Merry Ex-Mas

By RejectReality

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Mom gets some Christmas cheer from daughter's ex-boyfriend.

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A flip of a switch filled the yard with colored lights. Regina smiled while watching the spruce trees lining the sidewalk appear to spin. She didn't care that chasing lights were out of style – she liked them. Curtain lights, icicle lights, LEDs... The trend changed every year anyway.

Turning around, she sighed. It was hard to get into the spirit in an empty house. The loss of her dad five years earlier had started it, followed by her mother the following year, and then the divorce. This year, she wouldn't even have her daughter to keep her company, because Amy had chosen to spend the holidays with her father. Regina could hardly fault her for it, since they were going to a five star lodge in Colorado.

With a defiant shake of her head that tossed her chestnut curls, she filled the CD changer with Christmas music and turned it on. There were still presents to wrap and a decision to make about what she was going to wear to the company holiday party tomorrow evening.

Her spirits had brightened by the time the final few gifts adorned the sparkling skirt beneath the Christmas tree. This had always been her favorite time of year, and even her current circumstances couldn't keep her down for long. She was anticipating serious potential for joy if things went well at the party tomorrow, anyway.

Doug had just transferred a couple of months before, and Regina had seen the possibilities almost immediately. They had talked a few times, and even gone out to lunch once, but she sensed that he was about to take the next step and ask her out on a real date.

She was determined to encourage that as soon as possible.

Letting out a quiet moan of anticipation, Regina walked to the bedroom and headed for the closet. Almost immediately, her eyes were drawn to a certain sweater and skirt that she hadn't worn for a

couple of years. Biting her lower lip, she carried them out and laid them on the bed.

The garments undoubtedly would send the signals that she wanted to convey, but there was one little problem. At thirty-seven, her metabolism was slowing, and she'd put on a little weight since the last time that she'd worn them.

"Here goes nothing," she whispered as she pulled her blouse over her head and removed her jeans. Keeping her eyes away from the mirror, she pulled on the skirt and sweater, took a deep breath, and then turned for the moment of truth.

A wide smile spread across her face when she saw the image looking back at her. Her stomach might not be as flat as it once was, but some of that extra weight had gone to just the right places. She muttered, "Oh my," upon seeing how the sweater hugged her breasts. A turn and a glance over her shoulder revealed that the skirt looked just as good clinging to the more rounded curves of her bottom.

I think he'll notice this, she thought after posing for a minute or so. Decision made, she took the garments off and hung them back up just inside the closet door, ready for tomorrow.

A chill shot up her spine and an insistent tingle arose between her legs as Regina thought about the path she was hoping to lead her co-worker down. It had been a while since she'd been with anyone, and for the last few months, her libido had gone into overdrive. A glance at the small chest of drawers next to her bed made her think about the one advantage of her daughter being away for the holidays.

The heat that had already begun building inside her swelled, and Regina popped open the clasp of her bra, letting it fall to the floor. She opened a drawer and pulled out the vibrator she'd purchased online when her fingers were simply not enough to tame the suddenly frequent and powerful spells of arousal that gripped her. Afraid of being overheard in the throes of passion, she was always on edge and rarely had more than lackluster orgasms despite the toy.

Nothing was holding her back now.

Regina slid her panties down her legs, and then ran her fingers through the manicured curls surrounding her sex. She briefly considered shaving, as that was the norm and dating was intimidating enough, but shook her head and dismissed the idea. She'd never done it before, and she'd never had any complaints about the soft nest of curls between her legs. If she went through with it, the hair would grow back thicker, and it would never be the same again.

The thoughtful caress became something more as the touch heightened her arousal. Regina slipped

into the bed and turned on her vibe, stroking it over the swell of her breasts, and then teasing the stiff points. Free of any reason for restraint, she let a loud gasp of pleasure pass her lips.

A groan accompanied the vibrator's journey from her breasts down to her tummy, then gave way to a yelp when the phallus reached her mound. She was soaking wet in anticipation, and the vibe slid easily into her depths.

A week's worth of pent up sexual frustration found release as Regina stroked the toy into her needy sex, her mind's eye transforming the plastic and batteries into Doug's cock. For the first time in far too long, she was free to cry out in passion to the ceiling above.

Her wrist pumping with ever-increasing speed, Regina could almost feel Doug's fingers digging into her thighs and hear him grunting with exertion. The delightful itch of climax swelled beneath her mound, growing stronger with every thrust. Then, it claimed her.

Regina's legs snapped together even as her intimate muscles clenched the toy buried in her depths. She screamed long and loud, trembling as wave after wave of ecstasy wracked her body. The sensation was too much, and she had to pull the vibrator free, letting it roll across the bed. Even then, the aftershocks continued for what felt like an eternity.

Finally, she settled down from the heights of bliss, one hand cupping her breast and the other held tightly between her legs. As the sound of a deeply satisfied moan faded away, she couldn't help but laugh.

The CD player was still running, serenading her with a highly appropriate tune – *Oh Come All Ye Faithful*.

Exhausted by the intensity of her orgasm, she didn't even realize she was drifting off to sleep.

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Waking up late – still sticky from the previous night's pleasure – should have alerted her of things to come. Work had been a nightmare, and the party was turning out worse.

Regina glanced back over her shoulder with mixed feelings. On the one hand, seeing Doug ogling a young woman from the HR department made her blood boil, and on the other, she was glad that it wasn't her chest he was staring at any more. After a couple of drinks, Doug's true nature had bubbled to the surface, and he was a complete jerk beneath the veneer of charm.

The company president started announcing the winners of the door prizes, but Regina continued on her way. Out in the hall and away from the crowd, she flipped open her cell to call for a taxi. A couple of extra drinks had put her past the point where she felt safe to drive home, and she was certainly ready to leave.

Before she could dial, a familiar voice caught her attention.

“Hey, Mrs. Peters.”

Regina looked up from her phone and returned David’s smile. He and her daughter had dated for years, and only recently split up. “Hello, David. You look handsome tonight.”

“You look great too.”

“You always were a flatterer, but thank you.”

David chuckled. “Taking a break from the party? I had to get away from mine for a few minutes.”

“Calling a cab, actually.”

“Sorry,” David responded, wincing a little.

“Oh well, it’s probably...”

“And the winner of the TV is Regina Peters!”

Her mouth dropping open in surprise, Regina turned back toward the room.

“What did you win?”

“A 52 inch plasma,” she answered. “I don’t believe it. How in the world am I going to get that home?”

“I drove my truck. I could haul it home for you.” He chuckled. “I know the way.”

“Would you?”

“Sure. No prob.” He pointed at the *21 or over to enter* sign and added, “As long as you can get someone to help you bring it out here.”

“I’m sure I can scare someone up. It’s on a cart.”

“Cool. I’ll go pull my truck around to the front.”

“Thank you. I’ll see you in a minute or two, then.”

Marveling at the sudden turn in her luck, Regina walked back into the party and waded through the congratulations to reach the television. One of her co-workers offered to wheel it out to the lobby and help load it.

The two men hefted the television up into the bed of David’s truck, and then her co-worker offered a final word of congratulations before returning inside with the cart.

Shivering from the cold wind blowing across her bare legs and up her skirt, Regina asked, “How are we going to get it out of there?”

“It’s a little awkward, but it’s not all that heavy. I think I can get it from the truck to the living room. Why don’t you get in the truck while I tie this down and put a tarp over it? You look like you’re freezing.” He handed her the keys.

Teeth chattering, Regina accepted his keys and hurried to the door. It wasn’t much warmer, but at least she was out of the wind, and starting the engine promised warmth in a few minutes.

David finished securing the television and jumped into the driver’s seat. “Whew. It’s colder than a witch’s...”

Regina chuckled as he trailed off, his expression somewhere between fear and embarrassment. “Tit in a brass bra?”

“Yeah. Sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it, David. Thanks again.”

“No problem, Mrs. Peters,” he responded as he put the truck in gear.

“Please – Regina. I’m feeling old enough right now.”

“Regina. I like that.”

After looking at him in confusion for a second, it dawned on her. “You didn’t even know my name, did you?”

“I’d never heard anyone say it. Amy called you *Mom* and Mr. Peters always called you *Dear*. Anyway... No problem, Regina.”

The truck rolled on, heat finally starting to flow as the engine warmed. Regina glanced over at the young man in the opposite seat and wondered what her daughter had been thinking.

David’s parents were well-off. He did well in school, and had been the star quarterback of the football team. He was handsome, thoughtful, and had a wonderful sense of humor. Why her daughter had thrown away the perfect man perplexed her to no end.

Her cheeks warmed when the truck bounced while pulling into the driveway. She’d been lost in thought, staring at his face, and hoped that he hadn’t noticed. Covering her embarrassment, she said, “I’ll go unlock the door.”

“Let me get it unstrapped. Keep an eye out the window and open the door again when I pick it up.” He grinned and repeated something he’d heard quite often from her over the years. “No sense heating the whole neighborhood.”

Regina laughed and steeled herself for the cold before opening the door. Fortunately, it was only a few steps to the house, and she had no trouble with her keys. In less than a minute, she was safely within the warm confines of the house. As soon as David picked up the television, she held the door wide open to let him in.

“Oomph,” David exclaimed as he sat the box down. “Heavier than I thought.”

“You didn’t hurt yourself, did you?”

“Nah, it wasn’t that bad. Want me to hook it up for you?”

Regina was just wondering how she was going to manage that, since she knew absolutely nothing about the process beyond plugging it into an outlet. “If you don’t mind?”

Nodding toward the box, David said, “You open it up and I’ll get the old one moved.”

Regina retrieved a pair of scissors to cut through the plastic straps and packing tape while her young helper tossed aside his coat and knelt down beside the entertainment center. By the time Regina had

the box open, David had finished negotiating the nest of wires and cables and stood up to pick up the old television.

Though she opened her mouth to ask if he needed any help, the words never passed her lips. David's muscles worked beneath his shirt, bulging against the cloth in a way that was impossible to ignore. Mesmerized by the sight, she absently thought, *Amy, what were you thinking?*

"Where do you want this?"

Snapping out of her trance, Regina pointed and answered, "Uhm... I... Just put it down over there."

David sat the television down next to the couch where she'd indicated, and then stood up to mime dusting off his hands. "Now, let's get that big boy up there where it belongs."

The words *big boy* echoed through Regina's head over and over again, bringing color to her cheeks as some primal, naughty part of her mind applied them to the young man who had uttered them. He crossed the room to the box, reached in, and bent down.

Regina's heart thundered in her chest as his butt stuck out at her. She knew for certain that she'd never seen more gorgeous glutes in her life. Chilly tingles of arousal arched up and down her spine, centering in her nipples and between her legs.

Get a grip, she thought, shaking her head and looking away as he let out a grunt while lifting the television out of the box. *You drank too much at the party. You're acting like you're a horny teenager. He's half your age. Act yours.*

The self-recrimination didn't keep her eyes from drifting back to his muscled body as he carried the new television to the entertainment center and sat it down. When he knelt down to deal with the cables, she fanned her suddenly very warm face. A moment later, she tugged at the neck of her sweater to fan her chest as well.

Regina's thoughts drifted back to one of the most disturbing and embarrassing moments of her life – one that she'd never spoken of. It was an innocent thing. She'd simply picked up the phone to make a call. She hadn't paid attention to the light warning her that the line was already in use from another handset.

What greeted her as she put the receiver to her ear to listen for a dial tone was her daughter's voice talking to a friend, describing an intimate encounter with the young man in front of her.

I thought that I was never going to stop coming, or that he was going to split me in half. God, I love his cock.

At the time, those words had embarrassed Regina so much that she'd barely been able to look at her daughter for a couple of days. Now, she felt more like the friend on the other end of the line, imagining what it must have been like.

"The remote should be in the bag I tossed on the couch. I'm almost done, so put the batteries in and we'll fire this baby up."

"Okay," Regina answered, not trusting herself to say more. Shame and arousal warred in her thoughts, but her body only shared one of those emotions. Her nipples were as hard as pebbles, and the chilly tingle between her legs told her beyond any doubt that she was soaking wet.

Even trying to concentrate on installing the batteries didn't help. That made her think of her vibrator, which in turn made her think of what it mimicked. The odds were better than even that the toy would be getting some use very soon – if she didn't have a heart attack first.

"There we go," David said as he stood up. "Time for some big screen sweetness."

Regina forced a smile, hoping it didn't look as fake as it felt, and handed him the remote.

David turned on the television and said, "Boom." He flipped through a couple of channels, and then handed back the remote, "There you go."

"Thanks so much, David."

"No sweat – Regina." He chuckled. "It's not quite as weird the second time. What are you going to do with the old one?"

"It's bigger than the one I have in the bedroom, so I'll probably put it in there."

David walked over to the old set, "Well, let's get crackin'."

Regina knew that having him here much longer was *not* a good idea. She couldn't keep her eyes or thoughts off of him. Having him in her bedroom went far beyond that. "No, you don't have to. I can deal with it later."

Already kneeling down, David gripped the television and said, "I don't mind."

He was already walking, and Regina couldn’t think of a single thing to say to stop him that wouldn’t reveal far more than she could live with. Resigned to enduring the torture for a short while longer, she followed him to the bedroom and stood in the doorway.

Whistling *Here Comes Santa Claus*, David removed the cables from the old TV and sat it down on the bed. He then went to work on hooking up the larger replacement. Regina tried to concentrate on his hands, but even that didn’t help distract from the heat that had come over her. He had strong hands and dexterous fingers, making her mind wander to the sort of delights he could give her with them.

In short order, David had the television up and going. He stepped back to the doorway where Regina stood, pointed over his shoulder with a thumb and asked, “Well, where do we want to put this...” He glanced up.

Regina’s heart skipped a beat when she realized what he was looking at. Preparing for the possibility that things might go well enough at the party to bring Doug home, she’d hung a sprig of mistletoe over the bedroom door.

David chuckled and held his hands out, palms up. “I know the rules.”

One of the family traditions was that anyone who met under a sprig of mistletoe had to kiss. It provided all sorts of entertainment when cousins or siblings had to peck each other on the cheek and then flinch away as quickly as possible, or children had to cringe as parents kissed.

“Oh, that’s only on Christmas,” Regina tried to protest, but David was already leaning in. His warm lips touched her cheek, and she felt her knees go weak. He turned his head to the side, offering his cheek to her, and Regina followed through with the ritual, her mind awhirl.

Caught up in the feeling, she put a little more of the passion she felt into that kiss than intended. David quivered ever so slightly as her lips caressed his smooth shaven cheek.

He cleared his throat and smiled. “Now, where do we go on the next round of musical TVs?”

“Uhm, the garage, I suppose.”

“Grab the old remote so it doesn’t get lost,” David instructed as he went to pick up the television.

Regina crossed the room on unsteady legs, her cheek and lips both feeling unnaturally warm. She

picked up the remote and turned to see that the comforter had somehow caught up on one of the jacks on the back of the television.

“Whoops,” David said, and gave the TV a shake to dislodge the comforter.

Unfortunately, far more shook free. Regina stared in horror as her vibrator rolled off the bed and into the floor. Rushed in the morning, she hadn’t even thought about the toy still lying on the bed, sticky with her juices. The sound drew David’s attention, and his eyes locked on it.

“Oh my god,” Regina almost sobbed, spinning away from him, the remote falling from her nerveless fingers as she reached up to hide her face.

“Mrs. Pet... Regina. It’s no big deal.”

She couldn’t answer – couldn’t even bear to look at him.

His hand settled on her shoulder. “Really. Just pretend I never saw it, okay?”

“Easy for you to say,” she muttered, positive that the words were unintelligible from behind the hands held tightly over her face.

“I mean, it’s normal. Everybody does it.” The volume of his voice dropped a little, and his hand slid down her shoulder to her arm. “I’m just kind of surprised you need one.”

At her bent elbow, his hand left her arm and curled around her waist, joined simultaneously by his other hand on the opposite side. “Any guy would rather take its place.”

Regina’s fingers slipped away from her face as his caress made her shiver. “David, what are you talking about?”

“Well, you’re beautiful. Sexy.”

Still facing away from him and looking down in disbelief at his hands touching her, Regina breathed, “I’m old enough to be your mother.”

His hands slipped a little lower, pinky fingers resting on her hips. “So?”

Regina turned without knowing why. David kept his hands encircled around her waist. “So you can’t...” Words failed her as her eyes met his and she saw them smoldering with desire.

David took a step backward, and as if his hands were puppet strings, Regina followed. Two more steps brought them to the doorway. Her eyes left his for just a fraction of a second to dart to the mistletoe overhead.

Regina froze for a moment as he pulled her close and kissed her. All thoughts of propriety and consequences dissolved with the first touch of his lips, and she wrapped her arms around him, her right hand finding his firm, young butt.

David's fingers wormed beneath her sweater to the flushed skin of her back as they kissed with desperate need. Regina pulled him even tighter, pressing her breasts tight against his muscled chest.

Then, she could resist no longer. Her hand moved from his butt to settle between his legs. Her eyes widened and she gasped as she felt his erection straining against the denim.

David took that touch as permission to go further. His thumbs hooked beneath the warm wool of her sweater and tugged it upward, fingers gliding over her skin all the while. She lolled her head back and whimpered as he exposed her bra-clad breasts and cupped them in his hands.

"God, you've got great tits," he said in a husky whisper as his fingers explored the globes.

Thought became words before Regina could even consider them. "They're under the mistletoe too."

David grinned and returned to tugging her sweater. Regina lifted her arms, allowing him to remove the garment, then let out an, "Oh," of surprise when he popped the clasp of her bra with practiced speed.

Two quick tugs removed the straps from her shoulders, and the lacy undergarment tumbled to the floor. Regina turned her back to the doorframe and leaned against it as David swooped in to kiss the upper swell of her right breast.

Regina panted for breath, groaning and gasping as he showed skill beyond his years. The way his lips and tongue caressed her nipples was absolute heaven. Her hand once again found his hardness, and this time sought closer contact by tugging blindly at his belt buckle.

In time, she grasped the end of the belt and popped open the buckle, giving her access to the button of his jeans. This proved even more difficult to negotiate one handed – especially with him stealing her senses by worshipping her breasts with his lips – but an insistent, needy tug eventually accomplished the task. The zipper proved little obstacle, and David assisted by pushing down the

back of his jeans while Regina hooked her thumbs beneath the elastic of his briefs.

His cock sprang free, and Regina wrapped her fingers around it. “Oh lord,” she groaned as she felt the length and girth of him throbbing in her grasp. He was so hard – harder than she’d ever felt any man before.

David released her nipple and leaned back, letting out a groan. Regina looked down to confirm with her eyes what she already knew from her touch. His cock was the biggest that she’d ever beheld, and it was rock hard – for her.

Whether it was the drinks from the party, the heat of the moment, or a combination of the two, Regina no longer felt the slightest tug of inhibition. She glanced up at the mistletoe, smiled, and whispered, “Rules are rules.”

He matched her grin as her back slid down the smooth wood of the doorframe, her knees bending, and then settling on the floor. David took a half step back to rest against the doorframe as she had, then brushed a few curls away from her face as she lapped for the drop of pre-cum decorating the bulbous head of his cock.

Excited by the tangy offering, Regina licked him up and down, wetting his considerable length with excited moans. David’s fingers twined into her hair and he growled, “Oh, fuck yeah,” as she parted her lips and took him in.

It took only a few sucks for Regina to realize that she wasn’t going to be able to keep this up for long. His thick cock forced her to open her mouth so wide that her jaw began to ache almost immediately. She pressed on, ignoring the discomfort, and taking about half his length into her hot mouth. The sound of him grunting and groaning encouraged her further, and she decided to try for more.

Regina sucked hard, sliding her lips slowly back to the tip, and then let it pop free of her lips to bob in front of her. After a moment to settle on her bent knees, she found the right angle, and took him in again.

“Holy shit,” David exclaimed as she swallowed his cock, taking him into her throat until the tip of her nose just brushed the kinky hairs at the base of the shaft. She jerked her head back and coughed, but swelled with pride at having managed to deepthroat him.

“Nobody’s ever done that before. That’s so fucking hot. Can you do it again? Just one more time?”

Regina swallowed and nodded before licking her lips and wrapping them around his hard, young

cock again. This time, she went a fraction of an inch deeper, croaking around him as her stomach rebelled at the intruder in her throat. She pulled away, trailing thick strands of saliva from her lips to his twitching member.

Even as she was swallowing and breathing hard to master her lurching stomach, David's hands slipped beneath her underarms and lifted. She stood at his instruction, and moaned when his lips found hers. Only one other man had ever kissed her after she'd had his cock in her mouth, and it turned her on beyond measure.

This time, it was Regina's turn to walk backwards as he guided her toward the bed, still kissing her. When her legs bumped into the mattress, David's fingers found the zipper of her skirt. Regina sat down when the skirt pooled at her feet, and a wide grin spread across David's face.

Another of the preparations that Regina had made in case things went well with Doug was to wear panties with mistletoe in a strategic location.

A deep, aroused chuckle rumbled from David, and then he repeated what she'd said earlier. "Rules are rules."

Regina lifted her legs up onto the bed and scooted until her head was resting on the pillow while David stepped on the heels of his shoes to remove them so he could take off his jeans. Regina bent one knee and reached for her high heels, thinking to remove them as well.

"Leave them on. It's sexy," David requested as he stepped out of his jeans and pulled his shirt over his head.

Regina let her leg fall back to the bed and drank in the sight of him fully nude for the first time. His hard-muscled young body mesmerized her, and for just a moment, she wondered if it wasn't just a dream. That errant thought vanished as he climbed onto the bed and reached for her panties.

Lifting first her bottom, and then her legs, she let him remove her panties, and lay bare before him as well – save for her heels. His eyes lit up at the sight of her curl-framed sex, and he immediately reached out to stroke his fingers through the carefully trimmed patch.

He seemed fascinated by the feel of her, petting her pussy almost as if it was its namesake. Just as the tease was reaching the point of too much, he pushed her knees wider and slipped his head between her thighs.

Regina let out a loud, warbling cry as a broad stroke of his tongue slicked back her curls. He moaned

before a second and third lap dampened the hair between her legs further. Then, the tip of his tongue dug a furrow to the dark pink folds beneath.

“Oh yes, David. More,” she cried out in desperate need.

He wiggled his tongue a little deeper. “You taste so good, Regina.”

Hearing him say her name while his head was between her legs made her shiver, and her hands settled on the back of his head, drawing him tighter against her sex. On a whim, she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his back as well. As soon as her heels pressed into his back, he groaned and gave her a strong lick over the center of her pleasure.

Regina yelped, her fingers fisting in his hair as he devoured her. His tongue pressed hard against her folds, brushing her clit with every stroke. He was teasing her no longer, instead driving her with breakneck speed toward climax.

The words tumbled from her lips without conscious thought as his incredible tongue tantalized her. “Oh yes, David. Lick my pussy. Lick my pussy. Make me come. Oh, so good.”

She writhed on the bed from his ministrations, and David’s grip on her thighs tightened, keeping his tongue centered over her wet heat. Faster and faster he lapped, the sound of his tongue working making her even hotter. A warm knot of pressure swelled in her depths, an impending orgasm that felt as if it was going to tear her apart. She closed her eyes, pained-sounding whimpers emerging with every hard, fast breath. Then she felt it.

It was just a pin point at first, directly beneath his fast lapping tongue – a chilly little point amidst the burning pressure inside her. She cried out, “Oh. Oh my god. I’m... I’m... Ohhh!”

Regina screamed as the orgasm ripped through her, exploding outward from her pussy to engulf her entire body in a microsecond. Arms and legs pulled David tighter against her quivering sex, her muscles contracting and her womb fluttering.

She came and came, like nothing she’d ever felt before. Spots danced before her eyes, and she fought for breath. As the jolts of orgasmic energy shot through her, she began to writhe and lurch, mindless of anything except the intense climax that refused to let her go.

By the time she could focus her eyes again, David was sitting up on his knees in front of her. His face was coated in her juices, and he wore a wide smile. “Did you get off?”

“I have never – *ever* – come like that. My god. I thought... Thought I was going to pass out.” An aftershock gripped her, causing her to slap a hand over her sensitive sex, and setting her right leg to quivering uncontrollably.

When she recovered once more, David was stroking his gorgeous cock, his eyes roaming over her body. She trembled, took several deep breaths, and then said, “I want you.”

David looked over the side of the bed, probably seeking his jeans and a condom, but Regina parted her legs wide and insisted, “Now. I need you inside me.”

He showed little misgiving about that demand as he shuffled forward on his knees into the V of her legs. Holding his cock just behind the head, he pressed it against her folds.

“Ah!” Regina cried as the head popped into her canal. “Oh, so big,” she said in a rush, stretched like nothing she’d ever experienced before. A growling groan accompanied a push of David’s hips, feeding her more of his thick cock.

“Fuck, you’re tight. Mmm.”

Regina moaned, “Oh god,” as she fought to relax. Pulling her elbows beneath her, she sat up to watch him penetrate her. Her eyes widened and she gasped when she realized that only half of his cock was inside her. With a whimper, she let her head fall back to the bed.

David must have understood the signals, because instead of thrusting deeper, he instead pulled back, and then stroked into her at about the same depth. Regina grunted; the hot friction and his slippery cock brushing her clit sending shockwaves of pleasure rippling through her body. After a few strokes, she’d adjusted somewhat, and opened her eyes.

The sight of David’s muscles working as he took her with measured thrusts was beyond her wildest dreams. Never had she even considered having such a gorgeous young man between her legs – let alone one with such an amazing cock. Yet, here he was, and the expression on his face indicated that he was loving every moment.

“Damn, you feel great,” David said, picking up the pace a little.

“Oh, I love it. Fuck me, David.”

He pushed on her knees, opening her up to him, and thrust a little harder.

Regina squealed, “Fuck! Oh yes,” as he went deeper. She screamed on the next thrust as even more of his cock slipped into her depths. Then, she felt his balls settle against her. The tip nearly knocking at the entrance of her womb, she had all of his big, hard cock inside her. She squeezed her intimate muscles with all her might, wanting to feel every contour, every throb, every pulse of his heartbeat through his manhood buried inside her.

David grunted as she clamped down on him, caressing him with her velvety soft walls. “Yeah, you know how to work that pussy.” With that, he leaned forward a little, making his cock rub her clit with its entire length as he withdrew to thrust again.

Faster and faster, his cock plunged inside her, sweat beading on his forehead and chest. “Yes. Yes. Yes, David,” she called out between gasps for breath, her fingers clawing at the covers while her head lashed on the pillow.

David’s balls slapped against her ass, claps sounding as their bodies collided. A constant stream of encouragement bubbled from Regina’s lips – sounds that she could barely believe she was making and words she had never imagined saying.

“I want you to come,” David grunted, his voice tight as he continued to pound his cock home.

“Say my... Say my name,” she pleaded, teetering on the brink of sweet oblivion.

“Come for me, Regina.”

A long, loud cry of, “Yes,” from Regina punctuated his words. She was so close, but her body refused to tip over the brink. He took her hard and fast, making her breasts jiggle from the power of his thrusts. One moment, she was begging for release, and the next, she was coming.

A banshee’s wail burst from Regina’s lips as her body exploded in orgasm. Every stroke of his cock seemed to send her spiraling higher. She screamed until her throat was dry, and then screamed some more. Even as powerful as her first orgasm on his tongue had been, it was nothing compared to the beautiful agony his hard, young cock was giving her.

Somehow, she heard him over the sound of her heartbeat pounding in her ears.

“About to come.”

Regina grabbed his hands where they held her knees pressed back toward her bouncing breasts. “Give it to me!” She demanded, the last word jumping a couple of octaves as another wave of orgasm

wracked her body.

Caught up in her own climax, she barely noticed the next several thrusts, but she certainly felt the last one. With an explosive growl, David slammed his cock inside her to the hilt, driving her butt deep into the mattress.

The thick organ swelled even more, pulsing as he filled her full of cum. David groaned with every spurt, managing to exclaim, “Still coming,” after the third.

Finally, his strength drained from him with his seed, and he released her knees to fall forward on trembling arms. His sweat-dampened body hovered over hers, both of them caught up in an endless cycle of his throbbing cock making her clench tight around him, which then caused him to throb again.

When he could no longer endure the tight squeeze, David pulled free of her clinging sheath with a comical groan and collapsed on the bed next to her. Regina barely had time to feel the cool rush of air against her sex before his cum started seeping from her. She quivered and twitched through the aftershocks, then rolled over to rest her head on his chest once she settled into the afterglow.

“That was amazing,” she whispered to him while running her fingers through the sparse hair on his chest.

“You’re great. I must have come a gallon.”

Regina moaned and snuggled a little closer. “It feels like it.”

David draped an arm over her back and caressed her side, his breathing slowing. Regina could see his eyes drooping. “Don’t fall asleep. I don’t want your parents worrying about you.”

He started a little and then shook his head. “Oh, they weren’t expecting me home tonight.”

“Mmm – good.” Regina couldn’t resist reaching down to caress the cock that had just made her feel so good. Much to her surprise, it twitched and began hardening beneath her hand.

David let out a growl and slid his hand down to her butt, giving it a squeeze.

Stroking his cock a little harder as it rose before her eyes, Regina giggled and said, “I think Christmas came early for me this year.”

With that, she straddled him, ready for another dose of hot, sticky Christmas cheer.