An Erotic Christmas Carol

By TXGirl

Published on Lush Stories on 20 Dec 2011

Evan's sex life was full but his heart was empty until he caught a glimpse of his lonely future.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/an-erotic-christmas-carol.aspx

Evan was bored. Not just momentarily bored, but chronically and perpetually bored. As the president of his own company, he had met and surpassed his own personal life goals by the ripe old age of 45 and was now struggling with “what next?” He had everything he wanted: a private jet, a yacht, luxury cars, servants, a huge California mansion and a vacation home in the Caribbean. And yet, Evan was bored. Even the upcoming holidays did nothing to spark his interest. He knew he would be invited to his parents’ house for Christmas, but his family bored him worse than anything. They seemed to believe that if they just existed in the same room, they were spending quality time together. The very thought made Evan yawn.

So he decided to do something different for Christmas this year. He booked a suite at a ski resort, loaded up the car with his gear, and drove into the mountains to celebrate the holidays with his favorite person: himself.

When he arrived at the resort, the brilliant white of the newly fallen snow gave the resort a glittering look of splendor that Evan appreciated. A small group of college kids lounged on the spacious front porch, laughing and talking, causing Evan to grimace. His university days were long behind him, and he tried not to think back on them too often. The pangs that resulted were more than he could usually bear. Arming himself with a superior glare, Evan pushed past the small throng and into the sumptuous lobby, where he checked himself in and received directions to his room.

Evan found his accommodations acceptable. While the décor of the room lacked the European elegance he had come to expect on his vacations, the view of the snow-capped mountains more than made up for it. As he undressed slowly in front of the window, he hoped the oncoming dusk and soft backlight of the room would be enough to cause people outside to see him as he took off his clothing. Evan was something of an exhibitionist; he worked hard for his well-muscled body and liked to flaunt his six pack, broad chest and superb biceps. But his biggest prize was not something he had built…he was born with it: a thick nine-inch cock that Evan worked out nearly as hard and often as the rest of his body. He enjoyed showing that off as well, and fervently hoped that some of the college girls outside were looking up as he pressed it against the cold glass of the window.

The lounge at the ski resort was hopping by 9:00, and Evan had to wait for a few minutes before he could claim an empty barstool. Once seated, he stayed put, drinking one imported beer after another until the room began to blur and the faces became nearly indistinguishable from each other. Evan wasn't used to going to bars and leaving alone, and usually he had his pick from a slew of girls who sat by him, bought him drinks and handed him notes throughout the evening. But tonight, no one approached him. He couldn't quite figure out why…but then it hit him: Christmas. It was Christmas Eve. No one was alone except him. That thought nearly sobered him up, but he quickly downed the rest of his beer and ordered another one to fix that. As he tipped up the bottle, his eyes rested on a dark-haired beauty at the end of the bar, and he nearly choked on his beer.

That's not possible. His mind told him he was seeing things. That young woman couldn't possibly be Alaina. She would be his age now, and that girl couldn't be much older than legal drinking age. And yet…those eyes…

Evan felt dizzy. He leaned his forehead on the cool marble of the bar and closed his eyes for a moment…and suddenly felt himself instantly transported back to another Christmas Eve a quarter century before. He recognized the setting immediately. The living room of his college girlfriend, his first love: Alaina. She had mesmerized him back in his younger days, so much that he had her name tattooed on his back. And there she was…sitting beside him, with her head on his shoulder. She was admiring a tiny diamond ring on her finger, and Evan's heart nearly broke. He had scrimped and saved for a year to buy that miniscule rock for Alaina's engagement ring. An engagement that lasted eight years and never resulted in a marriage. Shaking his head, he tried to clear the image from his mind, but then Alaina was leaning in to him and gently kissing his lips...and every thought he'd had over the last twenty five years went out the window. His body tingled with memories of the feelings he had shared with Alaina that he hadn't felt since. He leaned in to her and parted her lips with his. When his tongue met hers, he was suddenly overwhelmed with a long-forgotten hunger. He kissed her more intensely, reaching his hand behind her head to pull her closer. The feelings were so exquisite, so fragile, he was afraid to open his eyes, but he couldn't help himself. He had to see. And there she was: his Alaina, her sultry brown eyes looking deeply into his. Those eyes. He could never get enough of her eyes, and the way she looked at him…as if he was all she needed.

Evan reached his arms under Alaina's and lifted her on top of him, her knees straddling his lap. She smiled, and continued to kiss him as his eager hands began undressing her, unzipping her skirt and slipping it down her hips, which she rolled and lifted to help him. Her panties were a tiny triangle of silky fabric that he could feel were already wet…his other favorite thing about Alaina. She was always ready for him with those sweet juices…he had to taste her. Quickly, he flipped her off his lap onto the couch and sank to his knees, burying his face in her pussy and assaulting her with his tongue. She moaned with pleasure and gripped his hair in her tiny fingers. Her excitement inflamed him and he

doubled his efforts, intent on making her climax. He focused his tongue on her clit, flicking it, teasing it as he began to fuck her with his long fingers, which he curved to reach her g-spot. His body remembered exactly how to please her, and soon she was gasping with pleasure, arching against his fingers, throwing her head back and shouting out, “Oh, God, yes…fuck me Evan!”

How could he say no to that? Evan yanked his pants down and grabbed his cock, pouncing on top of Alaina and driving his tool into her pussy with one fluid motion. She was still shuddering in the throes of her orgasm and screamed out at this newest invasion of her body. Evan grabbed Alaina’s left leg and placed it on his shoulder, then braced himself and began thrusting hard and fast. He wanted to drill her harder than she had ever had been, to make a lasting impression of this one sexual encounter that wouldn’t fade when this dream ended. And maybe, crazy though it was, by loving her vigorously enough in his dream, maybe the real Alaina would feel him too. That thought made Evan lose control. With a shout, he bucked his hips and filled Alaina with his hot seed.

“I love you, baby,” she murmured against his neck. The words made Evan go cold.

Before he could respond, strong fingers gripped the back of Evan’s shirt and lifted his face from the cool bartop.

“Hey, buddy…go upstairs and sleep it off, ok?”

Evan’s eyes opened to a view of the bar manager, steadying him on his stool and encouraging him to exit. When he looked around, he realized the lounge had mostly emptied out. Closing the bar on Christmas Eve. Nice.

Evan staggered to his feet and immediately felt the support of a female form beside him, under his arm. He looked into the face of a beautiful blonde stranger. She was young and stacked…her cleavage on display beneath a low-cut black dress. She smiled up at him.

“I saw you driving up today. In the Mercedes G550? Is that your car?”

Evan blinked back enough of the fog to acknowledge his pussy wagon. “Yeah. That’s my car.”

“Sweet. It seems you’ve had a little too much to drink. I’ll help you to your room,” she said. Then she leaned in a little closer and whispered, “I’ll come in for a while too.”

Evan turned his face away and struggled to suppress a cocky grin. So he hadn’t lost his touch after all. This hot college girl wanted him. Nice. Just what he needed. His cock was still throbbing from his erotic memories of his former fiancée. He squeezed the blonde’s shoulder and steered her to the

lobby. She babbled on as they boarded the elevator, a nonstop flow of incoherent chatter that Evan completely tuned out. He didn't care about a thing she had to say. He just wanted to fuck her.

"What's your name, hon?" he asked, as he swiped the keycard into his hotel door with a casual flick of his wrist, then held the door open, indicating she should enter.

"Robyn," she answered with a smile. As she stepped past Evan into his room, she unbuttoned the top buttons on her dress, which slipped from her, revealing a full-breasted young beauty in a blue corset and thong, with garters and thigh high silk stockings covering her long, toned legs. "Now what can I do for you?"

Evan's boredom generally extended into the bedroom. After a lifetime of countless, faceless, nameless women, Evan struggled to reconcile his physical need for sex and his boredom with it. As a result, he had developed an appetite for rough, kinky sex, and that was what he wanted right now. Motioning for Robyn to stay, he stepped into the bedroom and retrieved a briefcase full of sex toys that traveled with him everywhere.

Robyn's eyes widened as Evan stepped from the bedroom, carrying the briefcase.

"What do you have in there?"

"Shut up. From now on, you are not to speak unless otherwise instructed. Is that clear?"

Robyn nodded, and Evan smiled slightly in approval. At least this one knew how to follow directions. He had been with truly dumb blondes before, and although he enjoyed spanking them until they learned their lessons, tonight he just wanted to skip all that and get to the fucking.

Evan pulled out a set of heavy steel handcuffs and swiftly secured Robyn's wrists around the leg of the small dining table. Her eyes betrayed her fear as she realized she was putting herself at the mercy of a stranger, but her body also quivered with excitement and anticipation of what was to come. Evan quickly removed his pants, leaving on his button down shirt. As he dropped his pants to the floor, he yanked the belt out of its loops and delivered a swift swat across Robyn's scantily clad ass. She yelped in pain and her eyes filled with tears as the red welt appeared swiftly across her cheeks, but she didn't say a word.

"Good girl," Evan crooned as he hoisted himself onto the table in front of Robyn. "Now suck my dick."

Robyn bent her head down and licked around the tip of Evan's hard nine inch cock. He immediately delivered another lash to her ass with his belt.

“I didn’t say lick it, slut, I said suck it!”

Robyn whimpered, but obediently took his entire length into her mouth. Evan couldn’t help feeling disappointed. Despite her bombshell exterior, Robyn was a hesitant cocksucker. He was hoping for a tigress, but she was way too tentative. He grabbed the sides of her head, grasping her hair in his fists, and began to pump her up and down on his shaft. He could hear her gag as his cock hit the back of her throat with each downward push. He wanted to fill her throat with his cum, but the sight of her cute ass sticking out as he fucked her mouth filled him with a different desire. He popped his cock out of her mouth and jumped quickly off the table. Grabbing a large vibrating dildo from the briefcase, he pushed Robyn down onto the table, leaning his body on top of hers and holding her down with his weight.

“Don’t say a word,” he hissed into her ear, as he thrust the giant silicone cock into Robyn’s wet pussy and turned the vibrations on high. She squealed, but no actual words came out, so Evan stayed the belt from another strike. As Robyn writhed on the table, Evan squirted lube all over his hard, throbbing cock, and pried open Robyn’s ass cheeks, where he squirted some more. She moaned in anticipation and adjusted her body as she gripped the vibrating dildo and held it firmly in her pussy.

In one swift thrust, the head of Evan’s huge cock popped into her tight hole. Robyn screamed at the pain of the invasion, but Evan held firm, waiting for her body to adjust before thrusting farther and farther into her. Before long, he was fucking her ass, almost violently, with an intensity and enthusiasm that he couldn’t identify. Ignoring Robyn’s screams as she shuddered through one orgasm after another, another part of Evan’s brain was analyzing…and realizing that he was angry with this girl. This petite blonde girl who was definitely NOT his Alaina. Definitely not the one he really wanted. As his thoughts turned to Alaina, he could contain himself no longer, and he exploded his hot cum in Robyn’s tight ass.

Then it was over, and within a few short minutes, Evan had kicked Robyn out of his room. He refused to feel bad about that…she had wanted sex as badly as he had, and he had given her multiple orgasms that she would later brag to her friends about. And yet…Evan couldn’t shake a feeling of restlessness and unease. Unable to pinpoint it, and unable to quiet the thoughts in his head, he put on a swimsuit and went down to the resort’s hot tub for a late night soak.

Although he was hoping for solitude in the hot tub, Evan encountered a crowd instead. He eased himself into a quiet corner of the large tub and closed his eyes. The sounds of sex interrupted his thoughts, and he had to peek. An old man was lounging in another corner, surrounded by much younger girls. Two of the girls were topless and fondling each other’s breasts as they kissed. A third girl sat on the edge of the hot tub next to the old man, who had his finger in her pussy. Yet another

girl was sitting on the old man's lap, bouncing up and down as she fucked him. Evan was impressed. This wrinkled old man who looked like he could barely walk was being entertained by four women at once, in a public hot tub. Over the course of the next hour, the four women took turns making out with each other, getting finger fucked, and riding the old man's cock. At one point, he turned around and licked one girl's pussy until she began writhing and screaming out on the side of the hot tub. Finally, the old man appeared satisfied, handed each girl a fat envelope and a small wrapped gift, patted their asses and sent them on their way. Only then did the old man turn towards Evan and acknowledge his presence.

"I hope you enjoyed that show, Evan," he cackled, displaying a toothless mouth. Evan jumped at the sound of his own name, and gulped back his revulsion at the appearance of this old, old man.

"How do you know my name?" Evan asked. The old man winked at him and climbed out of the tub. Before Evan could avert his eyes, he caught a glimpse of the man's nine inch cock. But even more frightening was the faded and wrinkled tattoo on the man's back…he could just make out the word: Alaina.

"Just think of all the delicious young pussy you'll get to eat, Evan! A new girl every day until you die!" The sound of the old man's shrill laugh was the last thing Evan heard before the world went dark.

When Evan opened his eyes, he was in his hotel bed. In a panic, he remembered the events of last night and realized it must have been a dream. Suddenly, the nameless, faceless string of sexual partners who paraded through his bedroom sickened him, and he knew why he'd lately felt so bored. His life was meaningless without someone to share it with, and he realized he craved the love he had been missing. The sound of distant bells greeted Evan's ears, and he remembered it was Christmas morning. He immediately rolled over and grabbed the phone, dialed his mother's number, and took turns talking to each parent and every one of his siblings, wishing them all a merry Christmas and promising to be there in time for the traditional family dinner. He suddenly wanted more than anything to be with his family.

Evan packed quickly and darted to the elevator. He jabbed the button impatiently, eager to start his long drive home. When the doors opened, Evan received one last shock. A familiar face looked back at him. In one glance, Evan took in the dark eyes, the beautiful body he always longed to hold again, and the ringless left hand.

"Hello, Evan," said Alaina, looking surprised but pleased. As Evan looked into her sultry eyes, he felt a surge of happiness and resolved that the old man in the hot tub would never actually exist.