Delivering Presents to Mary's House

By Minnesota

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As I watched through the falling snow, Mary pulled her sweater over her head revealing her lace bra.

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I live in a small town hours from the nearest large city. At 43, I am a loan officer in a small town bank. I am not getting rich, but I am able to pay my bills and save a little. Christmas is my favorite time of the year and my opportunity to give back to the community. For the past ten years, I have anonymously played Santa for ten struggling families each Christmas. It is the highlight of my year to sneak up to a door on Christmas Eve, dressed in a Santa outfit, leaving gifts on the doorstep, and disappearing in the night.

I have the best staff in the world. The employees know all the customers by name and work hard at what they do. The tellers are all sweet, kind, and work for me for years. Mary is the newest hire and she has been with me for two years. She is a single parent with a son in kindergarten and barely looks eighteen. She is gorgeous. While most women in Minnesota are blond and come from Sweden originally, Mary has pitch black hair from her Italian father. She is petite, about five foot three inches tall, with hair that falls down halfway to her waist. Mary has a fair complexion with an ample chest. While the other tellers are locals, Mary is from Boston and moved out here a few years ago to get away from crime in the city. Too bad I have twenty years on her, and she works for me, because I would love to go out with her. That does not stop me from daydreaming and admiring her chest.

It was the first week of December when I got a list of financially hurting families from a local pastor. To my surprise, Mary was on the list and I decided to anonymously adopt her family for the holidays. As Christmas drew closer, I bought a train set for her son and some other toys. For Mary, I bought a new winter coat and a five hundred dollar gift certificate to Walmart.

It was Christmas Eve. The first blizzard of the season was making it's way through Minnesota while I was making my Santa rounds. The first nine families I visited lived in town, but Mary lived in the country. After I finished in the city, I drove in the night, my windshield covered in a blanket of blinding snow, down a series of barely visible gravel roads. Using my low beams and fog lights, I squinted to make out the center of the road relative to the ditches on either side. I finally got to Mary's home close to 10:00pm.

I made my way across her yard to her hundred year old frame house. Judging from only a faint light coming through the windows from her fireplace, I figured she was asleep. As I approached her front door, I noticed two feet of snow had already accumilated on her roof. I sat the gifts down at the front door and turned to leave. Mary would find them in the morning. As I made my first step, I heard a

sliding on her roof followed by a jolt of pain on the back of my head as everything went black.
When I came to, hours later, I was laying on my side covered with a heavy blanket of snow and I had a monster headache. My body was shivering, my legs did not seem to work, and I started worrying about hypothermia. Getting to my vehicle was out of the question. I eased myself to Mary's front door and began to knock as loud as I could. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Mary cracked opened her door with a pistol in hand. I am sure I was a strange sight in the night.
"Who are you?"
Pulling my whiskers down, I replied through chattering teeth, "Steve, from the bank."
"What are you doing here so late Mr. Knight?"
"I am the secret community Santa."
"Are you okay", she asked, much more relaxed now?
"I got hit by a block of snow that slid off your roof a while back. I am freezing and my legs don't seem to work."
"Let me help you in the house and try to fix you up", Mary offered.
Between crawling and mustering all my strength to pull my legs along, I got in Mary's home where I collapsed before her fireplace. All I could do was lie on my back and concentrate on staying alive. Mary worked to take my Santa jacket, extra padding for my fake stomach, and shirt off as quickly as she could. I was shivering uncontrollably as she gathered more blankets and put more wood on the fire.
"I could not have picked a worse night to get hurt. I am so sorry for the inconvenience", I said.
"Don't worry about it. I'll try to fix you up. My cell phone does not work out here and I can't drive in this weather."
I was still shivering. I felt Mary lift each of my legs and remove my shoes. Next off came the socks. Leaning over me, she said, "I am going to rub your legs and chest to help get your circulation moving again."
"Okay", was all I could muster.
She had me on my back and used her hands to rub my legs and chest vigorously to warm up my core temperature and restore feeling in my limbs. She was dressed in jeans and a sweater and looked absolutely beautiful. As she leaned over me I admired her chest hanging over me and her curvy figure beneath the jeans. While my legs were not yet moving much, the circulation in my shaft was working fine and I hoped she would not notice my hardness. Within about thirty minutes, I finally quit shivering and my legs started to move a little. She draped me with a pile of blankets.
"That was a close call, Steve. I think you will be okay now."
"Thanks Mary, you saved my life." Figuring I was a burden, I added, "If you have some Tylenol for my headache, I think my legs will be back to normal soon and I can get home so I won't be a bother to you."
"Are you crazy? It is two in the morning and still a blizzard raging out there!"
"I'll just sleep here then", I replied, motioning to my spot before the fireplace. "Do you have an extra pillow?"

"Nonsense. You can sleep in my bed tonight. I'll sleep with my son."
I dragged my way to her bedroom on wobbly legs, stripped to my boxers in the dim light, crawled in her bed, and hid under the covers. Dozing off to the sound of snow falling and logs burning in the next room, I was soon deep in a dream. In the faint fog covering my mind, images came and went. Realities changed at will. At one point, I saw Mary in the dim light of a candle next to the bed. In my dream, it was snowing in the room and the snow clung lightly to her black hair. The flames illuminated her curvy figure accentuated by her blue jeans and sweater. Her breasts pressed out firmly against her shirt while Mary's jeans wrapped tightly around her hips. A cold draft blew by my ears as it passed through the outer bedroom walls.
"Your very beautiful", I whispered. "Thanks for being my saving angel."
"Thank you for being Santa", Mary replied. "I found your presents by the door. Your too good to my family."
"I enjoy blessing people", I replied.
"Can I get you anything?"
"Some more blankets", I replied, with chattering teeth.
"I don't have anymore, Steve", she said, while snow continued to fall on the bed through a dark fog.
"Don't worry. I will be okay", I replied.
"Your too cold. I'll lay down next to you to keep you warm."
"Thank you", I replied, reveling in the dream that had come to me this night.
As I watched through the falling snow, an eye poking out from my blanket, Mary pulled her sweater over her head revealing a lace bra and magnificent breasts. She had a youthful beauty, a curvy figure, and tender breasts. Her shoulders were pale and her tummy showed no signs of stretch marks. As snow lighted on her shoulders, she did not seem to notice.
"Don' let the dream stop", I begged my mind in that fine balance between the subconscious and the conscious.
Mary put her left foot on the edge of the mattress, leaned over to her foot, as her breasts swayed beneath her lace bra. She began to remove her socks. I felt the bed jerk slightly as she removed the first sock, switched legs, and removed the second sock. Steam came up from her feet in the cold room. As I gazed through the slumbering mirage, Mary unbuttoned the top button of her jeans. My shaft was hard again and I was begging the dream gods to let me make love to her. As she continued to undress, my ears caught the sound of her zipper as I watched her open her jeans. Mary pushed her pants down over her hips until they finally fell to the floor. Her legs were shapely, her thighs fantastic with just enough curve to make her highly desirable, and she had the perfect ass. Her nipples were erect beneath her bra and I strained my eyes through the heavy falling snow to glimpse her narrow bush protruding against her pink lace panties. A view I wanted to see more clearly.
"Make me some room", she asked.
I scooted over and Mary pulled her side of the covers back and laid down on her side. She put her arm around me and closed her eyes. Her young warm body lying next to mine quickly began to fade as snow, falling from the ceiling, enveloped the bed completely.

"Please don't let the dream end", I begged the sleep gods. But she was gone.
My dream took me on a trip to a warmer place. Summer at Lake Bemidji with my late wife Annie. We splashed in the water, laughed, hugged, and kissed. She was eighteen then and I was twenty. We floated on an old tube and made future plans. Marriage, kids, and places we wanted to go. The world was ours.
As we spent time with each other, the sun began to fade across the horizon. The boats in lake started turning on their night lights while we moved to the beach which was deserted. Laying on a blanket, we cuddled as the last light of the sun disappeared from the horizon. Annie's body was wrapped with mine. A memory faded by time, yet alive now. My hand caressed her side and ran along her hips until I was rubbing her thighs. Resting on our elbows facing each other, her bikini top pressed against my chest, I continued to toy with her hips as a fog began to come across the beach.
"Your special", I whispered.
"No, your the best", Annie replied, as her image began to fade away.
Annie left my dream as quickly as she had come to me. "When would she come again", I wondered to myself?
With the sound of the wind howling outside, and snow slamming against the side of the house, I reoriented myself to my surroundings. I tried to hold on to my vivid image of Annie who had been in heaven now for ten years. My eyes opened and I heard a voice.
"Your really something special, Steve. I don't any men who give so freely of themselves for others as you do", a voice whispered to me in the darkness.
Pulling the covers down a little so I could visualize the source of the voice, I saw Mary's face. Her body was pressed against mine. My hand was on her hip along the lacy top edge of her panties, feeling the softness of her skin almost tingle under the touch of my fingertips. Mary pulled my body closer to hers and held me tight. I found peace in the arms of Mary. She was twenty years my junior, but she had a sensitive touch and a heart of gold I missed.
Laying on our sides, my face next to hers, Mary kissed me. Softly at first, but her kiss slowly built in passion until we found our tongues entwined in the sanctuary of her mouth. I felt her chest moving with her deepening breathing. Our tongues made love to each other and our hands began to move freely. I ran my fingers along her hip as we moved slow like new lovers do. My breathing grew faster as well and our bodies quickly got hot beneath the blankets. I guided my hand gently along the lace of her panties and slowly discovered the contour of her waist.
As we continued to passionately kiss, Mary placed her hands on my belly, just above the waistband of my boxers and gently ran a circle with her finger between my belly button and my boxers. Enough to make me super hard and all but begging to be touched. I pulled her hips closer to mine and ran my hand down the top of her silky smooth leg until I came to her knee. Pausing momentarily, I slid my hand between the legs of the object of my desire. This brought more vigorous kissing. My fingers basked in the velvet touch of her skin and the warmth between her legs. As she teased me by moving her fingers under the waistband, within milimeters of my shaft without touching it, I slid my fingers up between her legs until I reached her thighs. The feel of her soft skin was electric. The further I went,

the more on fire I became. I wanted her with all of my being.
As my fingers moved slowly up her thigh, she tensed up, began to grip my stomach tightly with both her hands, and closed her eyes. She moaned a little louder which each move I made toward her sex. Her legs spread giving me room to continue the journey. The flames of passion were about to overflow in my loins. I squeezed the inside of her soft thigh inches from her panties. She responded with a loud gasp. She was caught up in the ecstacy of my loving touch. The heat ratcheted up with each move. The closer I got to her sex, the hotter she became and more desperate for my loving caresses. When I finally reached the crevice of her lace panties, my thumb ran up the center of her V searching for her clit buried beneath her covering, while my first three fingers eased between her legs and pressed into her slippery and soaking wet panties. A muffled scream poured forth from her lungs in the darkness and her nails tore at my stomach as I pressed ever more into her sex. Mary's hips shook when I started moving my thumb up and down against her buried clit while my fingers traced along her hidden outer lips. Her hips raised and lowered on my hand with each movement. Her breathing was very heavy with gasps between screams. She struggled to muster the energy to simply breathe. Moving my fingers from her sex up the front V of her thin panty covering, I slowly reached the top of her panties and slid my fingers in, eager to touch her. The object of my affection.
While I slowly moved south, Mary moved below the waistband of my boxers. Working by touch, she found my hard flesh. She lightly ran her nails across my sex, then rubbed her thumb over the tip. We were both moaning now. Watching her face contort to my every move, and exploring her body while she discovered mine, was sending vibrations all over me. At my every touch, the veil of ecstacy across her body moved in an erotic dance as if she were a stringed puppet and I was controlling her with my fingers. When my fingers found her narrow landing strip, I was on the edge of climax. As I eased down further, discovering her hidden beauty at the tips of my fingers, she cupped my balls with one hand while continuing to rub her thumb across my tip. She raised her hips to greet me as I slid through a river of moisture to her secret most place. I crossed her clit and then her outer lips on my journey of exploration to her eager moans. Desiring to bring her pleasure, I slid my hand back up until my fingers found her very swollen and saturated clit.
"Ohh, My God", she cried out, when I began to rub it.
Her body shuddered and she began to aggressively rub my cock. As I began to kiss the crevice between her neck and shoulder, I ran my index finger across the length of her clit. It protruded out with excitement. Teasing her, my fingers slid on her fluffy clit over a layer of love juice. Mary screamed in the darkness as her body shuddered all over. Her hips violently gyrated as I caressed with increasing speed. On my next down stroke, my fingers found the entrace to her love canal. They dived right in as she pressed her hips against them. Her hips bucked violently and her love canal engulfed them. She was mine, and I hers. My thumb rubbed her clit in unison to my fingers making love to her. Deeper and deeper I went until they could go no further. I took my left hand and started to vigorously rub her clit while the fingers of my other hand made love to her. As her screams and gyrations reached a peak, her love canal tightened against my fingers as she tightly squezzed her legs together against my hands. I kept going until she exploded in orgasm against them, her legs

released my hands, and the last wave left her.
"I had not idea I could feel that good, Steve", Mary said.
I pushed our blankets down to our knees, rolled on top of her using my knees to hold my weight, leaned over, and pressed my groan between her legs while I kissed her. Mary wrapped her legs around my hips and her arms around my neck. I was burning for her. I pressed my chest against her bra and my boxers pressed against her panty covered muff. The sensation against my cock was fantastic. Going as deep in her throat as my tongue would allow I savored every bit of her. Soon I moved my tongue down her neck in a combination of licking, kissing and nuzzling toward her shoulders. As she gave herself to me, the texture of her skin against my lips drew another round of fire in my balls and a loud gasp from Mary.
Her breasts were beautiful, round and full, a handful rather than huge. Using my hands, I began to palm her breasts. Mary began to moan fervently again with each squeeze raising her level of excitement. Her hips lifted up against mine and she pressed her muff hard against my shaft. Her back arched, her mouth opened, and she let out one moan after another between heavy breaths. The more aggressively I went after her chest, the more she gasped and pressed against my body with hers. I pushed her lace bra upward from the bottom of her breasts so that her cleavage was more pronounced. My lips moved down her chest and I nuzzled myself into her, tasting and smelling her fragrance as I went. I was becoming ever more intoxicated with her.
"Oh, Steve", she screamed out, as I moved deeper between her breasts. "Make love to me."
I ignored her request, as my lips and teeth passionately bit into her cleavage. While pushing up on her breasts, my thumbs twisted her large hard nipples through her bra. At the same time, I pressed my hips into her so that my cock rubbed vigorously against her mound through our shear covering. She pulled my head tighter against her chest. Having Mary thrash wildly against me, I wanted to taste her breasts immediately. Her lace cups fit tight around her breasts, her panties were tight, and I could not wait to plunge my shaft deep within her. As I fumbled to remove her bra she was restless. Her hands were already pulling my mouth to her breasts. Her breathing was rapid and her eyes revealed her desperation for my attention.
"Suck them now", she begged!
I had barely completed unclasping her bra, and pulling the cups back to either side of her body, when she forced my face on her left nipple. I took her half-dollar size nipple completely in my mouth and sucked it between my gums and caressed it with my tongue. Her hips began to rise and fall back to the bed in one fluid motion as she tried to get me to make love to her immediately. I sucked and sucked on her breast while my other hand massaged her other nipple. She pressed me so close to her chest I feared I would not be able to breath. Her cries became higher in pitch and closer together with more than a hint of desperation. Her hips began to buck against mine as her body reached a crescendo of undulating sensual fervor. She let out a long scream, tensed up and became still for a short moment, as she completed her latest wave of release through a powerful orgasm that ripped through her body.
As I moved to her next breast in a feeding frenzy, her body began a new series of seismic waves

accompanied by her gutteral moans. Her nipples were pink and hard beneath my tongue. They protruded, rising to every stroke I gave them. I squeezed and deeply massaged them as I feasted. Her hands were strong against my hair, pulling me into her breast. I wanted to make love to her forever.

Letting go of her breasts, my hands moved to her sides while my tongue began a journey from her breasts to the top of her panties. I took mouthfuls of flesh into my mouth as I kissed my way down her flat belly. I delved my tongue into her belly button until she squirmed to my subtle tickling. Her hands guided my face toward the center of her sexuality. I kissed my way down to the top of her panties.

"Yes", she screamed!

My face lifted up so my eyes could see hers as I took possession of her body. Mary's voice begged me to go further south and her hips called me to her sex. Her thighs were curvy and her prized mound tightly covered. I looked at her. Her face had a huge smile. Everything moved in slow motion, as we looked at each other. She knew I wanted her badly and that turned her on and excited her. I could not wait to please her and it made her happy all the more. I kissed my way down until I was in a position to kiss the top of her slit through her panties.

"Take off my panties", she beckoned.

I slid my hands under her hips and slid them down as fast as I could with her lifting her hips to assist. As soon as I got them off, she spread her legs and positioned my face between them.

"Keep going", Mary pleaded.

Sliding my hands under her thighs, I held her firmly by the ass. I lifted her up so that her mound was ideally angled to be unmercifully lashed by my tongue just below her narrow landing strip. Pressing my mouth into her, I went immediately after her outer lips. I took them between my gums, caressed them, and then pushed my tongue as deep into her soaking wet love canal as I could. Mary screamed with each assault on her womanhood and her hips thrashed around in my hands as I stimulated her. She pulled me deeper in her body until I thought I would suffocate. Her taste was exquisite and nector to my mouth. More fulfilling than I had dreamed of. I darted my tongue in and out of her as she rocked her hips to my strokes. I twisted my tongue to the left and to the right with her begging for more.

I began to fully remove my tongue on each stroke out of her. I would tilt my head up so the top of my tongue brushed roughly against her clit on the way out. When I began to do this, she wrapped her legs around my head until I thought she would break my neck and tear my ears off, bucked ever more wildly, and gasped between elevated screams of desire. Her clit was swollen, soaked, and slippery against my tongue. As I exited her body, I would engulf her clit and stroke it in my mouth with my tongue on my way north. On the journey south, I rubbed as much of my tongue as possible against her clit and slipped into her love canal again where I went as deep as possible. Making love to her with all my vigor.

Mary thrashed about and twisted my head with her legs as I increased my speed. I stroked her as deep as my tongue could travel, then moved up and across her clit agressively with the top of my tongue until I got to the top, and filled my mouth with her clit just to go back down across her clit again. I dove deep within her at the rate of two or three strokes a second. I had no intention of letting

up. I held her tightly by the hips as I went ever so faster. Her screams increased in sound and intensity. Her legs whipped my head to the left and right. I held on to her for dear life as I ate her, intending to give her the most intense orgasm of her life. It did not take long. I felt her whole body begin to shudder as she let out one blood curling scream after another. Her legs tightened against me and her thrashing increased for a brief moment and then she exploded on me.
"I can't take anymore. Make love to me now", she pleaded!
"But, I don't have a condom", I replied.
"I don't care."
I quickly removed my boxers, spread her legs, and slid my cock down her clit until I found her entrance. As she squealed, I pushed my shaft in her. Her love canal was soaking wet, but still tight. I felt the inside of her against my tip and she was absolutely marvelous. I plunged all the way in until my balls bounced against her hips as she urged me deeper. I enjoyed my young lovely lady. I plunged in her just to reverse myself and withdraw, and plunged again. She screamed with each thrust and grabbed me by the butt to guide my rhythm.
"Harder", she pleaded.
I squeezed her breasts while making love to her as hard as I could. I was 43 and getting out of breath. I had not made love like this in forver. She was taking everything I was giving and wanted more. When I slid my hands under her butt to raise her, it excited her more. I held her at angle so every thrust pushed my cock against her clit. Looking at her face, she was in erotic heaven. With each thrust her legs bounced to either side of me. I knew I could not hold out long.
I glanced down between her legs where my shaft was greased up with her love fluid. Her open lips begged for more from my member which she wrapped tightly with her body. The bed was rocking against the wall with a loud banging sound at each thrust. The bed had a constant squeaking noise which was only drown out by her screams. I prayed her son would not wake up in the midst of all this. Just when I thought it could not get any better, I felt her hand slide beneath her and began to massage my balls. I was moaning with her now As she cupped my balls, I felt them begin to swell. At the same time, Mary was tightening around my member and screaming at the top of her lungs. Each thrust brought us closer to climax. My shaft grew, my legs buckled, my body moved in slow motion, as I prepared to fill her with my seed. I heard myself let out a groan of pleasure as the wave of the orgasm arrived and covered me with sparks and shots of electricity all over my body. I was in the throes of that moment when I started to shoot deep into Mary. I saw her smile as I filled her. She traced her fingers over my balls as my legs shivered and shook the last of the climax. I was smiling too, looking down at my new lover, unable to move much yet, and my breathing drained by the heart-stopping moment she had given me.
Her hips had ceased to gyrate and I was wiped out. Afterwards, we collapsed in each others arms. Mary laid next to me on a cold winter's night in her small home in the country while we just grinned at each other.
"You had better now gotten me pregnant with triplets", she said.
"I hope not", I replied.

We pulled the covers up as we started to get cold again. About thirty minutes later I felt her hands rubbing my shaft again.
"Wanna risk the triplets again", she asked?
"Absolutely", I replied.