A Winter Wonderland

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Change is about letting go of pain and taking risks, something Elowyn couldn't do.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/a-winter-wonderland.aspx

"Don't you love Christmas?" My best friend, Maggie exclaimed.

"Maggie. We went over this."

"No, we didn't."

"We did. Suit yourself Maggie."

It was December 5th, and Maggie was begging me to go Christmas shopping with her. I hate Christmas, and always have. While other kids were wolfing down marshmallows and hot chocolate, I would go to a secluded hill and ski the day away. After 13 horrible years, the memory of my dad's death lingered fresh in my mind. The scar on my stomach served a reminder.

"What's bothering you?" Maggie asked.

"Nothing. I don't want to talk about it."

"I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND AND YOU WON'T TELL ME?? WHAT KIND OF FRIEND ARE YOU!" Maggie screamed.

Her high heels clattered across the floorboards and the door slammed.

"Fuck this" I muttered. In my head, a voice told me "You're useless Elowyn. Useless. You are an accident. You took him away." I screamed and collapsed on the couch.

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"WHAT THE FUCK?!?" I screamed. A pair of hands was shaking me. The room was dark. Outside, torrents of rain washed the city and thunder boomed overhead.

"Relax El! It's me."

"What the fuck Ben!!!! I thought you were a rapist. Why are the lights off?"

"El, don't you hear the thunder?" Ben asked.

"Yeah."

Then the empty room filled with his laughter.

"WHAT?! What's so damn funny??" Tears formed and made their way down my cheeks.

"Sorry El. I was teasing you. The electricity is out." He sat down and put his arms around me, gently rocking me back and forth.

My heart was beating too fast. I've always liked Ben. When he was fucking other girls I would sit at home and cry, wishing he would look at me like that. I couldn't for the day I felt him caressing my skin, sucking my clit, and bringing me to new levels of pleasure.

"Elowyn." His voice broke the silence. He never used my full name unless he had something serious to say.

"What?" I asked, my voice cracking slightly.

"El. I know you'll probably rip my heart out, but my sister and her boyfriend have a cabin in upstate New York. She told me I could bring someone."

"Oh, okay. Who are you taking?"

His arms tightened around me. "You," he whispered. I thought I was hearing wrong. He wanted to bring me? A million thoughts flooded my mind and I couldn't speak.

"Well?"

"I'll go. As friends?"

"You bet! I don't want people thinking you're my girlfriend," he teased.

I laughed lightly, but his words stung. "Whatever. The guys would be jealous."

He laughed out loud. "No, all the girls will be jealous."

"Whatever. I'm gorgeous," I said with a smirk.

He laughed again. "Don't be so vain. I'll email you a pamphlet containing all the information. If you have any questions, call my sister. Ill send you her number too. Oh, the trip will be a week. We're leaving on December 23rd and coming back on the 28th." He kissed my cheek and embraced me tightly.

"Night, El. Take care of yourself." Then, he was gone.

I sighed. The next weeks wouldn't go by fast enough.

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It was 5:30am, December 23rd. I was in Brenda's car, sipping hot tea and on my way up to the cabin with Ben, his sister Brenda, and her boyfriend Alex. I had mixed feelings. Part of me didn't want to go, but the other part did. I felt like I was betraying my father, but at the same time I was getting tired of celebrating Christmas by myself. Maybe this will be the start of a new year, I told myself.

The cabin was lovely. It was located on a hilltop amongst evergreen trees and miles of snow. I stepped out and breathed deeply; already the snow had lifted my spirits.

"What do you think?" Brenda asked, climbing out and stretching her stiff legs.

"It's marvelous! Thanks for letting me come." I said.

Brenda laughed. "Don't thank me. Ben was the one that invited you. But yes, it's a lovely place. My grandparents lived here till they died in an automobile accident."

My stomach tightened at those words. That was what took my father's life too.

I jumped as a pack of snow hit my cheek. "What the hell!"

I heard Ben laugh and knew he hurled the snowball at me. Quickly, I reached down, grabbed a fistful of snow, and hurled it back. He was laughing so hard that he didn't see it come towards his nose. WHACK! It hit his nose and I doubled over in laughter. We threw snowballs back and forth for the

next 20 minutes until I saw Alex and Brenda approach us, ski equipment in tow.

"Hey lovebirds. Quit playing and go cook. Alex and I are going skiing. See ya," Brenda yelled.

Ben rolled his eyes and tugged on my arm. "C'mon let's make some food."

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Later, in the warm sanctuary of the kitchen, I wondered why Brenda had called us lovebirds. Surely, she didn't mean anything about it. We're just friends. He doesn't like me like that...unless he does! Yeah, I'm going paranoid.

"Whatcha thinking about?" Ben's voice interrupted my thoughts and I jumped.

He laughed and poked my side. "C'mon El. You've been so preoccupied in your thoughts lately. What's up?"

"I don't know how to start," I mumbled, my cheeks turning pink.

He guided me to the couch.

"Spill. I want to know everything."

"Um...," I mumbled.

"Tell me, El," he said, his voice low.

"I like you," I blurted out. There, I said it. Now he'd know and I had ruined our friendship. Tears formed and I tried to blink them away.

"El," his voice was soft. I looked up at him hesitantly, and he kissed me. "I love you El. I always have."

Everything was happening too fast. First the kiss, now the words. What was going on? Did he really love me? Or was he saying it to screw me too?

"Elowyn. I've always liked you. From the first day we met. I thought you were the most beautiful girl I'd ever laid eyes on. Now, can I make love to you?"

I smiled, twined my fingers in his soft brown hair, and kissed his neck.

He smiled, "I'll take that as a yes."

Hungrily, he devoured my mouth and ran his fingers through my hair. "God, El, you're so beautiful," he muttered. I pushed him down and straddled him. Ben was breathing hard and desire shone in his eyes. I swiveled my hips against his hardened shaft and bent down to kiss him. Our lips met hungrily, and I could feel myself melting inside. His tongue invaded my mouth and I let him take control. Hurriedly, Ben yanked off my heavy winter coat, two jumpers, and tank top.

"No bra?" he asked admiringly and reached out to tweak my nipples. Ashamed, I dropped my gaze and focused my attention on unbuckling his belt.

"Ohhhh fuck!!" I moaned as he gently bit my nipples. His hands roamed my back and landed on top of my jean clad ass.

"That's right, talk dirty to me. Come on," he urged and stopped playing with my breasts.

"Ben. Fuck me now!"

He grabbed my shoulders and flipped me onto my back.

"Hey, what's this?" he asked, gesturing to my scar.

I looked down at my stomach, mortified. In the frenzy of passion I had forgotten about the scar.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed, pushing Ben off. I groped around for my jumper and felt his arms lift me and toss me back on the couch.

"You're not getting away. Tell me how you got it."

"It's none of your business!"

"Please."

I sat there and started crying. Ben handed me my jumper and I shrugged it on. "I'd really like to know," he murmured quietly.

"It happened when I was seven. A new movie had just come out and I begged my dad to take me to

the theater. He complied and took me, even though it was a school night. We were on our way when I started pointing out some of the sights in our neighborhood and he explained them to me. Then...then..." I dissolved in tears again.

"Take your time."

"Then, we crashed. For a long time it seemed like there was nothing. Just the after rain smell and pain. The pain was the worst. I couldn't move and something was in my stomach. Then I passed out. When I woke up, I was lying in the hospital and all these tubes were sticking out of me. The doctor gave me anesthesia and performed surgery. That's what left the scar. When I woke up, my mom blamed me for my dad's death. When I heard he was dead, I went hysterical. They gave me some medication and I couldn't think straight. When the medication wore off, my mom continued berating me. Till this day, I can hear her voice scolding me."

I sat and tried to control my sobs. Ben sat there, staring into the distance.

"Elowyn. Change is about letting go and taking risks. I know it's corny, but it's the truth. I know you feel guilty, but it's not your fault. I've never met your dad, but I know he loved you, and would do anything for you to live."

I sat and pondered his words. I knew my father didn't want me to be unhappy. He wanted me to move on. I had to live life for both of us.

I smiled at Ben. "You're right."

He smiled back and asked, "Can we continue where we left off?"

I laughed and kissed him. I knelt and gingerly stroked his cock. It was huge, at least 8 inches and wide too. I licked the tip and with one hand stroked his shaft. With the other hand, I played with his balls.

"God yes El. Keep on doing that," he groaned.

I hid a smile and continued bobbing my head up and down his shaft.

Finally he pushed my head off, unzipped my jeans, and yanked them down. "What a beautiful pussy," he murmured. He plunged his tongue into my pussy, in and out, so fast. Finally his tongue flicked over my swollen aching clit. He licked my clit over and over, pushing his fingers in and out of my pussy. And then, I came. Hard. I was left in a world of ecstasy, where all I saw were stars and happy

memories.

"That was amazing..."I whispered. He smiled and kissed me. Then he positioned his shaft to my entrance. In one swift move, he plunged into my depths.

He started off slow, teasing me, just putting the tip in and pulling out. Frustrated, I gripped his ass and slammed his cock into me. We both moaned and my body writhed in ecstasy. He slammed into me, in and out, in and out. He gave one final thrust and exploded, both of us in our own personal heaven. I gasped for air and wiped away swept beads that had formed.

"That was amazing," I said. Ben smiled.

I couldn't wait for our future together.