'Tis The Season To Be Jolly

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His breath came out in a steady even puff, condensating in the cold night air. Christmas lights sparkled around us, lighting up the night sky. It was magical in a way, transporting us to another place altogether. The only toasty part of my body was where his hand lay interlocked with mine. With each step we got closer to the coziness of our home. The crackling fireplace was waiting, along with the fresh sheets laid atop the bed.

“I’m freezing.”

His pink tongue darted out over his lips where the already melting snowflakes laid. Grinning slightly I leaned into him,

“I can fix that.”

A slight hint of promise was laid beneath my words. His fingers immediately clenched around my hand, a loud gasp echoing in the still night. He had caught onto what I meant and suddenly his steps were made with a much greater urgency. A quick left, a simple right, and a straight walk to our front door. An echoing jingle sounded out as our door was pushed open. Sometimes wreaths were more of a bother than a beautiful decoration.

Pulling my hand away from his, I slowly snapped open every button of the large winter coat. A hard shiver wracked my body as the warm article of clothing slid onto the floor. Glancing a quick peek at Joseph I saw he was already staring at me intently. He had always been one for rushing, not relishing in the beautiful moments of sexual tension.

“Doesn’t it smell good in here babe? I went and bought a new Jack Frost candle this afternoon!”

My voice was purposefully a notch higher than usual. He nodded quickly, tilting his head back slightly to take in the scent. My eyes were drawn to his strong jaw line, and the gentle slope of his cheekbones. It took all I had to hold in the needy gasp that was welling up in my chest. He looked back towards me just in time to see me slide the white sweater over the top of my head. Immediately his bright white teeth slid into the soft color of his lips.

I flashed him a quick smile before shimmying the tight jeans off of my long legs. I stood silently for a moment, adorned in nothing but a skin tight undershirt and pair of boy-short style undergarments. The feeling of his eyes boring into my body caused a heat to alight between my thighs. I can feel my breathing begin to deepen as my eyes scan the room. We had just decorated the day before. A large tree stood along the west wall, twinkling brightly with white lights. Hanging on the fireplace were two lonely stockings. Each had been hand made by his mother as a wedding gift. I couldn't hold back the smile that spread across my face as I eyed the presents already wrapped under the tree. Santa would definitely not approve if he knew what was held beneath the green and red paper.

"P...Princess…"

His voice was shaking violently as he tried to pull me back into the grasp of reality. Looking up at him with wide glistening eyes I ran my fingers over the bottom of my undershirt. Closing my eyes I focused on the sound of his breathing. It was harsh and rapid, proving his already deep arousal. Finally tugging the soft cotton up off my body I tossed it onto the couch beside me. His deep groan echoed around the room as he realized I had been wearing no bra. I licked my lips seductively before reaching up and grabbing a nipple in each hand. Meticulously I rolled each between my fingertips. I knew he was mesmerized as my slightly hardened nubs turned into rock solid tips because of my own touch. Dropping my breasts I focused on the man in front of me. His chest was falling and rising rapidly with each breath, his hands were clenched at his sides. A prominent bulge could be seen through his jeans, hinting to me that his large cock was begging for my touch.

"Why don't you turn on the stereo baby?"

He raised his eyebrows at me for a moment, confusion embedded in his expression, before following my requests. There was no time to question me, he knew it would only make it a longer time before he received the pleasure he so greatly desired. The gentle tone of Winter Wonderland immediately flowed into our ears. An entertained smile slid across his face as I crawled on my knees in front of him. He looked down at me, intrigued.

Without giving him any indication of what I wanted exactly I reached up and slowly undid his belt. The blinding white of the leather was in heavy contrast to his dark wash jeans, and black sweater. His clothing seemed to be screaming to be removed, to show the beautiful body hidden beneath the cloth. Pulling the leather free of every loop, I discarded it quickly. My fingers began digging at the button of his jeans immediately. They trembled harshly, making the task much more complicated than need be. After finally releasing it I pulled down his zipper urgently, tugging his pants down to his ankles in record time. He kicked them off, never taking his eyes off of my needy stare.

My tongue darted out of my lips lightly as I pulled his boxers down as well. Joseph gasped slightly as the air hit his hardened cock. A quiet giggle escaped my lips as I took a hold of his thick base. The feeling of his intense warmth caused goose bumps to find their way up my entire arm. Looking up at him I began to slide my hand up and down, varying the strength of my grip. His hands stayed clenched at his sides as he watched my movements with a critical eye. Leaning in slowly I held out the tip of my tongue, flicking it over the underside of the head.

A pleasured hiss flowed between his teeth, rebuilding up my confidence. Closing my eyes I wrapped my lips around the tip of his cock, keeping up my steady hand movements. His breathing was shakier than before, his fingers finally finding their way into my hair. He applied a steady pressure, signaling to me that he wanted more. I could do nothing but obey his requests. Opening my eyes, as well as my mouth, I slowly enveloped his length in my warm mouth. His jaw dropped down as he soaked in the sensations. Staring up at him, I sucked heavily on his thick tool.

After a few moments I pulled off slowly. He whined, a deep sound that rang repeatedly in my mind. I could barely hold back the conceited grin that spread across my face as my tongue danced over his balls in the form of a figure eight. His grunts seemed to drop an octave as I sucked slightly on his sensitive sack. He tugged lightly on my hair, his fingers clenched onto the strands with desperate need. Sliding my tongue upwards I kept it along the protruding vein along the bottom of his length.

“Suck it. Now.”

He growled deeply, causing a chill to slide down my spine. I whimpered quietly, sucking it all the way back into my mouth. I gagged as it hit the back of my throat. Pulling it away immediately I took a deep breath before taking another chance at it. This time it slid down the length of my throat, wrapping his length in a heavy pressure. Focusing solely on my mouth work I massaged his thighs and hips with my hands. Sliding him back out of my mouth I sucked heavily on the head and slid my hand rapidly up and down his base. I could feel his balls tighten against his body, and his member seemed to harden even more. His fingers tugged on my hair, pulling me quickly off of his cock. I couldn’t hold back my whine from the loss of his delicious cock. I tightened my grip, moving it even faster as he moaned loudly. Opening my mouth slightly I let him explode all over my body. The warm white ropes landed across my face and chest.

“Relax there big boy.”

Slowing my own breathing pattern I ran my fingers over his developed abdominals. His bright eyes were covered with his eyelids as his body slowly began to stop shaking. It was magical, watching him come down from such a great high; especially knowing that I had taken him to such an amazing place to begin with.

I felt his hands press me backwards. I followed his guidance willingly, falling back against the wood floor carefully. I could feel the rug beneath my nearly bare body. It had been purchased just today. The warm material was actually a picture of Santa Claus in his sleigh, led by the reindeer. I laughed loudly, highly entertained by the scene. Joseph laughed along with me as he shed his top. Every time he stood before me so bare it took my breath away. He was the only human representation of perfect, at least in my eyes. Every curve and dip on his body was gentle, yet all together he looked like a hardened man.

My legs were forced apart by his slightly calloused hands as he hooked his fingers under the band of my underwear. I gasped feeling his rough fingertips brush across my hips. Slowly he pulled them down my legs, holding them firmly in his hand as they were discarded. He seemed to think for a moment before placing them on the ground next to us.

His body slid on top of mine as he reached up to kiss me. His lips were slightly chapped as they pressed against mine. I immediately felt like I was under a deep intoxication as his tongue slid into my own mouth. We wrestled for dominance; trying to pin each other's tongues down against the roof of my mouth. Neither of us won, all that mattered was heightening our sexual desires. I could feel him settle down between my legs. His hands slid up my body, fondling my heavy breasts in his hands. I gasped loudly into the kiss, arching my back up into his hand. He pulled his lips away slowly and slid downward once again, catching my solid nipples between his lips.

I didn't have time to process what was about to happen before he sucked heavily on them. It was as if my whole body was lit on fire as he increased the suction. My own hands tangled in his hair, holding his head firmly against my chest. Expletives were flying out of my mouth as I spread my legs widely, desperately searching for any form of friction against my throbbing clit. Joseph pulled off with a loud pop, staring down at me. My lips were swollen; my hair already messed atop my head. It seemed I had already been through a war before we ever began our sexual escapade.

No words were exchanged as he lifted my hips slightly, pressing the head of his swollen penis against my entrance. I was dripping liquid arousal onto him. Immediately I began to beg, desperate for him to split me open.

"As you wish."

He winked down at me as he pushed all the way in immediately. It was slightly painful, burning as inch after inch of him slid into my fiery depths. I opened my mouth, but no noise would escape as he bottomed out in me. The pressure of his body weight settled down atop me as he stayed right where he was, letting me adjust to the violation by his body. I nodded silently, digging my fingers into his firm

back. He lifted his hips and slowly withdrew.

A quiet whimper escaped my lips as he withdrew from my warmth. Immediately his lips attached themselves to the base of my neck. My eyes fluttered closed as I was brought into a form of sexual coma. His hips moved slowly at first, enjoying every clutch of my vaginal walls. It seemed like I could feel every ridge of his erection. Over time he began to speed up, desperately searching for that explosive feeling. There was no more pain, only wonderful sensations that would have stopped the world.

My fingers grabbed at his back in various areas, his precious name leaving my lips every few moments. I couldn't hold back the high pitched squeaks that flew between my lips with every passing second. The fire in the pit of my stomach continuously grew. The sound of our skin slapping together echoed loudly around the room. I could no long hear the peaceful Christmas tunes; I was only tuned into what was happening to my body.

My legs seemed to spread wider on their own accord as I thrusted back against his body with every movement he made. It was obvious both of us were right on the ridge. Joseph's face was contorted into deep concentration, trying desperately to fall over into that place of complete ecstasy. His breathing pattern was erratic as every surface of his body was covered in a sensual layer of sweat. As far as I go, my own body was trembling violently. My fingers were now weak and limp against his bare skin, shaking continuously. I couldn't breathe, or speak. My body was covered in sparks, before they all joined together in one great flame.

I screamed his name at the top of my lungs, tightening repeatedly around his length. My own wetness flowed between our bodies as I pressed my form up against his in desperation for even more contact. The world was spinning around me; everything I saw was in a complete fog. The hardest orgasm of my life overtook my ever sense. I could barely register his own moan as he collapsed on top of me, releasing strand after strand of fertile cum deep inside me.

"Sweetie… Shh."

I opened my eyes slightly, focusing on his intense beauty. He smiled slightly before pressing his lips against my own. I kissed back lightly, all energy having left my body. He wrapped his arms tightly around me, tugging me up against his chest. I snuggled closely against his form, regaining my senses. I could smell the intense scent of our actions; feel his heart beating rapidly against the wall of his chest. I could also hear as Jingle Bells slowly drew to an end in the background. Both of us began to laugh deeply. He leaned down, pressing his lips against my ear,

"Even Santa Claus wouldn't call you a naughty girl for what we just did."