

# A Christmas Angel's Gift

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*Rob expected a dull, lonely holiday. Then he met Lila.*

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I sat in silence, occasionally and listlessly taking sips from a glass of wine as I watched snow dance in the wind outside the bar windows. It was December 24 and I was alone. Christmas seemed a long way off; more a memory than an event about to happen. I had moved far away from family and friends to take a new position with my employer. Worse, my schedule meant that I wouldn't be able to get home for Christmas and probably not for New Year's either. Sitting home watching TV didn't appeal to me so I had come to a local pub where they were having a bit of a Christmas party.

The woman caught my eye as I was getting my second drink. She was tall and nicely proportioned, especially the large breasts that strained against her sheer white blouse. Her top buttons were undone, baring plenty of cleavage. A tight blue skirt molded itself to her big, shapely ass while showing off well-toned legs. Short brown hair framed a pretty, rather pale face with bright brown eyes and full red lips. She seemed to be just as alone as I was so, in an unusual burst of confidence and initiative, I wandered over to her.

"Good evening. Merry Christmas!" I said.

"Merry Christmas to you, too," she replied softly and without conviction.

"Sorry. You sound a bit bummed."

She sighed and smiled a little.

"At least you didn't invite me over to the mistletoe right away like the last three guys," she responded.

"I'm not looking for mistletoe. Just company. I'm Rob, by the way," I answered reassuringly.

“Well, sit down then, Rob,” she responded wearily. She was clearly still thinking I was another player out for a quick lay.

However, I must have played it right because we were soon engaged in a rather pleasant conversation. The woman’s name was Lila. Lila, like me, had moved to town for work and found herself more or less stranded for the holidays. As we compared our situations, it became apparent that we were in much the same straits. We soon began discussing how we might spend some of the holiday together.

As the evening wore on, a local bar band played a set. A few people got up to dance in front of the bar’s small stage. The band wasn’t great but they played with gusto. Lila seemed to be getting caught up in the rhythm.

“Let’s dance,” I said, getting up and holding my hand out to her.

“Sure,” Lila answered, taking my hand.

I pulled her up from her seat and we joined the others on the dance floor. Neither of us was a great dancer but that didn’t really matter. It was a fun distraction from a holiday that otherwise seemed to be slipping past us.

After a couple hard rocking tunes, the band switched gears for a soft ballad. To my surprise and delight, Lila slipped easily into my arms and pressed her body up against mine for the slow dance. Her arms circled my neck as we swayed together to the music. My cock stirred, aroused by the sensation of those beautiful breasts against my body.

“I’m having a great time tonight, Rob,” she said as we danced.

“Me, too. Much better than I expected when I came down here,” I answered.

Lila’s hands stroked my hair and neck. I responded by running my hands up and down her back, before sliding them down to give her ass a squeeze. She smiled and pressed closer. I touched my lips lightly to Lila’s in a brief kiss. She returned the kiss with a longer, harder one of her own.

The song ended but we stood there holding each other for a moment. Then Lila slipped free and grabbed my hand. Pulling me back to a dark corner of the bar, she gave me a long, sloppy kiss. Her tongue slid against mine and her hands caressed me through my shirt. I was startled at first, but quickly gave in and returned the kiss with equal ardour.

“You’re getting hard,” Lila said slyly. Her hand rubbed the bulge in my slacks.

The sensation of Lila’s hand on my penis, even through my clothes, felt wonderful. It also suggested that my Christmas Eve was taking a turn for the better.

“I am. Going to do something about it?” I responded. My hand cupped one of her large tits and gently squeezed it.

“Not here. My place?” she asked, still massaging my swelling cock.

“Is it far?”

“Just down the street above that little shopping centre.”

I smiled.

“I live in the same building,” I said, “I’m on the fifth floor.”

“Ninth.”

We found our coats and quickly walked through the chilly December night back to our building. Lila’s apartment was a large, two-bedroom suite. It was cozy and tastefully decorated. A small Christmas tree blinked away in one corner with a pretty wreath on the wall above it.

Shedding our coats, we quickly embraced again. Our mouths came together in another long kiss. My hands kneaded and stroked Lila’s tits through her blouse while she gave my cock renewed attention. It looked unlikely that we would actually make it to the bedroom.

Stepping back from me so I could watch, Lila slowly unbuttoned her blouse. Underneath was a lacy little brassiere that seemed barely capable of holding her big, soft tits. I pulled my golf shirt off over my head and then began undoing my pants, eager to let my hard cock loose from its restraint. As my pants fell to the floor, so did Lila’s skirt, leaving her dressed in just the bra and matching hipster briefs.

I walked up to Lila and worked her tits free of her bra. My fingers eagerly stroked and squeezed the soft flesh. Her nipples hardened into big dark buttons of flesh that I massaged between my thumbs and forefingers.

“You like my boobs, do you?” Lila said as her hands stroked my bare chest and played with my hard

little nips.

“They are gorgeous, Lila.”

“Lie down and I’ll give you a taste.”

I lay down on my back on the floor. Lila got on top of me on all fours with her tits dangling over my face. I pulled the left one to my mouth. After kissing the erect nipple, I wrapped my lips around it and sucked on it. When I lightly bit it, Lila cried out for more.

As I attended to her breasts, I put a hand between her thighs to gently rub her pussy through the soft cotton briefs. The cotton dampened as her juices began to flow. Lila moaned and lowered her tits closer to me, practically burying my face in soft flesh. Moving my hand inside her briefs, I massaged her soft, moist lips and lightly stroked her swollen clitoris.

Pulling her breast from my mouth, Lila crawled backwards down my body. Pulling my boxers down to release my aroused penis, she took it in her hand. It was almost fully erect with a little drop of precum glistening at the tip. Lila licked the tip, removing the precum but leaving some saliva. Then she circled the head with her tongue before running it up and down my shaft a few times. All the time she looked up at me with a wicked little gleam in her eyes.

“Like the taste?” I asked, sitting up for a better view.

“You’re yummy,” she said. Then she parted her beautiful red lips and wrapped them around my erection.

She didn’t waste any time taking my cock deep into her mouth and sucking it. I reached down with a hand to play with her hair and stroke her face. The sight of my erect cock in her mouth was amazingly arousing.

“I want it inside me,” Lila finally said after bringing me close to climax with her mouth.

“Nobody’s stopping you,” I answered, lying back down on the carpet.

Lila slipped her briefs off and knelt with her thighs straddling me. Slowly, she lowered herself onto my erect penis. As her tight, wet vagina wrapped around it, I closed my eyes and just savoured the sensation. When she had taken me all the way in, Lila began slowly sliding up and down on me. I opened my eyes again and watched as my cock, glistening with her juices, appeared and disappeared with each rise and fall. As she rode me, Lila used one hand to rub her clitoris while the

other played with her tits. The pressure in my balls soon built to the bursting point.

“Oh, yes, Lila,” I shouted, screamed even, as the dam broke. My body shook as waves of pleasure washed over me and my cock pumped inside her.

Lila pressed down on me, grinding her pelvis against me as she rubbed her clit harder. Then she moaned loudly, her vagina squeezing me as she reached her climax. It seemed to go on forever, but she finally stopped and collapsed on top of me. I held Lila close, stroking her body with my fingers and occasionally planting light kisses on the skin I could reach.

“Wow,” she gasped when she finally lifted herself up again, “How’s that for a Christmas celebration?”

I smiled up at her, already feeling lusty again.

“It’s a good beginning.”

Lila laughed.

“Not enough, eh?” she said, “What next?”

“I’m hungry,” I replied with a wink.

Lila rolled off me and stood up. Offering me a hand, she pulled me to my feet and led me into the larger of the two bedrooms. She had a queen-sized four-poster bed with a lovely red comforter thrown over it. Stripping the covers back to reveal red satin sheets underneath, Lila lay down and spread her legs.

“Here’s your dinner. Dig in,” she said, fingering herself as she said it.

With a grin on my face, I dove on to the bed and crawled up between Lila’s legs. Her slit was oozing our mingled juices and the delicious scent of sex filled my nostrils. Eagerly, I lapped up the cream, my mouth filling with the taste of freshly fucked pussy. Lila moaned softly as I tasted and teased her with my tongue. Her arousal was getting me hard again but I kept my focus squarely on her pleasure. Pressing my lips around her swollen clit, I sucked it while sliding a finger into her to massage her G spot.

“Oh God, yes,” she gasped at the sensation. Her hips moved a little in rhythm with my finger and lips.

Then she let out an inarticulate cry. A fresh gush of her lubricant ran out on to my hand while her

vagina softly rippled around my finger. Removing my finger, I let Lila suck it clean and then we lay on the bed together for a while.

“You up for some more?” Lila said after a while, her fingers idly stroking my cock.

My cock twitched to life at her touch. It was a little hard already and started to harden more as she continued to caress it.

“Yes. Have something in mind?” I responded.

With a wicked smile on her face, Lila rolled over. Opening the drawer of her nightstand, she took out a slender toy and a big bottle of lube.

“I do,” she answered, “Just lie there and relax, Rob. This will be wonderful. I promise.”

I was a bit nervous but I did as she asked. Lila got down between my legs and began stroking my cock again. As it swelled, she licked it from balls to tip a few times before taking it into her mouth. Her lips and tongue worked me slowly. It wasn't long before I was rock hard.

Releasing me, Lila grabbed the lube. Putting a big glob on her fingertip, she smiled up at me. Gently, she began massaging lube into my anus, easing her finger inside as she lubed me. When her finger was buried far enough in, she moved it to massage my prostate.

“Oh shit,” I gasped, surprised at the sensation.

Lila took my cock back in her mouth. She sucked it hard as her finger continued to massage me inside. I closed my eyes, my body awash in the sensations of Lila pleasuring me. Then she stopped for a moment. I opened my eyes in time to see her lubricating the toy.

Smiling at me, Lila pressed it against my well-lubed opening. Slowly, she slid it inside me. It was harder than her finger but not much thicker. Still, the sensation of it stretching my little hole was both uncomfortable and pleasurable at the same time.

Then Lila turned the vibrator on. Gentle vibrations filled me as she once again started sucking my cock. She moved the toy a little until the vibrations were focussed on my prostate. The sensation was even more powerful than being finger fucked had been. The double whammy of Lila's mouth on my cock and the vibrator in my ass overwhelmed me.

“Good fucking God,” I screamed out as a powerful orgasm blasted my seed into her mouth.

I'd never had an orgasm like that before, especially as a second one. It came on strong and then faded away slowly, leaving me limp on the bed. Lila cleaned me up before snuggling up beside me.

"Merry Christmas, baby," she whispered in my ear before nibbling on it.

"Amen," I sighed back, still a bit out of it.

Christmas morning was sunny with only a few flakes of snow still drifting in the breeze. Snow covered the ground and was still largely undisturbed. It was a pretty Christmas card scene.

I had awakened early to find Lila still in a deep slumber. After slipping out of bed, I found my shirt and boxers. As I dressed, I thought about going to my apartment four floors below to clean up and get fresh clothes. However, I wanted to be there when Lila got up. The night I'd spent with her had left me both happy and wanting more.

Feeling hungry, I wandered into Lila's kitchen. Her coffee maker was similar enough to mine that I soon had coffee brewing. Her cupboards and fridge yielded everything I needed for a batch of pancakes so I set to work preparing breakfast. It was the least I could do for the woman who'd saved my Christmas.

I had just flipped the second batch when Lila came out from the bedroom. She was wearing a long satin robe with the top hanging slightly open to show off her ample bosom. As she kissed me, my hands found her tits and enjoyed the feel of soft flesh under smooth satin.

"How are you this morning?" Lila asked.

"Feeling great. Thanks to you," I answered, giving her a kiss back.

Lila's hand stroked my penis, already a little hard, through my boxers. It twitched and stiffened in response.

"Good. Feels like you're ready for more," she said with a sly grin.

"I could but these pancakes will burn."

Lila laughed and nodded.

"Breakfast first, then."

We ate at her little breakfast table, chatting as we got to know each other more. All the while, my eyes kept feasting on the sight of Lila's breasts. Even all these years later, I'd say that they were most beautiful pair of tits that I've ever seen.

"Oops," Lila suddenly blurted out as we ate.

My eyes immediately locked on to the site of maple syrup running down her breast into her cleavage. I licked my lips at the thought of licking it off of her. Lila must have noticed and a smile crossed her face.

"You think that looks tasty, eh?" she said. She dribbled more syrup over and between her tits.

"Very," I answered.

She untied her robe and let it fall off as she stood up and walked over to me. I buried my face in her cleavage and lapped up the sweet, sticky syrup from her skin. Lila obviously enjoyed this. Grabbing the bottle, she drizzled more over her tits. With an eager tongue, I licked them clean before sucking on one of her nipples.

Gently, Lila pushed my head back and French kissed me. Her tongue was as sweet with syrup as her breasts had been. As we kissed, my hands massaged Lila's tits, stroking and squeezing her big nipples.

"Come to bed," she finally said, slipping free of me, "Time for some more Christmas fun."

As Lila headed for the bedroom, I sat still and enjoyed the view from behind. Then, with my cock already hard in my boxers, I got up to follow her.

Lila was sitting on the edge of the bed as I entered. I stood in front of her and pulled my shirt off while she yanked my boxers down to release my cock. Lila's expert lips and tongue went to work immediately, licking and sucking me while a finger gently probed my asshole.

"Do you want a Christmas treat?" she asked after a few minutes of fellatio.

"Of course," I answered. But, after the previous night's unexpected anal activity, I wasn't really sure what Lila had in mind.

"Then lie down, relax, and close your eyes until I tell you to open them."

I obeyed, keeping my eyes shut tight. My ears tried to follow Lila as she bustled about the room. I couldn't tell what she was doing though she did open the nightstand drawer once so I figured either the vibe or the lube was involved.

"Open them and have a look," Lila said when it quieted down.

When I open my eyes my gaze immediately fell on her. Lila was standing over me with a long, hard cock protruding between her legs. I was startled at first until I realized it was a strap-on dildo. Then a strange mix of terror and arousal gripped me as her intentions dawned on me. After last night, the thought of having her in my ass was very appealing but the strap-on was also much bigger than either her finger or the vibrator. Arousal did seem to be getting the edge, though. My cock stayed hard on my belly as I contemplated what was coming.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Nice cock."

"Do you want it in you, baby? Do you want Lila to take your nice little ass?"

My cock hardened more.

"Yes, Lila. Very much."

"Sit up and suck me, first," she said, "Just like I sucked you."

Obediently, I sat up on the edge of the bed and held the dildo to my lips. I licked it all over and then wrapped my lips around it. Tentatively, I began to suck on it, trying to emulate how Lila did my cock.

"That's good," she cooed, her hands stroking my head, "Suck my cock so it's nice and wet."

After a bit more sucking, Lila handed me the lube and asked me to get her ready. I squirted a blob into my hand, and then wrapped that hand around her toy to thoroughly coat it in the jelly. It felt strange to have a cock in my hand, even a fake one, but the thought of what would happen next excited me. When it was nice and slick, Lila had me lie back down the bed with my ass on the edge. She lifted my legs and got me to put a pillow under my ass to prop it up.

"It'll be easier," she explained.

After lubing her fingers, Lila gently slid one inside me, both to lubricate me and to get me ready for what would come next. She actually got two inside, stretching me more. I expected it to hurt but my extreme state of arousal and her gentleness made it more pleasure than pain.

“I think you’re ready,” Lila finally said, getting into position.

I felt the head of her dildo press against my anus. Then it entered me. She took it slow, letting me stretch before going deeper. Soon, I had a good portion of the toy filling me. The stretching was just shy of being painful. Slowly, Lila began thrusting, sliding her cock in and out of my ass.

“How’s that?” she whispered, “Do you like having me inside you? Do you like being fucked?”

I didn’t answer for a moment, my attention focussed on the feeling of the dildo sliding back and forth inside me.

“Yes, Lila,” I finally answered breathlessly, “It feels so good.”

“Excellent.”

Then she turned on the strap-on’s vibrator. A wave of pleasure, not yet an orgasm but very intense in its own way, spread through my ass, cock, and belly.

“Oh, wow,” I gasped, “That is wonderful.”

Lila said nothing but just kept slowly and steadily fucking my ass. With one of her hands, she began to gently masturbate my hard cock in time with her fucking. The vibrations from my ass were stimulating my prostate and pretty much everything between my waist and my knees. Lila’s eyes were half-closed and she was softly moaning. I realized that the toy probably had a vibe for her, too.

The whole experience was incredibly intense; an intensity that built to a crescendo as my orgasm rose from deep within me. I heard a loud, inarticulate cry fill the room as my body jerked and my semen sprayed on to my belly. Somehow, through the fog of intense pleasure, I realized it was me crying out. Then Lila’s cries joined my own as she climaxed as well, driven by the vibrations of her toy.

And then it was over. The orgasm left me a bit woozy and breathless. I barely felt Lila slide out of me. She removed the strap-on and lay beside me on the bed. Gently, she stroked my hair and face with her fingers as I recuperated.

“That was ... something,” I said with a contented sigh when my breath came back, “I don’t think I’ve cum that hard before. Ever. Thank you.”

Lila smiled.

“Merry Christmas. Glad you like your gift.”

“Wish I had something as good to give you.”

“You did, Rob. Last night, I was lonely, sad, and horny. Now I’m just very contented.”

“You’re welcome, then.”

We took a shower together after that, washing each other but not really engaging in much foreplay. I think we’d both had enough sex for the moment. After showering and putting on some clothes, we settled down on Lila’s couch to cuddle as we shared a movie and a bottle of wine.