starting to show. He was crankier, angrier – just down right surly. He picked up the empty cup from where it sat on the small table and carried it back downstairs.

The red light on the answering machine began flashing at him. He had stopped answering his phone three days before. He did not want to have to decline to attend other people's Christmas dinners. There were eighteen missed messages. He stocked the cup into the dish washer before grabbing a bottle of beer and turned back up the stairs. Night was slowly falling now, but Kingston didn't turn the lights on. He simply sat in the darkness of his bedroom on the edge of his bed and drink from the bottle in his hand.

By the time the bottle was empty he placed it on the ground and crawled into bed. He pulled the sheets up to his naked waste and blinked at the ceiling. He had suddenly been plunged into a deep depression that just left him feeling lifeless and alone. The man he loved did not and could not love him like a lover. Clive loved Kingston, there was no denying that but Kingston knew that Clive would never see Kingston as anything but a

friend. Besides, the last time he fell for a friend, Kingston had his heart handed to him on a pike. Rolling over, he glared at the wall.

Somewhere along that time, he had fallen asleep. But something woke him up. He sat up in bed and glanced around and froze when he saw a man, dressed in a Santa suit. The man had dark skin and Kingston wondered, other than Whoopi Goldberg, where had he ever seen a black Santa. What shocked Kingston even more, was that as his eyes flowed downward, he noticed that Santa had his large cock in one hand and stroking it slowly.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my house?" Kingston snapped but his eyes couldn't leave the large dick. The head was a perfectly rounded shape, with a small hint of whit pre-come leaking from it. He licked his lips.

"Doesn't the suit tell you anything?" the man's voice was husky, hard.

"You're telling me, you're Santa," Kingston pulled the sheet over him to hide his hardened dick. "I'm a little old to believe in that shit."

"Man of the obvious," the Santa spoke again. Kingston watched as Santa used a finger tip to wipe away the pre-come before stroking his cock again. The penis was so big, so absolutely delicious looking that Kingston's mouth began watering. "You want to taste it don't you, Kingston? You want to be angry but you can't resist staring at it. Haven't you ever seen a pole this big before?"

"Look," Kingston's voice cracked. "I don't know who you are but you need to leave now."

"That's not up to you," Santa smirked. "I'm frigging Santa."

"Newsflash, asshole," Kingston was getting irritated beyond all help. "Santa is a white man. You're black. Get it?"

"You'd rather believe in a big fat white guy with pink ass cheeks and a beard that looks like rat nests in it? Well, Santa doesn't have a fixed look, Kingston. He can look like anyone. Because you wanted a black man with a large dick, that's what you got."

Kingston stood up from his bed. He raced around the side to give Santa's ass a good kicking but when he got to the seat, the Santa was gone. Frowning he glanced around to see Santa sitting on the bed in the same spot where Kingston had just been sitting mere seconds before, "what the?"

“Look, let’s save some time, shall we? Come over here and suck my cock.”

Kingston wanted to. The urge was unlike anything else he had ever felt before. Even if this guy was a burglar he still wanted to wrap his lips around that cock and suck it dry. He gritted his teeth and tried to tear his eyes away from Santa’s cock but he couldn’t. Before he could stop himself, he was on the bed and bowing with his mouth open over the giant, leaking man meat. He couldn’t get his mouth on the cock before he was on his back on the bed. He fought but Santa simply restrained his hands above his head.

“What are you doing?” Kingston questioned.

“You like being helpless during sex, Kingston,” Santa whispered through gritted teeth.

“How did you know that?”

“He sees you when you’re sleeping,” Santa mimicked. “I also see you when you’re bending Clive over a table in your dreams and ramming him from behind. Now enough talk. My dick needs a good sucking.”

Kingston watched as Santa climbed over Kingston’s body and the head of Santa’s penis brushed Kingston’s lips. Without a second thought, Kingston sucked it in. The hot, come leaking from Santa’s cock was sweet, delicious and hot. It burnt his tongue tastily and Kingston swallowed. Kingston began milking this stranger’s cock. He sucked hard against it and to his surprise Santa began moaning and groaning over him. Soon Kingston was gagging because Santa was gripping the headboard and fucking Kingston’s throat. But Kingston wasn’t afraid. Instead he felt his cock jerking on its own free will. The thought of a strange man fucking his throat was enough to cause Kingston to fight off an orgasm.

Finally, Santa pulled back and Kingston was panting for air and tugging at the restraints. Santa smiled at him before untying him and pulled him off the bed. Santa then bound Kingston’s hands behind his back. Then, Santa grabbed Kingston’s hair and tugged the man’s neck backwards. Slowly, Santa fed Kingston his dick again. This time, using Kingston’s hair as leverage, Santa’s hips thrusts forward over and over touching the back of Kingston’s throat.

“Oh god that feels good,” Santa groaned. “You’ve got a fucking good mouth.”

When Santa couldn't take it anymore, he pulled back from Kingston and slumped to the floor. He rolled onto all fours and arched his ass into the air, "lick me," he ordered.

Kingston hesitated and Santa glanced at Kingston over a shoulder, "don't make me repeat myself, Kingston. Fucking lick my crack!"

Kingston smiled and bowed his head. He couldn't touch the dark, ebony ass that was pushed into his face but he used his tongue to the best of his ability. Santa tasted like man, hot, musky, sexy. He moaned and plunged his tongue into Santa's hole, over and over.

"Oh yes, use that tongue..." Santa whispered, riding backwards against Kingston's tongue. Kingston continued fucking Santa with his tongue wishing so bad he could jerk off while he was doing it. The thought of not being able to touch himself turned him on so bad that he could feel the head of his cock burn as it brushed against the carpet in his room.

"Please," he begged. "Please touch my cock."

"You want me to touch your dick, Kingston?"

Santa smiled before shoving his ass back into Kingston's face. Shaking his head from side to side, Kingston released his tongue to move freely over Santa's hole before replying, "yes."

"Yes what, Kingston?"

"Yes Santa."

"Good boy."

Santa stood up and pulled Kingston up from the ground. Instead of untying Kingston's arm's, Santa pushed Kingston to stand before the mirror. He then fell to his knees before Kingston and began sucking his cock. Kingston locked eyes with his reflection while Santa licked the head of Kingston's cock. The wonderful feelings that were flowing through him were amazing. The fact that he was watching himself in the mirror while some strange man sucked him down his throat was enough to cause Kingston's knees to wobble. Santa reached up and braced his hands against Kingston's knees and pulled the throbbing penis further down his throat.

"Oh baby," Kingston began pushing his hips forward. "Do you like to fuck or be fucked?"

"The thought of fucking Santa turning you on, Kingston?" Santa asked before eating away at Kingston's balls.

"Yes... I want to fuck between those chocolate cheeks..."

Santa groaned as his tongue flicked over the head of Kingston's cock, "you like when I talk dirty, Santa?"

"Hell yes," Santa replied.

"Do you want my big cock in your ass Santa? Fucking you hard?"

Santa nipped the head of Kingston's penis head, "you're so good at that," Kingston got out.

Pulling away, Kingston bent over at the waist, "eat me out."

He thought that Santa would stop then since it was Santa's domination but Santa didn't. Instead, a long tongue began flicking over Kingston's throbbing hole. Kingston's eyes rolled back into his head while he tugged at his restrains. He wanted to jerk off while his ass got eaten. No matter how much he begged and pleaded, Santa simple left him tied up and continued feasting on Kingston's ass.

"Enough foreplay," Santa stopped suddenly. "You need to ram that cock into me."

"Untie me."

Santa smiled but didn't move to do what Kingston commanded. Instead, Santa spat on his palm, rubbed it over Kingston's cock before turning to brace against the hardened pole. Holding his breath, Kingston slammed his hips forward. Santa cried up and arched his back upward. Kingston smiled while Santa's hands clutched at the dresser. Kingston pushed into Santa, over and over while grunting dirty words for Santa's benefit. He never thought he'd ever sleep with a stranger, especially Christmas eve but Kingston was horny. Kingston's hips began flying forward in a flurry of speed. The more Santa grunted, the faster Kingston's hips moved.

"Oh that's it Kingston," Santa rode backwards to meet Kingston's hips. "Harder."

The dresser creaked each time Kingston pumped forward. It felt as though Kingston's cock was being choked and he loved it so much. He grunted, whimpered, yelled his pleasure. Santa simply laughed and squeezed Kingston's cock harder. Looking down, Kingston saw that Santa was jacking off as Kingston fucked him from behind.

"That's not fair you know," Kingston got out through gritted teeth. "You get to jack off while I couldn't."

"You're the one that needed the lesson, now fuck me. I want to come."

Smiling, Kingston began gyrating his hips, giving Santa a royal screw. Santa began bucking against Kingston, jerking against the dresser even more.

"I'm coming!" Santa cried out. Biting his lower lip, Kingston slid his penis in and out of Santa's hole in long, slow strokes. Soon something war dripped against one of Kingston's toe and he knew that Santa was coming. Then to confirm it, Santa's ass clamped around Kingston's cock, really squeezing the life out of the hard muscle.

"Oh Santa!" Kingston managed.

Santa pulled away before Kingston could come and turned to face Kingston. "I'm going to give you a treat," Santa smiled up at Kingston while reaching around to untie Kingston's arms. The moment his arms were free, he clasped his hands behind Santa's head.

"You can give me a treat alright," Kingston smirked. "Suck me off."

Santa didn't argue, but took Kingston's trembling dick into his mouth and began sucking. The head was so tender that each time Santa's tongue moved over the head, Kingston felt like coming. His head fall back, his eyes rolled over and he pushed up on his tip toe, "oh baby, suck harder..."

When Santa did as Kingston ordered, Kingston felt his stomach sucked in, his fingers stiffened and the most powerful orgasm he'd ever felt began rushing through him. He literally exploded into Santa's mouth. Instead of letting go, Santa swallowed and continued sucking. Kingston's eyes widened, his body jerked, "Fuck!" he cried. Santa's tongue flowed over the head once again and even more come spewed into Santa's mouth.

Then Santa did something no other man had ever done to Kingston; Santa pressed the tip of his tongue into the slit of Kingston's dick, wiggled the tongue around, then pulled the abused penis down his throat. Kingston's knees gave out then and he went falling backwards. As he fell, he heard the words, "wasn't that amazing?"

Kingston's eyes opened and instead of Santa, Clive was looking down at him, "that is what it would feel like if you were to give me a chance."

Calling out, Kingston swung around only to find that he was alone in the room. There was a load of white come against the dresser and his foot and that was about it. Still he was panting from a tornado like orgasm so he crawled over to his bed and climbed on. When he could catch his breath, Kingston picked up the telephone and dialled.

“Merry Christmas!” Clive’s voice sang from the other end of the telephone. Kingston moaned. “Hello?”

“Clive, it’s Kingston!”

“Changed your mind and want to come over and join me for some Christmas dinner?” Clive wanted to know.

“I need to ask you something, Clive,” Kingston spoke as his hand lazily played with the head of his aroused cock. He couldn’t believe he was turned on so fast after such a massive orgasm. “Something real serious.”

“Aight.”

“Have you ever thought-” Kingston trailed off as he whimpered. His hand was now stroking his cock up and down. The head was still tender – “of fucking me?”

There was silence from the other end and Kingston felt a cold feeling tear through him. He had just ruined a twelve year friendship. He began panicking, “you don’t have to answer that...”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“I said yes. I’ve thought about it.”

“If I told you I loved you...”

“I love you too,” Clive interrupted.

“Not as a friend,” Kingston tried to clarify.

“I know, Kingston. You love me like a lover. You want to have me tied to your bed while you eat my ass and force me to come. You want to use your tongue and turn me into your dirty little sex slave don’t you?”

Kingston grunted, “Clive.”

“I take it you’re jacking off,” Clive teased.

“Please stop talking dirty to me,” Kingston begged. “I don’t –our friendship I can’t.”

“Don’t you want to come, Kingston?” Clive’s voice was sweet. “Would you rather me there watching you do it? My eyes on your hot, tanned body. Or would you rather touch yourself while I bend over the dresser and play with my ass for you.”

“Clive!” Kingston begged for mercy. His body was arching upwards from the bed, his cock being shoved into his tight first. As Clive spoke to him, Kingston felt his penis shake then a fountain of white, sticky come

flew through the air. He swore, the phone dug into his skin between his shoulder and head. He flopped around on the bed, a puppet to his climax.

When he finally fell against the bed, he was panting for air.

“Was it good for you too, Kingston?” Clive laughed.

“You really want us to be together? You really love me?” Kingston questioned.

“Yah. Can I come over?”

“Yes,” Kingston whispered and the phone went dead.

It was really early Christmas morning when his doorbell rang. By then, Kingston had managed to clean the come from the floor and dresser and taken a shower. As he opened the door, Clive tackled him. They staggered backwards with Kingston barely able to slam the door shut.

“I’ve been dreaming about this,” Clive whispered before clamping his mouth over Kingston’s mouth. Moaning, Kingston spread his lips. When Clive’s tongue plunged into his mouth, Kingston sucked on the tongue and felt so much desire that he could not stay on his feet. He tumbled to the ground with Clive on top of him, their mouths fused together. The kiss was the most beautiful thing that Kingston had ever experienced.

Clive sat astride Kingston and began playing with Kingston’s nipples. Kingston looked up at the black man that was now sitting on him and an unbelievable urge to please him soared through Kingston.

“I want to please you,” Kingston whispered. “I want to make you come, to be your lover.”

A growl left Clive, “so I just lay back and enjoy the ride?” he smirked.

Kingston nodded and instantly Clive got up and walked into the living room. Weakly, Kingston got up and followed while stepping from his pants. But the time he faced Clive again, Kingston was naked and Clive was sitting on the edge of the sofa, stroking his large, chocolate cock. Like a slave, Kingston fell to his knees, crawled forward and engulfed his best friend’s cock. It was hard for him to believe but Clive tasted better than Santa. Clive tasted like life. Hungrily, Kingston pulled the cock down his throat while he fingered Clive’s balls.

“Kingston,” Clive’s voice was breathy and tight. His buried his fingers in Kingston’s hair. “Deeper.”

Kingston obliged him by doing as Clive obliged. Gagging slightly, Kingston pulled back, took a deep breath then attacked again.

“Baby, I’ve thought about this for so long,” Clive whispered. “So much... your mouth....”

“Turn around for me,” Kingston backed off. “Spread those cheeks for me.”

Clive whimpered and turned around. He knelt against the sofa with his chest braced against the back of the sofa. He reached back and spread his ass cheeks for Kingston. Sticking his tongue out, Kingston began feeding. He sucked, licked, grazed with his teeth and took great pleasure in the way Clive acted at the assault. Clive was moaning, swearing, panting and Kingston loved every second of it. Bending his head, Kingston licked from the tip of Clive’s cock all the way through to Clive’s ass.

“Kingston! God!” Clive cried.

Kingston took that as his cue. Standing up, he moved around the back of the sofa and his cock moved for Clive’s lips. “Spit on it,” Kingston ordered. “Stroke it so I can fuck you.”

Clive pulled the cock between his ebony lips and sucked until Kingston’s cock was dripping wet. Quickly, Kingston walked behind Clive and entered Clive’s perfectly rounded ass. Gripping Clive’s hips, Kingston began doing something he had been dreaming of for years. He began fucking his best friend hard. Kingston’s soul danced within in while he grunted Clive’s names and pushed forward. The best lay he’s ever had was now happening and all he could see was fire dancing around them. He clawed his fingers down Clive’s back before leaning in to lick away the stink of his short nails.

“Oh yes!” Clive encouraged. “I like that.”

Pulling out of Clive, Kingston turned his friend around, lifted Clive’s legs and entered him again. The two locked eyes as Kingston rode Clive’s ass and stroked Clive’s dick. Kingston jerked Clive to the rhythm of their hips and soon Clive was warning that he was coming.

Kingston tightened his fingers and soon he was rewarded with hot, sticking spunk against his chest and fingers. With Clive looking at him, Kingston lifted the come covered fingers to his lips and licked them clean before bowing forward, “I want to come in your ass,” Kingston whispered. “Can I come in your ass?”

“Oh baby you can do anything you want,” Clive whispered.

Kingston moaned at that reply and gritted his teeth. Pressing his body into Clive's back, Kingston bit down into Clive's shoulder. As he did that, Kingston's cock erupted deep within Clive. It was the most wonderful thing ever. As he fired within Clive, Kingston screamed his love for Clive then crumbled to his friend's back.

Kingston lay with Clive in his arms a few hours later. The sun was up and it was officially Christmas morning, "I got you something for Christmas," Kingston whispered before dropping a kiss against Clive's head. "I was going to give it to you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Because I didn't expect to be spending Christmas with anyone," Kingston explained. "But you, Clive Bradshaw, you love me."

"Remember that day that were playing football and Jackson accidentally kicked into your groin?"

"How could I ever forget?" Kingston winced at the thought of the ball hitting him. "That hurt like a motha sucka."

Clive chuckled, "that day I wanted to reach in and suck your cock. I wanted to suck you until you come just to make it all better. Then that night I thought about it and when I thought of losing you I literally winced. It almost killed me. I knew that night that I loved you."

"Forget Santa, you are the best present I've ever gotten," Kingston smiled. "Let's open some presents after breakfast then I can open my present again."

Clive looked up into Kingston's face and Kingston smiled, "I love you Clive...Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas... but how did you know you could call me and about the sex thing?"

"Santa told me," Kingston grinned. "Forget what I said earlier. I want to eat you again."

Clive grinned, "I'll be your meal any day."

That night, Kingston snuggled in bed after making love to Clive again and closed his eyes. He hadn't even fallen asleep yet when he felt as though someone was watching him. There, standing at the foot of the bed was Santa. It was the same hot Santa from the night before. He smiled and shook Clive, "Sweetheart wake up," Kingston scooted from the bed.

“Kingston,” Clive whispered. “There’s a man dressed as Santa in our room.”

“Remember I told you that Santa told me that I could approach you?”

Clive nodded.

“Clive, meet Santa.”

Kingston smiled at the look on Clive’s face, “yes, he’s real and yes, we had sex.”

“Was it good for you, Kingston?” Clive had laughter in his eyes.

“You have no idea...”

Clive walked around the side of the bed and pushed against Santa’s chest. The black man slipped to the bed and Clive dove on him, “good,” Clive beamed at Kingston all the while rooting into Santa’s pants for his cock. “My turn and you get to watch.”

Kingston smirked as Clive slid Santa’s dick into his mouth.

Kingston laughed, “Merry Christmas indeed.”

END

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