



CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

CANDY CANES AND
COAL DUST

LILY HARLEM

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Candy Canes and Coal Dust

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

Christmas Crackers

CANDY CANES AND COAL DUST



Lily Harlem

Chapter One

Meltingly soft reindeer fur tickled Bridget's naked behind. She squirmed in delight, closed her eyes and nestled deeper into the rug. Beside her, a huge log fire crackled. It heated her skin, danced through her hair and filled the room with the tangy scent of pine needles.

Letting out a contented sigh, she offered no resistance as the hot young man—who had no name, just a perfect, angled face—pushed her thighs apart, clamped them in place with big, determined hands and began to lap at the soft folds of her pussy. Blood pooled in her pelvis and she bowed her spine towards his mouth in time with his glorious rotations around her clit and the rhythmic pumping of his two longest fingers.

Above her, another man—same angled face and mop of blonde Nordic hair—offered his long, swollen cock for her to suck. Eagerly she parted her lips, flattened her tongue into a bed of moisture and pulled him in. A groan erupted from his mouth and a long, low rumble came down her nose. His hands clasped over her ears as he began to thrust in and out, over and over, the speed and tempo building with each plunge. The sound of pulsing blood rushed through her ears, whooshing and beating—it roared like a jet engine travelling at full throttle.

She tasted the salty tang of precum and knew he was close, his desperation peaking like her own as the expert attentions at her sex continued.

But this wasn't how it was supposed to be.

Without having to voice her desires, the two men flipped her onto all fours. The fur was soft on her knee caps and smooth under her palms. Before she knew what was happening, Guy Number One had settled beneath her and was guiding her down onto his enormous, erect penis.

Bridget dropped until she was filled to capacity then clenched him with eager muscles, drawing him in, higher and higher. She began to move, rocking as he gripped her hips with urgent hands and encouraging her movements. Her clit rubbed against his soft, straw-coloured pubes and she felt the delicious tug of orgasm once again.

But it still wasn't how it was supposed to be.

She murmured and pushed tails of damp hair from her face, "More, more...please, more."

Guy Number Two moved in behind her and his hands smoothed over the orbs of her butt cheeks. The roar was still thundering through her ears, deafening and invading her thoughts, but she dismissed the unfamiliar noise – sensation was all she was interested in.

An inquisitive finger delved down the crack of her buttocks and pressed at her anus. She gasped as he pushed into her darkest hole, squirming and stretching her as he went.

This was almost what she needed; she was nearly there.

The finger retreated only to be replaced by the thick, smooth head of the penis she'd been sucking until moments ago. "Yes," she said. "Yes, now...fuck me." He obliged and squeezed in through the tight band of muscle, slow and steady, right to the hilt. There was no pain, no sharpness, just extreme pleasure. "Oh, that's so good," she mumbled curling her fingers into fur. "So...damn...good."

The two men began to thrust in perfect sync. One in, one out, riding her senses into realms of ecstasy she never thought she'd go. The fire hissed. A log tumbled out. They didn't notice; they kept on fucking, the men intent on pleasuring her before themselves.

But it still wasn't how it was supposed to be.

Bridget moved her head, her mouth open and searching. She knew it would be there somewhere – she just had to find it.

Ahh, there it was, another beautiful cock being offered forward on a hand wearing a thick, black ski glove. She glanced up. The owner of the penis wore a reflective, orange ski mask and his mouth was set in a hard line; determined, eager, impatient. But she needed no extra persuasion. This was the icing on the cake, the final piece of her jigsaw.

She leant forward and sucked him in greedily, eating him up like a starving woman. She rolled his glans around her tongue then thrust him against the back of her throat. He hissed like a punctured tyre and began to time his rhythm with the other two cocks invading her body.

Bridget whimpered in delight and gave control over to her three expert lovers. Now she could indulge in an orgasm. This was how it was supposed to be, every hole filled, every carnal desire indulged at the same time. Her womb and anus were being pounded into, sublime cocks sweeping past every nerve ending. Her mouth was absorbing the heat and lust

of the sexy man looming over her. He clasped her head between his gloved hands. The roaring in her ears reached a crescendo as she climbed the ladder to satisfaction, letting her clit lead the way.

Suddenly she was there, suspended in a moment of sheer bliss, the glorious anticipation of magnificent contractions and spasms within reach. She sucked harder, groaned and moaned, pushed backwards into the cocks fucking and buggering her. Then it consumed her; washed through her, wave after wave of hammering delight.

"You want more?" the guy with the ski goggles asked in his husked, unfamiliar accent.

Bridget nodded around his cock—she wanted this to carry on forever. *Please let this never stop.*

"Would you like some mortar?" he said again.

Bridget nodded, letting her womb spasm around the cocks buried so deeply within her.

"Are you alright, would you like some water?" A female voice interrupted the guy with the ski goggles.

Bridget felt a soft hand rest on her forearm.

The roar in her ears was so loud it was disorientating and confusing. But it wasn't being caused by a set of hands covering her ears any more. In fact, there was no set of hands covering her ears.

"Madam, is there anything I can get you?"

Bridget kept her eyes shut as the cocks disappeared from her body and her beautiful Finnish lovers evaporated into thin air. This couldn't be happening. She was still dreaming, surely she was still immersed in fantasy. How could fantasy switch to a nightmare so damn quickly?

"Madam." The soft voice said again, this time it was accompanied by an insistent shake of Bridget's forearm. "Madam."

Bridget forced open her eyes to the harsh, artificial light of the plane. She gulped. It was as bad as she feared. This was her reality, not a powder-soft rug in front of a perfect log fire with three beautiful men indulging her every fantasy. Reality was sitting on a plane, on Christmas Eve, travelling to Finland for a solo skiing holiday.

She looked into the pale blue eyes of the young airhostess. There was a flicker of concern in their depths, but the main emotion was pity. In that instant, in that split

unguarded second, those eyes told Bridget she'd made all the noises associated with her dream. Every grunt, groan, moan and murmur for more had spilt treacherously from her lips.

She swallowed tightly, her mouth bone dry with toe curling embarrassment. She reached for the offered glass of water. "Thanks," she squeaked, lifting the cup to her lips. She took a sip and squirmed on the prickly material of seat thirty two C. She could still feel the blood raging through her pelvis, the adrenalin of the dreamy orgasm still heightening all her senses and making her breaths shallow. If only that had been reality and not this, if only she'd really been with three perfect lovers, instead of sitting alone, with a redundant sex life and no hope of its re-activation any time soon.

Feeling a flush of mortification sweep across her chest, up her neck and over her cheeks, she glanced across the narrow aisle—a sea of curious faces were fixed her way. Some looked greatly amused, others concerned, and a few appeared plain old shocked. Bridget tried a half smile but it came out more of a grimace and did nothing to relieve the indignity of having had a wet dream in front of a group of total strangers.

Oh, why had she fallen asleep on the plane? It wasn't as though it was a long flight from London to Levi. Why couldn't she have just read a book, or listened to her MP3 like normal people do? She wasn't one to hope for turbulence, but at this moment, a pocket of unstable air to send them all plummeting several thousand feet would serve her very well.

She prepared to take a sideways peek at the guy sitting in thirty-two B. When he'd sat down, she'd thought he was cute, just her type, tall and slim, with mussed up black curls and a face that looked more than ready to be inappropriately cheeky. She'd hoped they'd spark a conversation, but immediately after take off, he'd plugged in earphones and started watching a war film. It was his fault, she decided irritably. If he hadn't been watching the film, they would have conversed, maybe even flirted, and she wouldn't have fallen asleep at all.

She turned and found his pot-hole black eyes sparkling with curiosity. He tipped his head and tugged at his bottom lip with his teeth. His left eye brow rose, creasing his forehead into three neat lines. The minute their eyes met, Bridget knew he had, like everyone else within ten feet, guessed the explicit content of her dream.

But despite the humiliation of being caught masturbating in public (which was exactly what it felt like), Bridget held his inquisitive gaze, she couldn't deny her dream—it'd been

obvious to everyone—but did he have the nerve to ask her about it? Did he have the nerve to comment?

It seemed he didn't, and after several, painstaking seconds, he pulled his attention back to his film without uttering a word.

Bridget dragged in a deep breath, reached for the duty-free catalogue and buried her head low. At least nobody could guess just how degraded her dream had been, how filthy and disgusting she'd demanded to be treated in her *ménage à quatre*. That, thank goodness, was for her alone to know.

* * * *

Bridget grabbed a taxi and, for two hours, wound through rolling foothills towards the five-star Sapphire Hotel. She leant her head back and stared into the darkness sparkling with tiny, dancing snowflakes. There was scant evidence of civilisation around the airport and even less as they began an onward ascent into the mountains. It was as though she was driving to nowhere. It was probably the best place for her.

Eventually the driver, who'd driven in silence the entire way, piped up, "Here." His leather glove pointed through the front windscreen. "Sapphire, here."

Bridget lifted her weary head and looked out. The long, straight driveway to The Sapphire Hotel was flanked by hundreds of wooden torches supporting flickering flames and lighting the way like a row of flaming sentries. In the distance, the tall, castle-style hotel—complete with turrets, ramparts and a mock draw bridge—shone like a scene from Disney. Every available surface was adorned with twinkling white lights, each one reflected and multiplied in the deep duvet of freshly fallen snow surrounding the building. The whole setting was a winter wonderland, and with a flush of festive pleasure, Bridget couldn't remember being anywhere so magical on Christmas Eve.

A majestic fir tree stood in the main entrance, and pulling her suitcase towards reception, she admired the wooden horses, busy drummers, pink striped candy canes and straw stars hanging from every branch.

Moving farther into the warmth of the hotel, the air was filled with the scent of cinnamon and spices, candles shivered on each table and the lights in the plush lobby were

dim and buttery. Music played through discreet speakers, soft carols sung by children in a foreign language, and as Bridget looked around, she felt a welcome rush of optimism.

That was until her heart stuttered, flipped and beat against her sternum like a wild bird trapped in a cage.

There he was.

The cute guy from the plane was standing at reception with an enormous red backpack lying on the floor next to him.

When the plane had landed, Bridget had gathered her belongings and hop-skipped through the airport into a taxi as fast as she could. Hoping and praying she would never, ever have to see any of her fellow passengers again, and after a two hour transfer to the most expensive hotel in the area, she presumed that would be the case. But here he was—the one passenger she really didn't want to have to dodge all week. Here, in her hotel.

As though sensing her shocked eyes boring into his broad shoulders, he suddenly turned and faced her. His dark eyes held hers, both his brows twitched and the left side of his mouth curled upwards.

But before Bridget had a chance to respond, either friendly or hostile, two men walked up to him, both carrying equally bulging backpacks. One was the same towering height as he was, but instead of mussed up raven hair, his was blond and the curls were trimmed neater around his nape. He had the same face shape, a slightly square chin and a perfectly straight nose, his mouth was wide and soft—they were similar enough to be brothers. The other guy with them was very different—shorter and stockier, not fat—and appeared constructed of solid muscle. His hair was a dark colour, but it was hard to tell what shade because it was buzz cut military style. Instead of jeans, he wore desert camouflage combat trousers. He had a good amount of stubble going on and a certain narrowing to his eyes as he listened to the other two's conversation.

Suddenly, in unison, they turned to face her. The blond one spoke and the dark haired one nodded. Blondie smiled, tugged his bottom lip with his tooth and gave a slow bob of his head.

Mortification ran like acid through her veins. Clearly, the dark-haired one had just filled his friends in about the incident on the plane. He'd let them know how she'd embarrassed herself in front of whole fuselage of passengers. She frowned, beat down a blush and paced,

with her last scrap of dignity, to the reception desk. Jerks. She could do without having to avoid them all week, she'd done enough avoiding in the last six months since splitting from Jed to last a lifetime. This was supposed to be a break, her getting away from it all. Not something to stress her out further. Her emotions couldn't take it.

Chapter Two

Her room was cosy and compact with a single framed bed and a neat little en-suite. The furniture was glossed pine, the duvet thick and floral, and the radiator so hot as soon as she stepped inside she stripped down to a t-shirt.

She stepped up to the window and looked outside. Below her was a frozen lake; the fence around it had been strung with red glowing lanterns, and from a log cabin, well-wrapped hotel staff served cups of steaming liquid. Skaters twirled and sped around, some linked hands whilst others hung onto partners for balance. Everyone was dressed in colourful jackets, big hats, flapping scarves and thick mittens. Perhaps she'd have a skate on Christmas Day, catch a time when it wasn't too busy.

She turned back to the room and spotted a Santa hat laid on the dressing table along with a mini bottle of red wine and a lone chocolate truffle—everything in the singular. For a second, it made her feel sad to be alone and loneliness popped his head up and said a delighted hello. But, with effort, she ignored his mean little voice; she hadn't travelled all this way for 'him' to find her, besides who'd given him a damn passport?

She perched the hat on her head and examined her reflection in the mirror. The hat hung softly down to the left, the white fur at the rim and the pompom at the tip startling against the deep chestnut glossiness of her ringlets. She smiled, it suited her. She opened the wine, poured and took a deep slug then shoved the chocolate in her mouth and rolled it around as it melted. It was Christmas after all.

She glanced at her watch. Ten o'clock. Too early for bed, that would only invite her other old friend—self pity. She'd go to the bar and get a drink instead.

Decision made, she knocked back the rest of the wine, dabbed on a spot of perfume, reglossed her lips, and in a moment of festiveness, decided to keep the Santa hat on.

The hotel bar was busy and getting a drink took Bridget nearly half an hour. But it seemed she'd done the right thing wearing her hat because everyone had opted for festive headgear ranging from foam antlers to flashing Christmas trees on stalks.

"Happy Christmas," a voice boomed into Bridget's left ear as she finally lifted her drink to her lips.

She turned and saw a tall guy with a short moustache and spectacles grinning down at her. "Happy Christmas," she said with a smile over the din of a pianist hammering out 'Jingle Bells'.

"I would offer to buy you a drink, but it seems you already have one." He nodded at her full glass.

"Yes, er, thanks anyway."

"Have you been skiing today?"

"No, I just got here, tomorrow hopefully. What about you?"

"I've been here all week, skied every day so far. The black runs are brilliant, do you do black?"

"Yes, I've been skiing since I was six. I live for the blacks." Bridget took another sip of her mulled wine. "Are the blacks easy to get to on the lifts?"

"You have to change a few times and it takes a while, but it's well worth it."

"I hope I don't get lost. I hate the first day skiing somewhere new. I live in fear of being stranded on the mountain overnight and freezing to death."

"You would here. It's down to minus thirty every night." He grinned, took off his glasses and leant in closer. "You'll need to make sure you're tucked up warm and cosy in bed every night you're in Finland."

Bridget breathed in the musky scent of his aftershave and thought what nice eyes he had. The moustache she could take or leave but nice eyes counted for a lot.

"Are you here on your own?" he asked.

"Gerald, Gerald, I've been looking all over for you." A woman pushed up to the bar. A short red dress skimmed her thighs and a matching handbag balanced on her shoulder. She gave Bridget a quick check over and appeared unimpressed with her skinny jeans and tight purple t-shirt. "I've been waiting ages for my drink. Gerald, what have you been doing?"

Gerald turned the shoulder which had, until a second ago, been leaning in close to Bridget's. He slipped his glasses back onto his nose and linked his fingers. "It's on the way, darling," he said quickly. "The bar is very busy. It is Christmas Eve, you know."

The woman tutted, folded her arms and pouted her lips. Bridget wouldn't have been surprised if she'd started tapping her patent red stiletto on the floor.

Without saying another word and her faith in men sinking to an all time low, Bridget picked up her drink and weaved through the crowd towards the huge stone fireplace in the corner. Standing directly in front of it, she noticed how the flames licked the base of the chimney breast like the fire in her hot dream, a swirl of reds, oranges and yellows, dancing and twisting over a bed of wide logs. She held out a hand and let the heat soak into her palm, took another sip of sharply spiced mulled wine.

Suddenly she was aware of solid heat caressing her back as well as her front. Someone was standing close behind her, almost but not quite touching her. She went to turn but a stubbled cheek at her ear stopped her twisting motion. "If you want some company tonight, I'm in room fifty-six."

Bridget caught her breath. It was him, she was sure of it, the guy from the plane. She recognised his lilting Irish accent from when he'd ordered a drink.

"I'll be waiting for the next ten minutes," he said even closer to her ear. "I hope you want to come."

And then the heat of his body was gone.

Bridget spun to see wide shoulders encased in a dark green t-shirt moving swiftly away from her. She still couldn't see his face but she'd been right—it was him. A bubble of excitement popped in her stomach. The thought of not being alone tonight was very tempting. But could she go to a stranger's room? Could she be that brazen? Walking through the door would be like consenting to sex, wouldn't it?

With a decisive frown, she knocked back the last of her wine and began to weave her way through the buzzing bar. Gerald was sitting looking glum. He glanced up as Bridget passed and she quickly averted her eyes.

Stepping into the lift, she hesitated. She didn't even know his name. She hit level five. What if he was a psycho? No, he looked normal enough. Anyhow, what could be considered normal? Her fantasies were hardly within the realms of normality, were they? Her fantasies were sordid and disgusting.

She reached room fifty-six and held up her knuckles. The door was slightly ajar, just an inch, just enough to see the lights in the room were off. With her breath hitching, Bridget didn't knock; instead, she swung the door silently open and ducked her head inside.

There was a small amount of light produced by several candles dotted around. The room was much bigger than hers, a double at least. Huge patio doors at one end offered a view towards the looming silhouette of the mountains, and there must have been a balcony because she could see a neat line of shaped wooden railings through the glass.

Sweeping her eyes around the shadows, it seemed her host wasn't in the room. Perhaps she'd been too slow in the lift and he'd gone already.

But a movement in a deep corner chair caught her attention, and with relief and a shiver of anticipation, she saw his tall frame rise from the shadows.

"Come in," he said, his voice musical to her London ears. "Shut the door."

Bridget did as he asked and the lock connected with a quiet click.

"I'm glad you came," he said, moving in front of her. "I wasn't sure if you would."

"Why did you ask me?" Bridget said, looking up at the smooth contours of his face. The candlelight played with his skin and sparkled in his black, day-old stubble.

He smiled. "Because I thought you could do with the company."

"Company?"

"Yes, company, companionship, someone to be with, talk to."

"Why would you think that?"

"You seemed lonely on the plane and sad when you arrived at the hotel. Plus I saw that creep in the bar hit on you."

"You saw that?"

"Yeah, I considered decking him but it looked like you had the situation under control."

Bridget laughed. "It was hardly a situation. He spoke to me when he was waiting for his drink order, that's all. And for your information, I'm not sad or lonely."

He raised one eyebrow the way he had on the plane.

"So," said Bridget, not even vaguely interested in talking about Gerald or the state of her mental health. "Since we are going to be...companions, are you going to tell me your name?"

"James."

"Nice to meet you, James. I'm Bridget."

"Nice to meet you too, Bridget." He took her hand in his and gently wrapped his fingers around hers. "And what, forgive me for asking, is a gorgeous girl like you doing all alone in the middle of Finland on Christmas Eve?"

"It's a long story."

"It's a long night."

Bridget sighed and kept her hand in his. It was warm and soft and his thumb was gently tracing the skin on the back of her hand. "I split up from my ex, Jed, six months ago. He was a real loser, cheated on me over and over, and foolishly, I kept taking him back." She paused and swallowed down a bite of humiliation. "He always seemed to wheedle back into my affections at Christmas time or birthdays or anniversaries. It was like he knew they were my weak points. So this year, after being on the Jed wagon for so long, I decided to avoid temptation and take myself right out of the equation."

"Good plan."

"I'm not so sure; it's kind of odd being on holiday on my own."

"You're not on your own now."

"Not at this precise moment, but tomorrow, I will be, out on the slopes."

"You can come with us."

"No. Oh, God, no, that's not what I meant at all. You're here with friends. You don't need a girl tagging along. I'll be fine. It was always my intention to just head off into the mountains."

"On to the black runs, no doubt." James grinned, flashing a row of white teeth, the top two were crossed slightly. He stepped in closer. "I can sense you like the extreme, Bridget."

"Yeah, I like to live dangerously." Bridget tipped her head up and breathed in his clean, freshly showered scent.

"I think you like to dream dangerously too."

Bridget caught her breath. Why had he brought that up when it was all going so well?

"Turn around." Finally, he let go of her hand and placed his palms on her shoulders. He pushed insistently and Bridget found herself facing a full length mirror. "Tell me what you see," he said by her ear.

"Me."

"I know that. Tell me what you see inside you."

"What do you mean?"

"In your soul, look into your soul and tell me what's there."

"I don't know."

"Of course you do. Are you honest or dishonest, kind or cruel? Tell me."

"I'm honest, always honest. The truth is the best policy, that's my motto, and I'm kind, I love animals—I have a cat called Samson."

He lifted the flopped part of her Santa hat and laid it over the other side of her head, dipped his head and let hot breath wash over her neck. "Then you're a good girl, are you not, Bridget?"

"Yes, yes, I think so."

"And you deserve a nice Christmas present." She felt his upper body press into her back, wide pectoral muscles spreading over her shoulder blades.

"Yes, yes, I do." Bridget looked at their faces hovering so close together. She watched as his hands curled over the curves of her shoulders and slid down the outside of her arms to her hands.

"Are you hot or cold, Bridget?" he whispered, his lips touching her ear lobe and sending a tickle of sensations washing over her scalp.

"Hot," she said without hesitation. "I'm hot." She was getting ready to combust. James was insanely sexy standing behind her in the half light, murmuring lilting words into her hair.

"Were you hot on the plane?" He laced his fingers with hers and stretched them out like a fan. "When you were asleep, were you hot?"

"Yes, very." Bridget was forced to take a step forward as his body leant into hers. "It was a very hot dream."

"I could tell."

"Yeah, you and everyone else."

He chuckled, held up his hands, which had hers captured within them, and placed her palms on the mirror face. "Stay like that," he murmured.

Bridget peered at her face. Her pupils were wide, her lips moist, and her generous breasts were shifting up and down beneath her t-shirt.

"I want you to tell me about it," James said. "The dream."

"Why?"

"I'm curious. You were making some pretty guttural noises and quite insistent demands, and it was me sitting next to you fending off inquisitive glances. People were wondering what I was doing to you, I had to keep my hands in full view at all times."

"You did not, it wasn't that bad." Bridget tried to sound indignant.

James screwed up his face.

"Oh, God." The remembered flush of humiliation pricked at her chest. "It was that bad wasn't it?"

"It depends on what your definition of 'bad' is." He grinned. "You gave me a raging hard on, and that, baby, is never a bad thing in my book."

"I did?" Humiliation switched to a little pop of female achievement.

"Oh, yeah. In fact," his voice dipped an octave and his face became serious, "It's still raging, has been ever since touch down."

He pressed forward and Bridget felt the long, hard length of him grind into the small of her back. Even through jeans he was steely hard and demanding. She buckled her knees and locked her elbows against the mirror, swallowed down a bolt of wanton desire. Boy was this her lucky night.

"So are you going to tell me about the dream?" he said.

"What do you want to know?"

"Did it involve a man or a woman?" His wide hands slid around her waist.

Bridget gulped. "Er, men."

"Men..." He paused. "Men as in the plural."

"Yes, men, in the plural... There were three of them."

Again he paused. "And what exactly were these three men doing to you?"

"You really want to know?"

"Oh, yes, baby, I really want to know." He sighed and his erection pressed harder into her back.

"Well one of them...Guy Number One..."

"Can I be him?" His hand slid up the inside of her t-shirt and cupped her satin bra. He squeezed gently then dipped a finger inside and searched for her nipple. "Can I be Guy Number One?"

"Okay." She felt a breath shiver from her sternum as he twisted and peaked her sensitive skin, pulled her nipple into a tight twist.

"Am I doing this to you in the dream?"

"No."

"What am I doing then?"

"You're..." She hesitated.

"What? Tell me." His voice was so low and persuasive. "What am I doing?"

"Fuck...fucking me."

"Hey, I chose the right guy to be." He let out a small chuckle and peppered kisses over her cheek bone as his hands reached for the bottom of her t-shirt. He pulled it up and slipped it over her head. "And what are the other two men doing?" He made quick work of disposing of her bra then repositioned her hands flat on the mirror and lodged back in behind her.

Bridget was silent as she looked at the reflection of her breasts swinging down. Heavy but still with a good degree of pertness, her taut nipples appeared to be looking back at her, taunting her, daring her to tell a stranger her deepest, darkest, most disgusting desires.

Sensing her hesitation, he lifted her chin with the crook of his index finger and looked into her eyes with a burning intensity. "Tell me, I want to know," he whispered, cupping a breast in his right hand and letting his thumb brush over the already excited nipple. "Be true to yourself, don't be afraid of what your soul really wants."

Bridget closed her eyes and pulled her lips in on themselves. For a moment, she let herself get carried away with the swirling of his thumb, the nip and tweak of her sensitive areola delighting in his attention.

"Open your eyes, Bridget."

She did.

"Now tell me." With his thumb and index finger, he toyed her other nipple to maximum erection. "What was Guy Number Two doing to you?"

"He was..." She paused and swallowed the dirty words back down. She couldn't say them. They were stuck deep in her larynx.

"Bridget."

"He was..."

"Bridget, you can do it, just tell me."

"He was fucking me too."

"I thought I was doing that." He sounded confused.

"Yes, you are, but he was fucking me...up the ass." There, she'd said it.

James was still.

It was as if his breathing had stopped. She wondered if he'd think she was disgusting and perverse and make her leave his room. Her heart did a quick flip of uncertainty; she would never live down the shame.

"There we go, that wasn't so hard was it," he said finally as his hands dropped to the fastening of her jeans. "So I was here." He pulled down the flies and slid a long finger into the front of her knickers. "And he is..." He pushed a palm as far as he could down the back of her tight jeans and cupped her right buttock. "Here."

"Yes, that's my dream." Bridget tensed as he swept a finger over her clit, just once, just enough to tease.

"And what about the third guy? Is he watching you getting fucked in both holes?"

"No."

"So, what's he doing? Tell me, Bridget."

She looked in the mirror and the memory of that big, veined cock, shunting at her open mouth flashed before her, the guy with the ski visor, the enormous gloved hands and the appreciative grunts. It had all been so achingly delicious.

"You're drifting," James said, and treated her clit to another swirl with his fingertip. "Stay with me, you're in reality now."

"He's in my mouth. I'm sucking his cock," Bridget said quickly and licked her lips. "He's right down my throat. I'm being fucked there too."

James grinned as if that was the right answer. "Lose these," he said, pulling his hands from her jeans and tugging at the waistband. "I'll be back in a second."

"But, where are you..."

“Shh, just loose those damn tight jeans, I’ll be right back.”

Bridget shucked off her jeans and knickers and stood facing her naked reflection as it flickered in the candlelight. It wasn’t a bad figure. Curves above and below a small waist and thighs she was constantly grateful for. Her shock of pubic hair matched her chestnut curls but she kept it trimmed so there was never a need to fear stray pubes peeking from a bikini.

She brushed her hand over her mound, pulled slightly at the short hairs and found her pelvis tipping to meet her fingers. She was ridiculously turned on. Her clit was pulsating with the blood pooling between her legs, and she could feel a well of wetness sitting just inside her vagina. She hoped it wouldn’t start trickling down her thighs before James got back.

Suddenly, he was there, standing right behind her. He, too, was naked and she could feel the heat of his body radiating onto hers as his erection kissed the hollow of her back.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Yes.” She turned to face him and rested her hands on his chest, letting her fingers fill with dark coils of his body hair before sweeping up to his collarbone. He had a Celtic symbol tattooed on the ball of his right shoulder and her index finger traced its dark, intricate pattern.

“And you’re sure you’ve been a good girl all year?” he husked down at her.

“Oh, yes.” She licked her lips. “Very good indeed.”

“Because good girls get their deepest, darkest wishes granted at Christmas you know.”

“Mmm.” She pushed up on tiptoes and reached for a kiss. “It’s what I’m hoping for.”

He grinned, reached for the Santa hat she was still wearing and pulled it onto his own head. Then he kissed her, and God, what a kiss. His soft lips were gentle but insistent, urgent but controlled as his sweeping tongue chased and danced with hers. She let him in, happily, revelling in the taste of him – man and sex and maybe a hint of beer.

He wound his arms around her waist and pulled her tight against his body. Her nipples meshed with his scratching chest hairs, and his penis, jammed between their bodies, settled into her stomach. She melted into a pool of desire. It had been so long since she’d indulged her lust, her body’s wants and needs, and James was so much hotter than a daydream.

Next thing she knew, he was pulling her towards the end of the bed, small steps which didn't interfere with the delicious connection of their mouths. "I want you so bad," he mumbled onto her lips. "I want you to ride me. Will you do that, baby? Will you ride me?"

Bridget managed a mumble of agreement as his mouth tore from hers and he sank his behind onto the very edge of the bed. She stepped in between his spread, bent knees. He reached forward and ran his hands over her butt cheeks, massaging and kneading before he laid his upper body flat and held his hands out for her. "Hop on," he said with a lopsided grin.

She looked down at him, dark and masculine, turned on and fit to burst. She wanted to ride him; she wanted to gallop along on his beautiful, needy cock more than anything else in the world. Her body was crying out to have him inside her, pulsating and thrusting with all that testosterone power behind every surging movement. It was the only thing that could happen next. If it didn't, she would die of bitter disappointment.

She climbed quickly on board with her long hair swinging around her face. Straddled his hips and placed her hands on his concrete chest. "You want to move up the bed a bit?" she asked, letting the folds of her pussy envelop the upper side of his shaft.

"No," he groaned. "This is perfect right on the edge."

"Okay." She bent to kiss him and felt his hand slide between their bodies. He took hold of his cock and, with the hot, smooth head, spread her glistening juices all over her pussy – up and around her clit, exposing it from its protective hood, then down the sensitive ridge of skin towards her anus. Eventually he swirled it back to her entrance and pushed his hips up, just an inch, sending the thickest part of his penis inside her.

Bridget moaned from some place deep in her chest. He felt so good – poised and ready to go – ready to slam all that potent male energy towards her womb. Her thighs trembled with the effort of hovering above him and her breath was hurtling in and out of her lungs in short, sharp gasps.

"Sit down, baby," he said between gritted teeth. "Sit down and take me in. Take all of me."

Bridget didn't need asking twice. Squeezing her eyes shut, she relaxed her tensed thighs and let her greedy pussy gobble him up. He was big, bigger than Jed, and she gasped as he stretched her both widthways and lengthways. She froze for a split-, heavenly, second then

continued on her downward journey and managed to accommodate the majority of his shaft on that first downward plunge.

His back arched beneath her. "Fuck that's so good," he groaned. "You're so damn hot you're gonna set my dick on fucking fire."

Bridget curled her spine forward. His upward arch had sent the base of his cock into her opening and connected her clit with his pubis bone. Pressure and a sudden yearning for rhythm sent a blaze of fireworks exploding behind her eyelids. She could think of nothing but him, he was all that existed in her world. She began to move against him, feeding her clit with the tempo it demanded. An orgasm was there, still out of reach, but there. It would be hers soon. It would be glorious and well overdue.

James let his hands flow down her spine and, with gentle pressure in the base of her back, urged her to tip farther forward so her nipples were grazing his. With light fingers, he traced a pattern over the dips of her waist, up to her shoulders then down to the stretched split of her buttocks. Bridget pressed down for a kiss, and the multitude of sensations he was creating spread over her like a flow of honey. His finger tips travelled back up to her shoulders, round to her nipples, down to the delicate back of her knees, gripped her ankles and over her butt cheeks...

Bridget froze.

There was more than one pair of hands shimmying over her flesh, exploring and savouring her skin.

Chapter Three

"What the..." Bridget went to twist her head, but James caught her cheeks firmly in his hands. The other pair of hands kept on sliding and exploring over her buttocks, down to the soles of her feet and back up to the dipped arch of her back.

"You're right, James, she's a sweetie." A deep male voice with the same Irish accent as James' filled the room.

"James, I...what..." Bridget went to twist again but succeeded only in making James groan as her internal muscles pulled at his cock.

"It's okay," he managed. "It's just Sean... my brother."

"But..." Bridget's head was spinning. What was going on?

"Relax, Bridget, he's here to help me deliver your Christmas present." James groaned. "Trust me, it's all good."

"Yeah, just relax, Bridget," Sean said from the darkness behind her. She guessed he was standing between his brother's legs against the foot of the bed. "Trust us to give you a great time." He sent a finger deep into the crack of her buttocks and very lightly dragged it over the rosebud of her anus.

The sudden, shockingly intimate touch burnt every fibre in her being as she realised what the brother's intentions were.

"You okay with this?" James asked her.

Bridget opened her eyes and stared straight into his. Her breath had caught in her throat and she couldn't speak; somewhere deep within, a spark of terror ignited into a flame. She wasn't good with pain, but at the same time, a shot of delicious hope and longing was also careening around her soul and jumping up and down with glee.

Sean's finger trailed up to her lower back. He spread out his palm over her clammy skin and pressed with a deep, solid pressure. Her body connected harder with James' and her clit vied for attention once more. She let out a whimper and clenched around his cock, dragging him towards her needy g-spot.

"Keep riding, baby," James said breathlessly, his hands trapping her face above his and his fingers burying deeper into her hair. "Keep riding me, you'll need the distraction."

Sean's finger headed lower again, back on a voyage of discovery around her virginal hole. Bridget kept grinding on the cock buried deep inside her and placed her hands on either side of James' head to gain more stability. The finger stopped in the centre of her ring and stayed there, exerting a gentle but insistent pressure. It was cool and slippery, lubed in preparation for entry.

"But," she managed. "I haven't... James, it was just a dream, a fantasy... I don't know if I can..."

"Shhh," he said. "Dreams are windows to our desires as well as our fears. Let this one out, let it be a beautiful reality."

"I don't know if I can, the pain...you know."

James pulled her head down and nibbled her lips, swept his tongue over her teeth and sucked on the tip of her tongue. The forward movement of her upper body pushed her backside even higher into the air for Sean's attentions. He took full advantage and she felt a sudden give in her anus as his finger pushed inside, just a little, just to the first knuckle.

She whimpered and jerked in reflex, but there was no pain, just a feeling of total invasion, a never before felt sensation at being touched so privately. Immediately, she found herself pushing back for more. Cool lube surrounded the heat of her puckered skin as he delved farther and pushed up past the second knuckle, right up to the third.

"Fuck, she's tight, James," Sean hissed, approval and desperation in his voice.

"Yeah, be careful with her, it's her first time."

"Hey, I know what I'm doing, bro. This will be her best Christmas present ever."

James chuckled into Bridget's mouth. "Yeah, I think you're right."

Their conversation flew around Bridget. She was too engulfed in her body's response to invasion to listen to their words. Blood pounded through her ears and flashes of light exploded before her eyes. James carried on grinding upwards, connecting with her clit and her g-spot. And now, now she could sense another finger probing at her anus, sliding in and joining the first. The orgasm was hovering again, peeking round the corner and asking to come out to play. But it was different now – now it was woven with unimaginable intimacy and the fear of unbearable discomfort.

"Relax," James said onto her mouth. "Just let it happen, baby."

"Yes," she managed on an outward breath. "Yes, I will, just please..." Her words trailed off as Sean's two fingers, slippery with lube, scissored inside her. She felt a sharp bite of erotic pain as the tense band of muscle he was stretching resisted. But he kept on going, spreading his fingers into a wide 'v' and circling all round so no section of muscle was missed. Bridget felt the gap growing, elongating. Her sphincter resisted, but she forced her body to succumb to Sean's manipulations.

"She's ready," Sean said, removing his criss-crossing fingers.

"Thank fuck for that," James breathed out.

Bridget whimpered and fisted the sheet beneath her fingers. Lube was being spread all around her opening again, mixing with her own wetness. James leant forward and took hold of her bottom cheeks, spreading her open to allow his brother better access. She looked down at James' face, saw sweat beading on his forehead and above his top lip.

"That's right, look at me," he said, his dark eyes capturing hers. "Don't stop looking into my eyes, Bridget. We'll make you feel real good, I promise. You just gotta cope with this first bit."

"Oh, God," she heard herself mutter. "I..." She felt the broad head of Sean's penis press on her asshole and a perverse pleasure rocketed through her abdomen. She was really going to do this. Her dirty thoughts and dreams of having two men fucking her was only seconds away.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Sean began to push forward. James kept pressure on her clit, giving her myriad sensations to focus on. She concentrated on relaxing, closed her eyes and blew out a breath.

"Look at me," James said. "Bridget, look at me as he penetrates you. I want to see your eyes, experience it with you by looking into your soul."

She flicked her eyes open. James' face was twisted with lust and curiosity, but she saw concern in his eyes too. It made her braver, made her want to make this work for the three of them. She pulled in a deep breath and pushed her hips back a fraction, engaging Sean's cock farther against her anus.

Sean's hand tickled down her back then, with a soft release, she felt him gain entrance. She let out a sharp gasp. He ignored her, intent on his mission, and continued to push in until the entirety of his swollen head was sitting just inside her hole.

"Oh, God, it's too much," she whimpered, trying to collapse as the stretching pain struck her like a whip of fire. "I can't take it."

James grabbed her elbows and locked his hands around them to hold her in position. "'Course you can, it's fucking great, Bridget. Stay with it."

She had no choice but to stay with it because Sean was driving in deeper and deeper. The thickness of his head shunting forward and giving her a feeling of absolute fullness so exquisite she thought she might cry or scream or sing Hallelujah.

"Sweet fucking Mother above," Sean grunted. "I can feel your fucking cock inside her, James."

"Yeah, but don't enjoy that too fucking much," James muttered, then let go of Bridget's elbows and pushed wild hair from her face. "He's in now. The hard bit's over."

She nodded and managed to keep upright. Her arms shook, but she was okay to support herself.

Sean pulled back, not out of her rectum, just enough to empty her and reduce the full sensation. Suddenly she realised fullness was what she needed more than anything in the world, and the thought of him completely retreating was inconceivable. "Fuck me," she said down to James, hardly even recognising her own frantic voice. "I want you to both fuck me, now, fuck me hard."

It was like showing a red rag to a bull. Both men heard the hungry demand in her tone and were more than happy to oblige. With a force that both terrified and thrilled her, they slammed in. James' pelvis thrust upwards, connecting with her swollen clit and shunting his cock into her clenching vaginal walls. Sean grabbed her waist and pounded forward, tunnelling in until his hips were pressed against her buttocks. It was part pain and part delicious ecstasy, this sinful invasion, and it sent her into a delicious spiral of wanting. They had both penetrated her as deep as was physically possible, but still she needed more and found herself pressing backwards and downwards, searching it out, intent on satisfaction. She set up a rhythm in time with their combined forward and backward thrusts.

Her entire body quivered and shook. James grabbed hold of her arms again and kept her locked so she was at the mercy of their shunting. "You like it, baby?" he said. "Is it what you wanted?"

Eyes tight shut, mouth hanging slack, Bridget nodded.

"One last thing," James panted.

Bridget felt a hand cup her cheek, a big, slightly calloused hand, hot and insistent. She flicked open glazed eyes as her neck was urged to the right. Not more than three inches from her face was yet another cock poking out from a pair of pale combats. This penis was as enormously wide as it was long, it was thickly veined and circumcised, and on the underside, just beneath the thickly flared crest sat a silver ball ring.

Her mouth watered and her heart lurched; that was just so wicked. Her mesmerised eyes widened as she watched his own fingers grip the little ring and tug at it teasingly. The head of the erection pulsed and darkened further with arousal. A drip of pre-cum glistened on the slit.

"Meet our soldier mate, Colin," said James, between thrusts. "He's just back from Afghanistan for Christmas. You're gonna make him glad he came all this way to Finland for his holidays."

"Yes, yes." Bridget strained her neck towards the offered dick.

She heard James chuckle as he reached for her nipple and gave it a tweak and a pinch. "Sweet, dirty girl," he said.

Colin moved closer, offering his cock on the flat of his palm. James and Sean eased their frantic thrusting into her body to a slower pace to stop her head bouncing so wildly. Bridget stuck out the tip of her tongue and rolled it around the piercing. It was cool and slick, and gave just a little movement under her ministrations. She snagged it briefly with her teeth and then released it.

High above her, Colin let out a throaty moan.

"Sweet heaven above," James muttered. 'I hope that feels fucking good for you up there, Col, 'cause watching from down here, I feel like she's doing it to me.'"

Bridget paused and looked down at James' face. He had wide, frantic eyes and was pulling at his bottom lip with his teeth so hard she thought he might draw blood.

"Seeing you do that whilst I'm so deep inside you is fucking amazing," James said as his serious face broke into a sudden grin. "Promise you'll treat me to that syrupy little tongue of yours later, when we're alone."

Bridget had no chance to answer because the big hand at her cheek was back, turning her and urging her to take his dick in her mouth. "Go for it, honey," Colin said in an Irish accent that matched James' and Sean's. "Take me in and let's get every pretty hole of yours filled."

She stretched her mouth into a wide 'o' and widened her jaw to the max as Colin moved closer; like the other two, he was going to be a tight fit. But with determination on both their parts, he slipped in past her teeth and over the base of her tongue. Gliding swiftly over her taste buds she was aware of the exotic, musky flavour of his maleness and the salty tang of pre-cum. Hurriedly she dragged a breath in through her nose as he hit the back of her throat. Her gag reflex complained and jerked at the speed he'd slid in. But then he pulled back a fraction and she forced herself to relax and settle into a new way of breathing.

"She's a cracker," Colin grunted, weaving his fingers through her hair and curling a big, dominant hand around the nape of her neck. "A real fucking cracker, boys, well done."

"Yeah," said James. "And because she's been a very good girl all year, she's gonna get her Christmas present." He raised his head and pressed it to Bridget's ear, let blazing hot words travel to the core of her being and imprint on her memory. "You ready, baby, you ready to take it all? Be as full as you can possibly be?"

Bridget couldn't answer because her mouth was already full of demanding cock, but she managed a squeak as she bucked her hips back onto Sean's and James' dicks. Giving them permission with her body, if not with words, to release everything they had to give.

Sean immediately set up a quick rhythm of thrusts. Towering behind her, wide hands wrapped almost entirely around her waist, he pounded in and out of her anus, filling and emptying her, burning past virginal, raw nerve endings she hadn't even known existed until minutes ago. The sensation drove her overboard and she ground upwards to meet him every time.

James caught the same speed, pumping his cock into her and slamming hard bone over her clit in time with his brother's frantic movements. Repeatedly she was filled to bursting point then drained, though all the time her clit was being deliciously indulged.

Colin matched their rhythm, whether or not it was intentional she didn't know...she didn't care. This was even better than her dream. This cock in her mouth was full of flavour, full of throbbing veins. The slit at the end was exquisite to slip her tongue into when he pulled back, and the metal ball rolling down her tongue added to both their pleasure.

Moans, grunts and groans filled the room. Curses and praises to the Good Lord above and Sweet Jesus flew about as flesh slapped against flesh. Her wet squelches were repeatedly absorbed and combined with the mattress' squeaking complaints.

Bridget didn't know where the men began and she ended. Her pussy milked James, gripping along his length. He was granite hard, and she guessed it wouldn't be long before he came. Her anus tightened around the base of Sean's penis and she felt him spasm; he, too, was close to coming. But Colin wasn't there yet; last to join the party, he needed some extra help.

Fighting to control her own mounting need to climax, Bridget lifted a hand and shuffled it through Colin's clothing to cup his balls. He let out a long, low, groan, released her neck and shoved his trousers and boxers down to his thighs. With better access, Bridget palmed his testicles and rolled them like two snooker balls in a bag. His cock jerked to her palate and he hissed in pleasure. She continued to play, riding her fingers up his shaft and coating them in her saliva which dripped from his cock.

"It's too fucking good in here," she heard Sean grind out behind her. "I'm gonna come. Are you lot gonna fucking join me or what?"

"Baby, you close?" James said in an equally strained voice.

Bridget nodded. Her orgasm was there for the taking, she'd just been holding it off, relishing being balanced on the edge of bliss. Sean began to pump even higher inside her in a determined way that told her he'd reached a point of no return. A fire built up around her ring as his cock reached steel hardness and lashed at her colon, his whole weight and desire suddenly unleashed upon her with Neanderthal force.

James, dragged along on the ride, bucked beneath her. His hard breaths heaved his chest into hers and she was aware of the puckered points of her nipples slamming into his scratching hairs.

Fireworks exploded behind her eyelids, and she felt tugged in a hundred different directions. A nuclear bomb was about to go off inside her body. There was nothing she could do about it.

But she wanted Colin to join the moment of ecstasy that would connect them all together. She slid an inquisitive finger past his balls, tickled down the crease between his sac and his anus and pressed the tip of her finger into the very centre of his tightly clenched hole, just a little, just to see if there was any give.

She heard him moan as he rammed even farther down her throat—the lack of space for air travel made her head light and her body floated upwards.

Suddenly her orgasm was there.

Unable to hold it off any longer, she was launched into another dimension. Fire and fullness in her arse, her g-spot pounded relentlessly and her clit driven to a state of explosion was too much to contain. It lit her from the tip of her toes to the top of her head and she froze for the sweetest of sweet moments before it all crashed around her like an off the scale earthquake.

Her rectum convulsed for Sean, her vagina spasmed around James and her index finger involuntarily slipped into Colin's ass. Only an inch, but enough to absorb his dark, smooth heat and tip forward to press on his inside wall.

"Dirty... fucking... minx," Colin ground out. His balls contracted in her palm and like the cocking of a gun the subsequent jerking explosions of his penis caused her mouth to flood with semen. Hot, milky spunk flowed down her throat, though she barely had to swallow he'd thrust so deep anyway.

James plunged upwards so far she felt sure he'd pounded her quivering cervix. She felt his heated release pour from him as her own orgasmic contractions continued to float her on a high. It was like an elastic band had been snapped inside her; over and over, she reached a climax of sensation and pulsed her way through it.

Sean rammed into her and stilled at the hilt, holding her firm and steady at the waist. His penis pulsed as burning jets filled her back passage to capacity. "Mother fucker," he groaned, shunting even farther into her, his balls slapping against his brother's cock and her vulva. "Mother... fucking... fucker."

Bridget kept riding the blissful orgasm roller coaster as space and time warped around her. She's never felt her clit swell so much or hold her in a portal of ecstasy for so long. Her pussy was still tightening almost painfully around James, squeezing and releasing over and over.

Colin pulled his dick from her mouth and gave up the hold on her neck. She let out a wail of suppressed delight and trembled through the last of her powerful contractions, then slumped, helpless and wrecked over James' chest.

Blinking her eyes open, she looked at James. He was arched back on the mattress, the corded tendons of his neck extended as his teeth gritted and his eyes squeezed shut. "Jeez, that's too good..." he said as his muscles gave way and he, too, collapsed into a boneless heap. "Too fucking good."

Sean eased out of her rectum with a small popping sensation and released his hold on her waist.

James wrapped his arms around her shoulders and pulled her harder onto him. He let out a last, violent shiver as his hips twitched and a moan climbed up his body and vibrated through hers.

The room was still and silent as four sets of lungs heaved for oxygen.

Then, in a sudden flurry of movement, James rolled Bridget over so he was settled between her legs, higher up the bed. "You," he said, still breathless. "are my best Christmas present ever."

Bridget wrapped her legs around his waist, though she was surprised she could—they'd felt like jelly seconds earlier. "Glad you like," she said.

"Oh, I think I like a little too much. I can't imagine there'll be much skiing this week." He pressed his lips to hers then headed down her neck with more kisses.

"A hot little minx you found there," Colin said as he whizzed up the zipper on his combats.

Bridget lifted her head and looked at the man who'd just come down her throat so deliciously. He stood at the side of the bed, hands on hips, wearing one of the daft Santa hats. "Sorry, about... you know," she said, remembering her stray finger probing his ass.

"Don't be, just watch who you try that one on." He winked and turned towards the door. "Some guys might take offence."

"You need any more help delivering Christmas presents, little bro?" Sean's grinning face appeared over James' tattooed shoulder. Bridget felt him lift her left leg and run a finger into the sensitive spot at the back of her knee. She offered up a shy smile at his handsome, flushed face. He, too, was wearing a Santa hat though his had slipped and bunched around his ear.

"I can take it from here," James said, smoothing tousled hair from Bridget's face with the flat of his hands. "I've got a couple of dreams of my own I'd like to turn into reality." He paused to kiss the tip of her nose. "A few presents that definitely only involve Bridget's body."

Sean's face dropped for a fraction of a second then he grinned. Bridget couldn't see what he was doing but she guessed he was tucking himself back into his trousers. "Okay, mate, but just call if you need any more help." He looked at Bridget and winked. "Was great to meet you, like, really fucking great to meet you. Hopefully we'll be seeing much more of you this week."

"Don't know how much more of me there is to see," Bridget said.

"Oh, believe me, there's much more I'd like to see," Sean replied with the kind of devastating smile that would stop most women's hearts.

"Piss off," James said, and cradled Bridget possessively into his embrace. "This is my room and my girl."

Sean let out a good humoured snort and strode after Colin, clicking the door shut and leaving Bridget and James alone.

"You okay?" James said into the quiet.

"Yeah, fine. I think I've finally stopped coming."

"That was pretty intense then."

"You could say that."

"Everything you hoped for, dreamt about?"

"And so much more, you wouldn't believe."

"Good." He wriggled his hips and slotted his hand into the small of her back, tipped her pelvis up towards his. "It was pretty intense for me too, but I don't make a habit of sharing. I only did that for you, to complete your fantasy."

"Why, thank you so much." She giggled and traced a finger over his tattoo.

"So you're mine now, agreed?" His voice took on a deadly serious tone. "For the rest of Christmas?"

"Yes," she said, clenching around him. "All yours." She felt his cock harden inside her and caught her breath. How could he be ready to go again so soon?

"Excellent, now go and clean up, and we can get down to the serious business of my Christmas present."

He slipped out of her and lifted his weight. Bridget scooted to the edge of the bed, aware of semen running from her body. "And have you been a good boy, James?" she said in a singsong voice, desperately clenching her pelvic muscles.

"Oh, yes. I've been so good my wish list includes the private hot tub on the balcony, a bottle of chilled champagne, and the sweetest, dirtiest girl in all of Finland."

Bridget stood, sashayed her naked behind to the bathroom and threw over her shoulder. "I think that wish can be easily arranged."

She slipped inside and shut the door, a new flurry of excitement racing through her. James was just too divine for words.

Quickly, she filled the sink with hot water and wiped the excesses of sex from her body. She was still throbbing, still humming as she dabbed the soft flannel between her legs. Her anal area, when she gingerly wiped it, had a feeling of delicious tenderness that reminded her of both the pleasure and the pain Sean had inflicted.

She straightened and studied her reflection. It was so different from the one she'd examined only a few hours earlier in her hotel room. Then loneliness had been knocking at her door, begging and pleading to come in and consume her; it had taken all her will power to keep him at bay and not surrender to his insistent demands. Now she looked wild and reckless, not to mention deeply fulfilled. Her cheeks glowed like rosy, round apples and her lips were bruised and swollen from James' passion-fuelled kisses. Her hair was plastered around her face; dark curls stuck out at all angles and fell onto her hot, still tender breasts.

She splashed cool water on her face, rinsed out her mouth and peered back into the mirror. A naughty girl smile played with the corner of her lips and a new sparkle appeared in her eyes. Who'd have thought after twenty-nine Christmases hoping and praying for sickly sweet presents, what she'd wanted all along was the dreaded bag of coal. No, not even the coal—the coal was too good for her. What she really wanted was the filthy, smearing

black dust at the bottom of the sack, something so dirty and sordid it would ultimately be the very best present of all.

About the Author

Lily Harlem lives in beautiful rural Wales, UK with an ever increasing menagerie of rescued pets. Before starting a writing career two years ago, Lily studied at Oxford University and went on to become an Accident and Emergency nurse. Now with a desk overlooking rolling hills and farm land – and not a hospital gown in sight – her overactive imagination has been allowed to run wild and free. Lily's stories are made up of colourful characters exploring their sexuality and sensuality in a safe, consensual way – her plots usually turn kinky, there is definitely not considered a crowd, and the pain/pleasure relationship is often explored. With the bedroom door left wide open, the reader can hang on for the ride, and Lily hopes by reading sensual romance people will be brave enough to try something new themselves – after all, life's too short to be anything other than fully satisfied.

Lily loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

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