

up the chimney he roge...



*by phaze
authors*

Up the Chimney He Rose...

A collection of sexy holiday shorts by
the authors of Phaze Books



www.Phaze.com

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Dear friends of Phaze Books,

It is our pleasure to wish you a happy and healthy holiday season, and to thank you for four wonderful years. When Phaze Books launched in late 2004, we had no idea how quickly and how grandly we would grow, and we are grateful to all of you for your continue support. It is our hope to continue offering the best in erotic romance through 2009 and beyond, and we hope you will enjoy this free gift.

Several of our authors have penned holiday-themed “quickies,” sexy flash fictions based on available Phaze titles. So if you’d like to see what some of your favorite characters are doing during the Yule season, grab yourself an egg nog and a plate of cookies and cozy up to his special holiday collection.

Peace and blessings,

Kathryn Lively
Publisher, Phaze Books

A Daring Kiss

Leigh Ellwood

A Dareville Holiday Tale

“*L*ook up.”

Sue Briscoe darted her gaze upward and a smile split her features. Taped to the top of the doorway dividing the living room and kitchen was a tiny sprig of mistletoe. Quite small, too, as she would have missed it completely had not her husband Cal corralled her in the threshold.

“Why, Cal Briscoe,” she drawled, teasing, “I never pegged you for a sentimental soul.”

Cal chuckled and drew his wife into a tighter embrace. “I like to keep you guessing.”

“I’ll say.” She peered past his shoulder and fought to suppress a laugh at the unusual holiday decor of their living room. Three weeks in, and the sight of the half-Christmas tree taking up one corner continued to bring a flutter to her stomach. She’d been well aware of her husband’s upbringing—born of one Christian and one Jewish parent—and it only made sense Cal would express his heritage in a humorous way.

The half-menorah, situated on the coffee table, looked ready to teeter from the weight of its candles. Sue still marveled at its structure.

“Yet,” she said aloud, “this mistletoe is whole.” Miniature yet grandly pungent for its size, Sue inhaled the

musky outdoor scent and searched for any sign of such tampering.

“It better be, for what I paid for it,” Cal muttered, and Sue playfully jabbed in the ribs.

“Well, I think it’s sweet. And, underused, wouldn’t you say?”

Like they needed mistletoe to kiss. Several months after the wedding, the honeymoon continued, with every room of the new house being christened. And rechristened. Still, Sue was a sucker for Christmas traditions, and looked forward to celebrating her first with Cal. She couldn’t wait to observe favorite rituals, and create new ones.

She closed her eyes and puckered, and waited. When no lips brushed against hers, when she felt no rough patch of five o’clock shadow deliciously scrape her cheeks, she pried one eye open. Cal leaned back, watching her with fascination.

“What?”

He shook his head and smiled. “It’s not that kind of mistletoe,” he said.

“Oh? I wasn’t aware there was a different genus or species. So, what kind of mistletoe is this? Do we shake hands instead?”

“I hope not. Otherwise I’m taking it back. No, for this kind of mistletoe you do something very different,” Cal said, sinking to his knees. “Something I think you’ll like more.”

It certainly looked promising, Cal on his knees and playing with the zipper of her jeans. She braced her stance and wriggled in time to his ministrations so the denim slipped effortlessly over her hips and down her legs. The lace thong she wore proved no inconvenience for Cal as he wiped the transparent patch away to reveal her shaved pussy.

Stepping out of the jeans, she grasped the jamb and braced for impact. Cal traced a finger up and down her

inner labia. A gust of hot breath sent shivers across her skin and she twitched, feeling the moisture slicking up her pussy.

“Merry Christmas,” Cal said, and devoured her whole. His lips clamped over her pussy, he attacked her with his tongue. Broad, flat strokes swiped up her pussy lips, encouraging her to part so he could reach her clit. Sue felt her knees threaten to buckle. The sensation of Cal’s nether kiss ignited a fire bound to consume her.

Her nipples tingled under her shirt, but she didn’t dare let go of the jamb to pinch some relief into them. Spreading her thighs wider, she granted Cal deeper access, crying out as his tongue plunged into her slit to drink from her. Then he was back at her clit, tapping it rapidly and groaning his approval of her taste.

The orgasm stewing inside her grew too big for her balance. The shockwave hit and sent her rocking on her heels, but Cal clamped a hand to her backside and kept her standing as he continued to lick her. Wave upon wave shot upward and lit her skin. She felt brighter than the half-tree blinking behind them.

When finally the pleasure fire faded Cal fell backward with a gasp, rubbing his spine against the other jamb. “I love you, babe,” he said, catching his breath. Sue could no longer keep her strength and crumpled to the floor beside him.

“I love you, too.”

Cal pointed to the ceiling. “And,” he added, “we are never taking that thing down.”

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[www.LeighEllwood.com](http://www.LeighEllwood.com)

## *Also by Leigh Ellwood*

In the Dareville series...

*Truth or Dare*  
*Dare Me*  
*Daring Young Man*  
*Double Dare*  
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*Jilted*  
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*Why, Why, Zed?*  
*The Healing*  
*Jack of Hearts*  
*Jack of Diamonds*  
*Muse*  
*Under Covers*  
*Voyeur*  
*Phaze Fantasies, Vol. I*

# *My True Love Gave to Me Bridget Midway*

*A Fascination Street Holiday Tale*

Zora peered into the bedroom again to make sure Grant hadn't fallen asleep. He'd promised he would stay awake for her little holiday surprise. She wanted to attribute his recent lethargy to the medication, but she knew better. She knew Grant.

Seeing him with his leg encased in the light blue cast, propped up on pillows, she craved to caress him, take care of him like he would do to her. This was one boo-boo that couldn't be healed with a kiss. She hoped, though, that after tonight he would see her and their new neighbors in a different light. They could be fun, and they could be trusted. This holiday season she would make him take notice.

"Are we starting this tonight or what?" Garland barked from behind her.

Zora peered at the group of anxious people grouped around her. "Just making sure everything is okay. Let me go in first, and then we'll start."

Garland released a loud grunt. Only when her husband, Evan, stroked her long, dark brown hair and whispered something in her ear did the cantankerous woman calm. For a submissive, the brother knew how to keep Garland in

control. Of course, Zora would never say that out loud to the stern Domme.

As promised, Zora pushed the bedroom door open and tiptoed inside. Grant, with only a blanket over his naked body, stared at her stalking inside of the room. Boredom and a bit of contempt masked his face. He scanned her from her wild mane of hair to her flimsy negligee she wore for him, and down her bare legs. He shifted in his seated position. The fact that he noticed her, that his body still responded even in his injured state, sent a tingle through her body.

“Honey, I know you’ve been a little crabby about breaking your leg right before our first Christmas here on Fascination Street.” Zora smoothed her hands over the gauzy red material that covered her stomach. “And I know it’s taken a while for you to warm up to our new neighbors.”

Grant cocked his head and glared at her, relaying to her without speaking that he still didn’t trust the six people that lived around them.

Zora continued despite his stinging stare. “I have a surprise for you that will hopefully cheer you up, and let you see that we do live around some amazing people who only want the best for you and me.” She watched him fold his toned arms over his chest. “Okay, so a little sex is included. But that can be fun, as you’ll see.”

Grant furrowed his eyebrows. He sat up higher on the bed, being careful of his leg and flexing the muscles in his arms and chest.

Even incapacitated, she found him damn sexy. She moistened her lips. From her cleavage she pulled out a piece of paper. No way could she remember all twelve items without a cheat sheet.

Zora cleared her throat and started to warble a Christmas classic tune that she altered. “On the twelfth day

of Christmas on Fascination Street, twelve more days in the cast for my sweet.”

This time it was Grant’s turn to growl. It wasn’t as menacing as Garland’s, but then again lions cowered when that woman talked.

“Sorry, honey. You do have twelve more days in the cast. Trust me. They’ll fly right by.” Zora smiled to comfort him, but the stoic giant kept up his hard countenance. “On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, eleven nights left for you in the cast.”

Grant grabbed a small pillow next to him and hurled it at Zora.

“Okay, that was it about the cast. I promise.” She scanned her list. “Hmm, maybe I should skip the lyric when I say that you spent hours trying to string up Christmas lights on the house when you fell off the ladder and broke your—”

Grant cocked another pillow back, ready to fire.

Zora held her hands up. “Okay! Okay! I’m just teasing. Let me finish.” She cleared her throat louder this time and peered over at the door. “On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, ten sensuous kisses.”

She padded over to her man who lay prone, but definitely not helpless. Framing his face in her hands, Zora brushed her lips against his and gave him ten slow, sexy kisses filled with passion. With every kiss, every touch from Grant, Zora felt like their bodies twinkled even brighter than any stars in the night sky.

He, in turn during the kiss, allowed his capable hands to explore her body, cupping her breasts through her top until about the eighth or ninth kiss when one hand dipped down between her legs and rubbed her sensitive clit through her panties.

Despite the doctor’s warning to abstain from sex while Grant wore the cast, Zora did enjoy bathing him, doing his

dark brown hair, which she let get longer even though he protested, and giving him handjobs every night.

With it being winter, and Grant having to stay confined inside of the house, his skin lost its tan. Against her darker skin tone, he appeared even more pallid. But she didn't care about their racial differences, and neither did Grant.

At the tenth kiss, Zora pushed his hand away from her aching pussy and returned to her original spot at the foot of the bed. "Keep that up and I won't be able to get down to day one."

Grant finally cocked a slight smile at the corner of his mouth.

"On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, nine sexy spankings."

Garland and Evan walked into the room. Garland wore her standard all-leather ensemble. Tonight her outfit consisted of a fitted vest, an even tighter leather skirt and spiked black boots that went up to her thighs. With her fair skin, it showed off the stark contrast between her skin tone and the black leather. Standing her next to her African-American husband, they didn't look like they would make a suitable pair. However, to watch them together, they had a connection that couldn't be broken or ignored.

Evan, as usual, wore nothing. But with his burnt butter brown skin, the man could get away with walking around naked all day.

Evan grabbed one of the posts at the foot of the bed and turned sideways. Garland slipped on a pair of heavy black leather gloves, glared at Grant before administering nine hard smacks on Evan's naked ass. Zora winced at each hit, but Grant kept his gaze directly on Garland as though challenging her.

After the ninth hit, Garland kissed her husband roughly, then pulled him out of the room.

Zora got back into position and continued. From Grant's quiet demeanor, she wasn't sure if he was enjoying

any of this. Zora wanted him entertained. But she also wanted him to see another side of the people she now considered to be her friends.

“On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me—” Zora waited for Garland to return with their other two female neighbors, Winta and Lynia, following behind her. “—eight great breasts.”

Zora slipped her negligee down her shoulders to show off her breasts. Garland removed her vest to display her small set with pink-tipped large nipples. The other two ladies were already naked. Winta looked proud of her large breasts with jet black nipples against walnut-colored skin. And Lynia’s soft powder pink nipples blended nicely with her creamy skin tone. These women proved to be great friends to even do this for Zora. Of course it helped that they were all exhibitionists.

Zora glanced at Grant who now had a bigger smile on his face as he took in the naughty display. Her heart thrummed knowing he was starting to enjoy her production.

When the women cleared out of the room, Zora continued. “On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, seven people who care for you dearly.”

All of their neighbors came into the bedroom, Garland, Evan, Winta and her husband Art, Lynia and her husband Brax. When they were all in the room, they stared at Grant and smiled.

“We’re so glad you’re here on Fascination Street, Grant,” the group said in unison.

“Get better soon.” Art put one arm around his wife and the other around Lynia. “I can’t handle these women by myself.”

The ladies giggled and kissed Art on his cheek.

“And since you said no one can touch Zora until you’re one-hundred percent, we’ve been missing her for the last few weeks.” Art winked at Zora.

Zora returned a smile to Art, however, when she peered at Grant, she found that his smile had melted from his face. “Let’s move on.” She ushered the group out of her room. With the room cleared, she went on to the next crucial Christmas day. “On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, six people fucking.”

Zora crawled into bed next to Grant so that she could enjoy the show as well. Garland, Winta and Lynia walked back into the room first. Then Evan, Art, and Brax followed. Winta and Lynia grabbed the vertical post at the foot of the bed. Zora watched Grant blink hard when Evan assumed the same position.

Brax stood behind Lynia. Art stood behind Winta. And with her skirt off, showing her strap-on, Garland stood behind Evan. The three of them looked at each other, smiled and switched partners. Brax now stood behind Evan. Garland got behind Winta, and Art grabbed Lynia. With partners changed, the three standing in the back row grabbed onto their partners’ hips and entered them from behind.

As the three couples fucked, Zora combed her fingers through Grant’s hair. Her heart pounded as she watched the decadent display. Art slapped Lynia’s ass, and Zora imagined that she and Grant were fucking and he had done that to her.

Grant wrapped his arm around Zora and let his hand rest on her hip. With each moan from the women in front of him, he gave Zora a pat and a squeeze. Looked like he was just as turned on as she was. Damn, she couldn’t wait until he was out of the cast.

Just like on orgy night, Lynia came first with a howling scream that didn’t fit coming out of the successful author. Art pulled out of her, kissed her cheek, and walked out of the room with her. The next ones to release were Evan and Brax. Although Grant didn’t give that duo his attention, Zora couldn’t stop watching their action.

Something about two strong, good-looking men fucking that turned her on. Winta's large breasts swung back and forth as Garland fucked her with her fake cock.

"Oh, God! Yes!" Winta brought her head up and stared directly at Grant. "Yes." She licked her lips.

Oh, yeah. Once Grant was out of the cast, Winta would be fucking him. Something about seeing another woman wanting her man as much as Zora did turned her on so much that she soaked through her panties.

Winta wailed and nearly dropped to her knees before Garland caught her. Garland pulled out of her and helped Winta leave the room.

"I'll give them a few minutes before going on." Zora pressed her body against Grant's.

He took that opportunity to bring her face around to his and capture her mouth in his hungry one. One thing the accident didn't take away was Grant's desire. Leg plastered or not, he wanted her. Many a night did he beg her to just get on top of him and ride him. Zora got tempted once. As soon as Grant winced in pain, she stopped.

Grant slipped his eager tongue into her mouth. In turn, Zora sucked on it and teased it by tapping the tip of her tongue against it. She moaned and rubbed her body against his. The motion prompted him to cup her breast, fondle it through her top until that wasn't enough for him. Grant pulled her strap down from her shoulder and palmed her breast.

"Oh, Grant!" Zora cried between kisses.

It all felt so right and familiar. Grant tried turning his body to cover hers and stopped with a scream and a curse.

"Oh, God, baby! Are you okay?" Zora put her hand on Grant's chest. "Should I get Art in here to check you out?"

Times like this, it was nice having a doctor living in the neighborhood, even if he was a plastic surgeon. Grant shook his head at Zora's request.

“Everything okay in here?” Winta poked her head into the room.

Zora pulled up her strap. “Yeah. Just fine. Are you all ready?”

“Ready as we’ll ever be.”

Zora planted on more kiss on Grant before assuming her position at the foot of the bed. “On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, five golden cock rings.”

Garland strolled into the room with five thick, gold cock rings in her hand. Zora approached Grant on one side of the bed and Garland headed to him on the other. With one easy tug, Zora pulled the blanket off of Grant’s nude body. She wrapped her hand around his cock and stroked him, slow at first, allowing him to slowly get hard in her hand.

His shaft pulsed with each pass of her hand. Zora watched Grant close his eyes and lean his head back to enjoy the treatment. Once he was at a semi-hard state, Garland slipped one of the rings down his penis. At the base, she slipped his balls inside. She dropped the other four rings on his cock once Zora got him nice and hard.

Garland stood back to enjoy her handiwork. “Reminds me of a game I used to play with one of my subs.” She patted Grant on top of his head before twirling around and swaying out of the room.

Zora gazed at the bright golden rings around his cock. “That is a great sight.”

From Grant’s less than amused expression, he didn’t share her same admiration. However, Zora didn’t remove the rings. She assumed her spot again and continued on with the list.

“On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, four phone sex calls.” Zora reached behind her and picked up Grant’s phone from the dresser.

Just before she handed it to him, it rang. Instead of answering it, she handed it to Grant, who looked at the screen before accepting the call. Zora couldn't tell what was being said to him, but from the smile on his face, he looked pretty pleased.

When that call ended, the phone rang again. This call produced an even bigger smile. His cock waved back and forth with every word uttered to him. Zora chewed her lip as she tried gauging from his facial reactions what was being said. The phone rang two other times. By the fourth call, Grant looked like he wanted to stand and hobble out to find the callers. He settled for setting the phone on the end table next to him and rubbing his hands over his eyes.

Zora cleared her throat to gain his attention again. "The third day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, three French maids."

Winta, Lynia and Garland marched into the bedroom all wearing short French maid outfits. They spun around to show off that they weren't wearing panties. Then they bent over in front of Grant to display their assholes. That got a laugh out of Grant.

After their naughty show, the three women skipped out of the room, even surly Garland.

"The second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, two whip-wielding dominants."

Garland returned, stripped out of her previous outfit, with Brax. Both were completely nude. And both carried long whips in their hands. Garland drew her hand back and cracked her whip first. Then Brax followed her with his own impressive display. Grant, however, seemed unmoved.

When they cleared the room, Zora took a deep breath and waited.

"Merry Christmas, you two!" Brax called from the living room.

"We're not staying?" Zora heard Lynia ask.

“Honey, even on the seventh day God rested. They need their space,” Brax replied, not in a whisper.

“We should keep this up for every Christmas,” Winta said in a bubbly voice.

Zora heard their front door open and close. Then she slipped out of her outfit and panties. She crawled into bed with Grant and wrapped her arms around him. “And on the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, the best neighborhood in the world.” She caressed his face. “I love you so much, honey. And I love being here. I just want you to be as happy here as I am, and see how much these people care about you. As strange as this all seemed, they didn’t have to do this. So what do you think? Say something, please.”

Grant pulled her close and said the only thing he needed to say, “I love you so much, baby. Thank you and everyone else for trying to make me feel better. Merry Christmas.”

Zora’s face hurt from smiling so hard. “And may we have many more here on Fascination Street.”

“Now I have my own rendition of a holiday classic.”

Zora ruttet her eyebrows. “You do?”

Grant took her hand and wrapped it around his shaft, still covered in golden cock rings. “Yeah. ‘Here Comes Santa Claus.’ Ho, ho, ho!”

“If you enjoyed this, you just wait for New Year’s Eve. We’re starting our year with a bang!”

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www.BridgetMidway.com

Also by Bridget Midway

Love My Way
Fascination Street
Original Sin
Sodom and Gomorrah
C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L
Adam and E-V-E
Suburbia
Walls
Phaze Fantasies, Vol. I

Yuletide Blessings

Jae Knight

Based on characters from the From the Shadow series

December 24, 2000

“Good night, Skye,” Luca and Jaid called to their son as he headed to his bedroom. Luca and Jaid were recently engaged and Luca has taken to Skye as if the boy were his own. He’d been human for six months, content to be mortal and in love with the woman of his dreams.

“He’s sure calling it a night early,” Luca said and Jaid smiled, her soft green eyes sparkling and taking his breath away.

“Yes. He’s excited about tomorrow. Which reminds me, I have an early gift for you,” she said.

They sat on the sofa beside the Christmas tree, decorated with rows of silver garland and blinking Christmas lights. He would never forget how wonderful it had felt to set up that tree with his fiancée and Skye. He had a family at last and he would never regret the choice he made to give up his immortality to be with his mortal love, Jaidyn Pierce.

“What is it?” he asked and she produced a small box from underneath the tree. The wrapping was simple with a green bow and plain red paper but he could sense how eager she was for him to open it.

“I couldn’t wait for morning,” she said and bit her lip

in anticipation. She was practically levitating off the sofa, she was so excited.

Luca Silva eyed her quizzically, smiling at the impatient noises she was making. Finally he tore open the wrapping and uncovered a simple box. He lifted the lid and for a brief moment could not comprehend its contents.

In the box, lying face up, was a white porcelain frame with delicate pink lettering spelling out the name 'Lucia Renee.' In the frame was a grainy black and white photograph. Luca's heart pounded, echoing in his ears. He could feel his eyes stinging with the threat of tears and his throat was burning with them.

"Jaid...is this what I think it is? Are you...? Am I going to be...?"

"You're going to be a daddy. I've known for two months but wanted to make it special when you found out. I can't keep anything secret from Skye, but he's the only one who knows. He says we are having a girl," she said, placing her hand on his shoulder. He was bent over the frame, his cascade of long black hair blocking it from her view.

Jaid knew how much naming their daughter after Luca's little sister would mean to him. She also knew that any tears he might shed on this night would be tears of happiness and felt that her own cheeks were damp.

Luca's dark, chocolate brown eyes lifted to meet hers and he smiled.

"I am so happy, Jaid. I love you so much."

"I love you, too, Luca. By the way, did you know we are sitting beneath the mistletoe?"

Jaid wrapped her arms around him as he leaned in to kiss her.

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*Also by Jae Knight*

*From the Shadows*

# *Sexual Healing: Santa Baby*

## *D. Musgrave*

*A Sexual Healing Holiday Tale*

*D*r. Marianne Haley had seen it all, or so she thought. As a Sexual Surrogate, she'd treated clients who were experiencing difficulty with all manner of sexual fetishes, but never had one with this particular obsession. Her new client was scheduled for the next hour, and beside his name was the notation, *Santa Fixation*.

She smiled. Christmas was her favorite holiday and she knew she'd have to focus to keep from finding his desires amusing. It didn't help that one of her fondest Christmas memories was of waking up on Christmas morning and finding her boyfriend, Tony, lying under the tree naked but for a red ribbon around his waist, the bow strategically placed to cover his gift to her.

Before her mind fully engaged the memory, the front door chime rang, signaling her next client had arrived. She took a deep breath and reminded herself this was serious business and the man needed her help. Pushing away from her desk, she left her office and walked down the hall. When she opened the door to the lobby and saw the man standing there, she gasped.

He was dressed as Santa, from the red and white outfit, to the white beard and long white hair. He'd even gone so far as to stuff the front of his suit to make himself rounder

and jollier looking. Then she remembered the name he'd given her and the urge to smile grew stronger.

Marianne forced herself to show no reaction and reached out to shake his hand. "You're Chris, right?"

With a big a booming voice, that sounded somewhat familiar, he said, "Yes. Thanks for seeing me on short notice. It is my busy season, after all."

Turning away to hide her grin, she said, "Come on back to my office." She led him down the hall to her office and held the door open for him.

When she shut the door, she heard him ask, "Have you been a good girl this year?"

His voice was deep, but not in the way Santa's should sound. No, it was more like he was trying to make his voice deeper—and sexy.

Sitting down on the sofa, he patted his knee, "Would you like come sit on Santa's lap and tell me what you want for Christmas?"

Looking into his dark eyes, Marianne felt her legs go weak. This wasn't a patient, it was Tony.

In that split-second, she decided to play along, pretend she hadn't recognized him. She reached back, quietly locked the door to her office, and sauntered toward him. She pouted her lips as if she was a bad girl pretending to be a good girl and quoted a line from the Christmas song Marilyn Monroe made famous, "Been an awful good girl, Santa baby."

Tony, or rather Santa, rolled his head back and boomed out the required, "Ho, Ho, Ho. I'm sure you have."

Thirty minutes later, with the large red Santa coat draped over them like a blanket, Marianne nuzzled Tony's chest and purred, "Santa baby, I really do believe in you."

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Also by D. Musgrave

413 Remembrance Lane
Blood Creek Haunting
Sexual Healing: the Intervention

Writing of Love

Michelle Houston

A Diggin' Up Bones Holiday Sequel

Alisa's hands trembled as she watched Zach peel back the edge of the wrapping paper on his present. Sitting across from her, he laughed softly at her anxious expression. With it being their first Christmas together, she wasn't sure what to expect. Married only a few months, everything was still new and a learning experience.

Unable to go on an extended honeymoon due to Zach's graduate work, they had opted to stay at her house and lock themselves in for a few days. The week before the wedding was hectic as some of his workers from the dig helped move his things into her house. Now the home was a blend of both of them, perfectly meshed together. Except for her study—that was the one room Zach left all hers. As a full-time writer, she needed a sanctuary to retreat to when her characters demanded her attention.

As his sun-browned hands folded back the paper she had painstakingly wrapped around the bound advanced review copy, she held her breath as her gift was revealed.

Zach's blue-eyed gaze traced over the elaborate lettering of the title: *Resurrecting Memories of Love*. Alisa nervously plucked at the tie of her robe, waiting for his reaction.

“You wrote this for me?” he asked, his voice rough with emotion. Alisa nodded, her own throat tight. She had worked on the project in between deadlines, determined to see it come to fruition, even if she really didn’t have time to write it. It was their story—the tale of a man whose feelings were so great he was willing to see beyond the walls the emotionally damaged heroine had put up, to the love they could have together. With patience, he showed her a world she had only dreamt of, but wasn’t brave enough to reach for on her own. Different from anything else she had even written, it dripped with innocence and passion, and echoed her feelings for Zach.

“Damn baby, thank you,” he whispered, tears welling in his eyes.

Her agent loved it, but the only opinion that mattered to her was Zach’s. Leaning back against the couch, his long legs stretched out on the floor toward her, he flipped the cover open and began reading. Alisa climbed to her feet and left the room, leaving him with his gift.

Several hours later, Zach wrapped his strong arms around her waist as she washed the dishes. His whole dig team, people they now considered their extended family after all they had been through together, had come over to share Christmas Eve dinner with them, and it had been a full house.

His warm lips pressed soft kisses along the curve of her neck as he pulled the lapels of her robe apart and bared flesh to his touch. Still tingling from the loving making that had heralded in their first Christmas morning, her nerves quickly flared to life. Need hummed throughout her body, rekindled so easily by his touch. Like magic, his fingers played her with clit until she was a quivering mass of sensation. Coaxing her backwards, he sat down in a chair at the kitchen table and pulled her into his lap, his long fingers gliding over her flesh as he brought her to an earth-

shattering climax, her cries ringing through the stillness of the room.

“Every time I think my heart will burst with love for you, you manage to fill it just a little bit more. I love where the book is going, and I love that you wrote it for me.”

Alisa blushed as he turned her in his lap and kissed her, his cock hard and pressing against her thigh. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she embraced the passion arcing between them, something that, just a few months before, would have terrified her. Her love welling in her chest, Alisa gave Zach one more Christmas gift—her unrestrained passion, without fear, without hesitation.

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[www.EroticPen.net](http://www.EroticPen.net)

*Also by Michelle Houston*

*Kinky Girls Do*  
*413 Remembrance Lane*  
*Coming Together Under Fire*  
*Phaze in Verse*  
*Diggin' Up Bones*  
*Fated to Be*  
*Enslaving Heaven*  
*Parallel Attraction*  
*A Change of Pace*

# *Windy City Christmas*

## *Jane Leopold Quinn*

*A Windy Cindy Love Affair Holiday Sequel*

“**A**re you sure you don’t mind that my father and brother want to come for Christmas?”

“No, of course not. As long as they like me,” Lorren responded with a self-deprecating chuckle.

“Oh, baby, I can guarantee they’ll like you. They’ll love you.”

That was their conversation at Thanksgiving. Today Jess’s father, Randy, and his brother, Sam, flew into Midway.

She nervously checked the mirror in the airport restroom, and rolled her eyes at her insecurity. Jess’s arm snugged around her waist as they watched passengers disgorge from the gates. Warmth and security blanketed her, then it was gone and replaced by the sight of three tall, gorgeous men greeting one another in a flurry of shouts and manly back slapping.

Randy gave her no option, he drew her into a hug. “It’s wonderful to meet you, Lorren.”

Sam, a ravishing younger version of Jess, politely shook her hand, his smile at once sweet and teasing.

\* \* \* \*

“Wow,” Lorren said. “The three of you together is pretty overwhelming.”

“In what way?”

She lay tucked in bed, belly to belly, skin to skin with Jess. Just the way she liked it, her head on his shoulder, her fingertips brushing his flat nipples quickly pebbling under her ministrations. “It’s easy to see where you and Sam get your good looks. Wherever we go, you guys are going to stand out, and I’ll be the envy of all the women. And probably some men, too,” she added mischievously.

A breathy moan escaped him, his arm tightening around her waist. “You keep teasing me that way, and we won’t be going anywhere anytime soon.”

“Really?” she asked, catching her lower lip between her teeth, exulting at the moisture seeping from his ready shaft onto her thigh.

“Yeah.” His fingertip gently circled, polishing the pale skin surrounding her nipple.

“Mm.” She moaned and looked down at her breast, at her nipple hardening and darkening to a deep strawberry red.

He caught the prickling nub between thumb and forefinger.

“Jess,” she sighed, pursing her mouth, cupping her breast as an offering. “Squeeze it,” she begged, then whimpered when he did.

“Baby, touch yourself.”

She stilled, enthralled by his request. Her lips parted. She gazed into his dark eyes, saw the blaze of desire...and did it. Touched herself. Slowly squeezed her breast, groaning at the feeling of electricity racing through the softness, at the sight of her firm, ripe nipple.

He reached under the pillow, his elbow straight up in the air.

She thought he was stretching. Watching his eyes, she felt something cool and hard touch the tip of her breast. Her gaze flickered down. Something dangled from her sensitive nipple.

A nipple clip?

He twisted it.

Her eyes widened, mouth opened. “Jess.”

“Will you marry me?” he murmured.

A diamond ring—the round gem multi-faceted and sparkling even in the dim light of the bedroom. He brushed the smooth surface over and around her nipple. “I love you. I want to be with you for the rest of our lives.”

The erotic sensations in her body almost forgotten at his unique proposal, she gave him an answer he’d never forget.

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www.JaneLeopoldQuinn.com

Also by Jane Leopold Quinn

Windy City Love Affair
The Keeper

A Messenger

Jude Mason

A Shoon Joining Holiday Tale

*T*Trevor stretched, the soft bedding tugging playfully at his limbs as he opened his mind. *A*Amanda's thoughts filtered into his consciousness. 'Do you know what time of year it is?'

Her words were like velvet caressing him from the inside and he squirmed deliciously under their touch, however subtle that contact was. He turned and gazed into her eyes, smiling at the delicate fronds wrapped around every part of the human woman he adored. "Yes, I know it's Christmas time," he said aloud in a gruff, unused voice.

"I want to celebrate, just you and I and our symbiotes, our Shoon."

Smiling, *T*Trevor reached out and pulled the lovely woman into his arms. So much had happened to them and around them over the past few months, a celebration sounded like an excellent idea. His Shoon partner seemed amused and curious, alien to the idea.

"Do you feel it?" *A*Amanda asked, incredulously.

Her pale green smile touched *T*Trevor's heart. Closing his eyes, their eyes, he let the Shoon's inquisitive thoughts search his memory. Even with his guidance, pointing out recollections of early holiday happenings, they still didn't quite 'get it'. "Yes, I feel it." He looked at her, loving her

more with each passing day. Since the joining, they'd learned more deeply about each other than any human had ever done before, and it hadn't always been easy. Now, they could simply accept and bask in the devotion they felt for the other—or others, it was difficult to tell.

“Love me, love us, and open your mind.” AAmanda laid on her tummy, raising her ass just enough to present a perfect picture for her lover. She knew what he saw excited him, and the entity so deeply melded within him.

The luscious curve of her ass, the lips of her pussy peeking from between her thighs, sent a tremor of excitement through him. Cock distended, he positioned himself behind and grasped AAmanda's hips. So immersed in each other, he felt his entry, as he knew she felt his penetration. Minds reeled with sensation. Thoughts entwined.

“Yes,” they sighed together, four consciousnesses, two bodies striving to pleasure them all, and succeeding as no simple humans ever could. Thrusting, meeting the thrusts, feeling the rise of balls as climax grew near and clenching of a cunt so sweetly tightened. Shudders tore through them all. AAmanda's growl of pleasure was his own. His cock pulsed, in sync with his Shoon symbiote, cum climbing the shaft, the crown expanding in readiness. TTrevor lunged ahead, his world exploded with colors, and his mouth tingled, his toes curled.

“Fuck!” male and female voices cried. TTrevor spewed a load of hot cum into AAmanda's clenching hole. Two, then three eruptions later, he collapsed across her back, gasping. Hearts racing, they smiled and knew something special had happened between them.

A moment later, a spark of life made its presence known—their own messenger, a child—the true Joining of their races, and hopefully many more to come.

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[www.my-haven2001.com](http://www.my-haven2001.com)

## *Also by Jude Mason*

*Pink Ribbon*

*An Acquired Taste*

*Amber's Toy*

*Stage Fright*

*Scorpio Tattoo*

*Jesse's Homecoming*

"Of Death and Desire" from

*413 Remembrance Lane*

*Cat's Claw*

(in print in *Shifting Desires* anthology)

*Coming Together Under Fire*

*Shoon Joining*

*Yes, Ma'am* (print collection)

*Vertical Tease*

*Fertile Domain*

# *The Christmas Dance*

## *Jamie Hill*

*A Dancing in the Dark Holiday Tale*

**T**here's nothing better than fucking your guy by the twinkling lights of a Christmas tree. Nick D'Amato glanced at the colored lights, then down at the face of his lover. William's expression echoed the feeling in Nick's heart.

Nick clutched Will's knees and pushed them toward his chest. The shift allowed his cock to sink further into Will's silky, clutching anus. One more thrust and he was home, as deeply seated as he could get.

"That's it," Will gasped. "Fuck me hard. I love the way you fill me up."

"Like we're made for each other." Nick gritted his teeth and drove forward repeatedly. His knees tingled with the sting of carpet burn, but he didn't care.

"I'm close." They stared at each other.

From the corner of his eye, Nick saw his lover grasp his own cock, stroking it to the rhythm he'd set. The thought aroused him even more, and his balls drew up and tightened. "Right there with you, babe." He groaned.

"Ah, yeah!" Will's head jerked from side to side. "So good." spurts of creamy white cum erupted from his cock, the first hitting Nick directly in the chest. Subsequent streams arced and landed on Will's stomach.

Nick climaxed, sending his spunk deep into Will's ass. Waves of pleasure soared through him. He continued to drive in and out, never wanting the perfect Christmas fuck to end. "The perfect dance." He sighed.

Will's fingers curled around Nick's wrists. "Gimme a break, stud. I need a minute to recover."

Nick paused his movements and grinned. "One minute. That's all you get."

Growling playfully, Will shoved Nick backwards until he had to ease his cock out. Nick sat back on his haunches and Will jumped up, kneeling before him. "Now who's the one with the sex addiction?" He slid his arms around Nick's neck and planted a kiss on his lips.

"Mmm." Nick opened his mouth and returned the kiss, then pulled away gently. "Only for you, babe. You're all I'll ever need."

Will captured Nick's chin with one hand and looked him in the eye. "Same here. You know that, don't you? You know I'll never need anyone else in the world, as long as I have you?"

"I know. But thanks for saying it. Oh, you might as well open this. It's Christmas Eve, I won't make you wait any longer." Reaching under the tree, he handed Will a small gift.

Will unwrapped the box and opened it. He removed two silver rings, and gazed at Nick with awe.

Nick grinned. "What do you say? Shall we make it official?"

"Oh, my God. Yes. A thousand times, yes." Will fingered the bands lovingly then set them back in the box and pushed it aside. "If we're going to make it official, we better celebrate. Wanna dance with me again?"

Nick pulled Will into his arms. "Just for the record, you never have to ask that."

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www.JamieHill.biz

Also by Jamie Hill

Phaze Fantasies, Vol. III

413 Remembrance Lane

Deep Obsessions

Stocking Stuffers

Coming Together Under Fire

Change of Plans

Head Over Heels

Giving Chase

Nothing but Trouble

Dancing in the Dark

When a Woman's Watched

Victoria Blisse

A Christmas Cake Holiday Prequel

The night before Christmas Eve

With a heave from my husband, the huge fir tree finally squeezed through the front door. Set in place and ready to decorate, this part excited me. I skimmed my fingers across the front of his jeans as I bent to hang large baubles on the bottom branches. He brushed my breasts as he swung tinsel around the branches and we stole kisses as we passed round the lights on either side of the tree. For a moment, I could forget about the in-laws' impending Christmas stay over. The stay I could handle, the way they always weaseled in extra time tested me.

The tree looked magnificent when finished. The lights of pink, blue, orange, and green sparkled on top of the dark needles, glinting off the shiny baubles and colourful tinsel. I felt horny as hell from the teasing, and from the look in Robert's eye he did, too. We fell on each other, ripping away clothes. He exposed my tits as I released his cock. I sucked him in the glow of the Christmas lights. Gripping my long hair, he encouraged me away from his crotch and pushed me down into the soft carpet. Parting my thighs, he skimmed the skirt up my legs and pulled aside the crotch of my knickers.

I reached down and rubbed my clit as he encouraged me on.

“I’m going to come soon, come on, come with me, come on, oh yes, Julie!” and he yelled as he came, filling my cunt. As I writhed in ecstasy, a bauble dropping off the bottom branch of the tree onto the floor.

* * * *

Well, they were meant to go on Boxing Day, but no, they found an excuse to stay another day. So now I’ve gone four days without sex, and believe me, that’s a damn long time in my world. I tend to count how many times we do it a day, never mind in a week or God forbid a month. There is no better passion dampener than having the in laws sleeping in the room next door.

“Bye, Barbara, yes it’s been lovely, thanks, bye.”

I waved to them as they took a step down on to the crunchy gravel. I slammed the door completely not caring about how rude it might look and engaged my husband in a hot, hard kiss.

Not having sex for a few days certainly takes its toll on a young couple. I was as randy as a bitch in heat and my husband, well his tongue was so far into my throat and his hands so well plastered onto my breasts that I think it is fair comment to say he was pretty horny, too.

I heard the noise of a car engine starting and as I strained past the thumping of my aroused heart I heard the tires crunching on the gravel and our visitor’s car as it backed out onto the road and out of our hair.

“They’ve gone,” I whispered as I broke from our love locked kiss.

“Good,” he replied and continued to grope at my breasts and to attack my mouth with his own. I felt him pushing me back against the living room door and then into it and across the deep carpet till the back of my legs crumpled as they hit the sofa. I glanced up and out of the bay windows, no one by the door, no one in the drive and

nope, no signs of family by the garage. We were safe to do it.

I giggled like a schoolgirl as I felt his kisses on my cheekbones, over my forehead and down through my long auburn hair. His hands pulled at my blouse buttons, tugging back the pale material and exposing my bra clad breasts to the world. Kisses reached my neck, and the erogenous zone that gets my whole body tingling. Down across my chest he trailed his lips as he pulled my bra straps down off my arms. The bra remained fastened around my waist but my large breasts were free to feel the onslaught of his mouth and tongue.

In the living room, the curtains remained wide open. Nothing but a small hedge stood between us and the neighbours, the street, and the world. I should tell him to close them, but the thrill controlled me. When his hands slipped under my skirt, his adept fingers explored my throbbing, wet pussy, I gasped and he groaned. I loved how he knew my deepest desires and made them happen. The possibility of being seen fuelled my desire, making me even hotter for him.

“No knickers, huh? You naughty girl. Desperate for me, are you? You need a good fucking, don’t you?”

“Oh, hell, yes!” I replied as he hitched my Santa-red skirt up over my knees, exposing me completely. He smiled, and obviously enjoying getting an eyeful, as would anyone else walking up our drive.

His fingers slipped easily inside me, two stretched and filled me, my pussy clamped down on them, spasming in ecstasy with the rhythm as he pushed in, then pulled out, creating a deliciously erotic friction in my cunt.

Closing my eyes, I spread my legs wider and gently stroking then tugging on my nipples as his fingers worked their magic inside me.

“Oh, baby.” I felt Robert’s tongue on my clit, his nose pressed into my pubic hair as he gently lapped his tongue

up my slit, making me squirm and shake with pleasure. I ran my fingers through his hair. I tugged and pulled as his tongue continued to lap, so slowly, driving me wild.

I leant back and concentrated on the tongue licking at my wet and aroused clit. His fingers still plunged into my hot, steamy depths. My body zinged with sexual energy, my mind whirled with images and ideas. In my mind's eye, someone looked into the room, a passer-by just outside the window. Staring in, his coal-like eyes wide and lusting at what he could see. I imagined an obvious bulge within the confines of his baggy, red pants, which only served to excite me more.

“You’re so fucking horny. You’re so wet, you’re drowning me.”

I moaned as I was deprived of my husband's talented tongue, and driven further into need at his language.

“Stand up. I need to feel your mouth on my cock, now.”

I watched him from my standing position as he unzipped his pants and pulled down his boxers, his erection sprung out. I licked my lips and as I slowly dropped to my knees.

I studied his hard cock as I gently licked the tip, tasting him. I love the taste and feel of my husband's juices in my mouth, the cloying muskiness, the slight salty edge that made me thirst for more. His cock is more satisfying to suck than a peppermint candy cane. I slipped my mouth over his cock, my lips stretched around his width. I pressed down and licked out with my tongue to caress the vein along the bottom of his shaft, which made him groan.

“Oh yes, baby, that's it! Swallow it all, oh yes.”

I love it when he talks dirty. When he does, I know that he's completely turned on and sexual. Every thought in his mind would be about my body and me. I loved to know that I brought out the animal in my lover.

As I bobbed my head up and down on my lover's hot cock, something made me glance out of the window. I don't know why I looked; maybe I sensed a presence. A man stood just to the side of the window; it looked like he was waiting for my door to be opened. Maybe he was a salesperson or maybe he collected for charity, it was the season for it.

I couldn't look up to see his face, Oh, but I could feel my husband's cock begin to expand and throb. I knew he was so close to coming, I couldn't stop. I didn't want to stop.

As I continued to suck, my husband uttered a low, guttural moan, I felt his cock throbbing, and his come flowed down my throat. I attempted to swallow but some escaped over my lips and dripped down my chin.

"Oh, baby, that was fucking good," Robert growled. "Now get up on that settee, I am going to eat more of that delicious cunt."

How could I refuse? I moved myself over onto the sofa and sat with my butt on the edge of the seat, lounging back, so my pussy was prominently displayed. My husband descended to his knees in front of me. His hands parted my thighs as his head ducked between them. His mouth so close, I could feel his breath on my hot slit. I closed my eyes and moaned in want. His lips gently, ever so lightly, touch against my pussy lips.

I opened my eyes to check, he was there, leaning upon my doorframe. I guess any passer-by would think he was just waiting for the door to open. His body angled towards my living room window and, I saw he had his cock in his hand. It peeked out from behind the outer branches of the Christmas tree. His trousers unzipped and his hand clasped around his tool. I could see it, red and imposing between his fingers, the end glistening with his excitement.

My husband's tongue was now buried deep, deep within me, fucking back and forth which made my pussy

contract and my breath catch in my throat. I kept my eyes upon the suited man, well, his cock actually. I did not look at his face, as I didn't care what he looked like. I just cared about that erect dick. Pleased at how it had gotten into that state by looking at me sucking cock, and then having my cunt licked.

His presence was exciting; his observation so erotic. I felt my heart thumping rhythmically, my stomach fluttered with feather-like tickles. I felt so aware of the fact my breasts were on show. Lewdly lolling over my bra, my nipples red and rippled with arousal, like fresh cranberries. I moved my hands up to them, cupped them and squeezed them against each other. Suit man's hand stopped for a second and then began to move quicker, I watched his foreskin cover then uncover his cock head, and it hypnotized me.

I tweaked at my nipples mercilessly as the combination of my husband's talented and eager tongue and the man wanking before me began to take its erotic toll. My body tensed. Muscle by muscle, I climbed towards my peak, higher and higher. Very soon, I would be diving off to splash land in a pool of sheer ecstasy. I pinched and tugged each nipple, moaning loud, lost in the pure joy as I felt my cheeks and chest flush with prickly heat.

I watched the suited guy's hand moving lightening quick now. His hand was a blur as it stroked, he must have been getting close. I could see his legs quivering. I felt sure he was going to come.

As ropes of white erupted from the mystery cock, I felt my own orgasm swell over me, I arched deeper and deeper into it and squeezed my eyes shut against the onslaught of my sexual high tide, fighting for breath and clinging on to my own body for dear life. I shuddered and shook as I felt my husband's loving arms envelop me.

My eyes fluttered open but when I looked out the window, the man had gone.

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Also by Victoria Blisse

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Getting Physical

Masquerading Hearts

Naughty Rendezvous

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Curvaceous (print collection)

Sweet Surrender

Seasons of Blisse

Making it Real

Christmas Cake

Festival of Lights

Lisabet Sarai

“*D*id you remember to buy them, Leah?”

“The extra box of candles? Of course, what do you think? In thirty-six years of marriage, Abe, when have I ever disobeyed you?”

“Well, I seem to recall that just last week you ‘forgot’ to call the plumber like I told you to...”

“Come on, you know what I mean. I always obey you when you give me an order in that special tone of voice...”

“Like when I say, on your knees, slave?”

“Exactly.”

“On your knees, slave.”

“Just let me finish these dishes, okay?”

“Leah, I want you on your knees. Don’t make me tell you again.”

“Yes, Master, alright. Here I am, soapy hands and all. Now what?”

“How about unzipping me and using those slippery fingers to make me hard?”

“Is that a suggestion or an order, Master?”

“Don’t be cheeky, Leah, or you’ll be sorry.”

“Yes, Sir, whatever you say. How’s this?”

“Mmm. Very nice. Yes, indeed... Oh, yes! All those years kneading the challah dough have given you such wonderfully strong fingers, Leah!”

“Thank you, Master. I love to please you.”

“You do, my zaftig little slave, you do. But that’s enough for now. Here, let me help you up. Now go get the candles and meet me in the bedroom. I’ll expect to find you naked.”

“Of course, Abe. I can hardly wait. Remember how difficult it used to be, when the kids were at home? The gag had practical as well as symbolic value back then! I was glad they could come to dinner tonight—wasn’t the kugel good, though!—but I was happy to see them leave. So that we could be alone for our own little celebration.”

“Leah, if you don’t be quiet and follow my instructions, I’ll take up your suggestion about the gag.”

“Sorry, Master. I...”

“Leah!”

“Okay, okay. I’m going.”

* * * *

“That’s right, slave. Spread your legs wide and put your arms over your head. There. Is that too tight?”

“No, Master.”

“Can you move? Don’t speak, just nod or shake your head. Wriggle around a bit for me. Yes, that looks good. I love the way your breasts bounce when you squirm and struggle. In fact, you look good enough to eat...”

“Oh, Master! Ooh...!”

“You’re tastier than any kugel, Leah. My own private Chanukah dinner!”

“*Oy, veysamir*, Abe! Oh, your tongue, your mouth, I can’t stand it...!”

“Well, then, perhaps I should stop.”

“No, no, don’t stop!”

“I will do as I wish, slave. I am the Master here, do not forget that. Now, where are the matches?”

“Next to the candles, Sir.”

“I think that I will blindfold you. That way, you won’t know where the wax will fall next.”

“Whatever you say, Sir.”

“There you are. Can you see anything?”

“No, Sir.”

“And the ropes are still comfortable? Good. I’ll start with just one candle...”

“Ow!”

“It hurts, doesn’t it, Leah? Especially on such a sensitive part of your body. But the burning fades. The heat travels through you. You feel it here, between your legs, don’t you? Hot and wet.”

“Ooh... ouch!”

“Your thighs are so smooth, so white. You should see the purple drops of wax, solidifying on that creamy background. I think I need another candle, another color, for contrast. Here’s a turquoise one. Let me use them together, here perhaps...”

“Oh, please, Master!”

“You like this? I’ll just drizzle some more on your belly. It’s rather like decorating a cake...!”

“Oh, oh, that hurts...!”

“But not as much as here, no? The molten colors flow together so nicely in the deep valley between your breasts...!”

“Oh, Sir, oh, please, I can’t bear it...!”

“Nonsense, slave. You’ve taken much more pain than this. Paraffin melts at a very low temperature, compared to a smoldering cigarette, or a white-hot brand... You do remember your safe word, don’t you?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Tell me what it is. I know you’re not ready to use it, but I want to make sure you remember, for later.”

“*L’chaim.*”

“Right. Good. Let me see. How about a red one? Red as your pussy lips, peeking out from your curls. Lovely.”

“Ooh...umm.”

“I must say, Leah, all evidence suggests that you are enjoying this.”

“Mmm...ow, that’s not fair!”

“Fair? That’s what this is about. Pleasure and pain. You don’t know which to expect, do you? Pretty soon, you won’t be able to tell them apart.”

“Abe...”

“Slave, you will address me respectfully, or not at all!”

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“That’s better. Now, the real problem here is that I don’t have enough hands. I can’t bathe you in molten wax and play with your pussy at the same time. Wait, I have an idea...”

“Master...?”

“Be silent, slave. Be still. I’ll be right back.”

“Here we are. Recognize the jingle?”

“The clamps.”

“Exactly. But tonight we’ll use them for a mini-menorah.”

“Argh...ooh.”

“Hush. You know the way this works. First the bite, then the thrills radiating through you. There, those seem stable. Now I’ll just stick a candle into the space between the metal and your flesh—light them—and voila! Leah the candelabra! Fabulous! As the candles burn down, one of your nipples will be coated in green wax, the other in orange. Just imagine, Leah!”

“Sir...”

“Yes, slave?”

“Perhaps you might also want to anchor one in my navel?”

“You kinky little slut! I thought that you couldn’t bear the pain!”

“I’d do anything to please you, Master...”

“Hmph. Well, I’ll give it a try. Yes, that will do nicely. Now, you mustn’t move around too much, or you’ll spatter the wax all over you.”

“Oh, that’s... ow!”

“See what I mean? Writhing around that way will only make you sorry.”

“Oh! Oh, Master! Ow, ooh, your fingers, the wax, I’m so confused!”

“I wish that you could see yourself, Leah. Your face is flushed. Your nipples are huge. Your skin is criss-crossed with multi-colored rivulets of paraffin. Meanwhile, there are rivulets of a different kind flowing out of your cunt.”

“Uh, umm, argh...!”

“Don’t thrash so, you’ll only make it worse.”

“I can’t help it! Ah, ouch, Abe, you know it makes me crazy when you stick your finger into my behind...”

“How about two fingers, slave?”

“Aiee—ow—oh, God, God, I’m coming—oh, Master...”

“Or how about another candle, here...”

“Aieeee...!!!!”

* * * *

“God, Leah, I was afraid that you’d set the house on fire!”

“Well, it was your idea, Abe. Anyway, you told me yourself that Chanukah candles don’t burn very hot.”

“They were hot enough.”

“Yes, I guess that’s true. Here, come give me a kiss, Abe, and tell me that I’ve pleased you.”

“You please me, Leah. Every day, but especially on holidays.”

“Can I have a bit more wine?”

“Of course, dear. Here’s to us, an old married couple just enjoying each other’s company.”

“Indeed. To us. *L’chaim*. To life.”

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