

K R I S K L E I N

A Christmas Caroler

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By Kris Klein

Even as an adult, Christmas had always been my favorite holiday. Halloween ran a close second, mainly because I worked at a haunted house attraction in Chicago the last three weekends of the October, scaring the crap out of people—but Christmas had always been the ultimate, at least to me; each year I decorated my house from chimney to front lawn, mostly with fat, old-fashioned bulb lights and oversized Santa and Rudolph and Frosty figures. Twice my home had even been featured in the local newspapers.

Then came last year. December 22nd to be exact, when my boyfriend of three years, Stephen, informed me he was breaking up with me to pursue a dancing career in New York City. He was gone two days later—but what he *hadn't* told me was he'd been cheating on me, with a fairly well-known off-Broadway choreographer who'd been touring with a show in Chicago. Anyway, by Christmas Eve Stephen was a memory, my house was trashed, and I spent my holiday bedding a 19-year-old trick with dyed-black hair and a nose ring, whom I'd brought home from the bars around 3am Christmas morning. By mid-afternoon I couldn't even remember his name, so I sent him back to the boyfriend he, in turn, was cheating on.

Life was a bitch—now so was I.

This year, my stomach started feeling queasy right after Halloween, and through the month of November I focused on getting to Boston, to visit my family for Thanksgiving. For the first time in my thirty-two years of living, Christmas was something I was dreading. Friend after friend knew why, and the invitations to spend the holidays with both them and their families were fast in coming, even as early as the first week of December. I turned them all down. I was pretty much over Stephen, after

a year of off-and-on grieving—but I wasn't yet over what he'd shattered in me regarding my happiest time of the year. Two weeks earlier or later, and I wouldn't have associated his betrayal with Christmas itself...and might actually have gotten my decorations down from the attic this year. No—he'd known how much the day meant to me, and had chosen to drop his bomb only two days before. Which was unforgivable, and would now—I thought—always link Christmas in my mind with pain, unless a small miracle came along to revive my holiday spirit.

My best friend Tina, whom I'd known since high school, brought over the makings for a feast on the morning of December 24th. Tina was the best, a consummate fag hag and proud of it — short and chubby, with huge pop-bottle glasses and a heart bigger than anyone I'd ever known. She spent the day determined to yank me into the Christmas season head-first; I was her helper throughout the making of the turkey and dressing, ham, homemade mashed potatoes—you name it, and I assisted in making it, all day long. Afterward, we watched an early viewing of *It's a Wonderful Life* as we set up and decorated the tabletop Christmas tree she'd brought over in my front window—and when the film was over, about eight o'clock, I told Tina I was tired and probably going to go to bed early.

"Are you sure?" she asked for the zillionth time, as she bundled herself up in her winter coat, scarf and gloves at my front door.

I nodded, smiling. "I'm fine, I promise. You gave me a great day, there's no need to baby-sit me tonight. I'm just going to bed early, I promise."

She cocked one eye up at me from her 5'1' height. "Well...okay. I'll be over around one tomorrow with your gift, okay?"

“Tina, you didn’t have to—”

“I know—no one has to,” she replied, as I followed her through my front hall to the door, flipping on the light. “I want to. I love you.” She glanced out one of the panes of glass on my front door, between the panels of dark wood. “Oh, how cool—it’s snowing!”

We leaned over to peek out the door together. Sure enough, while Tina had been trying to rekindle my Christmas cheer throughout the evening, a winter storm has elected to come through northern Illinois; about an inch of crisp, white snow covered my lawn, front path, and porch, looking pristine and beautiful in the dark with only my front porch light shining on it. It was still coming down, too — fat, silky flakes falling from the night sky by the hundreds as we watched. It was exactly the kind of Christmas Eve I would have loved, were it still in my heart to do so.

“You be careful driving home,” I told Tina, giving her a hug at the door.

“It’s not far; I’ll be fine. You call me if you need company tomorrow, okay?”

“Will do.” I kissed her cheek and opened the door for her.

The temperature had dropped since the sun’s setting, as well—it was maybe twenty degrees outside now, at most, with a fairly strong wind. I made sure, again, that Tina was okay to drive home, then watched her go to her car in my driveway and get in, starting the engine. By the time she had the heater warmed up and the wipers going, pulling out of my driveway with a wave to me, I felt frozen solid on my front stoop, arms wrapped tight around myself as I wore only a burgundy sweater and faded-out jeans. I waved goodbye to Tina, praying she’d get home okay, then went back into my warm home and shut the big oak front door again behind me.

Damn, was it cold outside. More like late-January than Christmastime.

I sighed, checking my watch: 9:30. It was still early, but all I wanted to do was go to bed. Go to bed and get this holiday over. Heading back down the hall, I hit a left back into my living room and saw the 1951 version of *A Christmas Carol*—with the brilliant Alistair Sim as Ebenezer Scrooge—beginning on the TV.

Ah, Scrooge, I thought, *my hero*. Grabbing the checkered throw off the back of my sofa, I stretched out in my recliner to watch, covering up to rid myself of the chill I still had from outside...and was so toasty, within minutes I'd fallen asleep in front of the television, right around the time Scrooge is basically telling his nephew to kiss his ass.

I was jolted awake by the sound of the front doorbell sometime later. The tabletop Christmas tree Tina had brought me, on the other side of the room in my front window, was the only light on except for the television—on which old Scrooge was now already hanging out with the Ghost of Christmas Present. It was too late for visitors, so I moved with caution through the living room and toward my front door, trying to remember if I'd locked it after coming back in earlier.

Rounding the corner, I could see what looked like a young man on my stoop, bundled in winter clothing and shivering as the thick snow—which had turned even heavier now—gathered on his red jacket and green stocking cap. He saw me coming, through the narrow glass panes on my front door, and smiled a hello, waving with one black leather-gloved hand. He was really, really cute.

Then, oddly enough, he started to sing. The tune was “Jingle Bells”...but God knows the lyrics weren't. His voice was deep, masculine, and resonated easily through the heavy wood of my front door.

*Stephen's gone! Stephen's gone!
One year to the day!
Time to get you off your ass before you waste away — ay!
Stephen's gone! Stephen's gone!
Ravage me, instead!
I'm on fire 'tween the sheets, and even give great head!"*

My jaw fell open and I hurried to the door, yanking it open before the neighbors heard any more of this x-rated Christmas carol. "What the *fuck*?" I hissed.

The cute young man on my front porch, old enough to vote but probably not to drink alcohol, jumped back in surprise, grinning at me. "Hello, Mr. Kevin!" he said in an exaggerated British accent, his voice full of as much life and energy as the big baby-blue eyes he was staring at me with. "I'm Nathan—your Christmas angel, sir!"

"Christmas angel?" I looked around outside, almost expecting to find a hidden camera in the shrubbery. The snow had accumulated as I'd slept, and my Christmas angel was standing ankle-deep in the frigid snow, wearing only red sneakers and white socks under his dark green sweats; he must have been freezing his ass off.

"Yes, Kevin-your Christmas angel! I'm here to sing a few 'naughty boy' carols to cheer you up on this holiday eve, sir!"

I nodded, face stern. He was adorable and had a sweet singing voice, but I was determined to be a bitch—my newfound Christmas demeanor. "Thanks—but no thanks. I can be a naughty boy on my own. Now, whoever paid you to come here and 'cheer me up'...well, consider me cheered—now go get your ass in a warm car before you freeze it off. I appreciate the gesture, but if you keep it up I'll call the cops. Good night, Nathan."

I closed the door in his cheery, grinning face, shaking some snow off my sleeves that had blown on me from outside.

I stepped to the side, peeking through the glass panels on my front door where young Nathan couldn't see me. He stood there a few minutes, grinning and blowing on his gloved fingers like he didn't have a care in the world, then shrugged and turned to walk back down my front porch steps...

Where he slipped in the snow, doing a header in those slippery sneakers and down the three steps, to land facedown on my snow-covered walkway below.

"Shit!" I yanked the door open, rushing out in my stockinged feet to hurry down the steps to where he'd landed. I knew I should have shoveled the steps and walkway, but the snow was still coming down in droves—and who expects company after 10pm on Christmas Eve? I was worried about a lawsuit, sure—but more importantly, really hoped this cute little caroler with the great singing voice and godawful British accent was okay.

Nathan was just rolling over onto his back, groaning in pain and lying in three inches of snow. I knelt down, finally realizing I wore only my socks—and that my feet were icing up fast. "You okay?" I asked, trying to help him sit up.

"I think so," he murmured, trying to catch his breath as snowflakes landed and disappeared again on his face. "I think I hurt my ankle, though."

He leaned forward, sitting ass-deep in the snow, and reached out to touch his left ankle...hand withdrawing right away again as he hissed in pain, eyes scrunching together. "Fuck!" he yelled, grunting, his Christmas angel persona gone. So was the British accent, I noticed, smiling to myself.

"Come on," I said, sighing. I stood, then leaned over and picked Nathan up in my arms, keeping his left foot high. His arms slid around my neck naturally, holding on, but

he was smiling in surprise as I carried him through the falling snow and back up the front steps into my house. Once inside, I kicked the front door closed with one foot, then carried my wounded Christmas angel into the living room, where I laid him down on the old-fashioned couch I'd inherited from my grandmother. Before letting me go, Nathan looked up into my eyes and reached up to give me a quick kiss on the lips.

"Thank you," he said in that soft, husky voice he sang with so well.

"Least I can do," I replied. "We'd better get that shoe off before your ankle swells."

I pulled my own soaked, chilly socks off, stepping into my slippers as I moved to the end of my sofa. Nathan's feet were small, like the rest of him—maybe a size nine, max—and I pulled off both his shoes without waiting for permission, taking extra care with the left as Nathan removed his winter gloves, scarf and cap. His white socks were also drenched in icy water, crusted with chunks of melting snow that had slipped inside his cheap shoes, and as I pulled them off his pale, cold feet I noticed his left ankle was, indeed, starting to swell and turn purple.

"Can you move it?" I asked, as Nathan unzipped and shrugged out of his heavy winter coat.

He did so, wincing as I watched.

"I think it's a sprain," I told him, then went to get a hand towel from my downstairs bathroom across the hall. Returning to the living room, I also grabbed the checker throw I'd left in my armchair, tossing it over Nathan.

"Here, cover up with this," I ordered. He did so, smiling up at me with gratitude as I sat on the end of my couch next to his bare feet.

“Th-they’re cold,” he mumbled, teeth chattering as I rubbed and patted his toes dry with the towel.

“I’m not surprised; what the hell were you doing out there in *tennis shoes*?” I asked, feeling immediate guilt for talking to the guy like he was my kid, even if he was probably a dozen or so years younger than me.

“It was all I had; my roommate took my boots to go clubbing in; I didn’t think I’d be going out anymore tonight.” Nathan was sitting up now, watching me rub his feet dry with the towel, and as I looked up at him I realized it was my first good, real look since I’d carried him into my home.

Christ, was he cute. He might have been faking a British accent earlier, but Nathan’s looks spoke more of Budapest; he was as blonde and cute and sexy as the best of the models from Bel Ami, the world-famous porn movie company known for its flawless, hard-bodied young European man-boys. Nathan could have fit right in with them, with those sky-blue eyes and short ash-blonde hair, with bangs long enough to fall down into his eyes—now mussed and sticking up like a dandelion, thanks to his stocking hat—his bottom lip fuller than the top, giving him a pouty look that went so well, in a childlike way, with his short, blunt nose.

And I had his cold little feet in my hands.

“What are you staring at?” Nathan asked, looking down at the red-and-green Christmas sweater he wore. It depicted a Christmas tree in the middle of a field of snow, Frosty standing beside it and waving. Something a kid would wear, but that didn’t surprise me; there was something so boyish about Nathan, so boyish yet sexy, that I felt my dick growing erect in my Dockers as I continued to stare at him.

“Do I got something on my sweater?” he asked, still checking out his clothes.

I snapped to. “Oh. Uh—no. I was thinking about something, sorry.” He was about five-foot-nine, a few inches shorter than me. I found myself wondering what it’d be like to kiss his full, pouty mouth—to run my fingers through that wet blonde hair.

“Feel better?” I asked, turning my attention back to his feet as I rubbed the left one with care.

“Well, they’re dry,” Nathan replied, still sitting up. “Thanks. Though I’m still cold.” He grinned, his smile charming and crooked—turned up more on the right side than the left. “Maybe a massage would warm them up?”

I looked down at his feet, which were very clean and smooth. He took good care of them. “Uhh—I don’t want to hurt your bad ankle,” I told him. It was all I could think of to say.

“It’s okay—I trust you.” His eyes met mine, and he grinned again, biting his lower lip—his crooked, perfect-white Bel Ami grin aglow.

“Umm—okay.” I folded the soggy towel and draped it over my crotch to cover my hard-on, then shifted over on the couch until Nathan’s smallish feet were in my lap. Starting with his right foot—the uninjured one—I began to knead and massage the sole and instep, feeling the warmth of my hands spreading to his foot in seconds. Working slowly up to his toes and back down again, I made sure to squeeze and press and caress every inch of his foot, missing nothing. I had great hands that could turn out one hell of a massage...but what my injured young friend *didn’t* know was, I also had one hell of a foot fetish. With each press of my fingers into his flesh, I had to fight the urge

to take those chilled, stubby toes into my mouth. I even licked my lips a couple of times, without realizing it, staring at his perfect little feet.

“Go ahead,” Nathan whispered, as I began massaging his left foot.

I looked over to find him still sitting up, watching me—the look of pure lust in his eyes unmistakable.

“Huh?” I said.

Nathan shrugged. “I like having my toes sucked. You’re a good-looking, sexy guy. So...go ahead.” He folded his slim arms over his chest, tongue flicking over his own lower lip as he gestured for me to continue.

My fingers, now trembling a bit, wrapped around his right foot — the one closest to me, anyway—once more. Only this time I raised it to my open mouth and began sucking on his big toe, my hand sliding the leg of his jeans further up to reveal the blondish-brown hairs swirling around Nathan’s pale, muscular calves. Nathan began moaning on contact, still watching me as my tongue flicked between each of his toes...slurping and tasting and sucking on each one, as I watched him watching me.

“*Shit*, that feels amazing,” he groaned, tossing my blanket off him and onto the floor as he began rubbing his crotch. “Fuckin’ *hot*...”

His toes tasted great, clean and soft in my mouth—warming up, too, as Nathan was from my sucking them. I went down again on his big toe, pulling hard with my throat muscles as I slid my lips up and down it like it was his dick...and Nathan went bat-shit, right there on my sofa, falling back onto the couch and still rubbing through his jeans—hard—at the budding erection growing between his legs.

“Who are you?” I whispered, as I moved to suckle his second toe. “Who sent you here?”

“Oh, man...oh shit, that feels so goooooood...” he moaned, left arm slung over his eyes as his right hand fumbled with the zipper on his jeans.

“How’d you know about Stephen?” I asked, tongue flicking down the sole of his foot now, lapping. “Tell me.”

He was starting to giggle now. “Hey—that tickles!” he gasped, hand leaving his zipper as he tried pulling his foot away from me.

I didn’t care—I wanted some answers. I flicked my tongue across the sole of his foot, from right to left, as it bucked in my hand. “Tell me,” I repeated, smiling.

“Stop!” He was full-out laughing now, sitting up and pulling at his leg, but I was older and stronger...and more determined.

“Who?” I asked, tonguing running up and down now on the sole of his jerking foot. “Who sent you, who are you, and how did you know—”

“Okay, okay!” he yelled, now laughing hysterically. “J-just *let me go!*”

I did, and Nathan jerked both feet up, pulling his knees into his chest as he sat up fully next to me on the couch, careful not to put any weight on his bad left ankle. It took him a few seconds to get his breathing back to normal, his laughter subsiding as he turned his pouty mouth to mine.

“You don’t fight fair,” he grouched.

“Rarely,” I replied. “But I get what I want.” I looked him up and down; man, was he adorable. “How’s the ankle?”

“It hurts,” he said. Then sighed. “Okay, okay—I work for a singing telegram

service that got a call, right before closing, from some lady. She said she needed a cute, young Christmas angel—male—to come and sing a few carols to her best friend Kevin, who was having a bad Christmas because he got dumped at Christmastime last year. She even faxed over the carols, I guess, and offered a hefty fee since it was so late on Christmas Eve. When the service called my cell phone and told me how much it paid...” He shrugged, smiling. “I couldn’t refuse.”

I nodded. “You sing well. What about the British accent?”

He blushed. “Bad—I know. She asked for one, though; the lady, I mean. Said you were a big fan of *A Christmas Carol*. In fact, she referred to you to the agency, I guess, as Kebenzer Scrooge when she called.”

Tina. Well, I thought to myself, I’ll kill her later.

“So...” I said, thinking and trying to choose my words carefully. “So...you were paid to come and sing carols to me—my Christmas angel.” I turned to look at him, gesturing at his feet. “What about the rest? The come on—the foot massage. Was that paid for, too?”

His eyes turned icy at the word. “I’m not a callboy,” he replied. “I don’t work for an escort service. I’m an entertainer. Think whatever the fuck you want to, though...I’m leaving.” He leapt from my sofa on his bare feet, wincing as he put his weight onto his left leg.

“Whoa, wait—I’m sorry,” I said, rising from my couch to grab his arm.

Nathan swung around to face me, angry as hell as he stared up into my eyes.

“Really,” I added. “I—I guess I don’t even know how to *talk* to guys anymore. Come on—sit down. Really—I apologize.”

We were standing face to face then, Nathan only a few inches shorter than me as I bent my head and kissed him, fully on the mouth...his lips resisting at first, but then parting as my tongue found his. It was a sweet kiss I felt down to my soul, soft yet full of passion, Nathan's lips pulling on mine as our arms went around each other and his hands landed on my ass, squeezing hard. He leaned into me, off his bad ankle, and as our lips parted I bent down and picked him up again—gently—before sitting back down onto the sofa myself, Nathan now in my lap.

“Why are you alone?” he asked. “I mean...you're handsome, well-built, and can kiss like a porn star. Whoever this Stephen dude is, excuse me but he's nuts.”

It was my turn to blush. “Thanks, but I'm a very average guy.”

Nathan shook his head. “Your average guy wouldn't run out into the snow, in his socks, to help a stupid Christmas caroler.”

“Ahh...” I held up one finger. “You mean a stupid *entertainer*,” I replied, correcting him.

He grinned. “Sorry. Yes—an entertainer.”

His lips found mine again, in the soft glow of the tabletop Christmas tree in the window nearby, and with each kiss it was like I could feel the spirit of Christmas coming alive inside me again.

“How old are you?” I asked, when we'd come up for air.

“Twenty-one,” he replied, then thought about it and checked my watch.

“In...seventeen minutes.” He leaned in to kiss me again.

“You're a Christmas baby?” I asked, words garbled as our lips met yet again.

Nathan nodded, moaning a yes as he kissed me. “I’d like to be *your* Christmas baby,” he said. “If you’ll shut up for a second and work with me.”

He was tugging at my heavy sweater, trying to get it off me, and I obliged by pulling it up and over my head, exposing my semi-hairy chest. I’d been a football player in high school—almost half my life ago—a fullback with a barrel chest, 30-inch waist, and legs that could knock a 250-pound tackle on his ass. I had a 32-inch waist now, but the rest was almost as good as it was when I’d been a teen—my chest hair still dark (no gray on this boy, not yet) and evenly-spread across my pecs, a thin line of crisscrossing hairs leading vertically from below my navel to disappear beneath the waistband of my brown Dockers; a lovetrail I was hoping Nathan would explore.

“Sweet body, Kevin,” Nathan whispered, turning in my lap to stare at my footballer’s build. I helped him off with the childlike Christmas sweater he wore, finding exactly what I’d expected myself—a smooth, hard, well-built man’s body behind the boyish Bel Ami face, only a few tiny blondish hairs swirling around each flat brown nipple. His belly was flat, a rock-solid six-pack sporting a dark blonde lovetrail of his own traveling under his loose-fitting jeans. The fact a guy of this caliber, at his age, seemed to want me as bad as I wanted him sexually was pure chicken soup for my rejected soul ...

Also the best Christmas present I’d ever had.

I guided him from my lap back to the sofa, helping Nathan out of his jeans as he hiked them off his little ass, followed by the black A&F briefs he wore underneath. His rigid, pink seven-inch uncut cock, nestled in a pretty nest of dark-blond pubic hair, flew up like a spring to smack against his lower belly as Nathan yanked his briefs down.

When he was nude on my couch, I carefully raised his left leg in one hand, by the calf, to keep his hurt ankle (which was already a pale purple-blue, and would need to be iced) out of the way as I bent over to take the mushroom head of his cock into my mouth, playing with the foreskin around my tongue as I licked at the head inside. A low moan escaped from Nathan, his head falling back onto the arm of my sofa as I teased his prick, greedy mouth riding all the way down his thick shaft, to the balls, a few seconds later.

“Ohhhh, fuck yeeeeaaaahhhhhh...” Nathan moaned, shoving my head down again with his hands as I started to pull off. He liked me buried all the way down—his long, thick cock filling my throat and icing my tonsils with pre-cum. I inhaled heavily through my nostrils, holding my breath, then buried my face into his crotch, pubic hair tickling my nose as Nathan gasped aloud and his cock throbbed in my throat. He tasted musky and sweet, fresh and warm and hard, and if it wasn’t for the need to breathe I could have stayed down there forever.

At least, until he released my head and began fucking my face, pulling his ass into the couch as his injured leg bumped me and Nathan hissed air out of his lips...before ramming my throat again, his cock gagging me. I pulled off a bit, matching his rhythm stroke for stroke, and soon Nathan was pounding my mouth with raw, hard energy; his face tight, eyes staring down at me as he watched me take the battering ram of his dick balls-deep into my face over and over again. He braced himself up on his elbows, blonde bangs falling over his pretty eyes, to cram his cock down the inside of my neck even harder, and I could only imagine what he’d do to my ass if I let him get that far.

“I want you to fuck me,” he said, out of the blue, leaning up and pushing me backward as he grabbed with claw-like hands at the clasp in my jeans. “Come on, Kevin—show me your dick. Show it to me—then fuck me with it.”

He already had my jeans unzipped, almost tearing them open in his lust, so I jumped off the couch long enough to shed my pants and underwear...then stepped over toward where his head rested on the arm of my sofa, my own eight-inch rod standing straight out, reddish-pink and pointing at Nathan’s face.

“Sweet,” he whispered, then reached up and sucked my dick down his throat, moaning in ecstasy like a kid tasting ice cream for the first time as my balls banged against his chin. My cock is extra wide, and to see those pretty pink lips of his stretched to capacity as I stuffed his mouth full was almost more than I could handle; putting my hands in his messed-up blonde bed-head, I began cramming myself all the way down him, fucking his pretty-boy mouth hard. He choked a few times on my piece, gagging, spit drooling from his mouth—but was determined to lube me, and kept up his powerful sucking as I watched my cock slide in and out of his lips, faster and faster until I thought I would nut right there, my jizz blasting down his gullet and all the way to his belly as I forced him to swallow me.

No—I *wanted* to fuck him, as much as he wanted me inside him. Pulling my cock out of his tight mouth with a pop, my dong dripping spit, I told Nathan to hang on and ran upstairs to my room for a condom. It was already rolled on by the time I got back to the living room, my prick so hard at the thought of being inside this blonde Christmas angel it actually hurt, and when I got back to the sofa Nathan was lying flat out on his

back, looking up at me with such an expressive, innocent look in those big blue eyes, it made my heart crack in half.

“What’s up, Kebenezer?” he whispered, voice seductive, raising and spreading his legs in the air as his hands opened his round, pale little ass wide for me to see.

“You want to open my Christmas present?”

I went to kneel between his young legs, on the couch, personal-sized bottle of lube I’d gotten from my bedroom in my fist. “I want to open it as wide as I can,” I replied, voice thick even as I squeezed a big glob of lube onto my left middle finger. Draping his left leg over my right shoulder so it wouldn’t get bumped, I sat back on my heels and leaned forward, cramming my middle finger up his tight, pink, hairless asshole—working it in to the second knuckle even as he bucked on the sofa at the invasion.

“Sssssssssss!” he hissed, air escaping his clenched teeth as my finger forced his sphincter open. I felt his ass muscles clench, inhaling my finger, and pushed further into him—all the way now as I watched his face, Nathan’s eyes squeezing shut and his perfect teeth bared at the pain. I gave him a few seconds to get used to me, and when he’d calmed down I added a second finger inside him, beginning to push in and out with my hands as Nathan’s head began turning back and forth on the arm of my sofa, hair flying, his gesture saying no...though his moans, seconds later as I started finger-fucking his hot, tight little ass, only called out yes.

“Fuck me,” he whispered, hand flying up to smooth his long bangs back out of his eyes. “Ooooooh yeah, man—please baby, fuck meeeeeeeee...”

I watched his face, his young, angelic runway-worthy model's face, twist up in pleasure as my fingers rammed his ass, and had to have him then and there.

Removing my fingers from his beautiful little hole, I straddled Nathan instead, lubing my cock as I stretched out on top of his body.

"Am I too heavy for you?" I whispered. I could feel the head of my prick brushing up wet against his quivering asshole, and wanted him so bad. Looking down at his pristine, handsome features, the rash thought that I wished this could go on for more than one night...that maybe I could fall for my young Christmas angel...invaded my mind, and I shoved it aside. I hadn't felt this way about a guy in a year, and even the idea scared me now.

"You're not too heavy," Nathan whispered, as he grabbed my face and brought my mouth down to his. "You're all man—tonight, *my* man—and I love the feel of your body on top of mine."

He sighed, kissing me deeply, his tongue lapping into my mouth even as I pressed forward with my hips and felt my big dick—without guidance from my hand—enter his tiny butthole.

"Oh, *Christ*," he moaned into my mouth, gasping as his head snapped back onto the sofa arm. I pressed forward, the head of my prick inside him now as his ass muscles clenched and I began to plant wet, suckling kisses all over his throat. "It *hurts*," he moaned, body tensing under mine as his hands flew up to his head to pull back on his wheat-colored hair again. "Jesus Christ, it hurts..." he repeated, sighing as his tight ass took me in.

“Relax,” I told him, my tongue flicking at his left ear, breathing labored as I felt how tight his ass was around my cock. Even his hair smelled freshly-washed and clean, *everything* about him driving me crazy with lust. “Relax, Nathan,” I whispered into his ear. “Calm down and relax, and the pain will go away. Or...I can pull out—stop—if it hurts too much.” The last thing I wanted was to pull out—but I didn’t want to hurt him.

“No!” he hissed, chewing on his lower lip, his eyes squeezed shut as he gasped for air. “Just...just give me a minute. It’s...been a long time, and I’m tight. Let me get used to you...”

Shit, was he not kidding—my cock had never been so strangled before, clamped as it was now in the vice-like grip of my Christmas angel’s hole. Nathan sighed, wrapping his arms around me after a few moments, then nodded without opening his eyes for me to continue. I did so—God, did I wanna fuck this boy—and pressed in further, as Nathan’s pale legs slid higher over my shoulders. He gasped but took the strain, teeth chewing on his lower lip even as I pushed in a bit more. It was so fucking hot, watching him, his face contorted in pain but finally smoothing out as he felt me filling his ass...and by the time I realized I was all the way in, Nathan had his arms around me, his mouth searching for mine again in the semi-darkness of my living room. His eyes remained shut but he was sighing now, deep breathy moans escaping his throat even as I pulled a bit from his ass...then thrust in again, hard, as I began to make his tight hole belong to me.

“Fuuuuuuuccckkk...” he hissed, kissing me as his hands clawed at my bare back. Practically the entire weight of my body was on him now, as I stretched my legs out and

braced my toes on the arm of the sofa on the other end from us...and began doing push-ups in his ass, building up speed as I began really pummeling his tight butt. Nathan was full-on moaning now, mouth sucking on mine as he spread his legs even wider, trying to make more room for me.

“You like it, Nathan?” I asked between kisses, ramming him now as sweat broke out all over my body. “You like my big cock all the way up your ass?” I was fucking him hard now, showing his hot hole no mercy as my toes dug into the sofa and I crammed all I had up him—faster and faster, until my balls were slapping his buttcheeks, my crotch smacking against his ass as I only built my speed up more.

I couldn’t help it, the little blonde had me so fucking turned on, all I wanted was to make his butt mine. I was sliding in and out of him at warp-six now, bracing myself up on my hands on either side of his body as I pounded and pounded up his hole, both of us sweating now and Nathan whimpering and moaning like a dog, his arms wrapped around my slick body as I fucked and pounded and hammered away at that amazing, perfect little blonde ass.

“I’m coming—shit, I’m coming!” I yelled without warning, then fell on top of Nathan and gasped into his mouth, kissing him as my cock nutted—burst with jets of white, hot cream into the condom I’d jammed up his ass. The orgasm hit with the power of a freight train, my nuts constricting as stream after stream of jizz blew like a geyser from my dick and into his ass. Nathan groaned, voice filling the room as he felt me throbbing and nutting inside his now-violated hole, my cum filling him up as it wouldn’t stop shooting, blowing every ounce of cream I had inside him as my mind turned to mush and I almost cried out loud, sucking air in through my clenched teeth as I threw

my head back and literally howled—howled like a fucking *wolf* as the last of my semen blew inside him...and I finally came down from the most powerful orgasm I'd ever had in my life.

"Holy fucking *shit*!" I gasped, again falling with all my weight on top of Nathan, knocking the air out of him. "Oh God, I'm sorry," I said. "Are you okay?"

He smiled, face serene, and kissed me again. "Yeah Kevin—I'm fine. Jesus, was that good."

"Though not over," I replied, kissing him on the nose before I raised off him, removing his legs from my shoulders as I pulled my softening cock from his ass. I was tired, drenched in sweat, and breathless—but wanted him to have the same kind of brain-blowing orgasm I'd had...so hunkered down, and inhaled his erection into my mouth again, sucking hard and running my lips up and down his thick shaft until Nathan was moaning again on my couch.

"Oh *shit*," he moaned, inhaling. "Oh yeah...oh fuck...shit, I'm gonna shoot! I'm coming!"

I barely pulled off in time, Nathan's cock erupting with streams of sweet white jizz as I continued beating him off—his load flying everywhere in bursts of white that splattered his belly, his chest...even arcing high into the air to land again on my back and shoulders, a couple of splotches hitting my cheek as he kept coming.

It took Nathan awhile to come down, too—his orgasm so potent it left him trembling and struggling for air. I sat up again, ass resting on my heels as I inhaled through my mouth, trying to catch my breath—and then our eyes met, Nathan's drowsy and sweet, and we both laughed the same time, shaking our heads.

“*Shit*,” I said, still heaving for air.

“That pretty much says it,” Nathan replied, grinning, his eyes sleepy.

I sat back on the couch, on my ass, and pulled his legs onto my lap again, once more marveling at the blondish hair coating them. “How’s the ankle?” I asked, checking it out.

He shrugged. “Still hurts. But I’ll be fine. You okay?”

“Perfect.” I chuckled, shaking my head. “I feel like I’ve been visited by the ghosts of Christmas past, present and future, and now see Christmas again the way I used to.” I patted his good leg. “Thank you.”

He sat up, reaching for me, and kissed me lazily with those sweet, warm lips...licking his cum from my cheek as he pulled away from me again. Damn, was he hot.

“Get some sleep,” I told him, as he lay back down again. “I’m going to turn off the TV and go up to bed...”

“No!” he said, sitting up again to grab my arm. “I mean, don’t go upstairs. I appreciate your letting me spend the night...but who wants to be alone on Christmas, if they don’t have to be?” He smiled, suddenly shy. “I don’t want to wake up alone, especially with it being my birthday...and I know *you’ve* had a year to be alone. Why not wake up on Christmas together?”

I looked at him—my Christmas angel. The guy who looked so much like an ad for a Bel Ami film, it made my chest ache. “I have no problem with that,” I replied, getting up from the couch.

Nathan protested at first, insisting his ankle was better, but finally relented as I picked him up to carry him upstairs to my room, after shutting off the television. It was well after midnight, officially the holiday—and Nathan's birthday—now, and as we headed out of the living room I turned back one last time...Nathan in my arms as our eyes fell to the tabletop Christmas tree sitting my window. It was the only light in the living room now, the tiny multicolored bulbs glowing colorfully in the darkness.

"Happy Birthday," I told him, making it official as we kissed again.

"Merry Christmas, Kevin," Nathan replied, voice sleepy, his arms around my neck as he kissed me on the cheek in return. Those pesky blonde bangs had slipped down into his eyes again, but he seemed too tired to even notice. Me, I thought it was adorable. "I hope Santa brings you what you wish for," he said.

I looked at him in the darkness, struck again by his youth, passion, and beauty. His half-closed eyes were glittering in the glow from the Christmas tree lights. "He already has, Nathan," I replied, giving his body an extra squeeze.

He smiled, resting his head on my shoulder as I carried him upstairs—visions of sugarplums already dancing in my head.

The End

ABOUT KRIS KLEIN

KRIS KLEIN has been writing tales of male-male love and lust since he first published in *Torso* magazine in 1996. More than a dozen years and fifty stories later, you can still find his work in numerous magazines and anthologies, as well as online. Known for stories ranging from the horniest of hardcore to the most reverently romantic, Klein's work reflects both his own high-octane sexual appetite...as well as his belief that gay men can still form loving, committed relationships when all is said and done. You can read more about Kris, his work and career, at www.krisklein.blogspot.com.

If you enjoyed A CHRISTMAS CAROLER, you might also enjoy:



EAST MEETS WES

By Kris Klein

Still nursing a broken heart over the ending of his relationship with Matt, Wes decides its best to pack up and leave Phoenix for good. He takes a job in Seattle, and in preparing to move decides to sell off most of his and Matt's household possessions...including some valuable pieces of artwork that had been Matt's favorites. Enter Robert, a blue collar, short and very well-built straight Asian welder-a budding tattoo artist with an eye for fine art who shows up at Wes' door with the desire to buy but no green to back it up. But Wes, a skillful negotiator, finds other things Robert has that he wants...and indeed, before the evening is over, the divorced, rugged straight man finds the valuable abstract paintings he wants so badly may cost him a lot more then he's willing to pay...or is he?

*Warnings: This title contains **graphic language, m/m sex, coercion, anal sex.***

Excerpt From EAST MEETS WES:

He was sitting to my left, on the couch, and I caught sight again of the various artwork and designs tattooed up and down his right arm. Casually, I gestured at it. "Looks like you've collected some cool artwork already," I told him.

“Oh, you like it?” Robert rolled up the right sleeve of his gray tee, all the way up to his shoulder, to reveal outlines of even more work, yet to be inked in. Even better, he was now showing off one hell of a muscular bicep. “It’s all my own work,” he said, beaming.

“Really? You drew everything?” I leaned in closer to look.

“Yeah,” Robert answered, proud to admit it. “Well, they’re my designs; I gave them to the guy, and he’s slowly getting them all tattooed onto my arm in a sleeve. Anyway, yeah-they’re my designs.”

I really was impressed-the guy would have made one hell of a graphic novel artist, and I told him so.

“You think so? I just do it for me.” He rolled the sleeve of his t-shirt down again, as I sat back on the couch. Even his fingers were long, clean and well-maintained. Sexy. “So okay Wes, let’s get this out of the way-how much did these cost you?” he asked, gesturing with a thumb at the paintings on the wall behind us.

“Fifteen-hundred dollars.”

Robert’s mouth fell open. “You’re shittin’ me.”

I shook my head. “Nope. Believe it or not, that’s with the \$600 discount.”

Robert fell back onto the couch hard. “Damn.”

“I probably wouldn’t ask that much for them, though,” I added. “Besides, I’m always willing to negotiate.”

Robert laughed, looking over at me. “Man, I couldn’t afford anywhere near that. Not with all the negotiating in the world. And I don’t dare ask ya how much for the big one, so I guess that’s that...”

He started to rise but I caught hold of his arm, pulling him back down to the couch. "Hey man-ya never know. For instance-let's say I started off by saying I thought twelve hundred was a fair price for the big one. Then your counter-offer would be...?"

Robert laughed. "Dude, like I said-that's still not even in my ballpark, money-wise."

I shrugged, so turned on by him now I could almost taste his skin. He smelled of Tag body spray and a scent unique to him-clean, yet musky and masculine-and it was driving me crazy. "There are other methods of bartering besides money," I said.

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