# The best Christmas present

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*A sweet one..*

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The window is open and the persistent rain a friend of mine pelts on the world outside, the wind blows the curtain inwards and howls around the dark lonely Christmas night, but it isn't lonely in here, not any more I think as I feel you snuggle in close to my bare back.
We're spending our first night together and it's the best Christmas present I've ever had.
I'm afraid that in the morning you'll fade away like the memories of a wonderful dream and because of that I'm fighting sleep I don't want this feeling to ever end.

"Hold me tight"

I whisper in the darkness and I never say the part about "never letting go".
You squeeze me tighter and I gasp with the thrill of it.
My hair shields my neck from your mouth as you move your face next to me, and breathe in the last remaining traces of my perfume, you move my hair to the side and murmur softly as you inhale and your lips rest there.
We agreed that we wouldn't have sex on our first night together and not because we don't want to, because right now I want every part of you, I'm aching for you, for the closeness that having you inside me would bring, I'm certain without even checking that you're straining with desire too.

"I want you"

I say because regardless of what we agreed, I need to be able to tell you that much, I need to make you to feel wanted.

"Close your eyes", you say to me and I'm not sure how you knew they were open but I do as I'm told and smile.

You distance yourself from me and prop yourself up on your elbow.

“Now open your legs”, you say to me and again I obey you.

Then you begin the sweetest sexiest mind fuck I’ve ever experienced.

“Are you wet?”

You ask me and of course you already know the answer but I start to move my hand to check for myself.

“No touching”

You say and I’m really excited now because this is new to me.

“Can you imagine me between your open legs?” you say, and yes I can imagine, I imagine you there rested on your elbows between my spread legs, I anticipate you parting my soft lips and your fingers delving into me for the first time. I feel new juices ooze from the aching spot between my legs and I gasp at my own arousal as you continue to tell me what you’d like to do to me.

“I want to spread you open and explore inside you.” you say and “Jesus Christ I can practically feel your fingers doing it and your hot breath on my exposed pussy as you watch closely. Beneath the duvet my pussy screams silently for all that you mention and I can hear the breaking in your voice as you continue to arouse us both with your spoken desires.

You stroke my forehead as you speak and the tenderness overwhelms me in a way I’ve never experienced before.

“I going to want to taste you now”, you say and my mind easily finds that scenario.

“My tongue tantalises your swelling clit, and you’re soaking pussy tastes so delicious that I want to drink from it”, you tell me and I’m not sure I can bear this aching anymore because you’re here with me in my bed, you want me as much as I want you and this is tormenting me.
I moan as I shift closer to you, my legs still wide, my pussy is sopping wet just for you and the swelling, aching, tingling worse than the worlds biggest itch but much more divine.

“Please”

I say and you understand, you kiss me gently on the lips and linger a while to listen to and feel the quick shortened breaths you’ve reduced me to.
I kiss you hard now in the hope that I can make you lose control and the kiss you respond with is equal passion and just makes me wilder, I’m becoming like an animal now writhing helplessly along side you with a hunger that needs to be fed.
You replace your mouth with your fingers and I suck each of them into my mouth it’s an un-deliberate representation of my hunger for you and I know it’s driving you wild too.

“Please”

I beg again and I’m really begging for lots of things including your heart.

Your hand slides beneath the duvet and my heart quickens, you find my hand and guide our fingers to the centre of my need.
Your gasp isn’t repressed as you find my wetness and it reveals that you’ve driven me totally crazy.
I moan out load with relief as our fingers accept the invitation, the sound of my desperate hoarse voice making you frenzied.
In just a few seconds I have the loudest most intense orgasm, our fingers surrounded by spasm, and you milk me, “it” for all it’s worth, my body is still trembling as the sound of my heavy breathing subsides. I want to cry with the relief and emotion I feel but I won’t I’ll save it.

“Let me at you!”

I say cheekily and as I reach down and feel the smoothness that is your swollen cock, immediately I want to taste it.
I moan in approval as my lips find it and from my position I hear the gentle noise emerge from your throat as I sink my own throat onto it in one smooth movement. I purse my lips around you and make the journey back up all the while gripping you, clinging to you with my eager to please lips.
Up and down I go, growing faster in speed, encouraged by the louder noises you now can’t control, my hands on your thighs playing their part.
In my head I can hear the words “Give it to me, give me what I want” as my sole purpose becomes sucking you dry.
I moan around you because I love pleasing you, I love the taste of you. The vibrations from my throat stimulate you as my hands move up and knead your balls, if I could I would squeeze your cum right out of them.
Your hands are on my head now as you try to regain some composure, but I don’t want composure I want you to let go.
Faster I go still, almost frenzied now and the moment you become paralysed I know that the prize is to follow. Your hips rise up involuntarily and your hot cum shoots into my aching throat, only when I’m sure I have every last drop do I slow to a standstill and sleep with my face pressed up against your stomach, a smile unseen.

It takes me a second to comprehend you in my bed on waking and I smile a groggy, contented smile as I kiss you gently and turn over. In just a few seconds you’re pressed into my back and already I can feel the hardness you’ve woken with.
I lift my leg over you and bring your hands to my waiting, needy breasts. I make you squeeze them and then gasp at my own brazenness.
Already I am desperate for you and it’s not our first night anymore, it’s morning, so I ease my hand between us and guide your cock to my aching pussy. We both moan simultaneously as it finds its way into the deepest part of me.

“Oh fuck yeah, fuck me please!”

I beg because really I like the sound of myself begging, you like it too and you oblige me by turning us over and pinning me with your weight.
You rise up and thrust yourself full throttle relentlessly into me as I cry out “yes” over and over until it’s barely coherent.
You grab a handful of my knotted hair and pull my head back and round so you can see the contortion on my face that describes my ecstasy perfectly. I look at you with big needy eyes and beg again.

“Fuck my cunt it’s yours!”

I say because really it’s true and I don’t care about much else.
It’s the turning point for you, and you fuck me like the animal you’re becoming, the animal I want you to be.
I’m helpless as you use my body in the way I need you to, I cry out as my orgasm from somewhere deep inside me, grips you and brings you further, deeper into me, my screams of the most incredible kind, tip you over and our juices combine in a welcome explosion.

The radio comes to life on the windowsill I forgot to switch off the alarm. I reach over to turn off the Christmas song that’s playing because I can’t stand it, but as I reach over I notice that it’s snowing outside and decide that actually it’s Christmas time and I can tolerate this song. Today I can tolerate pretty much anything because I have the best Christmas present ever.