Jennifer's Eggnog

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Drink with extreme carnage.

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The first shot struck Jennifer under the chin. That one came from Lawrence. She was still yelping when Trent's delivery took her full in the face, filling her mouth and blinding her in an explosion of thick white. She spat and wiped her eyes clear, then pursued her boyfriend, scooping snow as she ran. Trent taunted as he fled, but stumbled knee-deep in a drift.

"Bastard!" She laughed as she pelted him, then pushed him over while he was still off-balance. He pulled her with him and they rolled in a white-powder flurry, till she straddled and pinned him.

"Language, baby!" he chided. "What would the Pastor think?"

"That you deserved it." Her eyes dared him to fight back.

A scream from Kimmie diverted her. The girl had attempted an assault on Lawrence, only to be hoisted upside-down. He dropped her flailing to the ground, holding her there and rubbing snow in her laughing, spluttering face. "You're so mean!" she protested.

He laughed. "I think that's how you like me."

"Now there," Jennifer goaded, "is a guy who's got control of his girl". Trent flipped her over and they wrestled till she disarmed him with a slow kiss on his mouth. "See?" Her breath smoked in the cold. "That's why I'm the boss of you."

"Really?" He stroked her face and smiled. "Don't bet on it."

* * * *

Two hours later they were dried off and basking before a cracking pine-log fire, sipping the treat Jennifer had supplied. Andy Williams was crooning from the stereo and all was wreathed in thick gold tinsel. Bunched mistletoe hung from the rafters.

“This is luxury,” Kimmie cooed. “And your eggnog is delicious! We should rent this chalet every Christmas.” She nestled into the crook of Lawrence’s arm.

“We could do it next year, joint honeymoon,” her fiancé suggested, snuggling.

“Yeah, and since we’ll all be legally wed,” Jennifer added, “there’ll be no raised eyebrows at church about couples shacking up in Lake Tahoe.”

“My folks think the boys are bunking together,” Kimmie giggled.

Jennifer caught the guys’ grimace. “Too gay for you, Lawrence? Trent not so cosy a bed-buddy?” Kimmie blushed as her boyfriend squeezed tighter. Jennifer hugged Trent, considering with a thrill how both couples would be getting sexy somewhere under the same roof.

“Tell them about the eggnog,” Trent said, and they both smirked.

“Tell what?” Kimmie was wide-eyed.

“Family secret,” Jennifer explained. “A dark one. My Grandma Lewis told me when I turned twenty-one.” Kimmie and Lawrence drank deep of both liqueur and story. “The recipe goes way back in mom’s family, so she said, right to Sarah Lewis, who lived in Massachusetts in the 1750s. It was passed down the generations, but my great-great-grandma and her family were run out of town when she started selling it. They fled west.” She was met by inquisitive stares and made the most of her story. “It’s not regular eggnog. It’s got … properties.”

“What kind of properties?” Kimmie’s fascination was palpable.

“It’s more a potion, so Grandma said. It inflames people’s secret desires. To extremes.” She was getting heated, even though she knew it was nonsense. “Apparently it caused a whole-town orgy in Bedford, Massachusetts, that’s why the church-people chased them. Grandma said the recipe had never been used since. She passed away. A year ago. Then when I was helping mom go through her things, I found it. In an old recipe book, with the writing almost faded.”

“So what’s so different about it?” Lawrence stroked Kimmie’s bare shoulder.

“It’s got the usual ingredients – bourbon, brandy, cream, plus a few extra. Let’s see, ginseng, catuaba, sarsaparilla, horny goat weed … And you’ve got to incant and stir it a special way as you brew it. It says so in the recipe.”

“You did all that?” Kimmie stared in awe at her glass’s contents. “You made it?”

“Lots. Bottles. There’s more in the kitchen.” When Kimmie looked fearful, she added, “Relax, it’s just a story!”

“A hot story,” Trent added. Jennifer was struck by the huskiness in his voice, the straining bulge in his jeans. She glanced involuntarily at Lawrence’s sweatpants and saw similar activity tenting his crotch. He was stroking Kimmie’s glossy hair, plucking at the strap of her tank-top. Jennifer’s fiancé’s fingers traced her spine and made her shudder. She could feel her nipples pricking. *Just a story …* One packing an instant placebo effect, so those bursting erections suggested. Along with her own soaking loins. Just some innocent fun to spice the evening, right? Fun the couples could take to their respective rooms.

“It’s hot in *here*,” Kimmie breathed, breasts heaving against the flimsy woollen top.

Jennifer had never seen her friend so sweet and sexy. “We’ve got ice-cream in the freezer,” she said. Her voice sounded sultry like she couldn’t help it. “And caramel pudding. All sorts of sticky desserts.”

“But have more eggnog first,” Trent teased Kimmie, ladling freely from the bowl into his glass. Lawrence joined him and together they quaffed.

“Go on,” Jennifer urged Kimmie. She couldn’t resist tempting her friend. “Drink some. I’m sure I’ve had a quart.”

“I don’t know …” Kimmie bit a plump lip nervously. “It seems wicked after your story.”

Jennifer eyed her hot friend. “It’s just eggnog, Kim! Hell, we’ll sing carols after.”

“I like carols.” Kimmie smiled, reassured, and filled her glass. “They make me feel so sexy.”

“Carols make you feel sexy?” Lawrence laughed.

Kimmie appeared confused. “What? I didn’t say that. I said ‘Christmassy’!”

“Well,” said Jennifer, “I think Christmas is fucking sexy.” Her f-word’s resonance showed in the others’ faces. She emptied her glass and the eggnog slithered custard-thick down her throat. “Drink up. I’ll go make some more.”

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“*It’s the most wonderful time of the year*,” Andy Williams sang, as Jennifer slammed her pelvis repeatedly down onto Trent’s swollen cock. She made sure her tits were bouncing in his face, blonde hair veiling his efforts to slaver and suck.

“C’mon, fuck me!” she seethed, taking him deep on every hard landing. He seized her ass and hammered her, driving to the hilt, balls smacking her cheeks. His broad hands spanked and she responded by tit-slapping his face, then stuffing one breast into his hungry mouth till she risked suffocation. He bit hard around her nipple and whacked her buttocks and thighs till she screamed painful ecstasy. “That’s it! Abuse my fucking tits you bastard …”

Her yells merged with those of Kimmie under the Christmas tree. The brunette was on all fours among the presents, tank-top strung behind her neck and brassiere ripped down to expose her tits. Lawrence molested those pert mounds with one hand; the other had her roped by the hair as he shafted in a fury from behind. “Never fucked you this way before, have I baby?” he raged, all sweating naked brawn. Kimmie whimpered, fingering herself.

“Make the bitch fucking take it!” Jennifer yelled, as her breasts were smacked and squished by Trent. She ground herself on him and imagined Lawrence rammed just as far up Kimmie. The thought pushed her over and she came hard, mind a blizzard as her cunt contracted around her fiancé’s pole.

Kimmie climaxed with equal fervour. While she was still quaking with orgasm, Lawrence pulled out and dragged her around by the improvised ponytail, forcing his bulging cock into her mouth. “Suck on it!” he ordered. Jennifer stared, body still bucking on Trent, as Kimmie slurped and gurgled on her partner’s fat shaft. Lawrence fed himself into his girl’s throat till she choked.

“Lemme show her how it’s done …” Jennifer lifted her sucking cunt off Trent. He went to put her on her knees, but instead she grabbed his wrist and urged him over to where Kimmie was spluttering on Lawrence. “C’mon boys!” She dropped her nude self to the carpet, seizing an erection in each palm. “Fuck this pretty face!”

After a split-second’s pause both guys obliged, thick cock-lengths making alternate plunges into her greedy mouth. She guzzled down each festive fuck-stick to the balls, filling her throat without gagging, her own cunt-juice and Kimmie’s melting together on her taste-buds. Beyond the two muscled studs her friend masturbated helplessly, staring as Jennifer deep-throated both their fiancés. The blonde glutted herself till both cocks dripped with gluey mess. Then she crammed the boys into her mouth at once, loving their shock as she pressed the cocks’ spongy heads together on her tongue. Lust roared

within her and she jacked both guys in a wet frenzy, rubbing the slippery poles all over each other. Their shame-faced arousal peaked and together they fountained thick white jism all over her face and into her mouth, groaning in agonised delight.

Jennifer blinked through her snow-blanket of cum and let go the two cocks to lunge for Kimmie. She seized her slinky friend and planted a sperm-plastered kiss on the girl's mouth, thrusting her tongue so they could feast together on their boyfriends' mingled seed. "See? You can taste them both," she grinned. While Kimmie reeled from the embrace, Jennifer fetched the eggnog bowl and emptied the dregs onto her tits' shelf so that it flowed with the spunk that had dripped there. "Lick it up," she instructed the brunette. Bewildered but submissive to a fault, Kimmie lapped, tongue-scooping every trace of creamy paste from her friend's chest. Jennifer kissed again, savouring cum-liqueur on her girlfriend's tongue, while cradling those firm breasts.

She hand dived and she fingered inside Kimmie's tight, shaven slit. The sweetheart gasped, wet cunt clutching at the invading digit. Trent and Lawrence stood riveted, burgeoning cocks in hand, as one girlfriend finger-fucked the other. "I've always wanted to do you, baby," Jennifer told her trembling friend. "I just didn't know it till tonight." Inspiration struck her. "Let's all go to the kitchen."

Eggnog had fired Jennifer's leadership qualities and Kimmie was soon stripped and splayed on the kitchen island. "Hold her!" The boys grappled Lawrence's panting girlfriend, as the blonde dripped egg-based liqueur from the bottle into her friend's spread pussy. She thrust her tongue and supped long and hungrily from Kimmie's sweet, hot vessel. The guys swigged from the bottle as she licked, then splashed eggnog over Kimmie's tits, sucking it off hard so that the girl squeaked and jolted till she came.

"Goddam …" Jennifer's face was sticky with eggnog and girl-cum. "I want to fuck her with something …" She searched and found, and the boys' faces lit up when they saw. She made a point of showing Kimmie the zucchini. "I was going to roast this tomorrow. Hell, maybe I still will!"

Kimmie gazed as her friend fitted the green monster. Jennifer pushed and watched in delight as Kimmie's tight hole swallowed up the thick improvised cock. The guys stared too, jacking rampant cocks and mashing a tit each of Kimmie's as Jennifer worked the vegetable dildo in and out of that slick cunt.

"See what a fuckslut your girl is, Lawrence? She loves it, the twisted little whore!" There was no denying the brunette's peals of anguished joy, stifled only when Jennifer extracted the zucchini and stuffed it in the moaning girl's mouth. "But I think she needs some more real cock!" Kimmie's beau was on the case, but Jennifer put a hand to his muscled chest. "Not you. I fucking want you for myself. Trent, bang the sub-slut and bang her good!"

She allowed herself the luxury of watching, as her fiancé mounted Kimmie on the marble worktop and skewered her in a thrust. “C’mon, baby, fuck that slut!” Massaging Lawrence’s veiny trunk, she reached out and smacked Trent’s buttocks as they flexed. “Do it! Fuck her like a man! ‘Cos I’m gonna damn well fuck your friend!” She picked up the crepe pan and whacked him with it hard across both cheeks.

“Goddam you, bitch!” He took out his anger on Kimmie, clutching her back and ramming till she screamed.

“That’s more fucking like it!” Jennifer was grinning. “Now, baby …” She yanked hard on Lawrence’s swollen column. “He’s screwing the shit out of your girl. What you gonna fucking do?”

Lawrence’s reply was swift. Biceps flexing, he picked her up by the hips and carried her in reverse, her legs already entwining around his ass. He backed her into the refrigerator and slammed her against it with an impaling drive of his pelvis. She cried out to be filled with foreign cock and came all over him in the first few thrusts. He shafted into her like it had always been his dream and she clawed him, guttural screams ripping from her throat. Kimmie was howling in harmony, each brutalized by the other’s guy. Once more that evening they were being reamed out by great cunt-stretching man-weapons. Just not the one they were used to.

“Hope you’re fucking my girl as good as I’m fucking yours, buddy!” she heard Trent call out. She might have laughed at his braggadocio.

“Trying to be extra-manly?” she panted under Lawrence’s lusty attentions. “After you two got to rub cocks?” Her current lover shafted her even harder and she heard additional squeals from Kimmie. “Bit too close to home, boys? For a moment I thought you two wanted to ass-fuck each other!”

“Maybe I’ll ass-fuck you, baby!” Trent spat his rejoinder.

“That a threat or a promise?”

“Hey Lawrence, whadda you say we butt-fuck these bitches?”

“Well?” Jennifer snarled into Lawrence’s sweating face. “Are you? Gonna fuck Kimsy-wimsy’s tight little untried butthole? Stud?”

Moments later Jennifer’s tits squashed into cold marble, as Trent bent her over the island. Kimmie was shoved down beside her and from their handlers’ grunts of machismo, she knew they were both

in trouble.

“Gonna be a tight fit,” Trent snarled.

“Tell me about it.” Lawrence and he were casting about for something to facilitate rear-entrance to their girls.

“This should do it …” Trent had retrieved double-cream and brandy-sauce from the fridge.

Lawrence grinned. “Good call, buddy! Real fuckin’ festive!”

The boys were taking back control and Jennifer loved it. Strapping males scooping up Christmas lube and inserting it into their girlfriends from behind. A shock of cold and a lewd squelch as Trent shoved his cream-globbed finger into her anus.

Next to her Kimmie yelped, her face fraught with anticipation as Lawrence applied the sauce. “Ohhhhh God …”

“Brace yourself, Kimmie-girl!” Jennifer clasped her friend’s hand and kissed her mouth, letting their hot tongues wriggle together. Saliva still linked their lips as she whispered, “We’re gonna get it so fucking good …”

They did. Kimmie was biting back a sob, even as Jennifer felt the slippery head of Trent’s cock pop her ring and his shaft urge its creamy way inside her ass. Her clitoris pulsed as he worked his way up, her rear tunnel expanding however painfully to accept his sliding pole. Her fingers clenched Kimmie’s as they both took their boyfriends’ big dicks where they never had before.

“All the way,” Lawrence was muttering, “all the fucking way …” Goddam, these bastards were sinking it right to the balls! Kimmie was wailing. Jennifer felt Trent huge and deep inside her. Punishment time.

A steady shunting in and out, Trent’s wedge driving into her tight-stretched gap. Momentum building, hand on her shoulder to brace, as he plunged great cream-lubed strokes. Kimmie beside her, taking it just as hard, just as deep. Respectable gals on a ski-break, bent over and anally ploughed. Caring fiancés turned lust-demented studs, striving to outdo each other’s rump-reaming efforts. Packing hard meat up their slut-girlfriends’ holes till the sluts screamed and the studs erupted, pumping asses full of hot cream.

Jennifer rubbed out an orgasm on her clit and encouraged Kimmie to copy her, as the boys fetched

more eggnog. They might have rested, but fever remained upon them all. So they chugged it raw and retired to the living-room, never mind painful buttholes. Desire unhinged them from reason and the evening spiralled deeper, ever deeper into sexual madness.

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Jennifer woke with her face stuck to the carpet. Eggnog drool. She peeled herself free and raised a pounding head to stare on the ruins of Christmas. Trent lay face-down on the sofa as naked as she. Kimmie and Lawrence were a sticky and contorted mass of limbs. The brunette's fiancé, it appeared, had attempted to eat the entire dessert buffet off her chest and stomach before passing out on top of her.

With a shock Jennifer noticed the third nude girl, the petite one with bobbed black hair, hog-tied with Christmas lights, her cunt stuffed with chocolate eclairs as she slept peacefully. "Oh my god, who the hell is that?"

Lawrence looked up blearily, face smeared with caramel. "Ehhh … We sent out for pizza." Jennifer stared at him in horror. "The lights were her idea. She really loved that eggnog."

Trent was stirring, his voice full of disbelief. "Oh god … Oh god … Oh fuck … What's in my ass?" Jennifer had a hazy recollection. It involved the brandy-cream, the zucchini and what had seemed a great idea at the time.

Brewing up a batch of the forbidden Lewis eggnog, that had seemed a splendid joke too. And bringing it all to Lake Tahoe. No, not all … She remembered with a sub-zero chill the two bottles her parents had accepted for a supper party with the Pastor and his wife.

Kimmie was floundering her way back to consciousness now, gazing upon her own cream and sponge-caked body. Jennifer groaned silently. This was going to be one hell of an awkward breakfast. She looked mortified upon her friends. What to say…

"Hair of the dog, anyone?"