# A Present For Santa

## By angieseroticpen

Published on Lush Stories on 21 Dec 2011

**The copyright of this story belongs to Angiewalkerblue and should not be published or reproduced without the author's permission.**

*A Wedding Anniversary on Christmas Eve provides the ideal present for Santa Claus*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/a-present-for-santa.aspx

He handed her a glass of champagne.

“Thank you darling.” She said as she lifted her hand from the hot soapy water and took hold of the flute stem. “You are spoiling me tonight.” She said as she smiled.

Steve leaned over the edge of the bath and kissed gently her. “Well it is our wedding anniversary and Christmas Eve.” He told her. And of course you are a very beautiful lady.”

Sonya reached up and kissed him. “You are sweet.”

“One last mention of the children tonight. “ He told her. “Mum said she will bring them home at 12 O’clock and also to remind you that the table for Christmas Dinner is booked for 2 O’clock sharp.”

She smiled and reached up with her hand and touched his bulge. “And what plans have you for me tonight then?” She asked with a wicked smile.

Steve leaned over her again and kissed her; this time his hands slipped below the water and rested on her groin. “Something very special.” He told her as he slid a finger between the lips of he pussy.

“Tell me more?” She asked as she gave him a gentle squeeze.

He kissed her again as his finger slipped deep inside her. “This Christmas is going to be one you won’t forget in a long, long time.” He said softly.

Sonya said nothing as she handed him the glass and stood up. The soapy water ran down her body. She may have been thirty five and a mother of two but she had kept herself well. She had kept her youthful looks and although she had put on a few pounds over the years, she was still slim with a flat tummy and a tight bottom.

Steve put the glass down and helped her out of the bath as he handed her a towel. “I think it’s time we had this off again.” He told her as he tugged on her pubic hair.

She hesitated for a moment. He had shaved her two years ago and for a while she kept herself bare down there but it took constant care to keep it that way and it was time consuming but she did remember how it excited Steve and the benefits she received too. “Okay then.” She told him as he picked up his razor and soap.

Sonya lay back on the bed with a towel underneath her and spread her legs wide for him. Closing her eyes she relaxed and enjoyed the touch of his fingers; the gentle prising open of her lips and the sensation of the razor gliding over her flesh. By the time he had finished she was quite wet and excited.

When he had finished drying her body, Steve then took a bag from the wardrobe and handed it to her. “I bought you some underwear darling.” He told her.

Sonya lifted out each item. “These are nice Darling. Thank you so much.” She told him before she kissed him.

Steve did not stop there however; he helped her dress. First the red lace bustier with suspenders and white fishnet stockings; then a matching pair of red lace panties that tied at the sides. Steve took care with the bow knots. “A little tug here and a tug there and voila!” he told her.

“Mmmmmmm.” Sonya responded.

Before covering her up with a red silk dressing gown he took her collar from their special drawer. The collar had been adapted from a velvet choker and had the word ‘SLUT’ studded on it in white pearls.

“So I am going to be a slut tonight then?” She said as she lifted her long dark hair out of the way.

“Very much so.”

“Oooooh promises, promises.” She teased.

Steve turned her around to inspect the collar. “Will you be saying that tomorrow morning I wonder?” He replied.

“You really have got me going tonight you know?” She told him.

Steve smiled as he kissed her. “You just wait until you see what else I have got lined up for you!”

“Come on Steve stop teasing like this?”

Steve smiled. “Well, let’s just say I have a very special night planned.”

He ignored her further pleas as he took the handcuffs from the drawer and pulled her arms behind her back and cuffed her wrists. “So it’s bound as well?” She said.

Steve ignored her as he guided her to the bed and made her sit on the edge. “Santa will be here soon darling.” He told her.

“So, its Santa Claus now is it?” She said with a smile.

“Well it is Christmas Eve.” He told her.

She smiled again. Sometimes they would play these types of role-play games. Steve would do something like this and leave the room before coming back and pretending to be someone else; it brought spice and variety to their sex life. Steve had often threatened to bring a third party into their sex life; it made good eroticism but Sonya knew that it would never happen for real.

He left her alone for a few minutes before returning with an ice bucket containing a bottle of champagne and two glasses. “He should be here in ten minutes.” Steve told her.

“Give me a kiss.” She told him. “I just love all this.” She added.

Steve obliged, leaning over her and kissing her. “You know that this for real don’t you?” He told her with a tremor in his voice.

For a moment she almost believed him. She kissed him again. “You really are getting better at this you know.”

Steve gave her a nervous smile and turned away.

Sonya knew that in the waiting the suspense could be sexually exciting and then of course was his acting. Steve could mimic other people’s voices and accents and he could behave different sexually as well. He could play the dominant role as well as the submissive one and he could make her really believe that he was someone else. Usually though he would blindfold her; tonight however he hadn’t, it puzzled her slightly. When she heard the doorbell ring that did not startle her; Steve always did that when he pretended to be someone else, but this time seemed different. Instead of coming straight upstairs he seemed to be staying downstairs. It was five minutes later when finally heard footsteps coming up the stairs but suddenly she realised there were not just one set of footsteps but two.

When the door opened she was already standing up and in a state of panic. “Oh my God.” She called out as Steve walked in with a man dressed in a Santa’s outfit.

For a brief moment her state of panic turned to hilarity because the man was black but she couldn’t smile. This whole thing was for real and she knew that now; what made it worse though was that she

had once joked to Steve that if ever she was going to do it with another man it would be with someone who was black.

“So this is this my Christmas present then?” The man said as he approached her.

“Present?” Sonya replied nervously.

“Yes darling.” Steve said. “I thought it is so unfair that Santa never gets a present after all his hard work; all people do is leave him with just a mince pie and a glass of sherry. I think Santa deserves so much more, don’t you?”

“You….you….you mean you are giving me to Santa?”

“Yes darling.” He answered as he turned to pour some champagne. “I wrote to him and asked him what he would like for Christmas and he wrote back and told me that what he really wanted for Christmas was to relax at the end of the evening with a whore and some champagne.”

Sonya was stunned; standing silently she watched as Steve handed a glass of champagne to Santa. “Well here is your Champagne Santa.” He told him.

Santa took the glass and thanked him as he turned his attention to Sonya. She could feel him mentally stripping off what little clothing she wore. “And this is my whore?” He said in a thick Jamaican accent as he stepped forward.

Sonya trembled as he ran a finger down her cheek, across her neck and down to her breasts. His finger lingered over her erect nipple; even under all that material she could feel the heat from his finger tips. “And she is mine to fuck all night?” He asked Steve.

Steve stepped forward and tugged on the sash of her dressing down. Sonya gasped as she felt the rush of cold air against her skin as it fell open. “Yours to fuck all night.”

He smiled at her as he continued the run of his finger down her body but this time against naked skin. Sonya took a deep breath as his fingers ran down her stomach and stopped at the waistband of her panties. “And will she let me fuck her all night?” He asked.

“Sonya loves nothing better than to be fucked all night.” Steve told him. “Although ……perhaps I shouldn’t say this but, she doesn’t rate you black guys in bed, reckons it’s all a myth.”

Sonya gasped out loud.

“A myth!” Santa said loudly as he tugged at her panties.

“That’s what she says Santa.” Steve smiled. “Reckons it would all be over in five minutes and then roll over and sleep. Also reckons you lot aren’t as big down there as is made out either”

“I…….I…….nev.....” Sonya started to say.

Santa smiled “Well I think its time we put her mind right on that don’t you?” He said as he tugged on one of the ties of her panties.

Sonya looked down and watched as it opened and then watched them fall to floor moments later after he pulled on the other one. “Well I think her pussy will have a different tale to tell tomorrow morning Steve.” He said as his fingers alighted on her mound.

Sonya gasped again as she felt his fingers on her. No other man had touched her down there in fifteen years; no other man had even seen her like this in all that time; she had never even wished another man be intimate with her like this in all that time, but now there was someone. A total stranger was gazing at her naked parts; touching her with his eager fingers; penetrating her most intimate places, and what was worse she was enjoying him doing it.

“I …….I never said those things.” She told him softly.

“Maybe, maybe not.” He told her as he stood close up to her. “What I want to know though is are you going to be my whore for the night; are you going to give me this pussy of yours? He said further, as his finger prodded her mound again. “Are you going to satisfy my cock?

Her mouth fell open but she found herself speechless.

“Because one way or another I am having you tonight, whore.”

Sonya looked him in the eye; she could see his determination; see the serious look on his face. She was in no doubt that he wanted her and he was going to have her, and as his hand alighted on her shoulder she knew immediately what was expected of her. Her knees began to buckle and she wobbled slightly as she started to sink to her knees. She had been in this position before; handcuffed and half naked; called a whore; told she was going to be used for night; told she was going to be satisfying cock the whole night.

She had also been pushed down to her knees before by a man; head gripped tightly while he used his other hand to undo his trousers; called a cocksucking whore as his penis was released; told to suck good as its tip pushed its way into her mouth. But that man had been her husband; maybe using a different voice; maybe playing a role, but still her husband. This was not her husband though. Her husband was standing a few feet away watching another man use her; listening to another man call her a cocksucking whore; watching him taunt her with his huge erection.

He watched for a few moments as the man held his thick erection and began tapping her on the nose with it; he was telling her how he was going to fuck her; describing to her how he was going take her on her knees on the bedroom floor and then on the bed; told her how he was going to be using her pussy all night; told her he was going to be turning her into a black man’s slut. “You’ll be forever

craving black cock by the time I have finished with you whore.” He said.

Steve suddenly became aware of his own sexual excitement as he sensed his bulge inside his pants; he also became aware of Santa looking at him. His eyes motioned to the bedroom door; it was time to go; it was time to leave him to enjoy his wife alone. The lump in his throat was almost as big as the lump in his trousers.

But he wasn’t the only one aware of their own sexual excitement; as Sonya watched the bedroom door close behind him she squeezed her legs together and felt the wetness between her thighs. “Just me and you now whore.” He told her as he pushed the tip of his cock into her mouth again.

His hand was firm and gripped firmly the top of her head as he pushed forwards and backwards. “This will be in your tight little pussy in a few minutes, whore.” He told her as he pushed himself deep down her throat, making her gag.

Sonya couldn’t wait to feel him inside her; she was already highly aroused. She could feel her own wetness between her closed thighs; feel her own pussy throbbing. Sonya couldn’t wait. She wanted him now.

“Fuck me. Please fuck me?” She said as she pulled away.

He pulled her head back against him.

“Please fuck.” She said again. “Please. I can’t wait.” She told him.

He stopped and looked into her eyes. “You really want it don’t you whore?”

“Yes.”

Moments later his clothes were off and she was on her knees on the floor by the bed; her head resting on a pillow and her ass in the air. He knelt behind her holding his penis in one hand, guiding it to her opening. With his other hand holding her cuffed wrists in the other he pulled her against him. He could feel her swollen pussy lips enclosing the tip of his cock and stopped momentarily to savour the moment before slamming hard against her. His cock slid all the way inside her.

Her cry was met by his call to move her ass. “Come on whore show me what you’re made of.”

She didn’t need to be told; she was already starting to move against his thrusts. “Come on bastard.” She cried out. “You show me what you’re made of. Show me you know how to take care of white sluts like me.”

It was like a red rag to a bull. He slapped her bottom hard, so hard she yelled loudly, and then he gripped her hips and started to plough deep into her. “I ain’t waiting for you bitch.” He told her before slapping her hard again.

Sonya didn’t care; she was already climaxing. The hard slaps; the roughness of his fucking; the name calling, and last of all the size and thickness of his cock had already done it for her. As his cum began to spurt inside her she was already satisfied. He had used her; abused her and brought out the whore in her. Sonya was well satisfied.

A few minutes later the cuffs were undone and they were inside the bed cuddling together. “I wasn’t too hard on you was I?” He asked her.

She kissed him. “No.” She told him. “But maybe you will be later!”

He smiled. “You’re really up for this aren’t you?”

She kissed him again. “Well I never know when Santa will be visiting again.”

He ran his hand over her breasts; down over her stomach to her groin. “Anything special in mind for Christmas?” He asked her.

She reached down to his rapidly growing cock. “Well I have been a naughty girl this year and I think I deserve punishing with the big brown belt my husband has in the wardrobe.”

He looked into her eyes.

“That’s if you know how to punish naughty girls and are up to it of course.” She said as she stroked his cock.

“Get the belt whore.” He snapped. “I’ll show you whether I am up to it or not. You have just pushed all the right buttons!”

She felt a nervous tremor run through her body as she looked into his eyes before getting out of bed and fetching the Sam Browne belt. He was already standing by the edge of the bed when she turned around. His huge erection stood out almost as angrily as his facial expression. “Across the bed whore.” He said pointing at the bed.

She lay down with her feet on the floor and her bottom raised on the edge of the bed. She turned her head, looked up and watched him fold the belt in half and give it a swish in the air; then as he tapped her bottom with it she closed her eyes and buried her face into the bedding. She didn’t want to see his raised arm coming down; all she wanted was to feel the pain; feel the sharp sting, feel her punishment.

Steve had used it on her before but he had been very gentle with it; he had given her pain; he had stung her; he had punished her, but it had all been lovingly done. This man was not doing it out of love; he was doing it out of lust. Her tears flowed.

They still flowed after he had finished; after he had tossed the belt on the floor and pulled her up to face his angry erection. They still flowed as he grabbed the back of her hair and pulled her face against his groin. They still flowed as she took him again her mouth, this time tasting her own juices on him. They still flowed when he pulled away a few minutes later and pushed her back on the bed and they still flowed as he pinioned her legs back against the headboard as he mounted her and pushed his manhood into her.

They were still flowing a few minutes later as she felt his seed pumping into her again but this time they were tears of joy. Even though her bottom still stung; even though her pain was still raging, she had climaxed again. This time her tears told of the joy of her release.

Later, as he brushed her tears away with his gentle fingers he asked her if she was okay. She smiled and told him she was fine. “I wasn’t too hard on you was I?”

Sonya shook her head and kissed him. “No.” She told him. “I have been needing that for a long time.”

They made love shortly afterwards and then fell into a deep sleep and they also made love again when they awoke. This truly was a Christmas to remember.

xxxxxxxxxxxx

Santa had not cum just the once that year and neither was his visit just a one off. Sonya was given to him as a present and when you give someone a present it is theirs to keep. Santa returned a few nights later when the children were in bed fast asleep; he did not come back wearing his outfit and he did not come back back with his sack, but he did come back with something that Sonya needed and he would keep coming back while that need was still there.