

Baby Steps – White Christmas

I sat back, sipped from a glass of milk and raised a freshly baked cookie to my lips. All around me, Christmas lights and decorations covered every wall and surface. A scene straight out of some corny Christmas family film. Everything overdone and over the top. The kind of festive decorations that I'd notice on our next energy bill, for sure.

But it was what Emily had wanted.

With Junior growing up, and now little Stacy's addition to the family, she'd wanted to splurge. Make the holiday as special as possible for them.

Who was I to deny her? To point out that the little ones wouldn't even *remember* any of this? Who was I to kill my wife's Christmas spirit?

I reached for another cookie.

Seriously, who went out of their way to *bake* cookies on Christmas Eve, just so they could make a show of leaving them out for 'Santa'? And the milk? Carrots for the 'reindeers'? It went far beyond unnecessary. It was downright insanity.

What was it about December that made everyone – Emily in particular – lose their damned minds?

A few more sips of milk and the glass was left empty.

The cookies followed suit soon after.

A sound of wooden floorboards creaking overhead drew my attention, soft enough that I had to strain to hear it. The footsteps of Emily creeping out of David Junior's bedroom, making her way to the stairs and walking down them.

Her head peaked through the living room door a few seconds later, red hair tied back in neat Dutch braids. A wide smile split her red lips, eyes twinkling with pure happiness. There was a slight, rosy flush to her cheeks, somehow making her look naughty and innocent at the same time.

I raised an eyebrow at her.

She let out a little giggle, disappeared behind the doorframe.

Curious.

I kept my eyes on the doorway, waited.

A few seconds later, music began playing. Quiet enough that it wouldn't reach upstairs, just about loud enough for me to make out the lyrics.

Santa baby, just slip a sable under the tree for me...

A slender, pale leg poked past the doorframe. Besides a red shoe – a high-heeled stiletto with a fluffy white bauble above the toes – the leg was bare, smooth and toned and oh-so familiar.

The leg lifted high, showing off its owner's flexibility.

Then she took a step forward, appearing fully in the doorway.

Emily. Clad in two Christmas-themed high heels and a slutty Santa costume that seemed far too small for her. A bright red dress – if it could even be called that – with fluffy white fringes and a black, plastic belt. No shoulder straps, no sleeves. Her arms were bare, right down to a pair of red, lacy, fingerless gloves. The only thing she wore above her chest was a tight, red and white collar.

That dress... My eyes bulged as I took it in.

The top squeezed tightly around Emily's tits, ending just above her swollen nipples. And the skirt? That barely reached below Emily's crotch. It looked like the costume had been made for someone half Emily's height with a tenth of her bust.

It looked *amazing*.

Then she started dancing, and my life was complete.

A slow, sensual dance. Swaying her hips to the music as she stepped into the room. A naughty smile tugged at red lips.

Santa baby...

"The kids are in bed," Emily purred as she lowered her body into something resembling a crouch, giving me a flash of what she had on under that skirt. Nothing, as it turned out. Not a hint of underwear in sight. "Sound asleep. Won't be up for hours..."

"That depends," I grunted, eyes glued to Emily's chest. Every movement she made, it seemed like her massive tits might spring free. "On how loud you get."

The smile that Emily flashed me made my chest stutter.

"Guess you'll just have to gag me then," she winked.

Amazing how, even after years of being mine, Emily could still get me rock-hard without even trying.

As soon as she reached my armchair, Emily hopped up onto my lap, sat across my knees, slid an arm around my neck.

"Well?" She said, blinking up at me with those beautiful, pale blue eyes.

"Hmm?"

"Aren't you going to ask me what I want for Christmas, Mr Santa Claus?"

Oh. So *that* was the game she wanted to play. Alright...

"What," I said, placing my hand on a bare thigh, "my dear, would you like for Christmas this year?"

"My Daddy's dick," Emily answered sweetly, staring right into my eyes. "But I don't know if I deserve it, Santa. I've been a very, very naughty girl this year..."

Jesus Christ.

She began shifting her weight on my lap a little, rubbing my cock with her leg while she swayed from side to side. Her tits strained against the costume, looked about ready to burst out.

Emily noticed my staring, giggled.

She raised a finger to her plump lips, slid it inside her mouth and made a show of sucking on it. When she pulled the finger out, a string of saliva followed it. Next, Emily lowered that now-wet finger, pressed it down the front of her costume, deep into her tight cleavage.

"Do you like my boobies, Santa?" She asked with a teasing smile. "I know Daddy likes them. He likes them a lot..."

My hand slid further up her thigh, fingertips reaching for the tantalisingly warm area between her legs.

"Oh no!" Emily gasped dramatically. "Where did all the milk go?!"

My hand froze, eyes shifting from Emily to the empty glass beside my armchair. I raised my eyebrow at Emily, not quite sure what she was up to but plenty eager to find out. What was her game now?

She tutted, shook her head disapprovingly.

"Gotta leave milk and cookies out for Santa Claus. Otherwise, he wouldn't leave any presents for the children..."

Emily pulled her arm out from around my neck, leaned over and picked up the empty glass cup. She stopped fingering her cleavage with her other hand, used it to pull down the top of her costume instead. A tit bounced out, huge and round, so pale that blue veins stood out clearly. Her nipple, big and pink and puffy, protruded out.

I gulped, mouth watering, as Emily pressed the rim of the glass cup to her nipple and began milking herself.

Little spurts of white shot out from her puffy nipple, spraying against the inside of the cup and flowing down into a milky puddle at the bottom. With each spurt, that little supply grew. From a sip to a mouthful to a delicious drink for me to guzzle.

"Well," I grunted. "That takes care of the milk part."

"Don't worry Santa," Emily giggled. She leaned in, whispered directly into my ear. "I've got a cookie for you to eat too."

I fucked her under the Christmas tree.

Or, more accurately, I fucked her *beside* it. Right next to a pile of wrapped presents and little plush toys that it hadn't made sense to wrap up. Little snowmen and elf plushies, along with teddy bears and a whole zoo's worth of other stuffed animal toys.

Had my beautiful Emily gone a little too overboard this Christmas? Perhaps. But there wasn't a chance in hell I'd deny her whenever she fluttered those wide, pale blue eyes at me.

Eyes that, right now, were shut tight. Strained.

A hand over her mouth, trying to keep herself from moaning and screaming in pleasure.

Didn't want to wake the kids now, did we?

I thrust as deep into her as my cock would allow.

Emily's body jerked, milk-swollen tits bouncing and leaking with the motion. Her back arched, a muffled groan escaping past her hands.

"Do it," I said, pulling back for another thrust. "Let loose! Tell me how good it feels. Scream it!"

She shook her head quickly, squeezing her mouth even tighter.

When her watery eyes flicked open, gazed up at me, I slammed forward again. Filled her with hard cock. Her body bounced, another muffled sound slipping out. Her eyes rolled in their sockets, entire body trembling.

"You're adorable," I chuckled.

Afraid of waking up the little ones. It was, as far as I was aware, the *only* negative in my entire life. The only downside. My wife was too loud in bed. She could fuck like a horny rabbit, was always down to ride my dick whenever I wanted her. But she was *loud*.

And, afraid of being too loud, she had a bad habit of holding back. Restraining herself.

True, that might've been my fault. Just a little. Leaving hypnotic 'tweaks' so that the pleasure she experienced from sex was amplified might've had *something* to do with how loud Emily could get... And *sure*, I could undo it all. Make Emily quieter *that* way. But where was the fun in that?

"Look at me," I commanded, leaving myself balls-deep inside my beautiful wife. "Princess. Look at me."

She obeyed instantly. She always did.

"Good girl. Now listen..."

I waited a few seconds, enjoying the look of confusion on Emily's face. The desperation in her eyes.

"You're Santa's slut, aren't you?"

I pulled back slowly as she nodded her head, cheeks flushed.

"You want to be a good girl, don't you?"

"Yes Daddy," she whimpered.

Her cunt squeezed me, tried to suck me back in as I removed my cock almost entirely. Only the very tip remained, holding her hungry hole open.

"You want me to fuck your brains out?"

"*Yes please.*"

"Then be a good little slut," I grinned, reached for one of the toy plushies beside us. A snowman whose body was about the size of my fist. "And bite down on this."

I didn't give her a choice, shoving the plush snowman into her open mouth. A festive gag for a slutty Santa.

When I thrust forward, filled her to the hilt, she yelped.

Loud, but muffled. A sound that echoed through the room and beyond.

Emily tried raising her hands to cover her mouth again, but I stopped her. Grabbed hold of her wrists and gloved hands, pinned them down above her head.

Wide eyes stared up at me, pleading.

That sight – Emily underneath me, hands pinned above her head, tits streaked and wet with milk, a plush snowman shoved in her mouth, doe eyes looking up at me – it was more than I could handle. More than *any* man could handle.

I did the only thing I could.

And fucked the ever-loving shit outta her.

“What do you think?” I asked, showing her my phone screen.

Emily’s face scrunched. She cuddled tighter into my side, buried her face under my free arm.

“I think it looks good,” I said happily. “Might make it my home screen or something.”

“No,” Emily whined, pinching my side.

“But it’s so good!”

Emily’s upper body. Naked but for the collar around her throat and the wet fluids on her skin. Milk and cum and sweat and maybe even a bit of saliva. Braided hair frayed and wet. Face damp. One eye welded shut with cum. Drool on her chin, leaking down from the corners of her mouth. A dazed look in her pale blue eyes.

She looked stunning. Perfect.

“Maybe print out a few copies, make a poster and frame it...”

Emily reached up, snatched my phone from me and tossed it aside.

“Hey!” I chuckled. “Careful.”

She stopped cuddling me, pushed herself up and climbed atop me. Knees straddling my waist, heavy tits rising and falling.

“Want to go again?” I shook my head, a wide grin on my face. “You’re insatiable. Naughty girl indeed!”

“Yep!” Emily smiled. “And it’s *my* turn now!”

“Oh?”

Her smile widened. Instead of answering, she raised a hand and started caressing one of her humongous breasts. Massaging, then squeezing, then pinching and pulling on her puffy nipple.

A jet of white spurted out, rained down onto the floor beside my face.

Ah.

“You missed,” I said casually, trying not to grunt or groan as Emily’s other hand rubbed and fondled my cock.

“I’ve got plenty of ammunition left,” Emily winked.

“I can see that,” I smirked, eyes taking in those massive, beautiful tits. “Still. It’s gonna be even harder to hit me when you’re bouncing on my cock, princess.”

“Prove it.”

She bit her lip, gazed down at me like I was some delicious meal for her to devour. Horny and slutty and wonderful.

God, I loved this woman.

“Don’t you worry, baby,” I said. “I’m going to.”