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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-burning*.

THE FESTIVE HANDBAG

Victoria Blisse

Dedication

I'd like to thank Bill Fullerton for his years of patient proof reading and his wise advice. Thank you so much, Bill, this one is for you.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Dior: Christian Dior Couture, S.A. James Bond: Character/Books by Ian Fleming

Chapter One

It wasn't pretty, it wasn't perfect but it was needed. My girlfriend, Taylor snored demurely beside me, and I tried hard to conjure her image as I wanked. I could not do it. I was so unused to sexual advances from her that I found it hard to picture her in that way.

I had a fantasy girl who sprung immediately to mind, small, curvy and dripping sex. I had no problem imagining her riding me. Commanding me to pleasure her. I imagined I was bound to the bed frame, only capable of lifting my hips to thrust myself deeper into her.

"Come on," she demanded. "Satisfy me."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied to the dream girl whilst my cock throbbed and ached in reality. I was so close to coming, but Taylor's elbow in my ribs completely threw me off my pace.

"Stop it," she whined. "You're disturbing my beauty sleep."

"Sorry," I snapped back. "You're disturbing my masturbation."

"I do believe my beauty sleep brings in more money than your masturbation."

"Does it?" I retorted bitterly. "You could have fooled me."

"It's an investment," she replied. "Wanking isn't."

"No, it's a release, and since you won't help..."

"Oh, don't start that again. I told you, we'll have a much better sex life when I'm famous."

"Yes dear," I said and threw my legs over the side of the bed.

"I knew you'd see sense." She yawned and pulled the duvet tightly around her. "Don't make too much noise. I'm still sleeping."

"Yes dear." I sighed even deeper, picked out some clothes and headed downstairs to make my breakfast. It was going to be a hectic kind of day – made even worse by the fact my car had broken down and I was going to have to use public transport, a bus, in fact. What a Merry Bloody Christmas Eve, eh?

* * * *

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I took a deep breath and prepared myself to be plunged into debt for Taylor. I persuaded myself she was worth it and walked into the posh shop.

"Ah, good morning, Mr Randall. I'm glad to see you made it in time."

"Yes, Michelle. Thank you."

"I'll just pop into the back and get the bag for you, Sir. Hold on one moment."

Michelle was tall and thin and her black hair was cut starkly. The fringe just skimmed the top of her eyeballs, which Taylor assured me was the latest thing. All I knew is it cost me a fortune in weekly hair trims for her to keep Taylor's from blinding her.

Michelle turned sideways and virtually disappeared. She had no hips, no breasts, and I felt not an ounce of arousal over her.

Taylor would have loved her though, I was sure. She constantly banged on about being too curvy to be a real, top model. It was catalogues and pet food products that wanted her subtle curves, and boy were they subtle, very subtle. You really needed to look closely to find them. Apparently high fashion needed stick figures to hang its faddy clothes and expensive accessories from. I told her all the time that she was already gorgeous, but she just sighed and shook her head. She wouldn't be happy until she could see bones poking out through her flesh. I didn't really know what I was doing with her.

I looked briefly around the beige interior of the shop. It smelled of leather and expensive candles, and my testosterone banged around inside me, dying to get out.

"Here it is." Michelle walked back to the sales desk and presented me with something that looked like my Gran had knitted it out of a mixture of twigs and her infamous beetroot soup.

"Wonderful," I exclaimed. A carefully pasted-on smile stretched my lips and I proffered my new platinum card her way.

"Thank you, Sir." She plugged it into a little black device attached to the till and got me to type in my pin number. It went through, and I was amazed by how painless the process was. I was suddenly two grand in debt, and I didn't feel even the smallest twinge of regret, not at that moment anyway.

Michelle fiddled and faffed with brightly coloured tissue paper then placed the wrapped monstrosity into a large bag that proudly displayed the shop's logo on either side.

"Someone will be happy tomorrow." She smiled and passed the bag to me. "Merry Christmas, Mr Randall."

"Merry Christmas," I replied, quite aware that my two grand would give her a very Merry Christmas indeed.

My hormones rejoiced as I opened the door and left that girly place behind. I felt the need to seek out a pub, a pint and a big bloody steak. I felt a lot more manly after I found it and able to face the nightmare of the return journey with my fancy bag in tow.

* * * *

The bus home was really packed. I felt like a sardine in a tin. I put my bag in the crowded luggage rack so I could hold onto something, but I didn't take my eyes off it. I imagined thieves all around me. I might have been overly paranoid, but I had never blown two grand on a Christmas present before.

The bus sat in traffic, moved forward a few inches then stopped for five minutes before it moved again. The rhythmic stopping and starting lulled me into a dream-like state, and I began to wonder about things.

I'm not sure how I ended up with a model as a girlfriend. It started at a party, and I swear she snogged me on a dare. I'm not butt ugly, but I do rest towards the dorkier end of the handsome scale. I was somewhat overawed by all this gorgeous blonde attention and bought her drinks, ordered her a taxi and insisted on not sleeping with her that night because I respected her too much.

Apparently that tactic worked. She rang me the very next day. After I bought her lunch at an intimate – by intimate I mean expensive – little restaurant, she came home with me where we left all respect outside the bedroom door.

For a superbly hot looking woman, she wasn't that good in bed. At the time, I was too busy thinking about my model-banging bragging rights with the boys to notice. But she'd been with me for four months, and we'd had sex only a handful of times. She said she didn't have a high sex drive, and that modelling wore her out, and I said I respected that. She'd been living with me for the month before Christmas, and I had thought that moving her in might get me a bit more action, but no. Often she would sleep in a separate room to get away from my sexual advances.

She was great at kissing and promising, and my ego liked having a live-in model girlfriend. I really was that shallow, apparently. I'd always had a soft spot for expensive play things. I had my own testosterone-driven sports car and an expensive house with too many rooms. Taylor was just another item on that list.

A harsh elbow in my side awakened me. Through a haze of déjà vu I hissed and held back a barrage of swear words then looked out of the window.

"Shit," I yelled, eliciting a tut from the white-haired lady beside me who's elbow had awoken me from my daydream. "Stop the bus." I squeezed past the other passengers and tried not to step on anyone's toes.

"Gotta wait 'til the next stop now, mate." The driver sighed, "I'm not allowed to let you off anywhere else, you see."

"But we're at the lights, please?" It's difficult for a heterosexual man to beg in a convincing way when the other person is several stone heavier and several degrees hairier than he. But whatever I did, it worked. The doors flapped open, and I was free.

"Shit," I exclaimed again as I reached my driveway. "Shit, shit, shit."

I'd left the damn bag on the bus. How in hell's name had I managed that? I scampered to the phone in the hallway and pulled the yellow pages from inside the cupboard beneath it.

"Bus, bus, bus," I chanted. "Ah ha, bus."

I prodded my finger at the page and left it pressed against the number as I dialled.

"Hi, yes. I just got off the number thirty seven bus about ten minutes ago, and I've left something on it."

The sweet feminine voice at the other end patiently asked me exactly what I'd left.

"A beige paper carrier bag containing a tissue wrapped handbag. It's a Christmas gift."

"Is there anything written on the bag, sir?" The voice was calm and pretty. It was a good voice for customer service. It instantly put me more at ease.

"It says *Bags of London* on it."

"The driver has it," she replied. "He rang in just a moment ago. He's heading into the depot now if you want to come and pick it up."

"Erm, it'll take me fifteen minutes or so to get there," I explained.

"The thirty-seven isn't due in 'til half past anyway, so you won't arrive far behind it. And I'm here until five. I can keep it for you. I'm Kelly, by the way."

"Thanks Kelly. I should be there soon. Thank you so much for your help."

"You're welcome," she chirped, and I put down the phone and searched for a taxi number. I ordered a cab and was told it'd arrive in five minutes. As I put the phone book back a note fluttered off the hall table.

You've taken my phone with you, so I've got yours. Love Taylor.

I delved into my coat pocket and sure enough, I pulled out a small pink phone. There was a message notification, and I clicked through to read it. I know that was a bit naughty, but what if it was an important message? Taylor would have wanted to know.

I miss you. Can you come over?

I may have been somewhat paranoid, but that message worried me, especially as it was from a guy named David. I really couldn't remember her mentioning anyone of that name before. So I did something even naughtier, just to put my mind at rest, I looked in her message history. There was only one, and it was from David.

I'm so hard for you right now. I need you. I want to fuck you. Has pencil dick gone to work today?

I felt numb. I couldn't believe Taylor could do that. She barely had enough sex drive for me. Then I realised why. She was using it all on Dickhead Dave. She'd been using me.

I ran upstairs and along the landing. I was going to throw all her clothes out of the bedroom window along with her shoes and shitty lotions and potions. I was going to get her out of my life for good.

I flung the bedroom door open wide and was greeted by a sickeningly erotic tableau. "Oh, fuck, yes," Taylor hissed. "Yeah, you love my cock, don't you?" a deep voice growled. "You love being fucked in his bed. You're so naughty."

And all my bravado melted away. I wish I hadn't seen what I had seen, and I sure as hell didn't want to confront the owner of that voice. I threw her mobile to the floor, and it crashed against the bare floorboards loudly.

"Who's that?" Taylor called out.

"Patrick," I grunted, already partway down the stairs. "I want you packed and gone by the time I return."

"I can explain," Taylor's tiny voice squeaked from the bedroom.

"No, you can't. Fuck off out of my house. I never want to see you again."

I didn't wait for a response. I was too angry to listen. I knew she'd be gone by the time I returned. She knew I meant business I was sure.

The black cab pulled in just as I left the house. It beeped its horn, and I ran over and slammed the door as I got in.

"Bus depot, Sir?"

"Yes, thank you," I replied as I shook my head in an attempt to make my mind work. Taylor was fucking another man, fucking another man in my bed even. I was shocked, yes, but sadly not surprised. I knew all along something wasn't right. I should have worked out that she had just been using me.

I couldn't decide what I was going to do with her handbag. I fancied setting fire to it, but in reality I couldn't afford to see two grand go up in smoke. So, sensibility won through, and I decided to return the beetroot monstrosity on Boxing Day so I could get my money back and destroy that horrid credit card.

So I prepared myself to enjoy another Christmas day on my own. I liked Bond movies, and I could cook turkey so I wasn't too worried.

I'd done Christmas on my own for three years previously with mum having passed away. It was nothing new. I would survive Christmas on my own. I was determined to make the most of it.

"We're here, mate. That'll be fourteen quid."

I pulled a twenty out of my wallet. "Keep the change."

"Cheers, mate. Merry Christmas."

"Yeah," I mumbled. "Same to you."

The bus depot was a strange place with all those buses lined up with their engines off. You almost felt like tippy-toeing so you didn't wake them up.

"Are you Mr Randall?" A soft voice came from behind me, and I turned round.

"Yes, I am. You must be Kelly."

"That's right, Sir, I am."

"Call me Patrick," I smiled. She was so pretty. Her red hair bounced around her shoulders and framed her pale face and large, green eyes.

"Okay, Patrick." She blushed and cleared her throat. "I'm afraid there's been a slight delay. The thirty-seven hasn't arrived yet."

"Oh, right," I replied and skimmed my eyes up and down her frame. She had so many delicious curves, I just wanted to dive right in.

"But he should be here soon," she continued. "So, if you'd like to come and wait in the office for a bit..."

"Yeah. Thanks."

"I'm terribly sorry for this inconvenience, Sir—I mean Patrick," she flustered. "You must be wanting to get back home as quickly as possible."

"Not really." I shrugged and followed her to the cabin in one corner of this echoing vehicular bedroom. "I just found my girlfriend in my bed with another man." I didn't know why I'd revealed this nugget of personal information. In fact, I'm known for keeping my business to myself, but it just seemed like the right thing to say.

"Oh shit. That's awful." She rested a hand on my arm. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah." I smiled. "I'm coping."

"On Christmas fucking Eve, too. Oh, excuse my language."

I laughed. She was so cute. "It's okay, really."

"It's just my boyfriend dumped me back on Valentine's Day, so I know just how crappy it is to be ditched on a holiday."

"Now that does suck," I replied. "What a bastard."

"Yep, that's the conclusion I came to, as well."

She led me through a heavy blue door and indicated for me to sit down on one of the orange plastic chairs. I took a seat, and she sat beside me.

"It's been totally hectic, today." She smiled. "But it's quieting down now, and it's nearly the end of my shift."

"When do you finish?"

"At five o'clock. So just an hour to go."

"Is it that time already?" I looked up at the plain white clock opposite me. I'd lost a whole day of my life because of that handbag. It was cursed.

"Time flies when you're having...oh, sorry." She blushed.

"Don't worry. It was a bit painful at first, but now, I've forgotten the pain. It's like I've ripped off a plaster."

"How long had you and your girlfriend been together?"

"Just a few months. It seems she was using me to get a roof over her head and her every whim catered for, well, every non-sexual whim anyway," I added bitterly. "She has David to take care of those for her."

"Ouch." She winced, and her cute face scrunched up in sympathy. "Mine ran off with a blonde half my age."

"Isn't that illegal?" I raised my eyebrows, and she batted me with her hand again. My skin burned pleasantly under her touch.

"Oh, hush. She was of legal age and then some but skinnier and apparently, better in bed than me."

"Pfft." I waved my hand dismissively. "I don't believe it. Why would any man give up on such curves? You were too much for him. That's my bet."

A tense silence hung in the air, and I pulled my eyes away from hers and stared at the plastic tree opposite me. I thought I might have pushed things a little too far. Kelly had gotten to me, though. She was the total Anti-Taylor. She wasn't fake. She was beautiful without a ton of makeup, and she had hips and breasts like a real woman should have, just like my favourite fantasy Mistress, in fact.

"What's your girlfriend like?" She barely whispered it, drawing my attention to her plump lips.

"Ex-girlfriend." I smiled. "She's a model."

"Oh." Kelly's face pulled down into a frown, her brow wrinkled

"High maintenance, too skinny, bitchy and demanding," I added. "It was only sheer vanity on my behalf that kept her around. It made me feel young and cool to be dating a real, live model. It was a shit relationship though. I've made a fool of myself."

"Oh, we all do that." She nodded. "Being left for a young chit of a girl certainly made me feel like the fool."

"No, love." I shook my head. "He was the fool for leaving you."

I meant it sincerely, and as her eyes scanned my own, she must have seen a sparkle of that honesty. She leant forward just a fraction and our lips stopped just millimetres apart.

A loud honking noise made us jump apart, cheeks blazing.

"Oh, that'll be the thirty-seven. I'll be back in a minute."

I took a shuddering breath as Kelly's shapely bottom encased in tight, navy polyester exited the room. I couldn't remember ever being so instantly attracted to a woman, and it seemed she was attracted to me, too. I was scared I was just imagining it, though. I was on the rebound after all.

I didn't want to hurt her. She'd already been prated around by some wanker with a schoolgirl fetish. A Christmas Eve one-night-stand was not going to make her feel any better. And that's all I thought I could realistically offer her. Instant chemistry like we had couldn't possibly last forever, could it?

"Is this it?" She breezed back in, my bag in her hand.

"That's it. Thank you."

"So, you're a cross dresser." Her face was straight and solemn apart from one corner of her mouth that gave away the amusement hidden in her eyes.

"No," I chuckled, shaking my head. "Though I can be if it's what you like."

Her laugh was a warm, cheering sound like reindeer bells on a cold night.

"No, love, that's quite all right...well, not on the first date, anyway."

"Are you asking me out?" I grinned and took the bag from her outstretched hand.

"Yeah." She nodded her head as if agreeing with herself. "Yes, I am. I finish in forty minutes. We could go and grab a bite to eat if you like."

"That'd be great." I was pleasantly stunned. What else could I have said?

"I'm so glad you agree. That's the first time I've ever asked a man out."

"You did it perfectly," I replied, and she giggled. That sound made my heart flutter and my cock harden.

"So, what's in the bag?" she asked. Curiosity must have gotten the better of her.

"A fuchsia pink handbag worth two thousand pounds."

"How bloody much?" she exclaimed.

"Two grand," I replied. Taking the tissue from the paper bag, I unwrapped the monstrosity. "It's Dior, darling."

"Good grief, that's one ugly bag." She stared, aghast. "Oh, I'm sorry. It's not a present for you mum or something?"

"Lord, no. Mum would turn in her grave at the sight of such a thing. It was for Taylor, the model. She demanded it from me."

"Oh, well, that says it all, really."

"Doesn't it just." I wrapped it back up and put it back in the paper bag.

"It'll go back on Boxing Day, unless you'd like it?" I don't know what made me offer, but suddenly the two grand price tag seemed insignificant.

"Erm, don't take this the wrong way, but no. That bag is vile."

"Good decision, no offense taken," I replied putting the bag under my chair.

Kelly sat next to me. "I've done all my work now. The thirty-seven was the last bus on my books."

"So, you've got some time to waste then."

"Yeah, about thirty minutes, then Charlie will take over."

"I guess I have thirty minutes to wait until I can take you out for dinner, then."

"Seems that way," she replied, and a weighty silence hung between us. I felt it on my shoulders, and by the way hers slumped, I guess she did, too. We turned to face each other at exactly the same moment. Our mouths parted ready to let soothing, silence-filling words fall out. It was as if some kind of secret built-in coding kicked in as our word-laden lips came within an inch of meeting. I moved my head forward a fraction, she moved hers and then we were kissing.

Not tight-lipped and tentative, as one might assume for virtual strangers, but open and wet and plundering like comfortable lovers desperate for their daily infusion of lust.

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My fingers found their way into her hair and wrapped themselves in the russet curls. Her hands ran up and down my back and pulled up my shirt to find the soft, warm flesh beneath. My mind had gone. My instincts took over, and as we kissed, I got harder. The burning ache led me to pull open her buttons as my lips slid sensually down her neck.

As soon as I'd freed enough buttons to reach through, I prised her hot flesh from the cage of her bra and moulded her soft, succulent breasts in my hands. She cooed with a sweet, needy sigh as I teased out her nipples and hardened them with every pinch of my fingers.

I was so absorbed in the silken feel of her breast and the sweet, citrus scent of her perfume that she had down the zip of my jeans and her hand inside them before I really noticed. When her fingers skimmed my length through my thin boxers, my attention was dragged directly to my crotch and the hand that stroked there. She delicately rustled around, pulled and shifted material until she found the opening. With a gentle but firm tug, my cock unfurled from its one hundred percent cotton jail and stuck out over layers of black boxer and blue denim.

She stroked up and down. The pressure of pleasure built and forced a groan of delight out from between my lips.

"I have to taste you," she whispered and dropped to her knees on the cold, hard floor. My hands eagerly sought out something to hold on to. It felt as if my body had dissolved into separate parts, all of them seemingly acting on their own without the compulsion of my brain. My hands grasped her head, and my fingers entwined in the red ribbons of her soft hair as her mouth ravaged me.

It was all at once the weirdest and the best sexual moment of my life. There I was sitting on a thin, old plastic chair in the grey waiting room of the bus depot whilst a hot redhead sucked my cock. A little voice in the very back of my mind told me that someone could have walked in at any moment, but my hot-headed dick just ignored every other sense and impulse as it worked its way to ultimate ecstasy.

"I want you," she gasped, sitting back on her heels. I ached from the lack of her lips around my cock. I felt the cold wrapping around me as she kicked off her flat black shoes. Next she skimmed the black tights down her legs with her light knickers caught up in them, and at that sight, the heat of arousal flooded through me again. She moved forward, a hesitant little smile on her lips. She grabbed my hands and placed them on her hips. My fingers clasped her ample curves and pulled her towards me. Her thighs parted as she knelt around me and lowered her cunt onto my hot cock.

She groaned as my tip pressed between her slick folds. I held my breath as she paused with my tip inside her. I couldn't breathe for fear of upsetting the perfection of the moment. I wanted to feel the rest of her pulsating pussy around me, and my fingers dug into her hips and offered encouragement.

With a fluid motion she dipped down onto my cock. The pleasure screamed around my body and turned my limbs to liquid. She encased me within her flesh. I stopped thinking and concentrated on feeling as her lips sought out mine. She slid up and down as our lips palpitated. Being joined in two places so intimately made breathing become secondary to kissing, and when I gasped, I was desperate for her lips, not the cold, emotionless air.

Her left hand left my shoulder and slipped down my still-clothed chest and stomach and rested between her pelvis and mine. I felt the subtle tapping as she stimulated herself to orgasm. I have always admired a woman who knows her own body so well and has the confidence to do what she needs in order to come. Kelly's action only made me desire her all the more.

Her breath tickled my lips as our mouths parted and hovered a kiss-breadth away. She was close to hitting her peak and so was I. Her cunt contracted, massaging me as it pulled me tighter and tighter into its wet softness. We were both equally eager for release.

Her lips pressed hard against mine as she exploded. The hand between us stilled as her pussy pulsed and caressed me and teased my orgasm out of my body and into hers. I wrapped her in a tight embrace. A blissful mellowness ran through my veins.

"I'm sorry," she whispered and pulled away from me. "But we've got to get decent. Charlie will arrive at any minute."

She hissed and winced as she stood. Two red gunnels run down her knees from where the edge of the plastic had been digging in. She noticed me staring.

"It'll be okay," she said. "They'll disappear soon."

"I'll kiss them better later." I winked and tucked my deflating cock away as she slipped her breasts back into her bra and buttoned her shirt.

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"I'll hold you to that." Kelly laughed, picked up her tights and knickers. She strode towards the door at the back of the room and came back out with her plain black handbag slung over her shoulder.

"I couldn't be arsed struggling back into those torturous things. I only wear them because it gets so damn cold in here."

"Have you got your knickers on?" I asked her.

"Of course, I'm a good girl." She grinned.

"Damn, I was hoping you would be a wicked woman."

"Well, you're only just getting to know me, so your dreams may yet come true."

Just as I was about to make a lecherous comment, the door opened and a man in a navy suit walked in.

"All right, love?" He nodded, polystyrene cup clasped in his thin, pale fingers.

"Aye, no problems to report, Charlie." She smiled. "Enjoy your shift."

"I will." He sniffed, and his giant nostrils flared in his tiny face.

"It smells weird in here, like it's gotten wet. Where's the air freshener?"

"In the cupboard under the sink," Kelly replied, smiling shyly, her cheeks red as her curls of hair.

"Merry Christmas," he should over his shoulder as he disappeared into the other room.

"Merry Christmas," we both echoed, and as the door shut, we giggled.

"He's very astute," I commented. "It got really wet in here."

She slapped me playfully.

"Let's go and get that meal, eh?" she laughed. "I'm starving now."

"So am I." I grinned. "Hey, you know, there's this Chinese near me that serves great food. They even deliver."

"And...?" She scrunched her brow in confusion.

"Well, we could go back to my place if you'd like and order in."

"Yeah, I guess we could," Kelly replied. "It's not very festive, though."

"I've got a Santa hat at home. I can wear that and yell 'Ho, ho, ho!' for you if you'd like."

"You've got a deal." She chuckled. "Come on then, Santa. I want to see what you've got for me."

"All in good time, young lady," I replied. "You've already had a good fiddle about in my sack."

"I only got to briefly feel my presents," Kelly said. "I want to squeeze them and shake them and caress them properly." She purred the words, and her eyes expressed the sexual innuendo in glorious, decadent green.

"Well you have been a very, very good girl." I grinned.

"Thank you." She kissed my cheek. "Now let's get going. I'm feeling, erm, festive."

"Ho, ho, ho!" I exclaimed. "What a coincidence. I'm feeling frisky, erm, I mean festive, too." And as I thought about sacks and presents, I reached under the chair to retrieve the ugly handbag before leaving the building.

As we walked down the frost-laden street hand in hand, I turned to her and asked.

"What do you want for Christmas?"

"Not that bloody bag for a start," she replied. "Can't you guess what I want?"

She turned her face towards me, and I saw the lust in her eyes. We embraced, and I transferred my lust to her lips.

"That was a very good guess, but now, I want more."

"Do you deserve it, though?" I teased, and she reached a hand down between us and cupped my cock.

"Yes, I do." She squeezed me and my flesh stiffened. "But have you been a good boy all year?"

"Apparently so, look at the Christmas present I've got."

"An ugly bag?" She played the fool so sweetly.

"No, a beautiful, sexy woman with a sensible taste in handbags," I replied.

"Today was your lucky day, then." Kelly's hands wrapped around my waist and pulled me close.

"Yeah, it really was." And suddenly the ugly bag that swung freely from my hand turned into a blessing, not a curse.

"Aw, you're a sweet thing, aren't you? Come on though. I'm starving."

Chapter Two

She pulled me out into the cold air and the bright blue lights of London, and I tugged her in the direction of a taxi rank. It felt so good having her on my arm, snuggled in close to me against the bitter cold of the night. It was all madness and mayhem. People jostled through the crowds for their last minute gifts or pushed past to get to the bus or the tube to take their booty home.

I was calm, in comparison. I was happy. I had a gorgeous girl on my arm, and she was coming home with me. Of course, I had the odd flutter of nerves, and as I pulled open the taxi door for her, I hoped that I would not ruin her Christmas for her.

"Have you got plans for tomorrow?" I asked, after giving the tired-looking cabbie his directions.

"No, not at all. My parents retired to Australia years ago, and I have no family over here now. What about you?"

"Well, it was just going to be the ex and me, but it seems it's only going to be me and a too large turkey now. Well, unless..." I left the question unanswered and searched her face.

"I don't see why not," she said. "I have no other plans, and I do like turkey."

"Well, there you go then. It's settled."

I never thought I was a couple kind of man. I'd been happy to be single for years, but at that moment, after being used and abused by a model, when you'd expect me to be all antiwoman and pro alcohol binging with the lads, I wasn't. I was really glad that Kelly would be with me for Christmas.

I mean, as far as commitment goes, that's a biggie. A Christmas meal together was not something to be sniffed at. Okay, so we'd not have to run the gauntlet of other family members, but still I was pretty certain I'd just agreed to a fairly heavy-duty relationship with her. And how long had I known her? An hour and not much more. Crazy.

When her lips caressed the side of my neck, I forgot all my misgivings and turned to face her. At first, her lips were like cool sheets on a hot summer's day, but as they danced over mine, they heated up until they burned their impression into me. I wanted her again. I wanted her right there in the back of the taxi. I didn't care who watched. I slipped my hand into the opening of her coat and slipped it underneath her stiff shirt to the lacy softness below. She gasped as my cool fingers traced the line of her cleavage, but she didn't push me away. I slipped below the lacy edge and had just reached the puckered nipple when the cabbie pulled up sharp.

"That'll be fourteen quid, mate, though if you want to finish your business, I can sit 'ere for no extra charge."

Kelly laughed nervously, and I shook my head.

"Sorry mate. I've got a nice, warm house over there. Thanks, though."

I handed him a twenty and waved away the change.

"Enjoy your Christmas," he yelled as we walked towards the house.

"And you," I shouted back then whispered, "you old pervert."

Kelly laughed. "Say's you. You all but had my tit out in that cab, then."

I fished the house key out of my pocket.

"Well if that makes me a pervert, what does it make you?"

"Damn lucky," she growled and grabbed me again. She caught me off-balance, and I stumbled backwards into the bottom step of my porch. I landed with a bump on a higher one. "Oops, sorry," she laughed as she tumbled on top of me.

"It's okay." I winced. "You can kiss it better, later."

"I don't kiss arse." She winked.

"Oh, it's a good job, I landed on my cock then."

She shook her head and kissed me again. Damn, she had amazing lips. I forgot the cold step, my aching buttocks and scraped back and just lost myself in the warmth of her.

"Patrick, what the fuck...?"

I looked up and twisted round to see Taylor, or more precisely, her legs.

"What in Heaven's name are you still doing here? I told you to get out."

I struggled to stand as Kelly moved out of my way, and I winced as I finally managed to get to my feet.

"You were angry, babe. You wouldn't talk to me."

"I caught you fucking another man in my bed," I snapped.

"That was no reason to go out and find yourself a prozzie."

"Why you little cow!" Kelly growled, and I grabbed her by the arm.

"She's not worth it," I whispered, and I felt her body unclench.

"It's none of your business, Taylor. Get out."

"But it's Christmas Eve, and I was going to tell you all about it. He was taking advantage of me."

"Yeah, right. That's why you were moaning and groaning in ecstasy over his shitty cock." I shook my head and walked up the steps. Poor old Kelly was dragged up beside me.

"I'll help you pack, eh?" I pushed past Taylor and somehow let go of Kelly's arm. I ran up the stairs and to the bedroom where I opened the wardrobe door and started ripping out all her clothes.

I'd just gotten the bedroom window open when both women charged in.

"No!" Taylor yelled, "Not the Dior!"

"Don't, Patrick." It was Kelly's voice. "Let her pack."

Taylor and I both looked around in disbelief.

"Look," She said. "You're clearly breaking up. Let's do it with a bit of respect, eh? It's Christmas Eve. Come on, it's not the time for fighting."

I pulled the dress back in and passed it to Taylor.

"Fifteen minutes, that's it," I growled.

"Okay." She nodded and looked down at her shoes.

I stormed past her and onto the landing. I was downstairs and in the kitchen before Kelly caught up with me.

"You did the right thing." She smiled and walked over.

"Did I?" I snapped, a little angry that she'd sided with my ex.

"Oh, don't be like that," she cooed. "You know it makes sense. If you'd have started hauling those hideous dresses out of the window, you'd have ended up in a screaming cat fight for hours. This way in—"She looked at her watch. "—twelve minutes she'll be gone, and we can, you know, eat."

"Eat, yes." I traced a finger down her jaw line and smiled. "I'm so sorry about all this."

"Shhh," she whispered and rubbed herself against my chest. "It wasn't your fault. Erm, tell me again what did you see in her anyway?" "Fuck knows." I shrugged and pecked her lips. "Now let's find that menu for the Chinese. I fancy sweet and sour."

"I want something hot," she purred.

"Later," I grinned, and we looked over the menu together. "I'll ring it through then, yeah?"

"Sure," she replied, and she disappeared below the counter top.

"What are you doing?" I asked then dialled the number for the Chinese.

"You'll see," she said cryptically, then I did. She pulled down my zip and dragged my cock from the confines of my boxers. Before it was even out in the air, it was hardening, and it took only the merest squeeze from her delicate, cool fingers for it to grow even further.

"But Taylor's still upstairs," I hissed, forgetting the phone ringing out in my hand.

"Well, she's not getting any," she replied and pressed me into her warm mouth. Just as I moaned in delight, the guy at the Chinese answered the phone.

"Erm...yes...right," I stuttered as her tongue lazily laved my aching flesh. "Can we have some food delivered, please? Yeah, okay. So can we have a Hot and Sour soup and some spring rolls." My mind went blank again as her lips kissed the curls at the base of my cock, and it took all my strength not to yell out my ecstasy. "And erm, then we'd like a sweet and sour chicken and a Szechwan pork...yeah, both with rice, please."

Kelly was doing things to my dick I had only ever dreamed of before. She swallowed it with ease, and her tongue delicately caressed it. I found it hard to think straight.

"And, erm, prawn crackers and, erm, a couple of fortune cookies, please...yes, that's me...okay half an hour? Great. Thanks. Bye." I slammed the phone onto its rest and grabbed her by the hair.

"Fuck, you're a tease," I said as I pumped my hips. "And I'm going to come down your sexy fucking throat."

And I did with a guttural growl, and she sucked down every drop.

"I'm going now." It was Taylor. She was stood in the hall opposite me. I didn't know how long she'd been there.

"Right," I replied as Kelly rose from her knees, licking her lips.

"Bye." She smiled and waved. The look on Taylor's face was something I'd not forget in a long while. It was a cross between disgust and absolute horror with a side order of shock thrown in for good measure.

"You're evil." I shook my head as the door slammed shut.

"What? I told you I was hungry. I needed a snack." She reached her hands around my neck and pulled me to her. I eagerly kissed her and tasted my own salty deposit as my tongue slipped between her lips. It turned me on, much to my surprise, and I couldn't get enough of that taste.

"Wicked," I muttered as she pulled away once more.

"Yes, yes, I am." She winked. "Now, where's the cutlery? I want to rip into that take away the minute it arrives."

We had good conversation to go with our good Chinese. Kelly was a woman of many surprises, and she was as intelligent as she was beautiful. She knew about football and a little about cars, and we even scraped past a few political topics. It was so nice holding a conversation that wasn't based around a colour of nail varnish or the latest fashion accessory or what I really thought of Paris Hilton.

It was bliss.

"So, I'll wash, and you'll dry?" She put the plates down on the side and flipped on a tap.

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied, cheekily saluting her.

"Good reply. I like a man who knows how to respect his betters." She giggled then, a sweet sound that belied the harshness of what she had said, but I liked having her play the dominant role. I wanted her to boss me about. It didn't take long to tidy away, and once we had, we slipped onto the sofa with a shared sigh of relief.

"That was good," she said and curled her body around my arm. "I'm full now."

"Same here," I replied and kissed her hair.

"And I'm so comfy here, I don't want to go home."

"You don't have to," I said. "You're coming for dinner tomorrow. You might as well stay over."

"But what am I going to wear?" she asked. "I can't wear this monstrosity any longer. It's itchy." "You can borrow something of mine." I shrugged. "Or you can go naked. I won't mind."

"Ha, that'd put you off your turkey, love," Kelly replied dryly.

"It might distract me from it, yes, but put me off? Never."

"How do you know? You've not seen me fully naked, yet."

"Well, go on, strip for me then."

"Music Maestro," she demanded, and I picked up the remote off the table and flicked on the stereo to hear the sultry tone of *Santa Baby* flowing through the airwaves.

"Perfect." I smiled and settled back into the sofa, my hands on my knees to stop them from shaking.

"I've never done anything like this." She licked her lips and let out a deep breath. "Fuck it." A hesitant smile spread across her lips, and she stood up. First, she lost one shoe then the other as she stalked forward, her powerful hips swayed seductively. She turned to face me, and I noticed the top buttons on her blouse were undone, revealing the bra beneath.

Her body undulated gently, and she giggled as she skimmed her fingers over her curves. Her cheeks were flushed red, and I knew she was feeling a little uncomfortable, but she pushed on, and as another button loosened, my cock hardened further.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," I moaned as the last button gave and swung back to reveal her pale flesh. She gained confidence as she rocked her hips to the beat and spun around as she played with the zipper on her skirt. She faced away from me as she bent at the knees and stuck out her behind. She slowly teased the skirt down and exposed the prim and proper cotton knickers beneath.

I had to pop open my fly as she let the skirt fall to the floor. Her movements were more confident now as she shook and shimmied, bouncing her arse up and down for me. She teased me with glimpses of hot flesh beneath.

When she turned again, I had my cock in my hand, and she groaned as she noticed. My cock throbbed for her, and I squeezed it as she slipped one bra strap then the other down her arms. I leisurely wanked as she danced, her gaze flicking between my face and my crotch as she did so. She lost her bra. I don't know how those fastenings loosened so freely and easily, but they slipped away, and her bountiful breasts bounced for me. I bit my lip to distract myself or I would have come in great spurts right at that very moment.

"So, what do you think?" she teased, her fingers gripped onto the sides of her knickers.

"Get 'em off," I gasped, and she arched a brow at me.

"Uh-uh, that's not the way to ask nicely now, is it?"

"Take them off for me, please?" I begged. Her words tapped into one of my favourite fantasies.

"Pardon?"

"Please, please take your knickers off so I can admire your naked body, please." I hesitated for just a moment before finishing with, "Mistress."

"That's better, boy." She grinned and beckoned me forward with a finger.

"You take them off for me," she demanded, and I eagerly fell to my knees in front of her. I made a grab for her knickers.

"No, no," she tutted and stepped back. "No hands."

I shuffled forward again until my nose touched the gentle curve of her stomach, and I gripped the material of her knickers in my teeth. I was so turned on I could barely breathe. Each inhalation filled my senses with her musky scent, and the dry cotton in my mouth slipped from side to side as I swung my head to and fro, eager to get my mouth on her cunt.

"No," she giggled. "No, that tickles, naughty boy." She slapped me on the top of the head and I stopped. "Gently," she demanded, "or else."

The delicious threat hung in the air as I once again gripped the cotton between my lips. I took my time, and the knickers slowly slipped down her hips mouthful by mouthful. They slipped down her thighs and I groaned with delight as the soft brown hairs of her pussy came into sight followed by the pink pouting lips of her wet sex.

"Now what?" she gasped, and from the tone of her voice, I knew she was as turned on as I was.

"Can I lick you please, mistress?"

"I don't see why not." She shrugged and my tongue eagerly flicked out to sample the moisture that clung to her feminine lips. I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her hard against my face. My hands locked around her buttocks as I forced my face into her hot sex. I licked and poked and lost myself in her.

"Hold on." A sharp pain pierced my scalp, and I pulled back, her hand gripping my hair.

"You're going to knock me over," she gasped, her chest and face flushed. "Eager beaver. Let me sit down."

She moved to the sofa and sat down with her bottom right on the edge, her legs spread lewdly. Gone was the coy young lady, and here was the confidant woman, demanding sexual satisfaction.

I crawled over on my hands and knees, my loosened trousers pulled from my legs and forgotten behind me as I pushed my face into her heavenly scented crotch. I pulled her thighs apart and tipped her hips to expose her ripe fruit to my eager mouth. I ate her then like a sweet watermelon in summer. I devoured her tender flesh with licks and sucks, and she screamed her pleasure, rewarding me with wave after wave of sweet juice.

"Fuck me," she cried, her pulsating pussy crushing my probing tongue. "I need your cock in my cunt, now."

And who was I to argue? I pulled my face from her, and she flipped over onto her knees, offering me her peachy arse and her plump sex, red and begging to be fucked.

My cock slid into her, and the tightness both eased and exasperated my condition. I rejoiced to be inside her and set a hard thrusting rhythm that made her buttocks shake with each impact of my flesh against hers. My fingers dug into her hips as I tried desperately to squeeze every second of ecstasy from the moment. I was suspended in sexual rapture and torn between wanting to be right there, buried inside of her forever, and the need to come.

"Come for me," she begged and made the decision for me. "Fill me, I need your hot cum." She arched her back and pressed harder against me. She squeezed internally, and I came with a roar so loud I swear I heard glass tinkling in the distance.

"Fuck," she groaned, leant forward and pulled her body away from mine. I collapsed next to her on the sofa. "Damn, you're good," she purred as she snuggled into my t-shirt-clad body.

"Not as good as you," I conceded and dropped a kiss on the top of her head.

"Bedtime?" she whispered a moment later, and I realised she had just woken me from slumber.

"Mmm, yes. I do believe you've worn me out."

"I hope you're batteries will be fully charged tomorrow, darling. I've barely gotten started with you."

I stood up and pulled her with me towards the stairs.

"I will be ready to fulfil your every need tomorrow, Mistress." I bowed my head, and she chuckled deep in her throat.

"Now that's a Christmas present and a half."

"I know I'm a lucky man," I replied, and I truly meant it.

Chapter Three

"Patrick?" I woke to her lips on my cheek, and her question in my ear.

"Hmmm."

"I feel bad. I haven't gotten you anything for Christmas."

"Well..." I yawned and stretched. "I've not bought anything for you either, but you have given me something." I reached out and pulled her to me and pressed my regular morning hard on into her soft curves.

"Somehow I think that's your present for me, darlin'."

"It's a two way thing," I purred and kissed the soft skin at Kelly's neck. The warm scent of her aroused my senses. "Anyway, what do you want for Christmas?"

"Hmm, I don't know." Her voice was low and throaty, and it made my body ache with need for her. I groaned and sharply took in breath as her fingers travelled down under the sheets and gripped my cock. "I think I'd quite like this," she replied.

"Then it's yours," I gasped as she lazily stroked and squeezed my excited member. "All day, whenever you want it, however you want it, it's yours."

"You're going to be my sex slave?" She grinned and tightened her grip on my cock,

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, and her grin got wider.

"But what will your present be?" she teased my cock up and down over her stomach, gently catching the tip against her pubis.

"I want to be your slave, Mistress. It's always been a fantasy of mine. It will be my ultimate pleasure to serve you." I'd been fantasising about being dominated for as long as I had had sexual feelings, yet not one of my girlfriends had ever tapped into that. I was longing to feel more of Kelly's dominant touch. It would be the ultimate Christmas gift.

"Well in that case..." She pressed my cock against her slick lips. "I will be your Mistress today. I hope you're going to be a good boy for me."

"I will try, Mistress," I groaned as she let go of my cock.

"Yes, that's the right answer." She pushed me onto my back and swung her leg across my body. She poised her wet pussy just above my straining prick. "Do you want my cunt, boy?" Kelly growled and rubbed a finger along her moist slit, teasing her clit.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Are you sure?" she dipped the finger inside herself then trailed it back to her erect pearl, and I humped the air in frustration.

"Yes, Mistress. Please let me fuck your cunt."

"Good boy," she groaned as she sank down onto my dick, her wet folds settled around my hardness and her warm depths seared my excited cock with heat. She undulated powerfully on me and set a slow, steady rhythm that milked the maximum pleasure from my cock. I was panting for release after a matter of moments.

"Don't you dare come," she gasped. "Not until I say you can, understand me?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied through gritted teeth. I tried desperately to distract myself from the pleasure building in my used cock, but I could not think of anything else but the ecstasy of her cunt using me. I scratched at the sheet and tried desperately to hang on as her hips bucked at a faster pace. Her breaths were more laboured, and I knew that if I just hung on for a second more, she'd get her pleasure, too.

I opened my eyes, and it was my undoing. Her naked body bounced so gracefully on my cock, her boobs bobbed up and down, their hard pink peaks achingly beautiful against the cream of her soft breasts. Her eyes were closed tightly, and her unruly curls framed her face so perfectly, one was across her cheek next to her full, parted lips.

I came. I didn't want to, but the intensity of the moment was too perfect, and my cock blossomed with pleasure as I cried out my disappointment.

"What did I say?" she gasped, her cheeks flushed and her hands on her hips like a disgruntled teacher.

"Not to come until you told me to, Mistress."

"So why did you disobey me?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress. You looked so beautiful, and my cock felt so good in your cunt."

"Don't blame me for your problem," she growled and pulled herself up and off my softened dick.

"I'm not. I'm sorry, Mistress. I'll do better next time."

"Pfft." What a dismissive sound. "If I let there be a next time."

She lay back on the bed and spread her legs wide.

"Right, you can lick my pussy until I come, slave. I need my orgasm."

I looked between her spread legs, her cunt sticky with my cum, and my jaw just dropped.

"What are you waiting for, boy? I gave you an order."

And she had. I moved between her legs. I wanted desperately to please her, but I had never done this before, and I was hesitant to try. Was this a step to far? No, I couldn't let it be. I'd always wanted to play this game, so I would play it to the fullest.

I lay on my stomach and traced my tongue along the inside of her thigh. She moaned, and it encouraged me on. At the juncture of her thighs, I flicked my tongue timidly against her plump folds and took my first taste of our combined juices. It was salty but not unpleasant, and I ran my tongue the length of her slit to take a bigger mouthful of my seed mixed with her sweet nectar.

It was a powerful mix, and I was soon digging my tongue deep inside her to seek out more of this erotic treat. Kelly wriggled and writhed as I licked her clean. As she whimpered and moaned, I moved my mouth to her clit and concentrated on bringing her to orgasm. She mewled and panted as I sucked and licked then grabbed a fistful of my hair so she could grind herself against my face even harder.

"Yes, that's it. Eat me, suck me, make me fucking come," she pleaded. The sentences fell into incoherent moans and roars as her body convulsed, and she came all over my eager mouth and tongue.

My cock had stiffened, I was horny and ready for more, but Kelly flung her legs over the side of the bed and walked over to my chest of drawers.

"Come on. We better get the turkey in, or we'll never eat today." She slipped on one of my plain white t-shirts and passed me another one.

"My boxers are in the top drawer," I said as I pulled it on.

"I know," she replied. "But you're not wearing any today."

She winked at my shocked look, and we both laughed. She walked past and kissed me, and we clung together in an embrace for a second.

"Thank you," I whispered in her ear, overcome by the emotions of having a fantasy fulfilled.

Victoria Blisse

"Thank you," she replied and squeezed a naked buttock, causing my cock to jump. "Later," she laughed and walked away from me. "I don't want to wear out my new toy so early on Christmas morning."

It was certainly a surreal experience, preparing a turkey in nothing but my t-shirt and a plain black pinny. It had its advantages though. Every time I bent down, Kelly's hand would cup a buttock or give me a playful slap. I was in a state of low, rumbling arousal through all the preparations.

"Right," she said. "Shall we go and see what's on the telly? I'll come back and put that veg on in an hour or so. We might be eating dinner a touch late but never mind."

"I'm sure we'll have worked up quite an appetite by then." I grinned.

"Well, you certainly will, boy." She winked. "I have plans for you."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied with a lick of my lips. I still detected a faint hint of her taste mingled with mine, and my cock hardened in response.

"Follow me," Kelly commanded, so I did. She had lovely long legs, curvy and sensuous, and I was hypnotised by their movement as she walked.

"Sit at my feet."

I didn't even hesitate. I just sat on the floor with my back to the sofa beside her legs.

"Good boy," she cooed and ruffled my hair. I felt cherished in that moment and felt a tear well in my eye. I'd never felt such affection in such a simple action, and it seemed just a tad ironic that I felt so treasured in what many would think of as a demeaning situation.

"Boy?" Kelly inquired.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Give my feet a rub, will you? They're tired."

"Certainly, Mistress."

I repositioned myself so that her foot was cradled in my lap and gently began to rub at the sole. Her toes were short and neatly spaced, her foot long and incredibly soft for a lady who spent a large amount of time on her feet every day in her job. I said nothing. I remembered my role, and I continued to massage. It elicited groans and whimpers of pleasure from Kelly's lips.

Victoria Blisse

I looked up and followed the line of her sexy legs. Her t-shirt had rucked up around her waist, and as she relaxed, her legs lolled apart. I had a beautiful view of her moist pussy, and my cock responded by thickening and bumping against the sole of her foot.

"Oh, boy, you've got my foot sticky. Lick it clean."

I don't think I actually did, but I looked up, and she was smiling wickedly down on me, the arousal obvious in her eyes. I kept my gaze fixed to hers as I lifted her foot in my hands and extended my tongue to lap up and down the soft sole of her foot. She gasped lightly then groaned as my tongue traced her toes. Her eyes closed, and she flopped back on the sofa as I lapped.

She tasted salty but unmistakably feminine as I swirled my tongue over and under her toes. Instinct took over, and I found myself plugging her big toe into my mouth. I sucked on it like a tasty boiled sweet, and a scream exploded from her lips. She encouraged me to suck all the harder.

I couldn't hold myself back, and my lips slipped up to her ankle. I anticipated the sharp command to stop, but it never came. So I continued to climb the slippery slopes of her gorgeous calf, pausing to lazily run my tongue over the sweet dent in the back of her knee. Kelly giggled uncontrollably, and I moved higher before she could tell me to stop. I needed to taste her.

She must have known, or she was driven by the same need as she pulled herself to the edge of the sofa and spread her legs wide apart for me. I didn't tease. It wasn't the time. I ran my tongue directly into that juicy treat. I feasted upon the sweet nectar there. My lips kissed, my tongue licked and my whole mouth covered her cunt. I wanted to suck all of her down. I needed to devour her. I was crazed with lust.

My cock throbbed and ached, but I did not touch it. I was completely focused on her pleasure and every whimper, every curse sent pleasure waves through me. When her hands cradled my head and her fingers wrapped themselves in my hair, I swear I came without ejaculating. The intense jolt of ecstasy that shocked through me from tip to toe as she came with a gush on my face was a revelation of joy. I enjoyed her pleasure as much as my own, if not more so, in fact.

"Naughty," she gasped and pulled me away from her pulsating pussy by my hair. "Ow," I yelped. "Did I say you could lick my cunt, boy?"

"Well, no...but you didn't say I couldn't..."

"Be quiet," Kelly commanded. "I didn't ask you to speak. I didn't say you could lick me. You deserve to be punished. Up."

She pulled on my hair as she stood, and I followed suit. She walked me over the corridor to the dining room where we had set one end of the table for our Christmas banquet with crackers and streamers. She positioned me at the other end of the long dark wood table and pressed me down until my chest touched the white cotton tablecloth and my arse stuck out.

"Stay there, exactly there, while I check the turkey. Do *not* move. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

It is not comfortable standing so close to a table with a hard on. Every little shift I made bumped it against the cloth or the table, but it wouldn't go down because I was anticipating what would happen when she came back.

It might not have been the most orthodox of Christmas presents, but it was certainly the best one I had ever received. Some people say you shouldn't pursue your fantasies as the reality will never live up to it. I think they're wrong.

My fantasy was not a complicated one, and maybe I had been lucky in finding such a willing partner, but so far I had not been disappointed. I might have hated that ugly handbag and disliked the shallow woman I'd bought it for, but without it, I would never have met Kelly.

"The turkey is fine," Kelly's voice carried across the hall, and she continued to talk as she came closer. "Now to deal with a naughty boy who can't follow simple instructions."

Her voice stopped just behind me, and I became aware of the body in close proximity to mine.

"God, you've got a lovely arse," she growled then spanked one cheek with her bare hand. I slumped forward, banging my poor tortured cock against the table. Something thudded onto the table beside me, but before I had time to wonder what it was, more slaps rained down upon my exposed buttocks.

She wasn't being gentle either. Each slap hurt. I was yelping like a hysterical puppy after a moment or two, and my bottom felt as if it was on fire, but my cock just throbbed with

pleasure. I felt close to orgasm without touching myself, and although I begged her to stop, I kept my hands on the table above my head and silently urged her on. I needed to come.

She must have sensed my level of arousal, or it was just cruel coincidence that when I got to just that point before the very pinnacle of pleasure, she stopped spanking me.

"I think you're enjoying that far too much," she laughed. "You're such a dirty pervert. Getting off on a pretty girl punishing you. You're such a slut."

My bottom stung, and her words did nothing to stop the arousal flowing through my veins. My cock screamed for release, but I could not move my hands and I didn't think that talking out of place would get Kelly to help me out of my current predicament. I heard the scrape of something being pulled off the table, then I felt the slap of wood against skin.

"Well, I'll have to get a proper paddle, maybe a cane too, because I am quite sure this will not be the last time I have to punish you, but for now, this will do."

I wanted to ask what it was, but I didn't want to get into even more trouble.

"Ten strokes should teach you your lesson." She wasn't talking to me. She was just voicing her thoughts aloud, and the next moment, I screamed out in agony as a heavy square of wood impacted my sore skin. "Oh yes, it works quite well," she laughed and swung again.

It must have be one of the wooden spatula's from the kitchen, and each impact made me cry out. It stung, and I had to ball my hands into fists to stop myself from reaching back to protect my bottom. Oh, it was so painful, but that pain in my buttocks suffused my groin with an amazing warmth that made me want to beg for more when she finished her ten strokes.

"Oh, pretty pink," she laughed, then in a serious tone, she spoke to me once more. "Straighten up."

I did, and I winced as the skin on my abused bottom flexed.

"Now, take three steps back."

I followed the instruction even though I didn't understand why I was doing so.

"Good." She walked in front of me. "Have you learnt your lesson, boy?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied quickly.

"I doubt it." She smiled. "But I do like your eagerness to learn."

She hopped onto the table and pulled the white t-shirt up and over her head. I feasted on the visual delights of her breasts with their hard nipples that just begged to be sucked. She spread her thighs and winked.

"Fuck me." It was a command, not an exclamation, and I was not going to disobey this one. I strode forward and ignored the fire in my arse as I did so. I gathered her buttocks in my hands, spread her wide open and speared her with my aching dick.

She groaned in unison with me as I slammed into her and quickly established a furious rhythm that made the table creak and rock from the force of my impacts. I was wild with lust, my bottom was so hot and the heat seemed to seep through to my cock that seared her depths as we fucked.

She chanted "Yes" over and over again as I came closer and closer to my orgasm. It bubbled up inside me and filled my whole being with euphoria. I needed that orgasm. I was desperate for it. My nails dug into her buttocks as I held her there. I lifted her to meet me, then as she clenched in pleasure, I came with a roar.

I sounded like a lion as I let out a deluge of noise from my lips and a flood of cum from my ecstatic cock. It was pure joy, absolute relief, and it made my heart ache with love for the woman who had provided it for me. I couldn't love her – I'd not even known her for a whole day – but my heart told me differently. I looked down on Kelly, naked and panting, and I knew in that moment that I never ever wanted to be apart from this amazing woman, my Mistress.

"Fuck, that was good. You can follow some instructions then," she laughed.

"Yeah, simple ones," I replied with a wink.

"I better get the veg on." She sat up and wrapped her arms around me.

"Okay," I replied. "I'll help."

"Are you all right?" she asked, and I nodded into her shoulder, reluctant to let her go.

"Very much so."

"Oh good. I was worried I'd gone too far with the spatula."

"Oh, hell no," I exclaimed. "That was amazing. A great Christmas present. Now I feel I have to give you one just as special."

"You gave me you," she replied.

"Yes, but I don't feel like I'm giving anything to you. I feel like I'm getting it all."

"That's not true, I can assure you." She kissed my cheek. "But maybe later you can give me something extra special. Now let's get this dinner sorted."

* * * *

"Seconds?" Kelly asked as I forced the last mouthful of turkey into my already over-full stomach.

"Oh, hell no. Not now anyway. I am stuffed!"

"So was the turkey." She giggled and stood up. As she reached across to my plate, I shook my head.

"No, leave it. We'll clear up in a bit. It's time for the Queen's speech."

"Oh yeah. So it is."

I've never been a royalist but listening to what the Queen had to say had become a Christmas tradition, and as everyone knows, you cannot muck about with tradition.

"I don't think the Queen would approve of our attire," Kelly laughed a few moments into the speech.

I looked down at my naked bottom half then glanced over at hers.

"She'd be totally offended by my hairy legs, but who could be offended by your nakedness?"

She blushed as she batted at my arm. "Oh, hush," she said.

And I laid a gentle kiss on her forehead. She snuggled closer, and I relaxed into the first Christmas day I had enjoyed since being a little kid.

"We really should do those pots," Kelly sighed as the classic James Bond music slipped from the television.

"They can wait. What can't wait is your present. What do you want?"

"I've never been very good at this." She bit her bottom lip. "But there is something that I think you could give me that I've wanted for a long, long time."

"What?" My heart thumped in anticipation. I would have given her anything at that moment, anything at all that she asked for. I just wanted to make her happy.

"It's a bit, well, embarrassing, can I whisper it?"

"Sure," I said. "But you do realise the Queen's gone now, and I'm pretty certain James Bond is too busy saving the world to be ear-wigging on our conversation."

"Shut up." She thumped me in the arm. "And listen."

She leant in, and with one hand resting on my shoulder, she whispered into my ear. "I'm not a virgin, as you know, but I do still have one virgin hole, and I want you to be my first."

My cock stiffened, and she continued, "I want you to fuck my arse, Patrick. I know you'll be gentle. Please indulge me. I want to experience anal sex."

"Yes," I replied quickly. "Yes, of course. Come upstairs with me. Let's get comfy."

"Right now?" Kelly wrinkled her brow.

"No time like the present," I replied. I took her hand and placed it on my thickening cock.

"Okay," she gasped. "You will be gentle, won't you?"

"Of course. This is your present from me. I want it to be pleasurable for you."

I held her hand all the way to the bedroom then let go only for a moment. I delved into my bedside cabinet and pulled out a small bottle of lube I had secreted in there for long, leisurely wanks. She smiled appreciatively when she saw it, and I climbed onto the bed with her, desperate to calm her fears and arouse her lusts.

She was already wet when I ran my fingers down from her waist to between her thighs, and as I nuzzled her neck, I lazily fingered her cunt. I felt her relax. Pulling off her t-shirt then my own, I relished the sensation of her naked skin against mine. I pressed her down into the bed and ran kisses down over her breasts and stomach to the juncture of her thighs. She sighed happily as I settled into deeply French kissing her cunt. I would have stayed there between her thighs forever, pleasuring her with my mouth if I could.

As I brought her close to orgasm with my mouth I slipped my finger into her wetness then trailed it between her buttocks to her tight hole. I traced my finger around and around then gently pressed in. She gasped and bucked against my face but did not protest as I pressed the rest of my digit slowly inside of her. I set up a slow rhythm that synchronised with the lick and suck of my mouth on her clit, and after a matter of moments, she came with a loud scream. "I want to see your face," I panted as I scrambled to my knees. "So I am going to lift your hips with some pillows. Tell me if you're not comfortable."

She nodded, and I pulled down two pillows and propped her bottom atop them. I grabbed the bottle of lube off the table and squeezed some into my hand. I could hear her ragged breathing, and although I was eager to be inside her arse, I reminded myself to go slow. I had to make this perfect for her. I took a deep breath, and with one hand, I pushed her legs back towards her chest whilst with the other I rubbed lube into her anus.

One finger slipped in easily then two. She made the most erotic keening noise as I slowly fucked the third finger into her arse.

"I think you're ready for my cock now," I whispered and took my fingers out of her, she moaned in frustration. Quickly, I covered my cock with cold lube, but even that did not make it wilt. I was so ready to fuck her.

Gently, I rested my hands on the back of her thighs as I pressed my cock to her tiny hole. I pushed forward, and she let out a worried squeak.

"Just relax, darling. I'm not going to hurt you."

She relaxed her tightened muscles, and my cock head slipped in. Oh, fuck she was tight. It was sweet torture. I wanted to ram into that tight warm place until I exploded, but I went slowly and enjoyed every gasp of pleasure from her lips.

"So full," she moaned, and her face creased up with pleasure.

"Play with your clit," I demanded as I slowly pulled back before gently thrusting in again. As she leisurely rubbed her clit, I built up the rhythm.

"Is it good?" I panted. I had closed my eyes as I'd wanted to concentrate on going slowly, but I opened them then, and she just managed to nod her head as she was so lost in the eroticism of the moment.

With each thrust, I went deeper and faster. She seemed to encourage me, pressing out her bottom as I lunged in. She was fucking me back, and that pushed me over the brink. I thrust into her hard, the need inside me overcoming my hesitancy.

"Yes, fuck my arse," she cried out. "Fuck it hard. Fuck it."

She didn't make sense. She just babbled and moaned and thrashed her head. I watched her for as long as I could before my eyes closed again. I wanted to come. I was so close, I could feel my orgasm building. "Look at me," she gasped. I forced my eyes open and looked at her. As I did, she came. Her eyes fluttered closed as her face contorted and her body stiffened.

"Yes!" I cried. That one intense moment shared in our gaze pushed me over into my own orgasm.

"Merry Christmas," I gasped then rolled to her side.

"Thank you," she groaned. "That was the perfect present."

"You're welcome," I gasped. "Kelly?"

"Yes?"

"Will you move in with me?"

"You only met me yesterday," she replied.

"Yes, but now that I've found you, I don't want to let you go." It was true. I wanted her to be with me forever. I rolled to my side, and she turned to face me.

"I guess so," she smiled. "What's the rent like?"

"Oh, not very high. Just a matter of a few fucks a week."

"A few fucks, eh? I think I can stretch to that." She laughed and leaned in to kiss me.

"Good." I smiled and ran a hand down her arm. "I think I love you, you know."

"I know," she replied. "It's crazy, I know, but I think I love you, too."

"Good," I repeated, too happy to be bothered with originality. "God Bless ugly handbags."

"God bless 'em," she echoed, and we laughed, joined together in amusement, lust and ultimately love.

About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her brand of rosy, raunchy romance please check out her website: <u>http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk/</u>

Email: victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk

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

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