Yuletide Mindfuck

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Shane's Christmas gets wayyyyy better, courtesy of a sexy Santa-girl.

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Bleak midwinters. Shane Houston supposed they didn't get a whole lot bleaker than working Christmas Eve late shift in *Cinemagic Video*, frosty winds or otherwise. He glanced up from his paperback at the garishly-lit dreariness to check for customers. The drab horror of the place was only emphasised by the few decorations Arlo had cared to string casually about the shelf-tops. God, you'd think the guy might put in a little effort if he wanted to keep his business solvent. Shane had been short on festive joy when he'd begun work that afternoon; the inate despair of his surroundings was sapping what was left.

Distraction strolled into view from one of the aisles - a Santa-suited piece of eye-candy which stirred him from his funk in a way that his crime novel had thus far failed to do. Strawberry-blonde hair spilled from under her jauntily-balanced, fur-trimmed hat and her similarly fringed scarlet costume was fitted to draw double-takes from good and bad boys alike. Shane's brain made a tracking-shot of her progress along the New Releases section; she walked so daintily in those little black ankle-boots and how her stocking seams traced the supple curves of her legs all the way up to that brief shock of suspender-crossed thigh - oh Baby Jesus… Then her eyes flicked suddenly his direction and he assumed nonchalance just a little too late.

'Mind on the job, stud. Quit checkin' out Santa's Little Helper.' Arlo's sledgehammer quips were always overtly loud when there was a chance of applying a little humiliation. The Santa-girl glanced over again as Shane's rumpled boss sloped from the back room, rubbing his bleary, ill-shaved face with one hand. He picked up the discarded novel and glanced at the cover dismissively. 'Ehhh - am I running a bookstore here?'

'Sorry?' Shane felt more perplexed than usual by his employer's sour demeanour. He supposed it was a Christmas thing.

'You're working in *DVD rental*.' The over-emphasis on the final words as though addressing a child. 'Try and keep a little focus on the job in hand. Look as though you give a shit and maybe I'll employ

your ass into the New Year.'

Shane's mind swam with choice epithets on the wisdom of maintaining an independent DVD store in this age of on-line rental, not to mention what the hell he was supposed to focus on that customer-lite Christmas Eve, but as ever he shared none of his thoughts. He needed this dubious posting to fund his studies until he made some - any - other arrangement. 'Yes boss,' he said, rapping his knuckles decisively on the counter with minimum betrayal of sarcasm. 'Consider my act sharpened up.'

Arlo eyed him critically. 'Yeah. Well. Good.' He began to struggle his ungainly form into a bulky winter coat. 'I've gotta go out. You're minding the place the rest of the day. And locking up.'

Shane was taken aback. 'I'm - eh - supposed to be finishing at six…' He stared at his boss in a semi-daze. There were still family gifts to be bought. 'We had an agreement…'

'Plans change. The other guy bailed. And I've got stuff needs doing.' Like festive binge-drinking before he dragged his sorry ass home to his God-forsaken wife, thought Shane. 'You want this job or not?' he was challenged.

'Yeah yeah, you go,' Shane muttered resignedly. 'I'll cover it.'

'I mean it's not like you've got a girlfriend to worry about these days,' Arlo said casually and loudly, as he raised the partition and made for the shop-front door. He paused there to deliver a final parting shot. 'Hey, she did you a favour. One less gift to worry about, right?' And the door slammed.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas too, you dumb bastard. Shane was smarting from the unprovoked volley. He did not dare look up in case he caught Miss Claus's eye again. Bad luck that Arlo had overheard his recent conversation with another clerk on the subject of Shelley. *I wasn't dumped*, he might have protested, not as such. But the truth did not provide greater comfort. He *could* have followed his ex to the UK as she pursued her studies, she had said she wanted him to, but there was his creative writing course there in New York - his chance to redeem his college-dropout ass. They'd both made their tough choice.

Or in his case had it been an excuse? Couldn't he have found himself a similar course amongst the Limeys? Was he just too shy of commitment or the unknown or just shaking up his life a bit? Shelley had suggested as such. The warmth of her hug at the airport had just impressed salt into the wound her skepticism had opened. And now she was three thousand miles off, dating some guy in London. *Merry Christmas, buddy-boy, Merry fucking…*

'Hey.'

'Oh - Hi, sorry.' He had been staring down as though absorbed in the computer screen, to the extent that he had not noticed the vision in red hovering before the counter. 'Off in my own world.'

'That's okay. Anywhere nice?' Santa-girl smiled openly, unassumingly, and it lit up her already pretty features - the neat, straight little nose, high cheekbones, crystal-blue eyes and crimson-painted lips all gloriously enhanced by what moderate attention she appeared to be showing him. His response had to fight its way from his mouth.

'Yyyeah, a real - festive funland.' He smiled ruefully, aware that she would have heard Arlo's every disdainful word to him. 'It's called retail. Feels like I'm the only one not joining in the celebrations.' He glanced tactfully over her low-cut, high-hitched St Nick costume.

'*Hello*,' she said in cheery exasperation, and she flicked her hands upwards into a here-I-am pose. 'This isn't my normal party-wear, you know!' The move had the effect of ramping up her satin-bra-ed cleavage impressively. Her apple-round tits were trimmed with ermine; it made Shane feel seasonal for the first time that December. 'I've been handing out nightclub flyers all day,' she informed him. 'My butt's frozen off!' She gave a demonstrative shiver as she handed over her rental DVD cover and her petite frame, clad in red satin, shimmied delightfully. 'And I've still got another batch to get through. What you reading?'

'Oh…' Fetching the DVD insert, he felt her degree of interest in him a minor Christmas miracle. 'Crime story, *LA Confidential*. By James Elroy. Y'know, sex, murder, police brutality. 'Tis the season to be jolly…'

'Yeah, right, very Christmassy,' she grinned. 'Whatever happened to *The Grinch*?'

'I *am* the Grinch this year,' he smiled back wryly, handing over the packaged disc. 'Hey, the murders and police brutality happen at Christmas, that any good?'

'Sure, that's okay then,' she smirked, handing over payment. 'Hey, I read a Raymond Chandler book once. Had a teacher who was into that stuff. I liked it. I kind of wanted to be one of those - what are they? - *femmes fatales*.'

'Really? *"She walked into the room in a Santa suit and I could tell she was trouble"*, that kind of thing?' Wow, she was giggling in response. Shane actually felt on a roll here - what were the odds of that?

'Something like that,' she said a touch slyly.

'Well we've got the movie of this over in Crime Classics,' Shane advised her, holding up the Elroy. 'It's got a great femme fatale. And your boyfriend might prefer it to *PS I Love You*.' He cringed severely inside as he said the last bit; he always hated crowbarring in those cheesy test-the-water references. But sometimes you just had to, never more so than on the brink of a joy-free holiday.

'He would have,' she replied with a tinge of melancholy, and her smile faded. She turned to leave, pausing just slightly to check his name badge. 'Gotta go. You have a Merry Christmas, Shane the Grinch. Bye.' She flashed a smile like a beautiful glimpse of winter sunshine and made for the door.

Shane grasped for some last conversational straw. 'Hope you find someone to guide your sleigh tonight!' She turned at the door, gave a brief giggle and was gone. The skin on his face tightened in a mask of embarrassment and his hands balled into fists of mortification. He'd been doing okay, the Bogart bit had felt almost inspired. And then… *Hope you find someone to…. What the fuck was I…* 'Damn!' One fist jammed hard into the countertop. Which hurt. 'Shit! Ow!' He sucked on his grazed knuckle. The only minor consolation was that Arlo hadn't been witness to his final Yuletide humiliation.

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Vanessa was warming her hands around a marshmallow-heavy hot chocolate, when Sammy returned to the coffee shop. 'Did you get it?'

'Yeah…' Sammy was brandishing the DVD rom-com, triumphantly it seemed; however it turned out she had other matters on her mind. 'Vee, I've found someone…'

'One more hour of these damn leaflets in this damn cold, then it's my place - roaring fire, sappy movie and *lots* of Cointreau.' Vanessa was already basking in the anticipated warmth of both fire and liqueur. The turbulent waves of her red hair had been set free from Santa-hat captivity and she obviously resented these locks' imminent return to incarceration. 'And no family to worry about till tomorrow morning.'

'Vee, listen to me.' Sammy dropped eagerly into the seat opposite her friend. 'I've found someone, just stumbled on him. He's a clerk in the DVD store, he's perfect…'

'Sammy, what are you talking about?' Vanessa was irritated at having her reverie interrupted. 'Perfect for what?'

'Perfect candidate. I mean - Vee, it's Christmas Eve!'

Vanessa was confused. 'What - you mean…?'

'Yes! Yu…' Sammy leaned in and dropped her voice. 'Yuletide Mindfuck.'

'But … Where did *this* come from? We hadn't even talked about doing it this year. I thought we'd consigned the Mindfuck to Christmas Past.'

'Well yeah, so did I, but, look, he's such a deserving case - he's sweet and he's cute and he's funny… And he's broken up with his girlfriend. His boss was being so mean about it, left him looking like Droopy the Dog. I just wanted to - well - you know…'

Vanessa's thoughts flicked back to the origins of Yuletide Mindfuck, five whole years ago. It never failed to make her radiate a sense of seasonal warmth. Ollie had been the kid brother of Genevieve, hers and Sammy's roommate in the apartment they had rented during their final year of college; a good-looking if somewhat shy and gawky youth just turned eighteen, who had visited a few days from Maine in the run-up to Christmas. From the start he had seemed overwhelmed in the presence of his sister's attractive girlfriends, eager to talk, hardly able to string a sentence.

Sammy's discovery of the boy masturbating furiously in the shower stall one morning had been a total accident, she assured Vanessa; she had momentarily forgotten they had a guest, and that the lock needed mending. And she'd been a bit hungover, although maybe the running water should have clued her in. Her helpless, wide-eyed laughter at the poor guy's futile attempts to contain his spasming, cum-jetting cock, had mortified him to the point that he dressed, packed his stuff and went to leave.

'I'm sorry, I'm so sorry,' he had muttered incoherently, heaving his backpack towards the front door. 'It's better if I just go - just please, please don't tell my sister, tell her I…I…'

'It's okay, you don't have to go anywhere,' Sammy had insisted kindly, wresting the pack from his grasp, as Vanessa had turned away to hide her amusement, and despite his shame she had convinced him.

'He's such a sweetie,' Sammy had said to her friend, later that day. 'Poor guy.'

'I know. We could *so* fuck with him,' Vanessa had smiled. 'We could melt that boy's head.'

'We could.' Their eyes had locked, evil brewing in both their minds. 'Oh Vee, we should, we so should.'

'It *is* Christmas after all, Sammy. Season of giving.'

'Exactly. Just as long as Genevieve doesn't find out…'

'To hell with her if she does. Her little brother deserves a Christmas treat.' How they had grinned.

And so the final night of his stay, when big sister had gone to bed, a bemused Ollie had been lured by text to Sammy's room, where he had found her and Vanessa in sheer lingerie, tonguing each other's mouth heatedly on the bed. 'Shut the door and get over here, Ollie,' Vanessa had instructed the stunned high-schooler, breaking away, her hands still brushing Sammy's face. 'If you're going to jerk off in our place, then we'll give you something to jerk off *to.*'

'Or better,' Sammy had smiled sweetly, beckoning. He had looked confused and terrified, but not so much he even thought of leaving.

They had made him lower his pants and massage his fully erected prick in front of them, as they tenderly caressed each other's French lace-encased curves. Then they had removed their brassieres, both providing a lotion-enhanced tit-fuck for the dazed youngster, both gleefully encouraging him to stroke vigorously between the other's tight-squeezed breasts. Finally they had knelt before him to deliver a double-blowjob of advanced deliciousness, till his jolting cock has released its load freely all over their waiting chests and faces. 'Come on Ollie, don't be shy, shoot it all over us!'

He had wilted to his knees, adoration akin to that of the Magi plastered all over his face, before they had kissed and gently dismissed him back to the bed-sofa in the living-room.

'So that little bit of lesbianism wasn't too high a price?' inquired Vanessa.

'For the look on his face? Fuck, no,' laughed Sammy. 'You're a very good kisser, by the way.'

'Thanks,' said Vanessa, pleased. 'So are you.'

And so passed the advent of Yuletide Mindfuck, three times repeated on consecutive Christmases: in the men's room of a classy bar, a gym steam-room and the cloakroom of a restaurant respectively. Each time with a different subject, someone the girls had deemed deserving - regular, unassuming, with adequate personal hygiene and a reasonable level of attractiveness. A clear-cut once a year deal. 'After all, it's not like we're sluts,' Vanessa had said firmly, as they plotted the second year's adventure.

The whole evolving enterprise flashed instantaneously through Vanessa's mind and sitting there in the coffee shop she could not help but smile at the memory. But she shook her head nonetheless. 'No can do,' she told Sammy apologetically. 'Good times, but we've laid it to rest. At least I have.'

'At least go look,' Sammy encouraged. 'For old time's sake. It's just two doors down.' So Vanessa humoured her friend and went there. Glancing through the store window she saw him - mid-twenties, a little taller than her - say five ten - with dishevelled fair hair; physically quite well-developed and facially strong with just the remnant of adolescent skin problems - nice eyes, Vanessa noticed. But a droop at his shoulders and a certain hangdog expression suggested all was not right in this guy's world.

'I see what you mean,' she told Sammy on returning, 'he'd definitely be a contender. If Mindfuck were still in operation. Look, don't let me stop you. Go cheer him up yourself.'

'No,' Sammy replied a touch petulantly. 'It's more fun with two. Two's the whole point.' She tried wheedling. 'One final time, Vee. It's been a bad few months for me with the break-up. Come on, who got you this promotions job when you needed it?'

Vanessa scowled just a little. 'Look, I'm grateful for the extra money, but I've just had a day's worth of getting hit on by every douche who thinks he's owed a free fuck courtesy of the season. So even if I weren't dating, maybe I wouldn't be in the mood. Plus the fact that I *am* dating, and I'd like it to get serious. Dave's back from Montreal two days after Christmas and I don't want to spoil it. He sent me the sweetest text while you were gone. If things go well maybe I'll be there meeting his family this time next year! I can't do Mindfuck this time. Sorry, babe.'

Sammy looked glum for a moment. Then she revived, her eyes a-sparkle. 'So - okay, what if you didn't even touch him?'

'Hmmm?' Vanessa had been back to her hot chocolate, the matter dropped.

'Not even lay a finger on him. What if you left all that to me? You'd just be there to add - you know - the 'fuck' factor. Look, it's because he's *not* one of today's creeps that we'd be doing it! It's a Christmas gift, Vee. It's traditional!'

'So - what would be my function?' Vanessa enquired with a raised eyebrow. She was still unconvinced. 'Purely voyeuristic?'

'Maybe,' Sammy said thoughtfully, 'maybe we could do better than that. Come on, Vanessa, you're inventive. Help me work a l number on this guy. We can hand out the rest of the leaflets and talk

through the details while we do it. He's called Shane, Vee. I like him.' She did a little dog-panting routine and Vanessa laughed despite herself.

'Okay.' Her voice was resigned, yet good-humoured. 'Since I'm such a good friend. But you do all the hands-on, right? We'll rework it a little…' - Sammy was fairly bouncing up and down in her seat in excitement by now - '…and then we'll roll out Mindfuck one more time.'

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Shane gave up and threw down his book. It was the first time James Elroy had failed him - even the devious plot convolutions and character contradictions could not retain his attention that afternoon. The wasteland that was *Cinemagic Video* was atrophying his brain; its despair was infecting him. He didn't want to be some sort of brooding Dickensian spectre at the family Christmas the next day, but he didn't think he could fake sufficient mirth to cover his current mood. Customer, customer, please - anyone. Any brief conversational exchange which might affirm his humanity in the midst of this most emotionally unforgiving of seasons. Bit of small-talk - too much to ask for? Yes? No? A moment's pause. Okay, that would be no. He slumped back into his seat.

Then *she* walked in. Santa-girl. And his heart felt like it was pinballing around his insides. She ignored all the racks of DVDs, she just walked fearlessly, intently between the isles in those little black boots all the way up to him and leaned forward over the counter, an earnestly decisive expression on her cute face.

'Hey Shane, I just came back to apologise.'

He was nonplussed. 'Apologise? What for?'

'Well,' she went on with a frank, confessional tone, 'there you were, feeling a bit low on Christmas Eve, and there *I* was, tossing a *Merry Christmas* your way like nothing was wrong…'

'That's okay,' Shane protested. He hated the thought that his misery had been that tangible, but was terribly pleased to see Miss Claus back again. 'I'm actually pretty content with life most…'

'…And I wanted to do something about it.'

'…Of the time…Sorry?'

She was strolling casually now towards the door in the partition, raising it and moving through, crossing that sacred divide between staff and customer. Shane's scalp was prickling. The apathy of

one minute ago had been dispelled and replaced with galloping, excited confusion. 'It's just that we go about wishing Merry Christmas all the time,' she was saying, and to the earnestness was added something unambiguously sultry. 'And when I thought about it, I realised I wanted to *give* you a Merry Christmas. Now what's wrong with that?'

She gripped the front of his loosely hanging shirt and drew him close to her, so that her enticingly packaged, pert bosom pressed into his chest. There was a terror of the unexpected rising within him simultaneous to the rising of his dick. 'You're a really nice guy, Shane,' she purred, and it made him shiver. 'I mean that's just obvious. So this time of year why shouldn't somebody like me make you *feel* really nice?' Her voice caught breathily in her throat as she said it and at the end she bit her moist lip, clutching tighter to the shirt and rising onto her toes expectantly.

'Ehhhh…' Shane's eyes flicked over her shoulder and back. There had been a handful of customers all day and scarcely any hope of more, but in the circumstances he suspected a last-minute rush was imminent.

'So, Christmas kiss?' Shane felt he had no business pressing his lips to the slightly sticky velvet of hers, what had he done to earn such a moment? But press he did, and revelled in the sensation of her soft mouth caressing his, then of her arms rising and hooking around his neck like a Christmas wreath, as she pulled her tender, pliable body close. She slipped her tongue delicately inside his mouth and let it flicker about, as if excitedly exploring somewhere new. Then having apparently decided this was a nice place for it to stay, she locked onto him and gave him a deep, wet Frenching.

Shane felt teenage again. Only nothing this cock-hardeningly, tub-thumpingly awesome had ever happened back then. He was checking the back of the store, even during the protracted wet surge of her tongue into his mouth, his hands closing tentatively around her trim, satin-clad waist. Hardly a sacking offense, in fact he'd have almost liked Arlo to return at that moment - only in reality something this terrific bore no interrupting. He responded, fully. Took possession of the kiss and let his mouth slow-dance with hers.

Daughter of Santa withdrew her tongue smoothly and lingered on his lips for a moment, before releasing him from her tender clutches. She smiled at him winsomely. 'Feeling better?'

'Much,' he rasped, as though she'd drawn the power from his vocal chords.

She let go his outer shirt and stroked his pectoral muscles through his T-shirt, curling her fingers so she could rake the tips over his nipples. He groaned at the sensation, combined as it was with the sudden burning wickedness that clouded her sweet face. 'I'm not done with you yet,' she told him with brooding intent, and then one hand was descending, rotating, diving downwards below his pants belt

to his straining crotch. 'Ooh God yeah, that's what I thought I felt. Pressed up tight against me. Just bursting to get out of there. All big and throbbing and beautiful.'

She ran her hand up and down his denim-enclosed erection, her slim fingers tracing its big-bulged tumescence through the fabric. He let her. He didn't move. Other, that is, than to lean his rigidity slightly into the blessed explorations of her soft palm. He might have suggested waiting till after work or even just moving into the office, but he did not want to pop this wondrous bubble in reality. Fuck, it was glorious, her fingers plunging down the contours of his dick to slide between his legs and cup his balls. Her eyes were still fixed on his and the corners of her full lips were creasing into a smile. 'Hey Mr Grinch, I think I'm going to introduce myself properly. You just come here.'

Still cupping firmly, she hooked the other hand under his belt and tugged him after her as she backed towards the countertop. Then she dropped to her knees, fingers of both hands fluttering lightly over his tight crotch-area as she went, and shuffled back, secreting herself snugly beneath the counter. 'Don't move,' she instructed mischievously, and in his breathlessly entranced state, Shane was not going anywhere. 'Give me a moment…'

She reached behind her neck and, biting her lip in concentration, undid a clasp at the back of her costume. 'Shoulda got you to do this,' she said when the zip snagged, but she had undone it far enough to ease the white-trimmed top off her smooth shoulders and tug her arms free of the sleeves, so that she could strip down to the red satin bra that so entrancingly cradled her tits. Gazing as Shane playfully, she unhooked behind and slid down the thin straps, crossed arms lightly holding the garment there for a moment's tease. Then she let it fall away, exposing full, soft breasts studded with cherry nipples. 'Now doesn't that just make your day all better?' she smiled, and he just stared at the delightful display of femininity below him. A petite, topless nymphette in a Santa hat.

She seized him behind his knees and pulled him to her, then both hands were at his belt buckle, prising back and unhooking the strap, her intense gaze never wavering. 'So,' she said breathlessly, 'Christmas suck?' And there was such a moist-mouthed, emphatic eroticism to the final word that his head swam. He scanned the shop for customers - none. So momentarily he let himself relax into the joy of being unbuttoned, of having his pressurized zipper tugged slowly all the way down, of having those fevered little hands rummage inside to his shorts and drag that cotton layer away, drag down everything to his knees in a single pull; the joy of having his engorged masculinity spring forth, free and exposed right there in his place of work, before that eager, ready little mouth.

Sammy was delighted. She just salivated at the prospect immediately before her. Shane's cock was most satisfactory in its strength and sturdiness, thrusting out to greet her lips, twitching in anticipation, so that the great, bulged plum of its head bobbed slightly before her. *Mmmmm - sugar plum.* She revelled in that wonderful, intoxicating whirl of emotions only Mindfuck could produce - she felt sexy,

slutty, and beneficent, submissive to a stranger's needs, yet totally in control. He was *her* choice. Her unsuspecting, deserving choice, on whom she would bestow all the gifts of her talented mouth.

She took hold of the thick shaft and drew her fingers all the way down to his large, lightly-haired balls, letting her nails tantalise them. Above her he gasped and reached out to clutch the counter for support. She brought her lips close and let him feel her hot breath all over his handsome rod's taut surface, looking up at him throughout, loving the mask of tension on his face, the shallowness of his breath. This was joy, this was beauty. This was the true meaning of Christmas. With her free hand she drew his foreskin back over his cock's pulsing head. Then she reached out her tongue and licked.

Shane gasped aloud at the deft, slithering contact. The girl's tongue flickered all over the eye of his prick as though sampling, then it did a full, delicious three-sixty around the head, before engulfing and starting to suck. Softly, insistently, blonde head bobbing, blue eyes staring up as though to query whether he liked. As though she doubted, little Santa-vixen. He was nodding even so - *yeah, yeah, ohhh yeah, I love.* He was inflating, reinforcing in response to the rhythmic slurping of her hot mouth, those lips locked neatly beneath the ridge of his dome, moving up and down just slightly on his shaft. Her fingers were teasing away around the base and her breasts were bouncing lightly there below him as she worked. What an angel. What a sweet little God-sent cherub.

She had just released his head and begun slathering her wet attentions all the way down his length - *oh sweet Lord thank you* - when the shop door opened. Shane's attention had finally wandered from the possibility of further custom and now the entrance, which had stayed resolutely fast for most of that day, was swinging cruelly ajar to allow someone in - a young woman with a cascade of wavy, red hair, wearing a long, dark coat, belted around the waist. Shane looked urgently down at his erection's Christmas helper and hissed. 'Stop, someone's here!'

She didn't stop. She sucked one of his balls into her mouth and began rotating her tongue around it delicately, jerking the end of his extension as she did. He could not move away with his pants around his knees, so he tried hitching them up with one hand, while wresting her away from him with the other.

'Hey, stop that,' she protested smilingly. 'You want me to spring up like a Jack-in-the-box for your customer? I will! With my pretty tits bouncing!' Shane let her go and looked on helplessly, as the new girl idled her way towards the counter. Santa-girl continued to masturbate him gently and tongue his balls. He marshalled all his mental resources to keep control.

'Hi,' said the red-head, drawing unsuspectingly up to the counter. 'I wonder if you could help me.' She was strikingly attractive with pale, lightly-freckled skin and green eyes. This did not help the situation.

'Yeah, sure. What were you looking for?' he asked in something resembling his normal voice. Then Miss Claus' tongue-tip trekked its slippery way to the head of his shaft and she went down on him once more, hoovering up several inches this time. He clutched the edge of the counter and tried to mould his fraught expression into one of interest in his customer's request.

'I was looking for *It's a Wonderful Life* or *A Christmas Story*?' said Red. 'We always watch them as a family and I can't find them anywhere on the TV schedules this year. And Christmas just isn't the same without them, know what I mean?'

It was all he could do to keep his voice steady and not stammer. 'Totally. Over there. Christmas Classics.' *Please go.* There was fierce, demanding suction on his dick now, and a tongue skating freely all over the underside. And a viscous trickling towards his balls.

'Thanks,' said Red, then took on a look of concern. 'You okay? You're looking a bit peaky.'

'Fine. Fine,' he assured her, in a constricted tone. 'Might have flu coming on. Don't get to close…' He tried to make it sound like a joke, no mean task with his rigid cock being gobbled to half its length by a greedy young mouth.

Red smiled sympathetically. 'Oh, I'm sorry. And at Christmas too. Have you tried Echinacea?'

'Sorry? What?' He could feel perspiration breaking out on his brow.

'Echinacea. It's a herb. Really good for flu. Native Americans have been using it for hundreds of years. They'll have it in the health store across the street. You should get some before it closes.'

Slurp, slurp, slurp… 'Thanks, thanks, I'll do that, I'll get some…'

'It'll work wonders, you'll see,' Red assured him, and went off to find her movie.

Shane stared instantly down at his fellating new friend. 'That's enough! Stop, wait till she's gone!' He tried to prise that hard-working blonde head away from his saliva-glistening length and was making some progress, but then she turned her lamp-like eyes on him and dived further, taking him into her throat. 'Oh God! Fuck! Stop that! I've got to serve this girl, ohhh Christ, what do you think you're…? Hiiiii!'

Red had returned and was setting a DVD box in front of him. 'Found Jimmy Stewart,' she told him happily. '"Every time a bell rings, an angel gets its wings", right?'

'S-sorry?' He tried to disguise his look of panic.

'*It's a Wonderful Life*, you've seen it, right?'

'Ehhhh - yeah, long time ago. It's - it's great. Look…'

'You remember that bit where Clarence the Angel shows him how many lives he's responsible for saving? And then when he runs through Bedford Falls wishing everyone Merry Christmas?'

'I…I…' *Slllurp* all over his cock. Shane had no idea what the fuck was going on. He could barely focus.

'I just love watching that with mom and dad. It gets us teary every year. We love it, it's just really life-affirming - reminds you what it's all about. Hey, while I'm here - do you have any porn?'

Even in regular circumstances Shane would have been surprised at the request, let alone when an anonymous female Santa was attempting to deep-throat him. The situation had just entered a whole new realm of weird. 'Porn?'

'Yeah, nastier the better,' she said frankly. 'I mean I love Christmas with the family and all, but sometimes it just gets too much and I need to take my laptop to my room so I can get myself off to something really fucking filthy. You know *that* feeling, right?'

Twilight Zone. Some sort of sexualised Twilight Zone, that's where he was. He nodded and pointed to a far corner, wondering if he might have come by the time she returned. 'Right - Right over there.'

'Thanks,' she smiled. 'Be right back.'

He stared, sweating, at her retreat, then made another attempt at extracting his dick from the foreign throat. 'That'll do, just…just…Ohhhh holy shit!' Blondie had gone for it, plunged herself recklessly to the very base of his hard member and was waggling her head from side to side to maximize the feeling of constriction, allowing herself to gurgle audibly. Then she pulled herself off, pretty face flushed and victorious, mouth gushing saliva over her chin and down between her breasts. 'You like that?'

'I…I…' She clung to his thighs and stared up at him excitedly for his response. 'Yes, fuck yes, but…'

'Maybe I can suck you off before she gets back, would that do?'

'Ehhh… Ehhh…' In his confused state it actually did seem the best option. 'Yes, good idea, really good idea, go for it…' And taking a deep breath she swallowed him again.

God, Sammy liked this guy. He was so sweet and funny and trying so valiantly to hold the whole thing together. Vanessa had been so fucking hilarious, it was priceless. Sammy would have smirked at her friend's routine, had her mouth not been maxed out on cock. And such a nice, thick seven inches it was, all the way down her throat and pressing hard against her oesophagus. Attached to such a sweetheart. She suddenly ached to know what Shane's cock would feel like inside her pussy.

Sammy had always got a kick out of Mindfuck, but this was different. This was special. She felt an absolute need to rock this guy's world. What a gorgeous, priceless sensation, to feel Shane, the mild-mannered, bookish store-clerk resolved into utter hardness far beyond her lips. It was gorgeous enough to make her do something she'd never done before during YM. To pluck the hem of her skirt upwards and plunge her hand into her panties so she could frig her now pulsing, wet clit.

Not that she had any intention of letting either of them come just yet. Having grabbed his ass one-handed and orally fucked him for some more seconds, till his groans began to mount, she slithered all the way off and took him in hand, massaging his whole length smoothly with her own spit. 'Again,' he urged, trying to fit her back onto him. 'Hurry, again!' But she just looked up, eyes dancing, and let him cool slightly before she recommenced suckage. He grabbed her suddenly by the head and tried forcing her harder onto himself, but stopped shortly afterwards when he heard Vanessa's tread. He had lost his moment. Sammy was grinning inwardly. She suddenly liked this guy even better - he wasn't so sweet he couldn't get proactive.

'Maybe you could help me decide,' Vanessa said, waving the two DVDs she had selected at the red-faced store clerk. She was pleased with her choices. Sammy certainly seemed to be doing a good job down there, playing the poor guy with every trick she had ever learnt. He was in quite a state by now. Vanessa was suddenly very glad she'd been talked into this. It did enliven the season and her friend had chosen well; Shane seemed a darling, prime material for fucking with. She held up the two boxes.

'What do you think? I've got *Teenage Cum-guzzling Slut-fiends* and something in the *What's That Up My Ass?* series. You seen either of these?' She slapped them both down on the countertop and with her straightest of faces enjoyed the reaction.

Shane was beyond speech. Santa-girl was driving herself onto him repeatedly till he could feel her gag; somehow she was managing to swallow the sound and keep going, noiselessly gulping in air at intervals. Her drool was flowing down all over his balls and inner thighs. Red meanwhile was completely taken up with the respective merits of her rental options.

'I mean which would you watch?' She pointed to one, the cover of which presented a girl of college age mid-scream, as a substantially older man fucked her from the rear, clinging with one hand to both her pigtails like they were reins. 'I mean look at that. She's so cute-looking, isn't she? Fresh out of High School by the look of it. She should be at college or working behind a perfume counter, but there she is on a movie set with this guy's cock rammed up her ass. That's just so wrong, isn't it? So fucking hot. He must be her dad's age, what do you think? And he's getting paid to hammer the shit out of her. Bet you wish that was you, right? Getting to plough some little hottie's ass for hard cash, I can just tell you like that thought.'

Shane stared at her like she were mad. What the fuck had his day turned into? Miss Topless Santa was jerking the base of his cock now, making succulent oral love to the head, while Red was waxing pornographic on her movie options with growing relish. 'Check out the back cover,' she was saying. 'Fuck, look at that…' - checking his name tag - '…Shane. Same sweet little tramp taking it from all angles.' She leaned forward on the counter confidentially, proffering the cover. 'That the sort of thing you jerk off to, Shane? Give your cock a good yank and imagine you're buried to the balls inside some tight little naked bitch like this?'

He was slumping into the counter, all grip on the situation lost. He had no idea what was happening and he was somewhere past caring. Slutty daughter of Santa was vacuuming the end of his cock now, when she wasn't working up a froth with her fist, and random Red-girl was gleefully pouring filth into his ear.

'Check out the photo,' she was saying, still indicating the back cover. 'That could be you and your buddies, all filling up the little cutie's holes, banging the fuck out of her. C'mon, Shane, which hole would *you* take, mouth, pussy or ass? Shit, check out this shot.' He could scarcely focus on the box. All he had were the words and the relentless *suck suck suck*... 'God, that bastard's really stretching out her asshole - she's so little it's a wonder he can shove it all up there. That's so fucking nasty, isn't it? Little teen hottie getting her butt impaled by that monster cock… You wish that was you? '

She picked up the second box, held it up to him. A young, blonde beauty had her mouth stretched wide around a vast cock-shaft; her prettily made-up eyes were staring soulfully into the camera. 'Or maybe you prefer this, Shane. Just one-on-one. You and a hot little blonde on her knees blowing you good. How do you think that would feel? Sucking you till you're like steel, guzzling on your rod till you're ready to explode.'

Shane's world was hazy. He could hear the redhead's salacious mutterings in his ear and the insistent, rhythmic slurpings on his own bone-hard cock. Nothing else existed for him. His Santastic little cock-servant was using him to fuck her own face again, one palm all over his balls, fingers

stretched around his base, and the other hand - God, was she masturbating *herself?* Little vixen…

Red's verbal onslaught continued. 'How would you like her there now, little blonde bitch, down on her knees and out of sight with that sweet, red mouth wrapped around you, ready to suck you dry? Hot little blonde slut, maybe stick her in a Santa costume for the occasion…' She undid the belt on her coat and let it fall open, revealing her own shapely, Santa-clad self. She was stacked and sexy as hell, but more restrained and calculating than her partner-in-sleaze.

It was confirmed. Whatever this was, it was co-ordinated. Red could obviously see the relief in his eyes. 'It's okay,' she said with a conspiratorial smile. 'I changed the sign on the door - no one else is coming in. Let it go, Shane. It's boiling up, right? You're ready to spill? Ready to empty your balls right down her throat?'

'Oh yes, oh God yes.'

'Then do it.' Her voice was husky, thick with filth. 'Make her fucking drink it.'

Shane obeyed the prompting instantly. With one hand he grabbed the blonde head that was working on him and shoved it down his on cock as far as it would go. Finally he could take complete advantage of his situation. Finally he could fully enjoy his beautiful, gift-wrapped Christmas present. Lust, frustration and joy to the world welled up within him and, as he braced himself against the counter with his other hand, his balls unleashed their furious load. Unleashed it right down hot blonde Santa-girl's throat. 'Ohhh God - ohhh God - ohhhhh FUCK!' *Gloria in excelsis.*

Sammy was thrilled with her boy. As he grabbed her and slammed himself into her face, as the hot, sticky jets gushed forth to warm her throat, she rubbed heatedly, frenziedly on her clitoris. She burst into orgasm and her whole body squealed with rapture though her mouth could not. Shane was spasming hard inside her, his whole body jolting uncontrollably as he spent himself. She was shuddering in helpless joy of her own, gripping his ass for support, drinking the last of his thick juice as she trembled and soaked herself, her fingers thrust deep in her cunt. *Merry Christmas and God bless us every one.*

Vanessa watched the dual-climax, as horny as she was amused. Sammy's abandon was a whole new twist in the ritual. It had been all Vanessa could do not to thrust her hand down her own panties and give herself a damn good frigging. But she had promised herself not to cross that line. This was chiefly Sammy's fun, not hers. Her boyfriend's plane would touch down in three days' time - God she was going to fuck him silly. She was pleased to see Sammy observe the pleasantry of cleaning up Shane the clerk's dripping cock, sucking it dry of its final oozings before helping the poor, dazed soul put it back inside his shorts. Festive Mindfuck should always end on a polite note. Well observed, that

girl.

Shane was a breathless, semi-traumatised mess, with no real idea what to say to either seductress. His secret sucking Santa, once recovered however, displayed no such inability. 'There you are, Shane,' she said, red-faced and gasping air as she hitched up his pants. 'You're *such* a sweetie. And that's a very lovely cock you've got there. I approve. Would you be a gentleman and help me back on with my things?'

'Yeah, yeah sure.' He had never actually *fastened* a girl's brassiere before, but then this had turned out a day of precedents. After he had zipped up her outfit, she turned about, pressed her lips to his and squirmed a cum-coated tongue into his mouth, so - shit - there was another one. It would have been rude to spit and it was, in every other way, a very nice kiss. He held the moment, salty aftertaste regardless.

'"Little blonde bitch?"' Sammy inquired of her friend post-lip-lock, her voice a touch incredulous. '"Make her fucking drink it?"'

'Just improvising,' shrugged Vanessa.

'You've got a very smutty mouth, girl,' said Sammy reprovingly, as she straightened her clothes. 'I'm shocked.'

'Don't get me started on *your* mouth,' Vanessa replied primly. 'I'm sure Shane here knows everything about it worth knowing. Hurry up, it's Cointreau time.'

'Coming,' said Sammy, and unexpectedly found herself blushing at the word. 'So Mr Grinch…' She had to fight a little for the words. 'You still got the Blues?'

'No,' Shane smiled sheepishly. 'I've kind of had them sucked out of me.'

She giggled and flicked her eyes to the floor, feeling strangely bashful. 'Merry Christmas, Shane.'

He reached out and caught her by the hand as she raised the partition and went to leave. 'Thank you,' he said simply. 'I've no idea who you are - either of you -' He glanced momentarily at Vanessa. '- But thank you.' He leaned over and kissed Sammy softly on the cheek.

'My pleasure,' she said, utterly disarmed. She gazed at him for a moment, then made a decision. 'Hang on, I'll be five minutes.' And she hurried out of the store.

Vanessa was taken aback. 'Ehhh - I'll just wait for her outside,' she told Shane. 'Have a nice Christmas. Oh, I didn't actually want the DVDs.'

'I kind of guessed that,' said Shane as she departed. 'Ehhh - have a merry one.'

Minutes later Vanessa watched Sammy rush back into the store clutching a shining, sealed envelope. She had purchased a pen as well, it seemed, for the signing. The petite blonde handed over the envelope to the clerk, leaned across the counter to kiss him smartly on the lips and dashed back out again.

'You do realise that what you just did broke all the rules of Yuletide Mindfuck,' Vanessa said to her friend as they hailed a taxi.

'Yeah, I know,' Sammy replied, 'but if you can't break those rules at Yuletide, when *can* you?'

'A very good point,' conceded Vanessa.

'Besides,' said Sammy, 'you've already got your New Year squeeze lined up. Why shouldn't I have a sweet guy to ring my chimes a week from now?'

'You deserve it, Sam,' Vanessa replied with generosity, as a cab slowed down for them. 'Just don't suggest any double-dates. *That* could be awkward.'

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In the store Shane's state was still that of semi-delirium. His rational mind could not quite accept the vortex of filth and affection in which he had just been swept up. *Cinemagic Video* looked no less tawdry, but it was transformed for him now into a place of - well - magic.

The opened Christmas card was still clutched in his hand. It's legend was brief: *Merry Christmas, Shane. Let me know if you want to hang out some more in Festive Funland. Sammy.* Underneath was a phone number.

Happiness burned inside Shane like a Yule-log. Heaven had sent him a blessed Christmas angel. And she swallowed.