



Changeling Press

SUGAR
PLUM
#13

Bound for
Christmas
S. MICHAEL

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Sugarplum: Bound for Christmas

S. Michael

Jenny adores her husband and Dom, Greg, and she's looking for just the right Christmas gift for him. Lucky for her, her friend Luke has been lusting over her and Greg for a while now and is more than willing to let Jenny wrap him up as the best Christmas present ever.

When Greg gets home, he finds Jenny all wrapped up in red silk, and Luke bound to the wall wearing little more than bells and ribbons. Luke promises to be the best Christmas gift they've ever shared, and Greg's sure it'll be the hottest holiday, too!

Chapter One

Jenny looked over at Luke, licked her lips and smiled, knowing full well the look was feral. She couldn't help it; she wanted to eat Greg's present up with a spoon. A tiny little silver spoon so that it took hours. "You look fabulous, baby boy."

Luke arched under the scrape of her nails, the bells on the little clamped nipples tinkling as he moved, the padded cuffs holding him stretched against the wall. She'd spent her own time bound there, twisting under Greg's attentions, but tonight it wasn't her turn.

Tonight they were celebrating the longest night of the year and, for once, her gift was going to be the best one.

One beautiful, needy, pale boy who begged her, so prettily, to let him play.

Luke was Greg's type -- he looked enough like her to be related, in fact. Blond, blue-eyed, on the petite side, with pale skin that would show marks. Jenny had spent all day getting the man ready. She'd shaved him from the neck down, then washed him before she'd bent him over the edge of the tub and cleaned him inside. She'd bound his cock with a lovely dark red ribbon and gagged him with a tiny one, more symbolic than anything.

Then she'd slipped her little black velvet collar on, along with a red satin teddy. If she was lucky, Greg would approve of her outfit.

If she was really lucky, he wouldn't.

The thought made her chuckle.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" Greg walked into the back room, suit jacket open, tie halfway undone. His laser-sharp blue eyes took in her gift, and then her, raking over her body.

"Merry Christmas, love." She held the "sir" back, gauging her husband's mood and preference.

"Merry, indeed." The words all but purred out of Greg.

Eyes on Luke, Greg grabbed her and tugged her up against his solid body. Her chin was tilted, and Greg took her lips in a long, very thorough kiss. Jenny groaned as his thigh pressed between hers, making her wet, her pussy proving that the day had been enough to keep her stoked, hot. Greg's tongue took her lips again, stealing her breath and leaving her dazed.

"So you got me two gifts this year?"

"Hmm? I brought you this sweet baby boy, all wrapped."

"And what about this sweet girl, all decked out in red satin?" Greg's hand slid down to her ass, big hand wrapping around one cheek and squeezing tight.

"I'm always yours, love. Forever." Her hips moved, rubbing her slit against Greg's leg.

"I know." He kissed her again, his eyes on her gift as his tongue slid over hers.

Luke moaned behind them, the sound hungry, lovely.

"He's perfect, baby."

"I love you." She whispered the words into his ear. "He's all yours for the night. We're all yours to play with."

"Mmm. Does he taste as good as he looks?"

"I hope so. He's all smooth and showered for you."

Greg smiled into her eyes. "Thank you, baby."

He slapped her ass and then stalked over to where Luke was strung up against the wall.

Luke's blue eyes were heavy-lidded, that pretty cock thick and fat, swollen at the tip where it begged for attention. Clear drops slipped down the shaft, staining the pretty red ribbon.

"Oh, baby, he's everything I could have asked for." Greg's finger slid over Luke's chest, then flicked at one little nipple clamp, making it ring.

Luke gasped, his body arching toward Greg, and Jenny moaned. Pretty. She loved watching Greg when he played with the boys. Things got so fierce.

Greg tapped the thin ribbon in Luke's mouth. "Safe word, boy?"

"Basket, Sir."

Basket. That was adorable. Almost as sweet as Luke himself.

"Use it if you need it, boy." Then Greg's mouth covered Luke's, kissing him right around the ribbon.

Jenny stepped forward, eyes fastened on the sight of Greg's lips, Greg's tongue fucking Luke's mouth. She ended snuggled against Greg's hip, nipples aching.

When Greg stopped kissing Luke, he turned to kiss her, the flavor of Luke on his tongue.

She dared to reach out, fingers teasing the hot, silken column of Luke's cock.

"Tease." Greg's eyes danced for her, and he bit at her lower lip, making it sting. "Do you want to suck it, Jenny? Do you want to torture him with your beautiful mouth?"

She chuckled, met Luke's eyes. "You can't come, baby boy. No matter what."

Luke whimpered, bit his own bottom lip, but nodded.

"That's my girl." Greg's hand slid along her back but stopped shy of stroking her ass; it looked like Luke wasn't the only one who was going to be tortured.

She slipped down Luke's body, making sure they were in contact the entire time, letting her pierced nipples tease him all the way. Greg set the bells on Luke's nipple clamps tinkling again. Luke's cry made her shiver. Sweet, sensitive baby. She slid her hands down Luke's thighs, parting them a little.

"You need some decorations, Luke. Something to dress up those sweet balls." Greg's voice rumbled through her -- through Luke, too, she'd bet.

"Especially now that they're all bare." She cupped them, drew them up so Greg could see.

"Take them into your mouth, baby." Arousal made Greg's voice thicker and deeper than ever.

She drew one in, her tongue sliding over the velvety skin. She sucked gently, slapping just a bit with her tongue to make Luke twist.

"He liked that. Do it again," Greg ordered, fingers digging into her shoulder.

Suck. Slap. Twist. This time there was a husky cry.

"Good girl." Greg's fingers slid over the top of Luke's prick, spreading the liquid dripping from it.

Jenny let the left nut slip from her lips, then focused on the right, giving it the same treatment. The sweet boy was moaning, thighs trembling. Greg captured the sounds with his mouth.

Greg was right, too -- a little ladder of rings to tug and tease along Luke's ballsac would be perfect. Delicious.

Greg's fingers slid over her lips, breaking her contact with Luke's balls before feeding the tip of that dripping prick into her mouth. Salty and heated, Luke's cock swelled and throbbed on her tongue.

"Don't come, boy." Greg's fingers played through Jenny's hair, stroking her scalp.

"Please. So hot..." Luke's words were desperate, heated.

"She's good at that, isn't she?" Greg closed his mouth over the pulse point in Luke's neck.

"Yes! Yes, so good!" His thrusts got more panicked, and Jenny eased back, letting him be able to obey Greg's words. It was too early to get to the punishment parts of their games.

Greg patted her head, wordlessly praising her.

He shifted, and she could feel the heat of his cock, feel the hardness of it through his expensive suit trousers. She turned her head, face nuzzling her lover. She could smell him, so male. So good.

Greg pulled off Luke's neck and stepped back. "Undress me, baby. Luke -- you watch her do it, learn."

Humming her agreement, she reached up, fingers working the tiny buttons of Greg's shirt as her lips worked his waistband. Greg's fingers played with her hair, stroking softly and, occasionally, tugging sharply. Each time he tugged, she gasped, her arousal ratcheting higher.

"You know what I think, baby? I think I need to make your ass match your slinky little outfit. And I think your sweet present needs to watch, because he's going to be next."

Her pussy flooded, and she reached down, risking a little rub.

Greg growled. "I know you're not touching yourself."

"Adjusting the teddy."

"Uh-huh." He tugged her head back. "Less worrying about you're wearing and more undressing me."

She nodded, easing Greg's slacks and boxers down over strong, heavy thighs, leaving them just below his ass. His cock was pointing up against his belly, the tip red, moisture gathering there, enticing her. She swooped up, her tongue sliding over the slit.

Greg's breath hiccupped, and he spread his legs slightly. Mmm. Yeah. Hers. She took him in, sucking hard, head bobbing over his prick.

"Yeah, that's it, baby." Greg moaned softly, his hands in her hair, guiding her lightly. "Unlike you, Luke, I get to come."

Her thighs rubbed together, her clit aching as she pulled on his cock, gave her lover pleasure. Fuck, yes.

His hips started pushing, thrusting his cock into her mouth. "Jenny. Love."

Oh. Love. Yes. She whimpered, sucked harder, needing to taste his pleasure.

"Jenny!" Greg cried her name out, hips snapping as his come poured down her throat.

She sucked him down, finger sliding into her teddy, fingertip working her clit. So close. So good.

"Jenny." This time her name was growled out. "Did I tell you you could do that?"

"No..." She needed. Now.

"Then you'd better stop or you'll get more than just a spanking."

She pouted a little bit but slid her fingers away.

"Greedy." Greg leaned down and pulled her lower lip into his mouth, tugging on it.

Jenny nodded. Who wouldn't be?

"Get undressed, baby, and assume the position."

Chapter Two

Greg looked at the tableau in front of him as he tugged his pants back up over his ass, leaving his cock hanging out the front. Luke, up against the wall, bound with ribbons and bells -- his Christmas gift. And Jenny, currently naked but for her collar, her ass up in the air as she leaned over a chair, waiting for her spanking.

He was a very lucky man.

He went over to Luke, making Jenny wait. "Isn't she beautiful, boy? See the round, creamy curves of her ass? I'm going to make them pink. And you're going to watch. When I'm done, it'll be your turn."

Luke moaned, cock bouncing for him. So hot. Jenny had picked the perfect boy for him, the perfect gift.

Greg flicked one of the little nipple clamps, making it ring. God, he loved that. The little cry proved those tiny nubs were sensitive, aching. Luscious.

He let his hand slide down along Luke's back, all the way down to the sweet ass, which he swatted as best he could. Luke jerked, and Jen moaned, like she was the one getting the swat. He did it again, his attention happily split between the two of them.

He could see Jen's slit, wet and slick and red. Bare. Just like the boy. Sweet heaven, she knew his kinks so very well.

He smacked Luke's ass one last time, made the little nipple clamp bells ring, and then stalked over to her. He could smell her, sweet and musky, citrusy and right. He ran his hand over one round globe, letting her anticipation build. She loved his hands.

Greg loved her -- every inch. Her need. Her wicked heart. Her quick, clever brain. The way she responded when he smacked her ass... He let his hand fly. She groaned, his handprint white for a second before it turned red.

"Did you see that, Luke?"

Luke nodded, eyes on Greg's hand, his Jen.

Greg gave Jenny another swat, making sure Luke had a great view. He followed that one up with another, on her other cheek this time.

"Let us hear you, baby."

She wiggled, hummed. "Want you."

"Got me, baby." He kept smacking her ass, slowly bringing the color up.

He wasn't hurting her -- this was for pleasure, not punishment -- and Jen made her pleasure very well known, legs parting, hips canting into his hand. Her ass was soon cherry-red, and all three of them were moaning. He and Luke were both hard, the poor boy still bound, the ribbon soaked through with pre-come.

His own cock twitched, and then did it again when he caught sight of her shaved pussy again. "Gonna show you how she likes it after she's been spanked, Luke."

She was panting, lips swollen and red as she looked at Luke. "I need. I need to feel."

Greg moved to stand between her legs and slid two fingers into her, making sure she was wet, ready. His fingers met no resistance, pressing deep into her slick cunt. Sweet, perfect wanton. His beautiful girl.

"We don't use condoms," he told Luke. "But only with each other." They were clean, they played safe.

"Love you, beautiful girl," he murmured as he slipped his cock between her wet pussy lips.

Her moan was buried beneath Luke's. "Y... your present wants to play, too."

"He will. He gets to watch you come, first. And then it's his turn for spanking and fucking. And if he's very, very good, you'll suck him while I take him."

"He's a virgin, love. He's going to be so tight for you."

"Oh, fuck. Baby." He thrust into her. "So good to me."

Her gift far surpassed the diamond nipple rings he'd found for her pretty tits. The least he could do was make this as good for her as possible. He reached around her, finding her clit with his fingers and rubbing it as he thrust.

He felt that, all around his prick, her muscles squeezing tight. "Please..."

"You beg so prettily." Greg moved a little harder, a little faster, working that little bundle of nerves all the while. One day he was going to take her to get a tiny ring, right there, for his fingers. Just the thought made his cock jerk inside. Fuck, he was close. Again. Already.

"Come for me, baby. Let me feel your pleasure."

"Help me. Help me." Greg loved how she got caught up for him.

He grabbed hold of her ass cheek, digging his fingers into the abused flesh, knowing the sting would tip her over. Her cunt clenched around him, and she cried out, coming on his prick. He let himself go, let her orgasm bring on his own. God, she felt good around him. Like magic. She kept moving, tiny little motions that drew his orgasm out. He rubbed her ass, kept stimulating her clit.

"Oh. Oh. Oh."

He looked over at Luke, winked. "Multiple orgasms are an amazing thing, aren't they?"

He could keep her going all night if he was so inclined. That would not be fair to the boy, though. Of course, revving her up so she was wild and then making her watch was a lovely thought. He slid a hand up to her breasts, playing with them, using her piercings to twist her nipples.

"Greg! Sir!" She pushed up, hips rolling against him.

"You don't get to come again," he warned.

"Oh, fuck..." He twisted again, and she tossed her head.

He worked her until she was panting and moaning, moving desperately. Her nipples were fat, dark, hot against his fingers, and her pussy was like a silk glove around him. Luke was twisting, sobbing, pulling at the bonds.

"He needs almost as beautifully as you do, baby." To have two of them desperate and needy. God, it was perfect.

"He's beautiful."

"You both are." He slipped out of her, let go of her.

She stayed there, panted for him, eyes on Luke.

"Your turn, boy." He looked from Luke back to Jenny. "And yours in the chains."

"Greg..." Oh, that was a lovely pout. Too bad it wouldn't work.

He patted her cheek, his thumb sliding along her lower lip. "Take him down, baby."

"So mean..." She sucked at his thumb gently.

"You love me for it."

Those lovely blue eyes met his. "I do."

Chapter Three

Luke was going to have a total fucking meltdown. They were so hot. So fucking fine. And right there.

He'd been watching Jen for months. Months. They were good friends -- lunching every day, shopping, laughing. That had turned to sharing secrets and chatting online and one day he'd seen her throat, seen the love bite, deep and dark and unavoidable, and he'd gasped, fascinated. Jealous.

She figured it out so fucking fast. Figured him out. And now Greg was looking at him like the man was going to eat him up. Please. Please, let Greg eat him up.

Luke wanted to come, so badly. Wanted to come, wanted to feel.

Jenny smiled at him as she worked off his bonds. Her eyes shone with need, her lips were swollen, she looked... debauched. Greg watched them both, eyes hot. She leaned forward, brought her lips to his. Sweet. So sweet. Luke's hand was free, and he stroked her breast, the pierced nipple.

"No touching unless I've given permission." Greg's hand landed on his hip, their skin meeting with a sharp slapping noise.

His fingers clenched, accidentally tugging her nipple ring, making her moan.

Greg's hand slapped him again. "Ten swats, boy. Every time you disobey me, I'll add two swats."

Oh, fuck. He wanted to kneel down in front of Greg and just sob with excited relief.

Jenny worked quickly, efficiently, taking him down off the chains. Then Greg put her up there in his place, his hands sliding over her body. Every now and then Greg would turn and smile at him, eyes full of promise.

"It's no fair, love. I should get to play with our new toy, too." She was so pretty, so hot. Luke was never going to look at her the same way.

"How long do we have you for, boy?"

"As long as you want me." As long as they let him stay.

"Hear that, Jenny? You'll get a turn." Greg patted her cheek and then turned to Luke. "Right now it's my turn."

He swallowed hard and tried hard not to step back. He wasn't scared. He was... nervous. Greg's hand slid along his cheek, moving to undo the ribbon that bisected his mouth. He licked his lips, his body wanting to push into the touch.

"Such a pretty boy. You're going to be tight around my cock, aren't you? So damn tight."

Luke gasped, lips parted, hips rolling forward without his permission. Fuck.

"Oh, yes, so pretty." Greg slid his fingers along his chest.

"Thank you. I haven't... I want to, though."

Greg's nostrils flared. "You're a virgin?"

"I've given one blowjob to a guy. I haven't done a lot."

"What about with the ladies?"

"I've done more. Nothing... nothing kinky, nothing like this."

"You'll never be able to say nothing kinky again, boy." Greg patted Luke's cheek and then leaned in, kissing him, angling him until he could feel Jenny's eyes on them.

No. No, that had gone away as soon as Jenny had shaved him bare. Touched him. Bound him. Cleaned him inside. Oh, God.

Greg's tongue slipped into his mouth, and one hand landed on his ass. The sound was shocking, the sensation more so. He didn't know whether to step forward or away. Didn't know what to *do*.

When the kiss was over, Greg stared into his eyes. "Gonna make you feel so good." The words were spoken against his lips, Greg filling his whole vision, his whole world. It was so erotic, the rasp of Greg's pants on his bare skin, the press of those strong hands into his muscles.

"Spanking first, pretty boy. You're going to show Jenny what a good choice she made -- this sweet skin is going to bruise so beautifully."

Luke's whimper wasn't nearly as manly as he wanted it to be.

"Don't forget your safe word, boy." With that, Greg moved him over to the table and bent him over it.

"No. No, I won't." He was going to shake apart. The only reason he didn't was because Jenny was there, watching him.

Greg's hand was hot as it rubbed over his ass cheeks. Hot and so very big. He met Jenny's eyes, three quarters excited and a bit terrified. She smiled at him, licked her lips and blew him a kiss. That relaxed him, let him know that his instincts had been right. This was where he needed to be.

"Ready, sweet boy?" The hand on his ass pressed firmly.

He nodded, and his teeth sank into his bottom lip.

"Then we start. Ten swats plus two extra for not obeying me earlier."

He felt the air shifting first, and then Greg's hand landed on his ass cheek. The sting was enough to make him gasp, make him lurch forward a little.

"Careful," murmured Greg, hand moving to caress Luke's cock and then reposition him back slightly.

"Sorry. Sorry, I haven't... This is so new."

"Which is why I'm guiding you instead of punishing you for that, boy."

The next smack startled him. He didn't move, though. He just gasped, looked to Jenny. She nodded, mouthed, "Good boy." He could hear the soft, almost purr of approval from Greg.

Another smack hit his ass, the other cheek this time. "That's three."

"Th... three." So hot. His ass already so hot.

"Nine more." The next swat covered his whole ass.

"Oh, God." His balls tried to crawl up his body.

"Eight." Greg continued to swat him and count down. "Seven. Six."

"Fuck." Hot. Oh, God. His cock was leaking, aching, dripping on Greg's slacks.

"Five. Four. Three. Just three left, boy. If you want more, be sure to do something you shouldn't."

"I... Oh, God. I..."

Jenny chuckled. "He doesn't know what he shouldn't do, love. You've got him swimming."

"Touch your cock if you want more, boy." The last three swats came after Greg's words, short, sharp, leaving his ass burning.

Luke reached down, back, jacking himself with short, hard strokes. Fuck, yes. Yes.

"Mmm, we're going to make a good little sub out of you, aren't we?" Greg's hand landed on his back, hot and solid, the other one wrapped around his balls, the touch gentle, warm, but both of them fit in one palm. "Stop now. That'll be five more swats for you, Luke. And you're going to count them down."

"Tell me we can keep him, love." Jenny's voice poured over him like honey, and Luke almost sobbed as he forced his hand to stop moving. He couldn't quite let go, though, fingers almost protecting his needy prick.

"He's such a good present, baby. It would be rude not to keep him."

The hand around his balls let go, slid up to take the hand he had wrapped around his prick and carefully remove it. "No touching, boy." Greg's words were quiet, gentle in his ear.

"Y... yes, sir." Right this second he would do anything for that husky, powerful voice.

"Swats first and then you can suck me -- seeing you like this has made me hard again."

"Yes, sir." God, he hoped Greg kept it up long enough to fuck him. He needed to know that, too, wanted to feel it.

"Count for me, Luke." The first swat landed on his ass. Greg was either hitting harder, or he could feel it more because of the earlier swats.

"One. Oh, God." His hips rolled, cock aching.

"No. We were going to count them down, remember? That means you start at five. We'll start over." Greg swatted him again.

"I. I... Oh, fuck... F... Five?" Burned. Shit, he burned.

"Much better." Greg's hand landed on his ass again.

"Four!" Luke gasped the word, hands scrabbling on the table.

"Good boy." The next swat was hardest of all.

His cry echoed, more a scream than a word, and his body jerked, trying to get away.

Greg's free hand slid along Luke's spine, up and down. "I didn't quite hear that number, boy."

"Three." He sobbed the word, shaking hard. "No more."

As if he hadn't said anything another swat landed on his ass, the big hand landing on both cheeks.

"Two... Stop." He swallowed hard.

"Almost done, baby boy. You're so good. So good." Jenny's voice made him twist, whimper; it made him know she was watching.

"Mmmhmm." Greg's low voice hummed through him. The next swat went all through him, too -- right down to his toes.

He fought for air, for the ability to whisper, "One." He did it, though, just barely holding himself together.

"Good job!" Greg swatted him one more time, and then that big hand rubbed his ass, making it burn, but somehow soothing it as well.

Luke hung there, heartbeat loud in his ears.

Then he was pulled up and into Greg's arms. "That was so good, boy. I'm very proud of you."

The words poured over him, and he moaned.

"You want to come, don't you?" His cock ached so badly, pressed up against Greg's leg.

"Please..."

"Not yet. You can suck me first. And then I'm going to take your ass."

"Only if you can keep it up." That was Jenny, teasing.

Greg's attention turned back to her. "You think I can't?"

"I think you're going to blow your load."

Luke gaped; she was something else.

"I think you can stay up on that wall a little longer, then." Greg's hands slid over him, warming his skin.

"Bastard."

He was so focused on Greg's touch he didn't gasp at Jenny's words.

"Time for you to suck me, boy. I hope you were paying attention when Jenny did it." Those hands slid over his shoulders, pressed gently.

"I was. I swear." He'd done this before, once.

"I'm sure you'll do fine." Greg's hands stayed on his shoulders, the thick cock right there in front of him once he was on his knees.

Greg smelled warm, rich. Male. Luke sucked in a deep, shaky breath. Greg took his cock in hand and rubbed the tip against Luke's lips. He opened up, tongue flicking against the slit, the flavor there strong, necessary. Greg groaned loudly, making him feel like a thousand bucks. He tasted, over and over, licking careful, lapping up the drops.

"Sweet. Good." Groaning again, Greg pushed gently, cock sliding on his tongue.

Luke held onto Greg's thighs, supporting himself as they moved together. Greg's hand slid around the back of his head and stayed there, encouraging his movements.

He tensed at the first touch, then relaxed when he realized Greg wouldn't try to choke him.

"That's it, boy. Nice and easy."

Each little endearment made Luke moan, made his cock bob.

"Good vibrations," muttered Greg, making Jenny giggle.

He grinned, and that made the vibrations worse. Or better, if Greg's groan had a say in it.

"God, he's pretty, love. He's so lovely."

"He is. Fuck, he's got a sweet mouth, too."

"I want to feel it on me."

"Don't be so pushy, baby, or I'll make you wait even longer." Greg's fingers sank into Luke's hair, gripping his head, holding him there as Greg began to slowly fuck his mouth.

The thrusts were almost gentle, careful not to gag him, and Luke relaxed deeper into the hold, the trust between them building.

"You want me to come down your throat, boy? Or you want me to come in your ass?"

Luke cried out at the words, his hips bucking into the air. Oh. Oh, fuck.

"I think we have our answer, Jenny, don't you?" Greg's hips stilled, the thick cock simply resting in Luke's mouth now.

"We do. Let me down, lover. Let me down so I can help."

"No, you're going to watch, my beautiful lady. Watch and want."

"No fair..."

Greg's chuckle was almost wicked. "You had your turn, my lady."

Greg's cock slid out of Luke's mouth, and the strong arms lifted him, brought him up tight against all Greg's skin and muscles.

"Warm." Greg was like a furnace. Luke's hand was grabbed, brought down to the heat of Greg's cock. "Gonna be hot inside you."

Luke cried out, the idea exciting and frightening all at once. Greg's hand stayed wrapped around his, moving slowly along Greg's heated cock. Luke's eyelids got heavy, his hips moving like it was his own cock they were touching.

"God, you're a sweet, sexy boy, aren't you? Such a good present." Greg licked along Luke's jaw from his mouth to his earlobe and then whispered. "I think we will let her down. She can have your cock while I have your ass."

"Oh, God." Jenny's mouth. He'd fantasized about that for months and earlier -- that hadn't been nearly enough.

Chuckling, Greg let him go and smacked his ass, making it suddenly burn. "Go on, undo her."

He nodded, willing to do anything. Anything.

Luke's cock ached as he moved toward her, and when she rubbed against him, he almost shot.

"Mmm. Such a pretty pair. I must have been a very, very good boy this year." Greg's gaze was like a touch. Luke's fingers fumbled to unfasten Jenny, her curvy, luscious body like a dream in front of him.

"Careful you don't come, boy. I wouldn't want to have to punish you some more." Greg chuckled softly. "Not until after I've fucked you, anyway."

Jenny's soft thigh slid along his cock.

"Don't tease him too badly, baby, or you won't get to taste him."

"I promise. Unhook me, baby boy."

Luke nodded. "I'm trying."

Greg stepped up behind him, cock sliding along his lower back as Greg helped him unhook Jenny.

"Th... thank you." Luke rubbed between the two of them, lost. Utterly, perfect lost.

Once Jenny was down, they squeezed him between them, nuzzling his cheeks on either side.

"Oh, God. Please..." Luke needed a kiss, something. Anything.

Jenny turned his face, took his lips and kissed him. Soft. Oh, fuck, she was soft. As she kissed him, one of Greg's fingers slid between his ass cheeks, opening him. It was surprisingly easy to spread, especially with Jenny's tongue sliding against his.

Greg's finger disappeared, then came back, slick moving easily over Luke's hole and then slipping right in. Yes. "Yes, please." He whimpered into Jenny's lips, nodding. It moved in and out, and then a second finger slipped into him as well, stretching him so wide. Luke gasped a bit, stumbling forward into Jenny's embrace.

"You're okay, baby boy. Go with it."

"I'm gonna stretch you, make sure you're ready." Greg's words were soft, low, rumbling across his back.

Jenny nodded, smiled for him. "Let him in."

Greg's fingers slid in and in, and then suddenly brushed against something electric. Luke jerked, hips bucking furiously.

"I wanted to take my time, but I think I'd better hurry, eh, boy?"

"I'll come. I'm sorry. It's so much."

"You'll come twice, boy. Jenny, suck him. Now. I don't want a drop of his come wasted."

"Mmm..." She slid down his body, lips dragging along his belly.

Oh, fuck.

Yes.

"That's it, baby, blow his mind with that beautiful mouth of yours." Greg's finger hit that spot inside him again.

"Please. Please." He bent a little bit, hands landing on the wall. Jenny's mouth was like liquid fire around his aching cock.

Two fingers became three, Greg stretching him wider, making him feel so much.

"F... full." Luke watched his cock disappear into Jenny's lips.

"And she's full of you. If you can wait I'm almost ready to take you."

Luke nodded, toes curling as he spread. Greg shifted him slightly, bent him over more, spread his legs. He didn't know what to do, how to feel. Jenny was pulling at him, Greg was pushing, and he was considering just going insane.

"Relax, Luke, sink into the pleasure." Greg's cock pushed and pushed, and then it was inside him.

Burned. Fuck, it burned. He almost stepped forward, but Jenny's hands held his hips, the suction around the tip of his prick increasing.

Greg stayed where he was, just the tip inside him. "Easy, boy. We'll go easy."

"Okay. Okay. It's big."

"It's what you wanted, though."

Luke nodded, trying to catch his breath.

"Keep breathing, focus on the sensations."

He closed his eyes, feeling the pressure around his cock, the licks from Jenny's tongue, the stretch of his ass.

"That's it, boy." Greg began to rock slowly, cock filling him a little more each time.

"Oh. Oh. Oh." Each thrust left him gasping, grunting.

"You can come, boy."

Jenny released the ribbons around his cock, and he screamed, his head falling forward.

"Pretty boy. Sweet, wonderful boy." Greg's cock sank in further.

Luke's orgasm flooded him, and he pressed deep, parting Jenny's beautiful, hot lips, even as his ass squeezed Greg's prick.

"Yes. That's it, sweet boy. Fuck!" Greg's hips pumped several more times before the thick cock pressed so deep inside him.

Jenny looked up at Luke, her pretty blue eyes warm, happy, right there. "You're okay, baby boy. You did so good."

Greg kissed his neck. "So very good. The best Christmas present ever."

Oh. Oh. Luke whimpered, suddenly undone. "Can I stay?"

Jenny looked up at Greg and one of the man's big hands landed on her cheek. She smiled and that hand moved, slid up along his body as Greg answered. "Oh, yes. I do believe we're going to keep you."

Jenny kissed him, and Luke whimpered. She tasted like them -- all three of them. "Until Santa comes to take you back."

S. Michael

Often referred to as “Space Cowboy” and “Gangsta of Love” while still striving for the moniker of “Maurice,” Sean Michael spends days surfing, smutting, organizing an immense gourd collection and fantasizing about one day retiring on a small, secluded island peopled entirely by horseshoe crabs.

While collecting vast amounts of vintage gay pulp novels and mood rings, Sean whiles away the hours between dropping the f-bomb and perusing the Kama Sutra by channeling the long-lost spirit of John Wayne and singing along with the soundtrack to “Chicago.”

A long-time writer of complicated haiku, currently Sean is attempting to learn the advanced arts of plate spinning and soap carving sex toys.

Barring any of that? Sean’ll stick with writing stories, thanks, and rubbing pretty bodies together to see if they spark.

You can write to Sean at seanmichaelwrites@gmail.com, or visit his websites. For Sean Michael’s M/M works, see www.seanmichaelwrites.com. For Sean’s adventures into the HET world as S. Michael, see www.seanmichaelwrites.com/smichaelbooks.html.