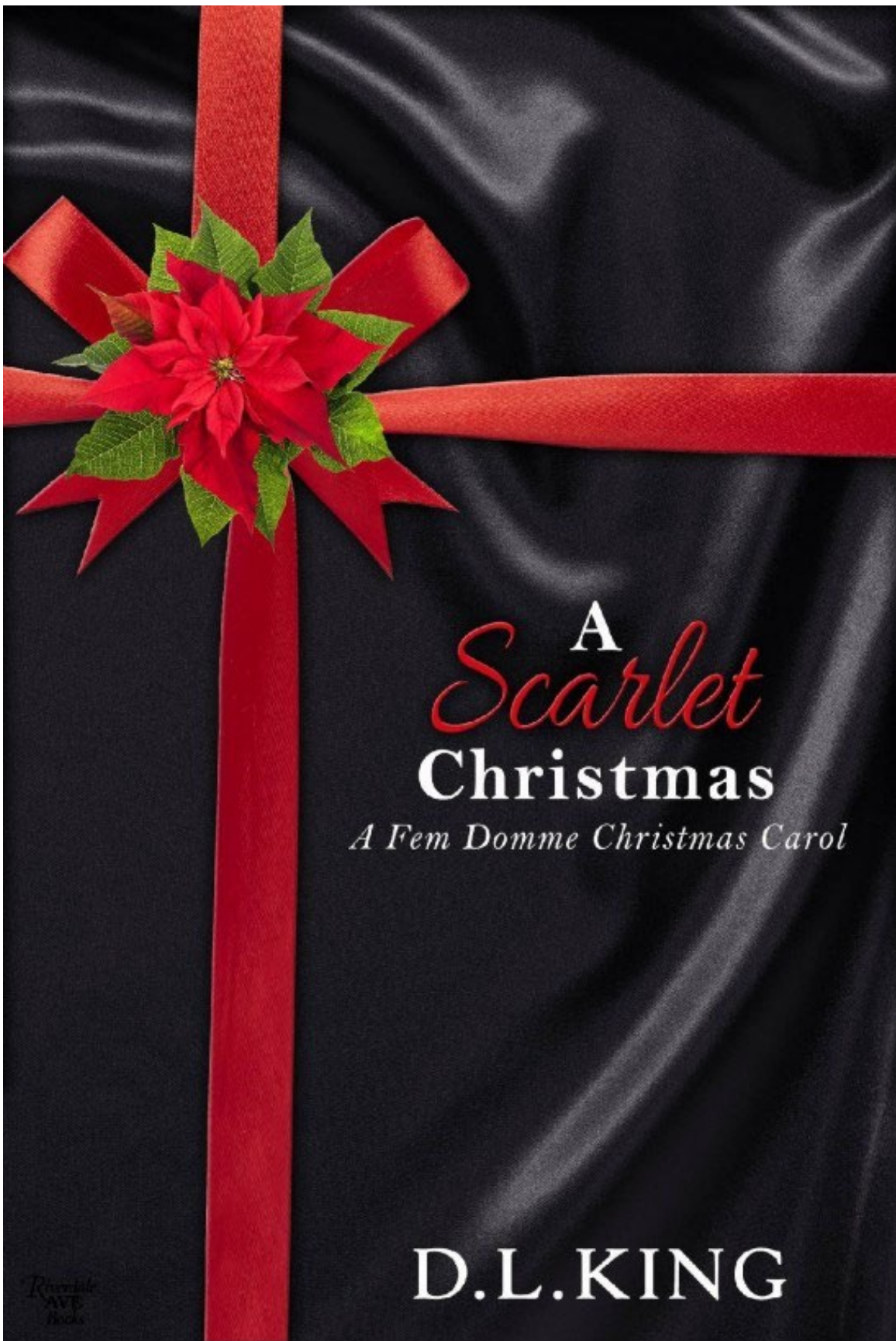


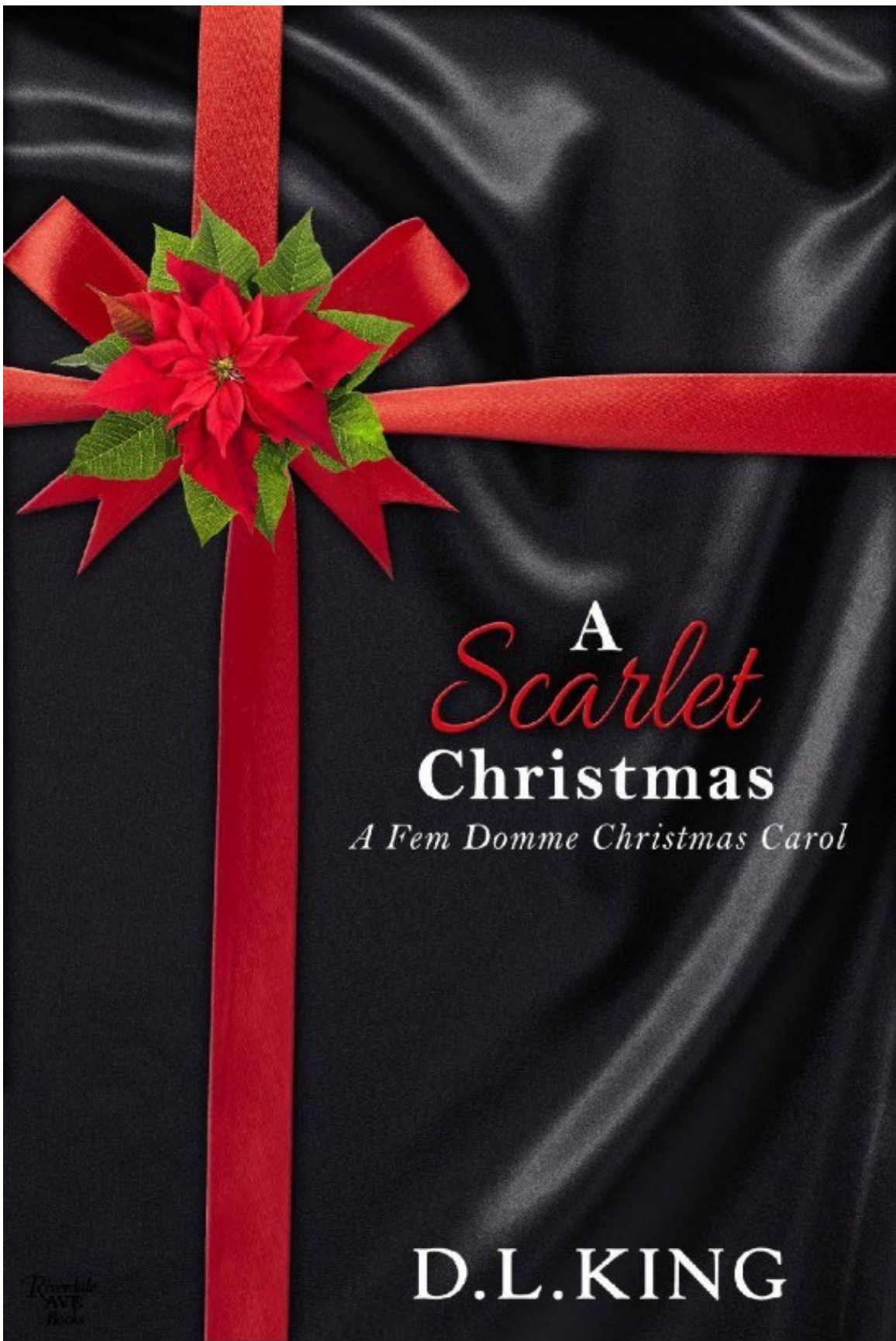


A
Scarlet
Christmas

A Fem Domme Christmas Carol

D.L.KING

Riverside
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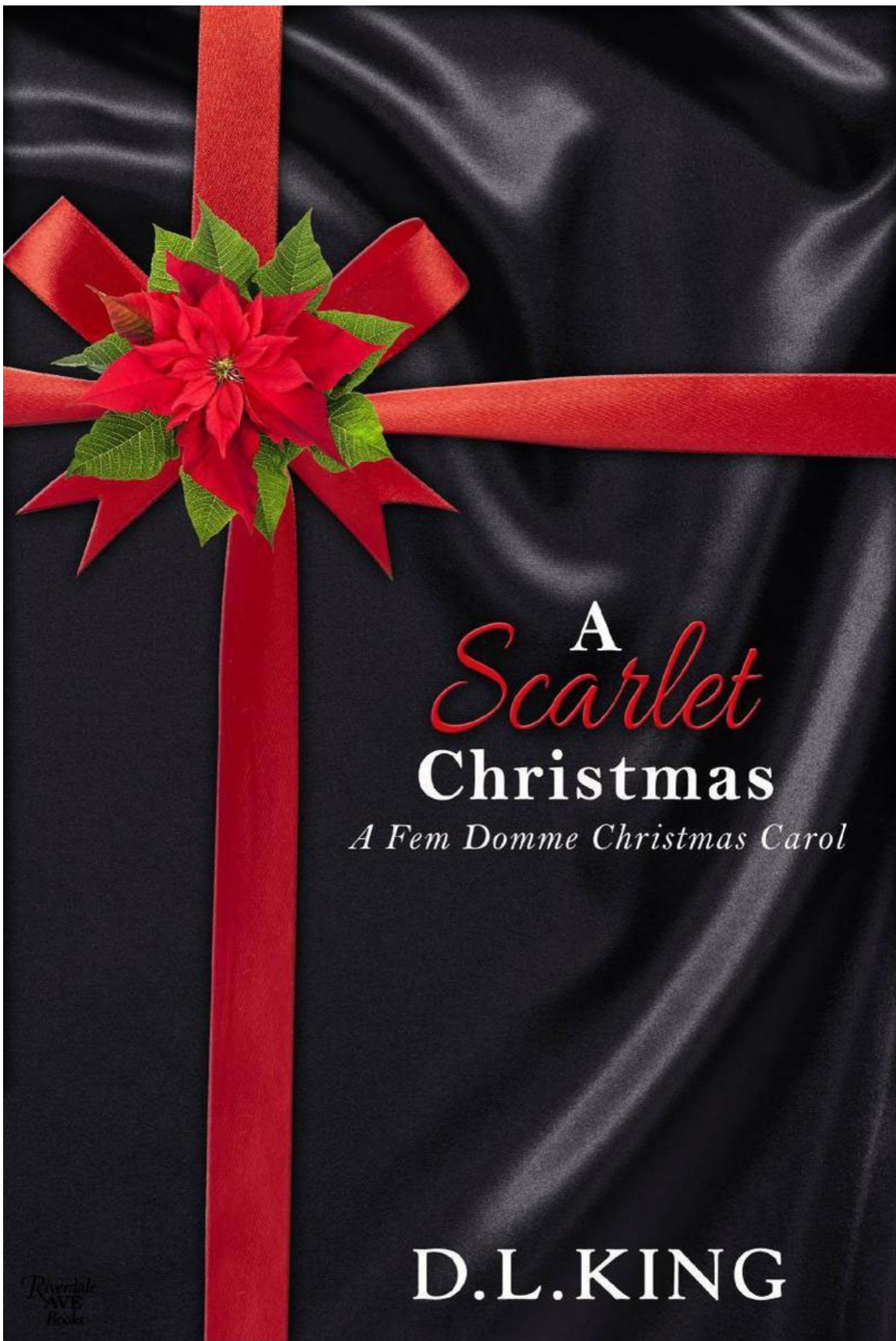


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A
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Christmas

A Fem Domme Christmas Carol

D.L.KING

People passed by the dilapidated brownstone on Riverside Drive on their way to or from somewhere else. Precious few ever stopped to knock, other than the mailman and delivery people. Ebenezer Scarlet had no friends, no lovers, no acquaintances. He only had employees. Employees, and a few relatives he'd all but driven away with his attitude towards the rest of the world and his nasty remarks. Truth be told, he thought, the relatives he had left were probably just waiting for him to die so they could inherit his house. As a real estate mogul, he knew very well the value of a piece of Manhattan property. His brownstone might look a bit run-down, with its rusted gate with the broken hinge and the overgrown garden, but still it was worth millions. After all, it was on Riverside Drive with views of the park and the Hudson in front.

The house was three stories with a basement and cellar, attached portico and driveway, something not often seen on the Upper West Side and anyone who could afford to buy it, could afford to renovate it. Of course, the value of the land, alone, was immense, even without the house. Ebenezer was a very wealthy man, and at 60, he should have been living the good life; travel, parties, culture, food, friends—but that would have been wasteful. Money was for saving and investing, not for frivolous spending. And friends were just people interested in spending your money. (That's what those dilettantes on Wall Street didn't understand with all the money they spent on clothes, apartments and parties. Well, when they got to be his age, and there was nothing left, they'd understand.)

He'd gotten rid of his housekeeper six months ago. At \$60 a day, three days a week, she was robbing him blind. Mrs. Greenbrier was a mousey woman in her 50s. All she did was keep the house clean, and Ebenezer wasn't a messy person in the first place. She did his laundry and his grocery shopping and prepared two meals a day. How could that possibly be worth \$180 a week? It was highway robbery. It was her asking for a raise that put the nail in her coffin.

Honestly, did she think he was born yesterday? Claiming her rent had gone up and that she was taking care of her dead daughter's kid. What did she think? Money grew on trees? If she'd bothered to study harder and get a decent job and save, she wouldn't be in this fix. He couldn't be expected to take care of the world. People always had their hands out. No. He'd told her, on the spot, that her services were no longer required, and as she was leaving, she'd had the audacity to wish him a happy birthday. He'd never understood women. They had no self-

respect.

Later, when he'd gone into the kitchen to get his dinner, he found a small, frosted cake, with a decoration of strawberries around the plate and Happy 60th written in light-blue icing on the top. Did she think that was going to get her job back? But no, he realized, she couldn't have, because she'd made it before he'd fired her. It didn't matter. He didn't need cakes. He didn't need anybody to shop for him: he could order whatever he wanted and have it delivered. He could do the same with his laundry. Laundry certainly didn't cost \$180 per week!

Six months later, with most of the house closed down because he really only needed his bedroom, the living room, his study and the kitchen—so why bother to clean, not to mention heat the rest—Ebenezer sat in the living room, in front of the fire. He'd been trying to watch TV, but there seemed to be nothing but sappy Christmas specials and commercials advertising toys and gifts. Christmas was nothing but humbug. Just a way to make people spend money they didn't need to be spending. And besides, the world was in chaos, what was all this good will toward men? As if people actually believed that crap.

About to try changing the channel one more time, he heard a knock on the door. "Finally, my food. If that Chinese guy thinks he's getting a tip, he's got another thing coming," he muttered as he made his way through the gloom to the door. "I must have called a half hour ago." He opened the door and saw, not the Chinese restaurant deliveryman, but two strange women.

"Good evening, Sir," one of them said. "We're members of the church at the end of the block and we're collecting for the local food pantry and shelter. As I'm sure you've noticed, it's getting really cold and there are many in the area without a place to stay or food to eat."

"I'm not interested," he said, starting to close the door.

"We've set up a food pantry so families will be able to supplement what they already have in order to provide a nice holiday meal for their family. I'm sure you understand how difficult it is for many of our neighbors to scrape enough together to provide a nice meal, let alone gifts for their children."

"No," Ebenezer said.

"But it is," the other woman said. "We provide the pantry and shelter services

year round, but at this time of year, it's so much more crucial, you understand. That's why we're asking for help from our better-off neighbors. We're only asking for whatever you feel comfortable giving, sir. It's for the children, you know."

"Obviously, you didn't understand me, young lady. I didn't say I didn't understand, I simply said no. I will not give you any money. I worked hard for my money. These people need to learn to do the same. Life is not handed to you on a silver plate. I don't understand why the world thinks they're owed a living. If you give these people anything, they'll just spend it on booze and drugs and end up in prison anyway."

The second woman started to cry as her friend tugged at her elbow. "C'mon Sarah, it's time to go."

"And when they end up in prison, who do you think provides for them then? I do. That's right," he yelled after them as they hurried down the walk.

The two women turned right at the end of the sidewalk and ran right into another young woman. She was blond, with curly hair and a large, genuine smile. She wore a pair of jeans, a sweater and a black leather jacket and seemed to be heading towards the house they'd just left. They excused themselves and one said, "I wouldn't bother going that way. The old man who lives there is a real piece of work. He's rude and he doesn't care anything about his neighbors, or Christmas, even. I'm just telling you."

"Oh, I know. Believe me, I do. He's my uncle," she said. "I'm Elise, Elise Hathaway. Sorry he was so rude to you. Can I help?"

"We were just out collecting for the local Presbyterian Church. We run a homeless shelter and food pantry."

Elise dug into her purse and handed the woman a \$20. "It's the season, isn't it? Every year you hear about people freezing on the streets. I wish it could be more. I wish my uncle wasn't so sad. Good luck to you and Merry Christmas."

The women thanked her and wished her a Merry Christmas, as well, as they hurried off down the street.

The first few snow flurries were beginning to fall as Elise knocked on the big

front door. “Oh, Elise, it’s you,” Ebenezer said when he opened the door. “I thought you were more of those panhandlers. It’s that time of year. Come in,” he said, turning his back and walking back toward the living room.

“Hi, Uncle Eben. You really should get that gate fixed. It’s hanging by a thread and all the paint’s chipped off.” She followed him into the living room and gave him a big hug.

Ebenezer shrugged her off. “Stop that. Stop that now. Have a seat.” He pointed to the wing chair across from his own. “I fix the gate and more people think they can come through it. That’s all I need. It’s fine the way it is, thank you. And to what do I owe this pleasure?” Ebenezer really did like Elise. She was his sister’s daughter and he dearly loved his sister. It was devastating when she died so young, leaving that silly artist husband of hers to bring up the child. But Elise had turned out well. She was the only relative left who came by regularly to check on him—as if he needed checking on.

“Uncle Eb, tomorrow’s Christmas Eve.”

“Is it? I didn’t realize it was here already. You know I don’t pay attention to that stuff. No wonder the television has nothing but Christmas fluff on. It’s all about buying things no one needs. It’s just a shameful way to get money out of people.”

“But Uncle Eb, it’s about love and family, too. I came by to invite you to our Christmas Eve party. Jack and I would love you to come and the kids would too. I’m making a goose with all the trimmings. Dad’ll be there and I know he’d love to see you.”

“Oh, I doubt that very much,” Ebenezer said. “Besides, all the way to Queens? How am I supposed to get there? It would take me hours on the subway and you know I wouldn’t get a seat. People are so rude. I can’t stand all that way.”

“Uncle Eb, hire a car. Call Uber. It’s only once a year. Think of it as your Christmas present to us.”

“Right, just what I thought. This invitation is nothing but a ploy to get Christmas presents out of me. You just go on back home. You can do without me one more year.” He stood and, with a shooing motion, he said, “Go on now, run along home.”

“Uncle Eb, shame on you. You know that’s not true.” She kissed him on the cheek. “If you change your mind, just come. We’ll be sitting down around 7:00. You know the address.” As she was leaving, an old Chinese man with a bag approached the door.

“What took you so long?” she heard her uncle bark. “I’ve been waiting forever. Don’t think you’re getting a tip.”

* * *

With a fire going strong in the fireplace and a glass of scotch on the nightstand, Ebenezer reclined in bed, reading the latest novel by his favorite horror writer. His dinner wasn’t sitting all that well and he’d been up and down a few times. But now the scotch seemed to be settling his stomach and, even though the book was riveting, he found himself dozing on and off. The dozing must have won the battle because he was jolted awake by the sound of furniture being moved across a wood floor. At some point, he must have turned off his lamp because the only light in the room came from the glowing embers in the well-banked fireplace.

He pulled the covers up to his chin and listened. No one could get into the house without his knowing about it. This house was well-protected. Hell, he’d have to be dead not to hear the security alarm go off. It must have been a dream—brought on, most likely by the book he’d been reading. He knew better than to read horror before bed, but the book was so good, he couldn’t put it down. Now it had fallen on the floor, which had probably been what he’d heard. He started to relax again, slowly lowering the covers and smiling to himself, when he heard another noise. This time, it sounded like someone clearing his throat, just beyond his bedroom door.

Ebenezer looked from side to side. Nothing that could be used as a weapon. He got out of bed and, as he stepped onto the floor, the board he landed on squeaked. The door was locked, buying him time. Where was his phone? Just as he realized he must have left it downstairs, a voice on the other side of the door spoke.

“Eb, are you in there? I don’t want to frighten you. Do you mind if I come in?”

“Who are you? What do you want?” Ebenezer barked, though his voice wavered a bit.

“Eb, it’s me, Sherman. Look, do you mind if I come in? It’s really cold out here.”

“Sherman? Sherman Tindall? Sherman Tindall’s dead. I’m calling the police!”

“Look, Eb, I’m really sorry, but I’m on a tight schedule, you know. I don’t have time and it really is cold in your hallway.” As Ebenezer watched, a gray mist issued from under the door, eventually coalescing into a somewhat transparent, 3D image of his old friend, Sherman Tindall.

“Sherman, it is you. What the devil are you doing here?” Ebenezer asked. “I mean, how did you... what did you do to... I mean, you’re dead—aren’t you?”

“My God, man, don’t you heat this house? Well, this room’s a little warmer than the hall, but really. You’ll catch your death. Mark my words. And I know what I’m talking about,” and he put his semi-solid index finger against the side of his semi-solid nose and tapped twice.

“Heat costs money, Sherman, and why am I arguing with a ghost? You’re not even here. I’m still asleep and having a nightmare—probably from that substandard Chinese food I had for dinner. That’s the last time I order from those guys.”

“You’re not having a nightmare,” Sherman said, “and you have more money than God. Spend a little. That’s what it’s for. You can’t take it with you and don’t I know it? And actually, that’s why I’m here. I can’t stay long.”

“Pity,” Ebenezer said.

Sherman’s ghost huffed and mumbled something about drawing the short straw. “Look, you’ve got to change your ways before it’s too late. I learned too late and look what my afterlife is like. I counted you as a friend in life and I don’t want to see you follow in my footsteps.”

“Why, what’s so bad about your afterlife? You’re out, visiting friends—whether they want you to, or not—what do you expect?”

A high-pitched scream issued from the ghost and then a low moan. He opened his coat and Ebenezer could see a host of tiny creatures pulling and tearing at Sherman's insides. His organs were ripped to shreds and the walls of his stomach were torn and bleeding. "An eternity of pain, that's what awaits you."

Ebenezer shrank back. "Sherman, that's terrible. Let me call someone, a doctor or something."

"There's nothing that can be done. Not for me. I'm dead, remember? I'm only here to warn you."

"Warn me about what, Sherman?"

"Three spirits will come for you tonight. Do not mock them or it will go worse for you. Trust me on this. They are powerful and they know what you need."

Ebenezer opened his mouth.

"No. You must do as they tell you. They have come to help you and that's all I can say."

Another scream ripped through the silence that followed and was almost immediately cut off.

Sherman was gone, leaving Ebenezer standing at the foot of his bed with his hand against his heart.

He added wood to the fire and banked it, then poured another two fingers of scotch and crawled back into bed. That was crazy. He knew he was awake, but that couldn't have happened. There were no such things as ghosts. He took a drink of scotch and leaned back against his pillows.

"Must have been a dream," he muttered before falling back asleep.

* * *

The Ghost of Christmas Past

He was on top of her driving away, but he kept losing his erection. She was always so sweet about it.

“It’s all right if you’re gay. Just admit it to yourself, Ebenezer, that’s the first step. I’ll still love you. We can be...friends.”

“I’m not gay. I keep telling you. I don’t like men.”

A soft giggle woke him from his recurring dream of unfulfilled sex with some sort of mish-mash of past girlfriends.

He sat straight up in his antique replica four-poster bed. (It wasn’t that he couldn’t afford the real thing, but there were no such things as king-sized four posters from the Louis XIV period.)

Without his even reaching for the light, the room began to brighten. In the center of the room, about five feet from the bed, stood a diminutive Twiggy replica. She was about five feet nothing and appeared to be so fragile that a strong wind would blow her away. She wore a micro-mini dress and silver stockings with white patent leather Go-Go boots. The dress was predominantly white, with varying sizes of over-lapping brightly-colored circles, all outlined in black, like a mad sort of Twister game. Like Twiggy, she had a boyish figure and very short boyish straw-colored hair. Ebenezer could see a hint of garters holding up her stockings, under the hem of her skirt, and he felt his cock stir under the covers.

She wore silver-white lipstick and her eyes were made up in that peculiar 60s style: Heavy dark black liner and long, long, clumpy-thick, black-mascaraed lashes with silver-white eye shadow.

“Who the hell are you and how did you get in here?” he squeaked.

His query was met with another giggle from the time-warp housebreaker.

“Listen girlie,” his voice returning, “this house is alarmed. Right now, the police are on their way. You’d better get outa here, unless you want to exchange that dress,” he gestured towards her, “for an over-sized orange jumpsuit.”

Her laughter sounded like ringing crystal as she continued to giggle. “Look, I’m not kidding, Missy!” he said.

“Oh Sneazy, you really are too cute! There’s been no alarm; there won’t be any police, and there’s nothing you can do to stop me. I came here to have some fun, so you may as well lie back and enjoy the ride.

“I know my coming,” she winked and performed a slight curtsey, “was foretold.” She looked up, through her lashes and smiled coyly. “This is always the way it is. Same thing every time. None of you silly boys believe it the first time you’re told. Oooh, it’s such a big Surprise! But this can’t really be happening! You’re not really here. I must have had one too many martinis.” She cocked her hip and pointed a finger at him. “Listen Sneazy, I’m here, I know you’re not queer, get used to it!”

“Are you talking about that ghost thing? Please, that’s a bunch of crap and you know it. Who put you up to this? We both know this is bullshit, and I don’t believe in ghosts, so you may as well get lost before I call the cops for real, bitch.”

“Well, I suppose if you won’t shut up, I’ll just have to make you, won’t I?” She climbed onto his bed and began to crawl on hands and knees toward him. When she got close enough, she slowly peeled the covers down his body. “I like this nightshirt thing you’ve got going on, Sleazy, it’s far out. What you got under there?” she said as she pulled the hem of his red, plaid nightshirt up to his waist. “Well look at that, I guess you like me after all.” She wrapped her hand around his lengthening cock and squeezed. “It’s a cute little thing, isn’t it? Do you think it’ll get any bigger?”

Her hand felt like a lubed-up glove, wrapped around him, as she started jacking his cock mercilessly. Evidently she was an expert at it because she got him harder than he’d been in years. “Well, honey, that’s not a bad trick there. I think I like you after all.”

He watched her as she removed her hand from his cock, watched it wave for a second and then pointed her fingers at it and made a pulling gesture. His cock was immediately pulled tight by electric blue cords that formed a sort of cage around it. They wrapped around the base of his balls and then around each ball separately before being tied off at the base of his cock in a neat bow. “There

now, that's nice," she said. She smacked it with the back of her hand and he screamed. She smiled and licked her lips, then watched him as she wrapped her thumb and forefinger around his package and pulled. He moaned.

She gestured at his body and his nightshirt ripped up the center and fell away from him. She climbed up his torso and raised her skirt. She wore no panties, and sported a nice thick bush of blonde hair. Slowly, she lowered herself onto his face. "Do a good job, Skeezy."

He began to lick and tongue her. She tasted like Tang, or orange Kool-Aid. He lapped and slurped and put his hands on her hips, lifting her up a bit. "Now that's what I like. A nice juicy little cunt. Why, I could do this all night, you little slut."

"I believe I said no talking." She pointed a finger between his eyes and he gasped as he felt his voice ripped out of his throat. His eyes went big and he made grunting sounds. "Just do your job and don't fucking disappoint me," she said, and lowered herself back down.

He realized he ought to be afraid, but as he snaked his tongue up inside the girl sitting on his face, he didn't feel afraid. Somehow, he felt like he belonged exactly where he was. She'd placed herself in just such a way as to assure his nose was free enough to breathe. It nestled just at her clit, in a thick thatch of her pubic hair, so that his senses were overwhelmed by her musk with every breath he took. The smell of her kept his bound cock and balls hard and ready for whatever she had in mind.

But it was the taste of her that put him in a sort of trance. It was hard to pin down. He knew what pussy tasted like. Sure, it had been a while—a really long while—but he wasn't dead. He remembered. And that's not what she tasted like. It was odd and didn't really make sense, but she tasted like... memories. In the beginning, he was remembering playing with his cousin Margaret, and some other neighbor kids, on her front lawn. They'd been playing tag and it seemed like he was always it. He was hot and sweaty and he remembered his aunt bringing out a pitcher of orange juice. But it wasn't orange juice, it was Tang, the stuff the astronauts drank in space.

Right after finishing his drink, Margaret changed the game and this time, she chased him. When she caught him, she got the other kids to hold him down while she tied him up. He struggled to get away from her but he really didn't

want to break free. It was one of the best games ever. Once he was tied up in her mother's spare clothesline, she told the other girls to tickle and pinch him while she called him names. She made the only other boy watch. He told her she was being mean and he didn't want to play anymore. He ran home just before Aunt Catherine came back out for the glasses and made Margaret untie him.

Tang kind of sucked, but after that day, he couldn't get enough of it.

"Oh, yeah man, that's the spot. Oh baby," she said as she ground her clit against his nose. She shuddered as she came and a new flavor gushed into his mouth. He drank it down as quickly as he could to keep from choking. Her come tasted like Lancer's Vin Rose and he was whisked back to his senior year in high school and Caroline. She was his friend Mark's sister's best friend and they'd met at Mark's house a year before. She was already in college then and he couldn't believe she liked him. Now he was getting ready to go off to college, himself, and she was going into her senior year.

She was a great fan of Lancers and he'd been drinking it with her since their first date. He was spending the weekend with her, in her off-campus apartment. She'd made spaghetti for dinner and served the wine. There was a candle on the table in a Lancers bottle that had all different colors of wax dripped on its sides. Music was playing in the background. He was getting a little drunk. He'd had two glasses of wine.

As he lapped at the leftover juices from the spirit's orgasm, he was transported back to that apartment, and Caroline sitting on top of him, taking his clothes off. They were on the floor. He could smell the spaghetti, the wine and Caroline's perfume. She leaned down and kissed him. Brushed her hands over his chest, circling his nipples before unbuttoning and unzipping his jeans and pushing her hand inside to rub his cock.

She was still completely clothed. He reached up to unbutton her blouse and she slapped his hand away. "Leave it," she said, and ground her blue jean covered cunt against the hand she had down his pants. "Leave it." Her fingers curled under his balls and closed over them as she ground against him harder. "You don't need these pants," she said, kneeling over him to slide them off when the memory shifted again.

Now he could taste coffee. Dark, rich coffee. And he could see the library; the

big one that was open all night during finals. He was studying history with Janice. She was telling him that she didn't really like guys, but she liked him. She pulled him over to the stacks and pushed him against the wall. There was another guy at a table at the other end of the room, but, in the stacks they were really alone. She licked her palm and pushed her hand under his T-shirt. She smeared her saliva over his right nipple and then pinched it. She shushed him as he sucked in a breath. He could feel his cock straining against his pants. She started to open the top button on his jeans when everything vanished.

"Nice job, there, Skeezy. Someone taught you right, huh? Was it that Caroline? Or maybe it was Janice. Just like riding a bicycle, though, right?" She got off his face. "Ooh, look, you're all shiny now." She laughed. "Okay, man, we don't have that much time," she said. She climbed down from the bed and took his hand. "Wanna take a little trip with me?"

He felt himself float off the bed and rise to a standing position in front of her. He looked down at himself and started to speak.

"Don't worry about it. You won't need any clothes."

"But what about the..."

"Nope, the cord stays on. It'll keep you from forgetting."

"Forgetting what?" he said. "Look girlie, I don't believe in spirits. I don't know who you are or how you got in here, but..."

"I am Escapade, Spirit of the Past. Take my hand and we'll see what you believe."

It must have been some sort of brain fart, but he felt compelled to reach for her, and once she took his hand, he realized there'd be no going back. Her grip was like steel. He heard the opening strains of Inna Gadda Da Vida and in a psychedelic rush of patchouli-scented air, he was whisked off into a pulsating cloud of light, color, and sound.

They landed in a field of weeds and tall grass. It was still dark but it wasn't cold at all. In fact, he could hear crickets chirping. He could see a Victorian frame house up ahead. It was big and had wraparound verandas on the first and second floors. All the lights were on and there were a bunch of cars and vans parked

close by. They walked closer.

“They can’t see or hear us,” Escapade said as she wrapped her hand around his cock and led him closer. “Do you remember this place?”

“Looks kind of familiar. I’m not sure.” A woman with long, straight, dark hair, wearing a jean skirt that came down to her ankles and a crocheted bathing suit top walked out the front door and down the steps to the lawn. “Wait, that’s Jenny.” She was followed by a boy with shoulder-length brown hair, in bell bottom jeans and a paisley shirt.

Wait a minute, Jen...

Ebenezer, why did you even come if you don’t want to have fun? Look, you don’t even have to do anything. Just watch me and listen to the band. Nobody said you had to trip. But I can tell you right now, if you want to go back to the city, you’re going to have to hitch because I’m not leaving.

“That’s me. I remember this place. Jen had a friend who played bass in a band and they were hired to play a private party out in the country. He said she could come and she brought me along with her. It was at this big house in the middle of nowhere. Someone said it used to be a brothel. There were tons of bedrooms. Some of the rooms had faded, peeling red flockered wallpaper.

“We had an argument because she wanted to do some acid and I said I didn’t want to. I said if it was going to be that kind of party, I wanted to go home.

“Look at her. She was so beautiful. I’d almost forgotten.” Ebenezer followed after Jen and his past self and Escapade trailed behind him. “Look. She’s going to kiss me.” Jen stopped and turned around to face the young Ebenezer. She put her hands on his cheeks and kissed him. His eyes closed automatically and watching the two of them now, he could see that hers did, as well.

She reached in the back pocket of her skirt and pulled out an envelope. She opened it and looked inside, then showed it to him. Last chance. She looked at him with longing. No? She took a tiny square of paper out and put it in her mouth. She smiled at him and took his hand, leading him back to the house.

Ebenezer and Escapade followed after them. Jen and his younger self went back to the parlor, where the band had set up, grabbed a beer and found an empty spot

on the floor to sit.

People were dancing and smoking pot. Jen leaned against him and kissed him again. Wanna dance?

No. Not right now. Let's just sit here. As they sat, she began to inch her way down until she was lying on her side, her head in his lap. Soon, her fingers began to play against his thighs and his crotch. He could remember the feeling of her fingers stroking and exploring his cock, through the thick material of his jeans. The memory made his bound cock swell even more in Escapade's hand.

“Good memory, is it, Sleazy?” Escapade whispered into his ear.

He continued to watch himself and remember what came next. Jen unbuttoned his pants and began to slide the zipper down. He wasn't wearing any underwear and as his cock rose out of the fly, she wrapped her hand around it and looked up at him, smiling that smile of hers. Watching himself watch her, he remembered the feeling of shock and embarrassment. He felt frozen, unable to do anything, sure everyone was looking, sure everyone would laugh at him.

She'd lifted him from his open pants and was just leaning down to take him in her mouth. Her hair fell forward and hid the scene completely from view.

Invisible Ebenezer looked around the room and saw that no one was watching. Everyone else was watching the band or making out themselves. Then he looked at the band and noticed the bass player, her friend, was watching the scene on the floor and smirking. He remembered the sensation of her hot, wet mouth sliding down his then very erect member. Her tongue twisting and wrapping around him, and he shuddered.

His younger self pushed her head away, none too gently and stood, quickly stuffing himself back into his jeans and zipping them up. He turned his back and rebuttoned his pants on his way back to the beer table. Um, want another beer? he called over his shoulder as he headed out of the room.

Escapade pointed toward Jen. “Look.”

She looked so disappointed. A tear ran down her cheek. He'd had no idea that she really liked him. He'd been sure the physical offer of sex was just the drugs talking. He covered it by saying, “She didn't really want me. She just wanted a

cock. She was high. Women, you're all alike."

While keeping one hand wrapped around his cock, Escapade tickled first one nipple and then the other with her long cotton candy pink fingernails and as he felt his cock surge again, the scene changed. It must have been a couple of hours later. They wandered through the house. Each room held writhing, naked bodies, sometimes two but usually at least three. When they got back downstairs, the room where the band had been was in a state of full orgy. It was hard to know what you were looking at. Naked bodies undulated everywhere. Cocks were being sucked. Pussies were being eaten. It was a sea of boys on girls, a few boys on boys and quite a few gangbangs.

One scene, in particular, drew his younger self's attention, as well as his own. Close to the middle of the room there seemed to be one giant pile of moving flesh. He saw breasts and hands and tongues, legs and bottoms and hair. And at the epicenter of this mass, was Jen; his Jen. She seemed covered in mouths and cocks and pussies. One tit was being sucked by a girl with curly blond hair. A black guy squeezed and massaged the other one with long, thin fingers, while he teased the erect nipple with the tip of his tongue. The lead guitarist fed his cock down her throat while he knelt with knees on either side of her head. A girl behind him massaged his balls as they hung between his legs. A girl with long red hair lay across Jen's stomach, diddling her clit while another guy he'd never seen before fucked her pussy, with her legs drawn up around his waist.

She writhed, apparently in ecstasy, under this mass of bodies as the scene changed before his eyes. He remembered the feelings he'd had as a young man. He'd been so turned on he almost couldn't breathe but he had feigned being appalled and had run from the sight. Now his heart was beating fast as he watched. Watching one cock being replaced by a second and then a third, in her mouth. Watching various hands pinch and pull at her nipples, sometimes stretching her small tits up into long cones of skin. Watching the guy fucking her finish and being replaced by another guy who lifted her legs into the air while he greased up his prick before sliding it into her ass. Her body spasmed and the girl playing with her clit sucked it harder, and then bit at it, as he watched an orgasm overtake her.

"Oh, you're so hard, you're absolutely throbbing," Escapade said as she teased her fingers over the bindings on his cock and ran her nails gently over the taut skin of his balls. "And to think, she wanted to give you that gift but you were too

scared and weak to accept it. Pity.”

“She was just a slut. Look at her. She’d let anybody do anything to her. Women have no self respect.”

Escapade led him out of the house, back into the front yard, past himself, curled up on a chaise lounge, with his hand down his pants, fervently jacking his cock, his mouth open and his eyes rolled back. “Pity,” she said again.

She squeezed his package with her steely grip and he shut his eyes and screamed as he felt that strange sensation of flying again. As his senses came back, he heard someone playing the piano and people singing Deck the Halls as he felt his feet sink into soft carpet. He opened his eyes to a scene of familiar folks sitting in a living room decorated for Christmas. He could smell the pine of the tree in the corner. It was covered with homemade decorations, tinsel and multi-colored lights. A fire was burning brightly in the fireplace and there were stockings hung on the mantel: one for his sister, one for Harry, one for him, one for his mother and one for his father.

The song finished and his mother brought out a tray of champagne glasses and then went back into the kitchen to fetch something else. A 20-something Ebenezer followed her. Why do you always hang one for him, Mom? You know he’s not coming back. He’s been dead for five years. Old Ebenezer cringed at that. Why did he feel the need to hurt her? He loved her so much.

Oh, honey, it’s just my way of keeping his memory alive. I still miss him so. Take these in to your sister and Harry.

His younger self took the plate of smoked oysters and cheese and crackers into the living room while he watched his mother grasp the edge of the sink and audibly sob. He was beginning to really hate his younger self. What an asshole he had been. She’d never been very strong. He should have been there for her, after all, he was the man of the family.

Rebecca and Harry were standing in front of the tree, kissing, when Escapade led him back to the living room. Ebenezer was grazing on cheese and oysters when his mother came back, looking like nothing had happened, carrying a bottle of Korbel. Let’s have a Christmas toast and then open some presents!

Rebecca held Harry’s hand and brought him closer to the glasses and food.

Mom, I want to make an announcement first, if that's okay. Well, Harry's asked me to marry him and, and I've said yes. She laughed and held out her left hand to show off an antique garnet ring.

Oh, baby, that's wonderful. She opened her arms and Rebecca flew into them. She hugged Harry and then kissed him. Eben, isn't that wonderful?

He watched his younger self get up and walk over to take a look at the engagement ring. "He was never good enough for her. He couldn't get a decent job, always sure he was going to make something out of his painting. He tended bar and waited tables. And look at that ring: a cheap garnet. He couldn't even afford a proper engagement ring."

"Looks like they were in love, to me," Escapade said, stroking his cock with her thumb and forefinger.

"And then Elise came along. They were in no position to have a child. They could barely support themselves. Lazy lay about. Rebecca had to support them all while he went to that fancy art school for his worthless graduate degree."

"So you'd rather Elise was never born? She means nothing to you? Her children mean nothing to you?"

Ebenezer pulled away from her and turned his back on the family scene. "Of course I wouldn't rather Elise was never born. I love Elise. You're twisting my words, spirit! Harry killed her, you know. Harry killed my Rebecca. He was a worthless, no-good, lazy son-of-a-bitch."

"Come along, Skeeze, we have one more stop to make and we're running a little behind schedule." She tightened her grip on his cock and the house in which he grew up vanished into blackness.

They landed, with a jolt, on a sidewalk outside a grimy apartment building. "Where are we? I don't recognize this place. Looks like a pretty crappy neighborhood."

"You don't recognize this place?" Escapade asked, wide-eyed. "Look, here they come now."

Ebenezer saw three people turn the corner up the block, heading right for them.

Rebecca and Harry both held the hands of Elise who looked to be about three. Every third or fourth step, they swung her off her feet and she laughed. He could hear her beg, Do it again! Do it again! And they all laughed. Without a glance toward Ebenezer and Escapade, they walked up to the building and Harry pulled out his keys. But as he went to put the key in the lock, the door swung open.

The super should have fixed this by now. I'll call him again. Harry picked up Elise and they all walked up the stairs to the fourth floor.

“She shouldn’t have had to live in this rundown neighborhood and a fourth floor walkup? Ridiculous!”

Inside, the apartment was decorated for Christmas. A decorated tree with brightly wrapped presents under it stood in front of a bay window that looked out onto the street. When Rebecca turned on the lights, the tree lit as well. Harry put the child down and she ran over to a child-sized standing easel, next to a big easel on the other side of the Christmas tree.

Let’s draw, Daddy.

You draw, Honey. Draw a picture for Santa Claus. I bet he’d really like that. Elise busied herself with her crayons, drawing intently.

So, who’s coming for dinner tomorrow? Mom, right? And what about your sister and her husband?

Yep, they’re coming. Want to invite your brother? He still hasn’t seen the apartment and I don’t think he’s seen Leesie since she was born.

I don’t think he’ll come. He’s been such a pill about the marriage. Honestly, it’s like he thinks you stole me away from him, or something.

I think that’s exactly what he does think. Not in a boyfriend sort of way, but you know, like he’s not welcome or something. I really want to get to know him. I mean, you love him, he can’t be all that bad, right?

Oh, believe me, he can be all that bad—and yes, I do love him. Go ahead and invite him. I bet he won’t come. He probably won’t even respond. I wish he would, though. I miss my baby brother. We used to be so close, you know? Oh well, even if he did come, he’d probably be a pain in the ass all night. But, what

the hell? Invite him.

I'm going to make it a priority to get him involved with our lives. He needs to know his niece. You'll see, he'll come around.

“You didn’t go, did you?” Escapade said, pinching his nipple hard and again he was whisked away into darkness.

Ebenezer and Escapade emerged again on a street outside a housing project that might have been in Coney Island, by the looks of the landmarks. The project looked to be well-kept, with lots of benches on the park-like grounds out front. Instead of teenagers loitering, there were mostly older folks sitting on the benches, talking, reading, or feeding the squirrels.

Two women exited the front doors and moved toward the street. One of them was very pregnant, in fact, she looked about to pop. The older woman looked a lot like his housekeeper, Mrs. Greenbrier. The pregnant girl clutched her belly as Mrs. Greenbrier hailed a cab.

Ebenezer blinked and he was standing in a brightly-lit hospital room. Mrs. Greenbrier was there and the girl was in labor.

I wish Jimmy could have been here. I miss him so much, Mom. He was so excited about the baby. A tear rolled down the girl's face and then a contraction hit and she started that odd breathing thing he'd seen women do on TV.

You know he would have been, if he could, sweetie. Just breathe.

“She talking about the baby’s father? Probably in prison, right?”

Escapade stood in front of him. She massaged his nipples, then clasped him to her as her tongue burrowed inside his ear. He closed his eyes and felt her warm breath on his face before she licked both eyelids. His cock stood to attention and a drop of pre-come pearled at the tip.

In his mind he could see a desert. There were men in desert camouflage lying on the ground. He saw sand-colored Humvees. One was overturned. The blood looked black on the sand and rock. One of the soldiers was pulling another man toward the overturned vehicle. He heard gunfire. He got the wounded man propped up against the wheel bed and pushed a bandage against the man’s side.

You'll be okay. Listen: hear the choppers? They're comin'. Don't worry about it, Man, you'll be fine.

A helicopter landed about 50 feet away and more soldiers jumped down and ran toward the two men on the ground.

Oh, God, Jimmy, it hurts.

Just chill, dude. Here they come. See? I told you we'd be all right.

Two of the soldiers from the helicopter grabbed the wounded man and, as a group, everyone ran for the chopper. Ebenezer heard close machine gun fire and as the last man was climbing into the helicopter, a dark, red rose bloomed on his sandy shirt. Before he hit the dirt, the others pulled him into the bay and the chopper took off.

"He'll be okay. They got him to safety," Ebenezer muttered.

"He was dead before they even grabbed him," Escapade said. "Jimmy was awarded a purple heart and a bronze star, posthumously, but his wife didn't care about any of that; she just wanted him there, with her, in the hospital, for the birth of their son. Look. He's being born now."

Ebenezer opened his eyes and watched as the nurse laid the tiny baby boy on his mother's chest. She stroked his back and smiled into his eyes before passing out. Someone took the baby and a medical team set about trying to revive her. "Is there supposed to be that much blood?" Ebenezer asked. "Is she okay?"

"Why do you care? She's nobody, just another welfare mother."

"But, I don't understand. Jimmy was a war hero."

"That and a buck will get you a cup of coffee. Your housekeeper's been taking care of that boy ever since. He gets survivor's benefits, but it's not much, so she works for you and two other clients to make ends meet and pay the rent in her one-bedroom apartment in Brooklyn. It's a long trip to Riverside Drive from Coney Island, but she made it three times a week and actually enjoyed taking care of the crotchety old asshole who lived there, because she likes to take care of people. Go figure. Who knows what makes people tick? Time to go."

Ebenezer woke in his bed, wide-eyed. “Jesus, that was some crazy dream,” he murmured. His hand strayed to his cock and he felt the binding. His fingers gingerly traced the cord as it went from the head of his cock to his balls. His balls were swollen and numb but his cock was still hard. As his finger strayed to the bow, at the base of his cock, the room was lit with a golden glow, which brightened until he had to close his eyes against it.

* * *

The Ghost of Christmas Present

“Non, non, non. That is not for you to touch, my darling.” The voice had a French-accented, whiskey-soaked sultriness. He felt a hand grasp his and move it up to his pillow. “Open your eyes, little man, and behold me.”

Ebenezer’s eyes squinted open and the light waned enough to allow him to see again. Before him stood a statuesque woman in a red velvet floor-length cloak with sumptuous white fur at the collar. A gold broach, shaped like holly leaves, adorned with rubies, held the cloak closed. Her lips were red and her long fingernails were painted to match and filed to points. Her long, wavy red hair cascaded down around her shoulders and her lips curved into a sensuous smile.

“Mustn’t touch what does not belong to us, little one.” She gave his wrist an extra push against the pillow and then retreated, her fingernails scraping down his naked arm.

“Who are you? You’re another spirit, aren’t you?” His bedroom was wrapped in the scent of warm gingerbread. He remembered his mother baking gingerbread men when he was a boy. They were his favorite cookie then, although he remembered preferring them with chocolate chip buttons for eyes, rather than raisins.

She laughed and the sound filled his room. It was deep and melodious and reminded him of the big wind chime pipes, the ones with the round, golden

tones. The sound loosened his muscles and made him want nothing other than to melt into his bed. He smiled back at her. “This is some dream,” he whispered.

“Oh, my dear, this is no dream. I should think you might have realized that by now. Well, no matter; you will soon figure it out. By the way, you may call me Maitresse. I am the most wondrous spirit of Christmas. I know you are glad to see me, for I am every boy’s favorite.” She stood back and let him admire her. As he looked, he noticed the hem of her cloak move and a small, dirty hand reach out from underneath.

He shrank back against his pillows. “What’s that?” he said.

“What?”

“That, under your cloak. That—it looked like—a hand.” She smiled. “Don’t tell me it’s nothing. I know what I saw.”

“Of course not. You must have caught a glimpse of one of my traveling companions.” She undid the broach at her throat and swept the cloak open.

Two small, naked children, if that’s what they were, clung to her legs and looked up at him. But were they children? He couldn’t tell. They were filthy and one had claws. The other had a huge mouth and wide eyes. The more he looked at them, the less like children they appeared.

“They are always with me, you know. They are Hunger and Want. I am sure you recognize them. They are always around, but so much more noticeable at this time of year, you know. Well, perhaps you don’t know.

“Pity.

“But, they are not why I’m here, mon petite. I am here for you, of course!”

She flung off her cloak and the companions disappeared. Ebenezer had never seen anything like her before. Her dress was a second skin of bright red latex. It flared out from her hips and came down to just below her knees. She wore clear platform shoes on her feet, which made her appear to float a few inches off the ground. He noticed that the laquer on her finger and toenails, and the color of her lipstick, all exactly matched the red of her dress.

She had a voluptuous figure, with a tiny waist, wide hips and large breasts, threatening to overflow the bodice of her dress. The thin rubber enhanced her stiff nipples and made them stand out starkly. He could see the outline of a ring on each nipple under the encasing material. The rubber was so shiny and her nipples stood out so clearly, he had an unbearable urge to touch them. He reached out his hand and she allowed him to lightly run his fingertips around them and caress them before drawing away. He could feel his cock jump in its bindings.

“Wondrous, aren’t they,” she said. “I have so many gifts for you! But of course we must hurry as there is also much to see and I am only one of three. But I am your favorite, am I not? Well, how can you tell? You haven’t seen us all yet, have you? But I am always the favorite.” She winked at him and snapped her fingers. A small pile of gaily wrapped Christmas gifts appeared in a pile on the bed. A broad grin split her face and she clapped her hands in amusement.

“Which would you like to open first?” she asked.

Ebenezer sorted through the gifts. Some were in boxes and one looked decidedly like a giant candy cane. He lifted that one and looked at her.

“Well, go on,” she said.

He ripped the paper off and inside, just as he’d assumed, was a giant red and white striped candy cane. It must have been two feet long, and quite thick. Oddly, though, the shaft of the cane ended in a bulbous shape. It tapered to a narrow ring and then widened into a rounded bulb about the size of a pool ball, then tapered down again into a rounded-off point. It was almost as though someone had already begun sucking on it and it ended up in that shape.

He could smell the peppermint candy as he picked up the cane and ran his fingers over the bulb at the end. “I’ve always been fond of peppermint,” he said. He looked up at her.

“Isn’t that wonderful?” she said. “But let’s leave that one for last. Here, open this one.” She handed him a small, shiny red box tied with gold ribbon. “What could be in there?” she asked with a mischievous grin.

He took the box from her and shook it. It had a slight bit of weight to it and it rattled intriguingly. He peeled the paper back to reveal a white jewelry gift box.

He removed the lid and saw what appeared to be two old-fashioned earrings, the screw-on type women used to wear before ear piercing came into popularity. Small gold rings were attached to the screw posts. The box also contained two shiny black items in the form of teardrops. He picked one up and noted that it was deceptively heavy but had a rubbery feel to it. There was a sort of clasp at the narrow end. It reminded him of the fishing weights he used to fix to his fishing line as a child.

“Here, let me help you with them,” the spirit said. She made a gesture with her hand and his bedclothes folded neatly back to just below his feet, leaving him naked and exposed to this strange but exciting spirit. Putting her hands on the mattress, she leaned over and closed her mouth around one of his nipples. Her tongue was rough, like a cat’s, and freezing cold, as she swiped it around the warm bud. His nipple immediately contracted and stiffened into a sharp point. Her tongue played over it once more before she retreated.

She used her thumb and forefinger to pull on the nipple and stretch it away from his chest before screwing one of the posts tightly onto it. He wailed and she gave the screw one final turn. “We must make sure it is nice and tight.” Quickly, she repeated the process with his other nipple.

He sat up in bed to the tease of the gold rings against his chest. The feeling was dichotomous to the pain of his cruelly stretched and tightly pinned nipples.

She diddled the rings with her long, pointed fingernails and gently scratched at his chest. “That works quite well, don’t you think?” she asked, head cocked to admire the new jewelry adorning his nipples. “After all, you seemed to like mine so well.” She put the box on his nightstand.

“Now, let’s see, what else do we have. Here,” she thrust what looked like a handkerchief box, though a little larger, to him. This one was wrapped in Santa paper. “I think this one next. You must be cold, sitting there naked like that.”

The pain in his nipples began to recede as he tore the paper away from the new box. Inside, wrapped in red tissue paper was something shiny-black and smelling of rubber. He picked it up and realized it felt much like the spirit’s dress.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to climb down from the bed now. Putting these lovely panties on will be much easier if you step into them.”

Ebenezer did as he was told, curious to know what kind of panties these were. Perhaps she would unbind his cock and balls, though he sincerely doubted it. And in all actuality, he was beginning to understand that he didn't really want his cock unbound.

"Lift your foot. There, now the other one." He felt the slick rubber slide up his legs and yelped when she cruelly bent his cock down before sliding it through an opening in the rubber. Once it was pulled up to his hips, he began to feel how snugly it held him. In fact, it seemed to be shrinking to fit him, becoming a second skin. It hugged him and squeezed him tight.

The point of her fingernail ran along the opening around his cock and balls and it, too, tightened around him, pushing just that much more blood into his genitals. She scratched at his extremely tight ball sack, making him whimper, before running the same nail around what proved to be another opening in the garment. He felt the edge of the rubber enter his anus and tighten, as it stretched him open. Though he tried tightening and stretching his muscles, nothing worked and he remained open. Even though he was wearing underwear, of a sort, he realized he felt much more exposed and naked than he had before.

He reached back to feel the rubber against his ass and tentatively ran his own finger around the opening in his behind, before sliding his finger forward to feel where the opening for his cock and balls began. As his finger started to slide over his balls, the spirit caught his hand in hers, digging her nails into his flesh.

"What did I say? Only with permission and I have not given you permission. Do not touch what does not belong to you or you will be punished." Ebenezer shank back from her and lowered his eyes. "There now, that's a good boy. Shall we open some more presents?"

It felt as though a constant breeze blew up his asshole. On the other hand, his nipples were no longer in pain and he was quickly coming to like the feel of being tightly encased in rubber. This time he picked a slightly larger box. It was wrapped in green foil paper and tied with a red ribbon. He shook the box and felt something slide back and forth.

Cautiously, he opened the box and found, nestled in the same red tissue, more of the black rubber. He took the material out of the box and unfolded it. Slowly, the shape of a hood took form. The spirit easily slipped it over his head and situated

it against his face. The hood had openings for his eyes, the end of his nose, and his mouth. There were holes for his ears, and the spirit pulled them through. The hood came only to the end of his chin and as she ran her hands over his rubber-covered face, as with the underwear, it began to shrink to fit him, growing tighter and tighter until he felt squeezed inside the hood. The rubber squeezed against the sides of his nose, but didn't cut off his breathing. It squeezed against his cheeks and forehead and around his chin and the back of his head.

Her index fingers circled his eyes and the rubber tightened around them. He found that he could blink, but the lids sprang open again. He was unable to close his eyes and keep them closed.

"So good for the senses, no? But, look, there is more."

Sure enough, there was more black rubber hiding inside the box. She fitted stiff, round mitts onto his hands, depriving him of the use of his fingers. She tightened a metal ring around each wrist so the mitts could not be removed. "Oh, let me open this one for you, seeing as you are indisposed," she said.

The next box was wrapped in Grinch paper. Inside was a stiff rubber collar, which she buckled around his neck. "On your knees, now, little doggie." She helped him to his knees on the plush carpet by his bed. "I have a little job for you." She stood before him and raised her full skirt. Underneath her dress, she wore her own version of the same black rubber underwear she'd put on him. Hers were slit up her pussy, holding her lips open. Her clitoral hood was pierced and a fine gold ring hung down enough to constantly rub against her clit. She was so wet that juices were running down the inside of her thighs.

"The giving of gifts makes me so happy. Sometimes it makes me too happy to carry on and then I must take a short break. Now it is your turn to give, little man. I believe you know what to do." And Ebenezer snuggled himself between her thighs, placing the flat of his mitts against her rubber pantied bottom.

As he licked up her thighs, he could feel her shiver. And when his tongue met her outer lips, she gushed into his mouth. Being between the legs of this voluptuous woman was all that mattered. The few glimpses he got were not the same as the transporting stories he'd seen with Escapade. These seemed to be nothing more than pictures.

A woman he didn't recognize allowed the French bulldog she was walking to

crap on the sidewalk, just in front of his gate, then walked on without picking it up. People skated on the ice rink under the big Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center. Elise put an apple pie into the oven and Jack placed his hands on her bottom as she bent over. A child sat in front of a TV showing *It's a Wonderful Life* in a tiny apartment he didn't recognize. The feeling of giving her head was so transporting, he wanted to close his eyes to fully enjoy it, but he was unable to do so. His nipples awoke again as he buried his tongue inside her, renewing the pain of the screws, but somehow, that made the experience all the better. His tongue speared in and out, brushing against her clit while his nose played with the ring. She gushed out another orgasm and he could feel his penis strain against its binding and the muscles of his anus spasm against the rubber ring holding it open.

He saw a homeless man sleeping on cardboard on the steps of St. Patrick's and as she shuddered, he saw Harry shopping in a toy store, looking at an isle of board games. He could see the wedding ring on his finger.

As the last vision faded, he was redirected to the building pressure between his legs. He felt like his balls would burst if he weren't allowed to come. But, of course, they didn't and, of course, he wasn't. But he understood. Giving Maitresse this gift of pleasure was all that mattered, not what he would receive in return. In fact, receiving anything in return didn't seem to matter all that much.

He shoved his tongue as far up her as he possibly could and began to suck the juice from her. It was nectar and he clutched her tighter to him, sucking harder and harder until she screamed and came once again, flooding his brain with images of cookies, wrapped presents, lit candles, beautiful displays of cakes and pies in store windows, and sparkling trees.

She removed his hands from her bottom and gently pushed him away. "You are a very good boy. Thank you," she said as she raised his hands up toward his chin. She hooked the wrist rings together and then hooked them both to his collar. "We are almost ready to depart." She diddled the rings hanging from his nipples. She pulled on each, to fully awaken the pain, before hanging a black teardrop from each ring. He had been right thinking they reminded him of fishing weights. The screws held fast to his flesh and the weights pulled on his sore and erect nipples. He winced as she batted at them and made them swing.

“You deserve a reward for being such a good boy.” She picked up the candy cane and offered the bulbous end to him. “have a lick.” She held it up to his mouth and he tentatively licked at the end of the bulb. “It’s good, isn’t it?”

He nodded.

“You can do better than that. I bet you can get the whole bulb inside your mouth. Try. See if you can.” She pressed against his mouth, stretching his lips wider and wider, until the candy popped in. She twirled it inside his mouth until candy drool ran down his chin before pulling it out. “One last lick?” she asked, and let him run his tongue around the end of the bulb again. “Was it good? Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes, Maitresse, thank you.”

With a slightly mischievous glint in her eyes, she smiled. “Lovely,” she said. “Now, turn around and put your hands on the bed. That’s right. Spread your legs.” He felt something wet and sticky press against his open anus and wanted to stand up, but she had him by the balls. She stroked and fondled them as, what he understood to be the candy cane, pressed harder and harder against his opening.

“But it’s too big,” he whined. “It’s too big. Please, Maitresse.”

Without another word, she pushed until the bulb began to pass through his sphincter. Once it was more than halfway, his ass sucked it in, just as his mouth had before. She twisted it inside him and pushed, the pressure causing him to stand up straight. “Don’t beg. It’s unbecoming. Did no one ever teach you that?”

His breath came in short gasps. He wasn’t up to talking yet.

“Well, I suppose it’s never too late to learn, is it? That’s why we’re here, after all.”

Tears began to form in his eyes.

“Oh, I suppose it is beginning to burn, isn’t it?”

“Oh my God yes,” he breathed. He tried jogging in place but the burn didn’t subside and the added movement just caused the cane to shift inside him, making him want to bend over again. He found, when he tried, that she wouldn’t let him.

Using the crook end of the cane as a handle, she kept him upright.

“Unfortunately, your body will become used to it in no time and you won’t notice the burn. Much like your nipples have become used to the weights. You feel no pain there now, do you?”

“No, Maitresse,” he gasped.

“Until I do this, of course,” she said as she set the weights to swinging again.

“Oh please, oh please,” he wailed.

“What did I say about begging? I don’t suppose you’ve learned your lesson, after all, have you?”

“But Maitresse, please,” Ebenezer pleaded as she opened the last box. This one had a pretty Christmas tree ornament on it, as decoration.

“Open.” She held up a black rubber gag composed of a big bulb attached to a flat piece of latex. There was a hole through the bulb, going all the way through the flat piece of the gag. She pushed the bulb inside his mouth.

His teeth bit down on the neck of it. His tongue found the hole and he realized he could still breathe through his mouth, which was good because his tears were beginning to make his nose stuffy. He felt her pull the gag tight against his head and fasten it there.

“No time to waste. We’re off,” she said.

The air became thick with the smell of bayberry and peppermint, gingerbread and turkey dinners. The light dimmed and laughter filled his ears as he felt the ground slide out from beneath his feet.

When the mist cleared, they were in a huge crowd of people—children and adults, all smiling and talking as they left a theater. He looked up and saw that they were standing in front of Radio City and the Christmas Spectacular was just letting out. Mrs. Greenbrier crossed just in front of them, holding the hand of a little sandy-haired boy. He looked to be about seven years old and was so excited that he was jumping up and down as he walked with his grandmother.

...and those ladies were so tall and could kick so high. He tried to kick like a Rockette as he walked. And the Christmas tree and, ooh, I really liked the mouse. Look at all the buildings! And all the lights! And all the cabs and Gramma, look at the giant Santa Claus! Look at all the people and can we get something to drink? With a big smile, his grandmother led him towards the subway. She stopped at a newsstand to buy him a small bottle of apple juice. As she handed it to him, he looked at her with so much love. Thank you, Gramma, that was the

best thing I ever saw!

Maitresse faced him and put her finger under his chin, lifting his head up so he had to look down at her. “I am sure I will be fascinated to hear what you have to say about all you see tonight. But no more begging, is that clear Mon Petite?” He nodded his head and she snapped her fingers in his face and it was as though the gag had never been there.

“But how could she afford that? Those tickets aren’t cheap.”

“That is the first thing you ask? That is the first thing you think of when you see that?” Maitresse said as she pushed down hard on the candy cane sticking out of his ass. “I am disappointed, I must say. Come with me.” She pushed him forward, using the candy cane as a prod and handle. They passed through the crowd as through air.

Ebenezer thought better of the plea that almost left his mouth. “No, that’s not what I meant, Spirit.” She glared at him. “I mean Maitresse.” He danced forward on his toes, trying to lift himself away from the relentless pressure of the candy plug inside him. “I only meant she said she needed the money—more money to live. It was nice. I mean seeing them at the show. But, but...”

“Evil little man. You have learned nothing I see. One of the families for whom she cleans gave her the tickets as a Christmas gift. That and a bonus, too. Come along, little doggie.” And with her hand on the candy cane, pushing him along, they floated down the subway stairs and into the train car with his former housekeeper and her grandson.

The car was full but a man got up for her. Instead of sitting, she sat the boy on the seat and handed him a book from her purse. He read while she gazed down at him. About a half hour later, the train emptied enough for her to sit, as well. It was still crowded enough with partiers and shoppers as it made its way into Brooklyn.

James, look! The boy looked at his grandmother, who was pointing behind him. He looked over his shoulder and saw the lights of Manhattan spread out around him as the train rumbled across the Manhattan Bridge. He turned around and got on his knees on the seat, both hands on the window, to watch the city go by. Once they were underground again, he turned back around and sat down. She handed his book back. He started reading again. Boy, I wish I could find a

golden ticket, like Charlie.

“That book is kind of advanced for a seven-year-old, isn’t it.”

“James is a very smart boy,” Maitresse said. “He should be in a gifted class, but his school doesn’t have one. No matter. It’s not important. He lives in the projects and will probably end up in jail, anyway.”

Eventually, James’ eyes started to close and his grandmother took the book. She watched him as he slept. More and more passengers got off until there were only a scattering of people sitting in the car. There was a drunk at one end, passed out on the seat. When everyone got off, at the end of the line, he remained in the car.

It was after midnight when Mrs. Greenbrier and her young grandson left the huge Coney Island train station and walked out onto the street. “It’s too late for them to be out in this neighborhood. Will they be safe walking home alone?”

“Why do you care?” Maitresse asked with disdain. She twisted the peppermint inside him, making it burn again. Then she played with the weights hanging from his nipples before stroking his dripping cock. “Oh, look, they have company.”

Ebenezer saw that they’d made it to the end of the block but now the drunk guy from the train seemed to be following them.

“Yes, a member of the train crew woke him up and kicked him off the train.”

“Can’t you do something? Can’t you help them?”

“Oh, is your little heart burning along with your ass? It’s too early to tell, I think. Besides, she lives here. This is her neighborhood. You never worried about her getting home before.”

“But, Maitresse...” She snapped her fingers and the gag seated itself back inside his mouth and closed around his head. He made grunting noises.

“I told you, no begging.”

The man got close enough for Mrs. Greenbrier to feel his presence and she turned around. Hey, Martha. How you doin’?

You okay, Tony?

Yes, ma'am. I didn't mean to get so drunk but, well, you know how it is. One thing led to another, 'n stuff. Want I should walk you home? Not so safe out here this late. Where you guys comin' from all dressed up?

Sure, Tony, thanks. We went to the Christmas Spectacular.

Well, that's sure nice. I remember seein' that when I was a kid. They went inside the building together. He turned for the stairs as they pressed the button for the elevator. Have a merry Christmas Mrs. G. You too, Jimbo.

Thanks Tony. You too.

Mist coalesced around them and when it cleared, they were standing in his former housekeeper's apartment. It was small but immaculately clean. A small Christmas tree stood in the corner, by the TV.

Go and brush your teeth and get ready for bed. No bath tonight. James ran to her and hugged her around the waist. Oh, sweetie, what's that for?

Thanks again Gramma; that was the best night ever.

They followed them into the only bedroom. Mrs. Greenbrier tucked him into bed and kissed him good night. Big day tomorrow! We have to make cookies for Santa. She turned off the light by the bed and closed the door behind her and Maitresse snapped her fingers and removed the gag again.

"In case you have something to say," she said.

Out in the living room, she took the cushions off the couch and opened the sofa bed.

"That's where she sleeps?"

"She put her name down for a bigger apartment when her daughter died in childbirth."

"But he's seven."

“She should just work harder and stop being a drain on the tax-paying public. Why should she deserve any better than what she’s got? Come, we have more people to see this night and time draws thin.”

With a sinking sensation in his groin, his feet left the ground. When he touched down again, it was the afternoon. “Where are we, Maitresse?”

“Brooklyn waterfront. Come with me.”

There were cobblestones on the street and warehouses, but the area looked well-kept and affluent. They entered a building that fronted the water. There were a few separate spaces on the ground floor, all taken by art galleries. He looked into the glass window of the one immediately facing the door from which they had entered and a giant painting of his sister stared at him from the opposite wall. He couldn’t take his eyes off the picture. It was almost like she was alive again. Love seemed to emanate from her eyes and his own eyes filled with tears.

“Come, let’s look at the art,” Maitresse said, leading him away from the painting.

They wandered through the gallery and looked at all the paintings. They were really good. The subjects varied from typical street scenes to landscapes and still lives. There were a few other portraits, but he didn’t recognize any of the people in them. He noticed a lot of red dots on the cards under the paintings and he did a double-take when he noticed the prices.

“This is Harry’s work, isn’t it? Harry painted these?”

“Yes. They’re not much, are they? But what would you expect from some cheap, two-bit artist who wasn’t ever going to amount to anything?”

A few people were also browsing in the gallery. Two women stood in front of the portrait of his sister.

You know his work is in the permanent collection of the Whitney, as well as the Tate Modern, in London? You certainly can’t go wrong with him.

How much is it?

Oh, I’m afraid this one’s not for sale.

The other woman looked at the painting longingly. It's amazing. He must have a price. Everyone does. It's so magical, I must have it. I don't care what it costs. Call him and ask him what he wants.

I'm sorry, but it really isn't for sale. He displays it at every show. It is the first painting patrons see when they enter and the last they see when they leave. But it is never for sale. It's a portrait of his late wife, you see.

Maitresse raised the skirt of her dress, exposing her black rubber panties. Ebenezer could see that she was aroused again as her clit stood out prominently and shiny juices coated the open slit of her sex, as well as the rubber of the panties. She pressed him against her as she rubbed his cock up and down her gaping lips. She wiggled, forcing him just inside her open labia and then squeezed her legs closed around him. "Oh, that's so nice." She wiggled the candy cane a bit, making him moan with need. She reached between his legs and scratched his taut balls with her fingernails. "You are such a nice toy. Did anyone ever tell you this? Open your mouth." She pushed two fingers into his mouth and played with his tongue. "No, I guess no one ever did. Pity."

She backed away from him and used her saliva-coated fingers to pleasure herself while he watched. Her juices, drying on his cock, made him shiver. "Ah, that's right. Come closer, little man. Closer. Closer." His cock sat against his belly, as it had most of the night. She bent it toward herself and rubbed its head against the top of her opening, and as she came, they were once again whisked away.

He stumbled as he landed on the sidewalk outside a brownstone in Brooklyn. Fresh evergreen garland framed the door and the stoop railings and fresh wreaths hung from each window on the three-storey building. Each wreath had a red bow at the bottom and tiny white lights threaded through it, as did the garland on the stair rails and doorframe. Ebenezer could see a large tree in the second floor window. Three people were decorating it: a little boy, a slightly older girl and an old man. Well, he didn't look all that old, really, just old compared to the children.

"Why don't you have a Christmas tree in your house?" Maitresse inquired. "Is it really because you're just a mean old man who hates Christmas and anything that gives people joy? Or is it because no one loves you and an empty Christmas celebration makes that all the more clear?"

“Come on, Spirit, just take me where you’re going to take me and let’s be done with this.”

Her quick, hand reached out and slapped first one cheek and then the other. The sting brought tears to his eyes. Her thumb and forefinger grabbed his chin and squeezed. “Say my name.”

“Maitresse,” he whispered.

“We are exactly where we are supposed to be.”

A woman walked into the room carrying a tray with a giant bowl of popcorn and a pitcher of lemonade with four glasses. She was probably watching where she was going because her head was down, but when she set the try down, she looked up and smiled. It was Elise.

“Then that, that must be Harry. This must be Harry’s house. And those are Elise’s children,” Ebenezer said, watching them with a sort of hungry look in his eyes.

“How is it you didn’t recognize her children?” Maitresse asked. She idly pulled on the weights on his nipple rings. “Is it because you haven’t seen them since—oh wait, you’ve never seen the little boy at all, have you? No, you saw little Becky shortly after she was born, but you haven’t seen her since, have you?” Ebenezer hung his head. “Have you any idea how old she is now?”

Ebenezer mumbled something and Maitresse twisted the candy cane in his ass. “What’s that? Sorry, I didn’t hear you.”

“Nine,” he whispered.

“Your favorite niece’s—no, your only niece’s child, and you haven’t seen her in almost nine years? Doesn’t look anything like she did in the hospital, does she? Ooh, la. They grow up so quickly. Turn your head and you miss everything.”

The kids sat down on the couch and Elise handed them something. Soon they began to string popcorn. Ebenezer remembered doing that with Rebecca when they were small. They ate more than they strung but there always seemed to be enough for the tree, in the end.

He looked at Harry. The man had to be at least four years older than Ebenezer, but looked great.

“Virile, isn’t he? All the widows and divorcees in the neighborhood want in his pants. He gets more cookies and invitations than he knows what to do with. Unfortunately, he doesn’t take them up on it. Instead he befriends them all. Personally, I would love to play with Harry. He’s so sexy, no?” She looked at Ebenezer with curiosity, and then tsked. “You. You are a good toy.” She dug her little fingernail into the eye of his cock and he wailed. “Not a sexy man. It’s a shame.”

He looked back into the window. They were all laughing.

She placed her hand on the candy cane and used it to duck walk him down the sidewalk. “Wouldn’t it be fun to walk all the way back to Riverside Drive? It is unfortunate we do not have the time for such fun.” When they got to the corner, she twisted the cane and his feet left the ground once more.

He blinked and when he opened his eyes he found he was back in his room, alone. This time he was sprawled across the top of the bed, on his stomach. The covers were mussed and the fire had burnt down to glowing embers. The room was dark and chilly. “Thank God,” he thought, and then he realized he was still wearing the rubber underwear Maitresse had given him. He reached back to feel his ass and explored how the opening kept his anus open and exposed. At least the candy cane was gone. He was empty. His finger rimmed the stiff rubber ring keeping him open and felt the vibration deep inside. His breathing sped and he rolled over, onto his back. His cock and balls were still tied with the blue cord. He was sure they were just as blue as the cord keeping them bound by this time but he was too afraid to even think about untying them.

His hand moved to his balls and he explored the tautly stretched sack of his testicles. It was an interesting feeling to his fingers, but a complete rush to his balls. He swirled his fingers over and around himself while his other hand explored his bound cock. It bulged against the rope that imprisoned it. His fingers traced the sides of the cord and teased the swollen flesh before pulling at the head. His hand ran back down his shaft and then up again to tease the bound and stretched bulb at the top again. Down and back up. Down and back up. His breathing got more and more shallow as he could feel himself building up to orgasm. He began to pull harder at his balls while he jacked his cock and the

pressure inside him built. He didn't know if he should, or even could come, tied the way he was, but he couldn't stop himself. Without any lubrication at all, his skin was becoming raw, but still he couldn't stop.

It was close now. He was close. He could feel it. Sweat coated his upper lip and his chest. So close. Mewling noises rose from his chest, through his mouth. On the edge now. Just there. Coming, coming...

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come

An ember popped in the fireplace. And he removed his hand from his cock. He'd been so close. His heart pounded and his poor, raw cock throbbed but he scooted back and cowered against his Luis XIV headboard. The fire glowed redder and the room began to warm.

She stood before him, hands on her hips, long legs spread, completely covered in shiny, black rubber. Long black rubber sleeves, black rubber gloves, long black rubber pants, swallowed by tight black rubber lace-up boots. A black rubber top that climbed her neck, met by a black rubber hood, completely encasing her head. Everything fit her like it was painted on. Her breasts formed two pointed cones, standing out from her chest. The image reminded him of science fiction movies he'd seen. The mound of her sex was outlined by the rubber at the crease of her legs. It was rounded and completely smooth all the way to the point where he could just see her lips separate. He longed to touch it, palm it, caress it. Her eyes burned red, like the embers in his fireplace. But that must have been a trick of the firelight.

"That's mine you stupid fuck. Nobody told you to touch it."

Ebenezer realized that no one had spoken, but that he heard the voice in his head. That didn't make it any less real, though. It definitely came from the being standing before him.

This spirit, unlike the others, truly frightened him. It wasn't that the others

weren't scary. They certainly had their moments. But this one; he couldn't pin it down but this one produced a feeling of dread within him. She stood there, waiting, but for what, he wasn't sure. Perhaps she was waiting for him to acknowledge her.

"You're the third spirit, aren't you?" Ebenezer said. As the words left his mouth, he grew bolder. "You don't look much like a Christmas spirit to me. You look more like something out of a sci-fi porn film." He built up even more courage and said, "What kind of spirit are you and just what am I supposed to call you?"

The spirit's latex-covered palm snapped out and slapped Ebenezer's face. The sound seemed to arrive before he felt his head snap to the side from the force of the smack. "Who gave you permission to speak?" The words rolled and echoed in his head. "If you have need to call me anything, you may call me Sir. You are a whiny, annoying little turd. You make me want to punish you. You actually have a deep-seated need to be punished, Don't you?" Ebenezer looked down, not wanting to make eye contact, knowing he did have a deep-seated need for punishment.

"You've had it far too easy tonight. Get your flabby ass over here." A straight-backed wooden chair appeared next to Sir and she sat down. Ebenezer climbed off the bed and slowly moved toward the spirit until he was close enough to snag. Sir pulled him by the wrist until he was standing in front of the chair.

She ran her hands over the rubber pants, smoothing it over his hips, circling his cock and balls, squeezing the globes of his ass, and finally rimming the edge keeping his anus open. She worked a hand between his legs, smoothing the rubber over his perineum and forcing his balls between the V of her fingers while her other hand pulled on Ebenezer's raw cock.

"Come closer, worm." Ebenezer stumbled a little closer. She squeezed and prodded Ebenezer's poor, tortured dick, but it didn't seem to have any ill effects. To the contrary, it just got harder in her hand. "That's the way, worm."

She grabbed Ebenezer by the wrist and pulled him over her lap as though he were weightless. Her grip was like iron and he was easily manipulated. Soon Sir had him positioned with his cock between her legs, which she then closed around him like a bear trap. Sir pulled Ebenezer's wrist up to the middle of his back and held it there before beginning to spank.

The combination of Sir's latex glove and Ebenezer's rubber pants make the spanks sound much louder than they felt, though Ebenezer could definitely feel them. The spanking went on and on. Sir didn't let up, but continued to spank Ebenezer until he writhed and begged for the punishment to stop.

"Is your bottom too sore for me to continue, is that what you're trying to tell me, worm? Do you want me to stop spanking your poor little flabby bottom?"

"Yes, Sir. Please, Sir," Ebenezer whined.

"Well, all right. I'm nothing if not fair." Ebenezer tried to stand up. "I shall continue with your thighs, then." And Ebenezer felt spank after spank rain down on his upper thighs. They started on the backs, alternating from leg to leg, but soon moved to the outsides of his thighs. His legs were pushed open and then the spanks fell in earnest on the insides of his thighs, as well. The pain became so intense that Ebenezer began to wail until, finally, Sir stopped. She ran her hands down Ebenezer's hot skin. The latex that had seemed so smooth before, felt rough now and seemed to catch on his flesh. He'd never felt pain like it before. He tried, uselessly, to move away from the tormenting hands but her thighs simply crushed his genitals harder, keeping him exactly where she wanted him.

"So you find this painful, mortal? This is nothing. If you're lucky, you might even have something with which to remember me. Though I doubt you'll need visual references." He felt her fingers rim his opening again, and then snake inside, and he felt, rather than heard her purring inside his head. "Maitresse did a good job of preparing you. We haven't got all night—well, actually we have, but time grows short and I suppose we'd best get to it."

Sir snapped her fingers and two men appeared in front of Ebenezer. They didn't look terribly tall and they weren't muscle men, like The Terminator, but they commanded respect; he got the definite impression that neither were someone you'd want to mess with.

Sir pulled him up to a sitting position in her lap. Ebenezer's ass screamed its agony but the position gave him a much better view of the two men. They wore steel-toed black leather motorcycle boots, that were polished to a deep glow, and black leather pants that looked like they'd been born into them. The pants weren't tight but they fit perfectly, comfortably. A chrome chain, clipped to a belt loop, disappeared into the front pocket and a set of what looked like police

issue handcuffs peeked out of the right back pocket. Of course he realized immediately these men were not police. They each wore a blue chambray work shirt with the sleeves rolled up to a few inches above their elbows, showing off the muscles in their arms. The top three buttons were undone, and Ebenezer could see tanned, hairy chests underneath.

They each wore mirrored aviator sunglasses, old-style, peaked, black leather caps and fingerless, black leather gloves. Their hair was close-cropped and dark and they each had a couple of days beard growth on their faces. The leather of their pants creaked when they walked and as they got closer, Ebenezer could smell a heady mix of leather, scotch, cigars and sweat. He closed his eyes and swallowed.

“Take him,” Sir said.

He was unceremoniously yanked up and thrown onto the bed with his head at the foot. Sir climbed up and squatted between his legs, pushing them up and out of her way. Ebenezer felt her fingers explore the rubber edge of his asshole. He was still crying from the spanking and through his tears, he whimpered, “Please, Sir, please don’t.”

“What a baby. Here.” She reached into the left-hand back pocket of the leather man closest to her and threw a dark blue handkerchief at Ebenezer. “Dry your tears and blow your nose.” Her burning eyes looked into his soul and she snapped her fingers again. This time, leather cuffs appeared on Ebenezer’s wrists. Ropes attaching them to the finials on his footboard, stretched his arms wide.

Sir looked at the man from whom she’d taken the handkerchief and he moved to take her place between Ebenezer’s legs. Forcing his knees to bend, he placed Ebenezer’s feet flat on the bed, then knelt between his legs before unbuttoning and unzipping his pants and taking out what looked to Ebenezer to be a very large cock, certainly much larger than his own.

Looking at the cock, Ebenezer began to salivate. Drool ran down the corners of his mouth. “Please, Sir, you can’t let him fuck me with that. I mean, it’s too big and I don’t like...I don’t want...I’m not...I’m into pussy, not cock” he sputtered.

He heard her voice in his head. “You say that but the drool in your mouth, just thinking about getting fucked, says something else entirely. And the further

evidence of your cock, dripping pre-come onto your belly, says the same fucking thing. Here, let's not let all that drool go to waste."

The other leather man knelt, with knees on either side of Ebenezer's head, and unzipped. A virtually identical cock was pulled from his pants and the man stroked it into tumescence.

Sir had no facial features, other than her eyes, but Ebenezer could swear she was smiling as she nodded to the man before his face. The man painted Ebenezer's lips with his pre come and teased them open. More drool ran down the sides of Ebenezer's face as the man began to slowly feed him the cock. He forced it in and toward the back of Ebenezer's throat until he gagged, before easing up just a bit, and staying still. Ebenezer's mouth was stuffed full and his jaws began to ache. The leatherman smiled. Ebenezer looked toward Sir, whose eyes continued to smile and she nodded to the leather man.

The cock filled his mouth to bursting but it tasted like a weird combination of his favorite 12-year-old scotch and a very rich vanilla ice cream, two of Ebenezer's favorite flavors, and he continued to drool uncontrollably as he tried to lick and suck the dick as if it were a piece of candy. His tongue was immobilized under the flesh filling his mouth, but he sucked for all he was worth, even greedily trying to force more of the man inside.

"That's right worm, I knew you had a taste for it. It's always the ones who protest most vehemently," Sir whispered into his brain as the leatherman slowly began to fuck his mouth.

With every thrust, the breath was sucked from his lungs and he was given a brief reprieve with each small withdrawal of the cock. Ebenezer could feel his own cock straining against its bindings. He felt delicate fingers toy with the head, sliding in what must be his own pre-come. Sir continued to play with just the tip of his cock as her servant continued the invasion of his mouth and though he gagged every now and then, he never wanted it to stop.

He'd almost forgotten where he was until he felt the same delicate fingers explore the opening in his rubber pants and his eyes went wide as he looked to Sir, standing just to the side, her arm stretched toward him, her fingers toying with him.

"You wanted to see your future. This is how I show it to you. Oh, poor worm,

there's nothing to worry about; Maitresse got you all open and ready for my minion. I'm going to lube you up and then you'll be all set. I'm sure you're going to like it—or, perhaps not. In any case, what does it matter?"

Ebenezer looked into the mirrors of the leatherman's sunglasses and saw the truth of that statement. The man was pitiless and wouldn't be stopped, and he could see, in his own reflection, something more than resignation. Yes, he did want it. He might never have wanted anything more, at least that was how it felt as that behemoth of a cock slowly pushed its way inside him. He felt split wide and stuffed full. He felt like he would burst and then he felt something else.

"So you feel that, worm? I can feel it through my minion, and it's delicious. Oh, yes, and that peppermint burn." She shook her head and chuckled inside his skull. "Maitresse and her candy. Wicked."

The leatherman pushed himself in balls deep and stopped. Ebenezer felt the cock pulse inside him—or maybe it was his own pulse he felt, amplified by the solid column of flesh stretching him and stuffing him completely full.

Sir's man slowly began to withdraw, only to push back inside before coming all the way out.

This excruciatingly slow fucking game played out for a while, until Sir snapped her fingers. It was like a switch turning on. The two men fucking him became a synchronized machine. Like pistons in motion, their speed remained constant and Ebenezer slipped, once again, into a trance. A gray mist swirled inside his head and visions of strange images floated past: The woman with the bulldog let him piss on the broken gate; the old Chinese delivery man spat into a container of egg drop soup; a cleaning woman he'd never seen before, in his house, pocketing a silver Mont Blanc pen from his office; kids graffitiing his house; his porch dark and a man in a ski mask breaking a window and entering his front door.

Sir wrapped her fist around Ebenezer's bound cock and squeezed. He saw a dining room brightly decorated for Christmas. White plates and his mother's sterling silver service were piled at the end of the table. Elise brought in a centerpiece of anthuriums and holly. But honey, you always invite him and he never comes. I mean, do we really want him to come? You know how nasty he is about everything.

Jack, he's my uncle. He and dad are all the family I have left. What do you want me to do?

Well, you could not invite him. It's not like he'd even miss the invitation. Hell, he never seems to know it's Christmas anyway. All he does is complain about all the "crass commercialism." Honestly, I doubt he'd miss the invitation and really, I actually live in fear of him taking you up on it one of these days. He laughed. I mean, can you imagine how awful dinner would be with him complaining about everything and finding fault with the kids and Dad.

But Jack, he's just a lonely old man. He could use some cheer.

I'm not saying don't visit him. I'm just saying, leave him off our Christmas list. He's left us off his.

I guess you're right. Dad'll be disappointed. He always hopes Uncle Eb will come.

The ass reaming gradually sped up and the visions became even more disturbing: Mrs. Greenbrier's apartment in the projects, a young teen with dirty-blond hair sitting in a wheelchair, slack-jawed, in front of the television. The apartment seemed darker and more bare than when he'd seen it before. His old housekeeper entered the room and kissed the boy on his head. She looked thinner and quite a bit older. Her clothes were dull and hung loosely from her frame and there was an air of resignation about her.

The fucking continued as Sir gave Ebenezer's nipple a wicked pinch. People he'd never seen before were in his house, going through his possessions. Most of this stuff is just junk. There are a few decent antiques but most of these pieces are just replicas. We'll make three piles: garbage, value, quick sale and then she can go through them at the end of the week.

Someone took all his clothes from the closet and threw them onto the garbage pile. No, remember? She said she didn't want to have anything to do with it. She told us to just get what we could for it. She said there was nothing she wanted.

This guy was supposed to be rich? What the hell did he spend his money on, 'cause it sure wasn't this place or his stuff?

Yeah, he was some kind of old recluse-skinflint. Hard to believe someone like

that could be related to her, right? Hey, do you think she'd mind if I took this bed? My daughter's moving into her first apartment and needs one. It's not an antique, or anything, so I doubt we'd get much for it anyway.

Nah, I'm sure it's fine. She said to take what we wanted. And besides, she doesn't want anything to do with the place. I'm going to take that globe in the old guy's den or office for my sister's kid.

The men went downstairs and entered his office. What were they doing in his office? No one was allowed in there.

What about all these books?

Toss 'em. You can't get anything for books. The man who spoke began pulling all his books from the shelves and tossing them into a laundry cart on wheels. We might be able to get something for this desk. I'll call the furniture guy.

Sir stood by his head and pressed a latex-clad finger against the center of his forehead, just between his eyes. A mist swirled before him in the dark. He seemed to be standing and walking along, but he couldn't feel the ground beneath his feet. Sir held his hand. She had long since stopped speaking inside his head. She led him through high grass and he realized he was still naked as he felt the dew cling to his legs as he walked.

Soon they stopped and all was quiet. A chill began to seep into his bones. "Where are we, Sir," he asked with trepidation. "What do you want to show me." He shrank back against her but she pushed him forward and with a hand on his head, she pushed him down into a kneeling position. Ebenezer shook with both cold and fear. Being with the other spirits had been an adventure, sometimes scary, sometimes fun, but he hadn't feared for his life. And right now, he felt a foreboding, as if things had gone from bad to worse.

"What is this place?"

"Look." The word was whispered inside his mind.

"No, Sir. Please don't make me."

"Look."

“I don’t want to see. Please. Have pity, Sir.”

She placed her hand on his head and it burned. The heat quickly spread throughout his body. It felt as if every nerve was on fire. The pain was excruciating and he wailed. “Look, you miserable worm and see what will become of you.”

Ebenezer’s eyes slowly rose and a plain tombstone came into view. An unearthly light shone down on it. It said Ebenezer Scarlet. That was all. Nothing else. The ground was clearly unkempt, covered in tall weeds and rocks. He even saw a used condom tossed thoughtlessly by the side of the stone.

“Spirit, what is this.”

“I told you to call me Sir, not spirit. You can’t even get that right.” She pressed harder on his head and now it was as though he’d been plunged into the East River in December. He began to shiver and his teeth chattered.

“Sir, please. No, this cannot be. Elise would never stand for this.”

“Elise grew tired of trying to love you. It’s a lot of work trying to love someone who does not want your love and constantly pushes you away. It’s exhausting. And tell the truth: you didn’t deserve her love, did you?”

“Sir, it’s not true. I didn’t push her away. I loved Elise. I love Elise. Surely this can’t be? I’m a different man now. Surely this can’t be my future. I’ve changed, you know I’ve changed! I’m not the same man I was. Please give me another chance. Are these visions of things that are, or can the images you’ve shown me be changed?”

“Worm. Enough.”

As her voice entered his head, he found himself in his bedroom once again, still being actively fucked anally and orally by Sir’s minions. The leatherman in his mouth withdrew completely, followed by strings of saliva, and the leatherman in his ass withdrew, leaving his hole grasping at empty air.

Ebenezer couldn’t believe how large both men were, looking at the glistening evidence of the two cocks he’d swallowed, right before his eyes. The men backed away a bit, slowly jacking their cocks as their mirrored lenses stared

blankly at Ebenezer.

He worked his jaw, trying to loosen it back up from the locked position it had been forced into for so long. As he worked it, and began to swallow, feeling the soreness in his throat, he wondered just how much time had elapsed. In one way, it felt entirely too short a period, and he wished the men had continued, and in another way the fucking had seemed to go on forever, fucking being an apt word for what he had just experienced.

“It’s been fun, worm.”

This time, he was sure he actually heard her speak, and not just inside his head. He saw her eyes turn up in cruel delight as she snapped her fingers and she and her minions disappeared and he lay, panting in bed.

Christmas Eve

Ebenezer awoke to sun streaming through the crack in his curtains. He was still in bed, with his head at the foot and his legs at the head. His cock still bound, his nipples still clamped and still dressed in the rubber pants. He reached down to lightly finger his balls and found them to be tight and very sensitive to his touch. His hand moved up his shaft and he felt the cord dig into his erection.

Had he really had an erection all night long? It seemed impossible, but the empirical evidence couldn’t lie. But that also meant it was all real. Everything he remembered had actually happened. He hadn’t dreamt it all. But how? How could something like that be real? And even more curiously, is this truly who he was? If so, he’d certainly wasted his life and now, he realized, it was drawing to a close.

He sat up in bed, every muscle aching and his cock throbbing. He climbed from the bed and hobbled into the bathroom. His dressing mirror showed a man with multiple bruises on his legs. He turned around and saw even more on the back of his thighs. Sir had meant to make an impact on him, and she certainly had.

Ebenezer was even more fascinated with the latex pants with which Maitresse

had gifted him. He gazed at the way the firm rubber split and opened him, keeping him ready and available. He explored the rim of the garment tentatively with his index finger, feeling the slight vibration from just that slight touch transferred to his interior. It made his cock jump again in its bonds.

He gently grasped the ends of the blue bow sitting above his balls and pulled, the tug making him wince, but as he unwrapped his balls and began to unwrap his cock, his wince became a deep groan. His cock remained hard and the red weals left by the cord stood out in stark contrast as they crisscrossed his shaft. He explored them with his finger and felt his balls strain even more. The recently reacquired feeling of being on the verge of coming returned. He had to come or he might explode. Who knew what being held in priapic stasis for so long would do to a man, but it couldn't be healthy.

First, he removed the clamps squeezing his nipples. His cock jumped with the sensation of blood returning to them and he screamed. The pain was intense. Ebenezer covered his poor, dented nipples with his palms and pressed on them. It didn't really help, but in time the pain began to recede.

He grasped his cock, but the pressure was too hard. He backed off and circled the indentations made by the cord. Round and round and up to tease the head and back to trace the weals and over and over again. His ministrations seemed to be bringing him closer and closer to the edge, but not fast enough for his liking. He wanted the pressure to lift. He wanted to come and be done with it. Tears welled in his eyes from the frustration. What to do? What to do.

His hand shook as he slid the palm over his latex-covered hip, around his buttocks, and reached down and back, inserting his index finger, once more, inside his opening. This time he used more pressure and brushed his digit over the still lube-slicked walls, creating a higher sense of urgency in his balls. One finger wouldn't do it; he was too open. He removed the index finger and put it together with his middle finger and entered himself again. This time, as he fucked himself with his fingers and teased his cock, he could feel the hydraulics of his over-stimulated balls begin to work as his come rushed up and through his cock, exploding against the open lid of the toilet.

He couldn't remember coming with that much enthusiasm in years; perhaps he'd never come with that much oomph. It was a revelation to him. The whole night had been a revelation.

He walked back into his bedroom and drew back the curtains. The sun was shining brightly and a woman with a cart full of cans was rummaging through his garbage cans. He opened the window to a blast of cold air. It made his sore nipples crinkle and erect, stirring his cock again. No, he whispered to himself. Not now. Later for that.

“Hey, lady,” he yelled, “what’s today.”

She looked up at him, shading her eyes to find him. “It’s Thursday,” she yelled back and continued rummaging.

“But what day is it?”

“Whadaya mean what day is it? It’s December 24th, Christmas Eve. Where’ve you been?” she yelled. Leaving the lid of his garbage can askew, she muttered, “...bunch of crazy fuckin’ people in this fuckin’ city. What day is it. Crazy,” she said as she wandered down the block, having found no cans in his garbage. As he watched, the lid blew off the can.

Ebenezer ducked his head back inside and closed the window. “Fantastic! Outstanding!” he said aloud. He looked around his room, from the rumpled bed, to the dressing table, to the door and back to the window. “Dressed. I must get dressed. Shower! First I must have a shower. The spirits! They did it all in one night. Amazing!” He waddled back into the bathroom. He looked at the toilet and laughed. “I should clean this up. I will clean this up. Later. First a shower.”

He ran the water and climbed into the tub with his rubber pants on. Somehow he knew it would be easier to remove them in the tub. And, of course, he could clean them there, too. He began to roll them down from his waist and they caught a bit where the stent pressed into him, keeping him open. As it popped out of his anus, he came again. He hadn’t even realized he was still hard. The spirits had given him a better understanding of who he was and now he understood the old adage of “youth being wasted on the young” on a very personal level. He also knew he had to change and he had to change now, even if becoming a better person didn’t change his ultimate outcome. What was the sense in making other people miserable if it only served to make himself miserable at the same time?

He finished showering and washing out the rubber pants, then inspected himself in the mirror again. The bruises were becoming even more pronounced. He

found he liked that; it gave him a certain sense of accomplishment. Christmas Eve, he thought. What to do first. He wouldn't call Elise, no, he'd just show up and surprise her. After all, she'd said he should just come over if he changed his mind. But he had to go shopping. He needed gifts.

Closing the gate behind him, it groaned and shifted partially off the top hinge and refused to close all the way. He looked at it, rusted and chipped. "December 26 I will find someone to fix that." As he looked back at his house, he muttered, "...and repaint, too."

He hailed a cab to Bloomingdales and marveled at the city decorated for the season. It had been transformed. There was a definite sense of cheer in the air. People smiled to themselves and at each other as they bustled along, loaded down with bags and packages. The stores were crowded to bursting with shoppers and he thought he might be overwhelmed, but he managed to survive.

He started in the kitchen section. It was seeing the bright and shiny Kitchen Aide mixers that he thought of Mrs. Greenbrier and the birthday cake she'd made him.

"Excuse me, Miss," he called to a sales woman. "I'd like to purchase some items and have them wrapped and couriered over to an address in Brooklyn today. Would that be possible?"

"Yes, sir," she said. "But it will cost extra. It's Christmas Eve, you know."

"Of course my dear woman, exactly right. That's why it must be delivered today! Cost is no matter." He felt a twinge when he said that last part. He'd never said anything like that before. It actually felt good to say that—great, in fact, and he smiled at her. Together, they picked out a red mixer, a full set of All Clad cookware, including a big roasting pan, a few Le Cruset casseroles and the latest in bakeware. "I'd also like to send a fresh turkey. Do you know how I can do that."

"Yes, sir, I can order that for you."

"It has to arrive today, though."

"Yes, sir, of course. Will there be anything else?"

"Yes, there will be lots more." He gave her the address and completed his

purchase.

“Lots more,” he said as he waved and left the store. “Barnes and Noble,” he thought. “The boy likes to read. Maybe he’d want one of those computer things. No, I’ll get him a gift certificate and he can get whatever he wants. And then I’ll get him a real computer. Ha ha, yes, that’s what I’ll do.”

Hours later, loaded down with bags, boxes, giftwrap and ribbon, he arrived home in a taxi. It had felt good to spend money, especially spending it on other people. He had no idea why he’d never done it before. What a grumpy old goat he’d been. “Well, no more,” he thought. “I’m turning over a new leaf.” He tuned the radio to a station playing Christmas songs and began to wrap his packages. He had to hurry if he was to get everything wrapped and himself dressed and over to Queens in time for dinner.

* * *

Mrs. Greenbrier heard a knock on her door. She opened it to find the delivery man from Bloomingdales, with a hand truck laden with wrapped packages. “I’m sure you have the wrong address, sir,” she said.

“You Lucile Greenbrier?”

“Um, yes, I am, but I’m sure there must be some sort of mistake. I didn’t order any of this and I can’t pay for it.”

“It’s already paid for, lady. Where do you want it?” he said.

“Oh, okay, well, I guess over there.” She pointed to the dining room table. The delivery man began piling gaily wrapped boxes on the table. “But where is this from?”

“Bloomingdales, lady. Just a minute,” he said, “there’s one more thing in the truck. I’ll be right back.”

“But who sent it?” she called after him. He either didn’t hear, or just ignored her.

He returned in a moment with a white canvas bag and handed it to her. She reached for her purse.

“No, ma’am. The tip’s taken care of. I was specifically told not to collect one from you. Merry Christmas,” he said, and left her standing in her apartment.

Jimmy came out of his bedroom, carrying a book. “Gramma, what’s all this,” he asked.

“I don’t know, honey.” She opened the canvas bag. “But this is a beautiful turkey.” She found a place for it in the refrigerator. “It looks like we’ll be having a real Christmas feast.”

* * *

Ebenezer didn’t know what Uber was but he remembered the executive car service he’d used in business. He called the number and was happy to find they were still around. He ordered a car and driver for 6:00, which gave him just enough time to walk over to the Chinese restaurant he usually ordered from.

The old delivery man was just leaving the restaurant, loaded down with bags for delivery, when Ebenezer stopped him. The man looked at him and backed up. “No, no, I don’t have food for you. You not call here. You go inside.”

“Sir, no, I just wanted to apologize for my behavior and bring you this.” He handed a bill to the old man. “I’m sorry,” he said and turned around and headed back home.

The man looked to see what he’d been handed and was shocked to find a crisp \$100 bill.

* * *

The car arrived at precisely 7:00 and the driver helped him carry all the gifts to the elevator, and then to the apartment. Ebenezer rang the bell and a little girl, who looked so very much like his sister had at that age, opened the door.

“Mom!”

“What is it, Becky? I’m busy in the kitchen.”

“There’s a man here with presents.”

“Oh, for crying out loud. Jack, would you please go and see who’s at the door?”

Elise’s husband came to the door, carrying a glass of beer. “Oh, Uncle Eben, um...Elise, I think you’d better come here.” Eben, Jack and the driver stood in the door, looking at each other.

“Who is it? You know I’m trying to finish the goose.” Elise came to the door, wiping her hands on a kitchen towel. “Oh, Uncle Eben, you came! Well, don’t just stand there. Jack, invite him in. What’s all this?” she asked, indicating the driver, laden down with packages.

“It’s Christmas, Elise! You know that.”

After a tentative handshake, Harry and Ebenezer shared a glass of holiday cheer and memories of Rebecca. Ebenezer told him how much he liked Harry’s paintings. As dinner wound down, they made plans to get together after the holidays.

* * *

The week between Christmas and New Year’s Day, Ebenezer called Mrs. Greenbrier and asked if she’d consider taking her old job back, at a substantial raise in pay, along with accommodations on the third floor of the house for both Jimmy and her. The schools in his neighborhood were better, he said.

* * *

The day after Christmas, a very large anonymous donation was made to the Riverside Avenue Presbyterian Church Food Pantry.

* * *

Ebenezer kept the black latex pants hidden at the back of his underwear drawer, along with the nipple clamps, weights, blue cord, and the rubber gag. While he couldn't quite bring himself to put them on, he took great pleasure in stroking the slick rubber and running his fingers over the nipple clamps and the cord, remembering his evening with the spirits. He found he had no problem getting hard anymore and could easily make himself come with little effort, just thinking about Maitresse or Sir or her minions. Indeed, candy canes now had a singular effect on him. He couldn't help buying them whenever he ran across them in a store.

* * *

Slowly, Ebenezer started to get out in the world again, first by taking walks around his neighborhood, and later venturing onto the subway to visit other areas of the city. It was on one of these trips, sitting in Bryant Park, enjoying a light lunch, that he saw a woman who reminded him of that night before Christmas. He wasn't sure what it was about her; perhaps it was her bearing, the turn of her head, the slight haughtiness of expression, but he found himself following her as she left the park. He didn't want her to think he was a stalker, but he couldn't help wanting to know where she went.

He followed her to a building in the mid-30s and watched her disappear inside. Shortly after she'd gone, he ducked inside and asked the super about her.

“Yes, she works at the place on the fifth floor,” he said. “Some kind of kinky sex place, you know, with babes in leather and stuff. They ain’t hookers, or anything, you know. At least I don’t think they are. They just do that stuff where they beat guys, and stuff.”

“What’s the place called,” Ebenezer asked. “I’m just curious, you know.”

“Sure buddy,” the man said with a half wink. “I think it’s called The Emporium of something. You can look it up online.”

Ebenezer went home and searched for The Emporium. He couldn’t find anything with that name, other than a toy store in Queens. He widened his search to add dominatrix and midtown and finally found the address again. The establishment was called The Elysian.

On his second appointment, he brought everything the spirits had left with him. His new mistress, the woman he’d followed, was completely delighted with his equipment and, over the months that followed, made excellent use of it, often adding other items to his collection. She required him to call her Maitresse, as well, though she was not French and was definitely no magical spirit, although she was certainly able to magically transform his life.

* * *

Ebenezer Scarlet changed his life from less than nothing to joy and then transformed his house from an eyesore to a showplace. Every year, he decorated with a big tree, lots of pine garlands, wreathes, bows and millions of tiny white lights. Carolers were invited inside for cider and children were given gifts and candy. Everyone agreed that Ebenezer Scarlet knew how to keep Christmas. So much so, that neighborhood people began wishing each other a “Scarlet Christmas.” You may have heard the expression. In fact, you may hear people all over the city wish you a Scarlet Christmas.

About the Author

D. L. King would like to lie around, doing nothing, but instead, she spends far too much time in front of the computer. Her favorite things include barbecuing in her postage-stamp sized garden and using electricity inappropriately on unsuspecting partners. She is the editor of thirteen erotic anthologies, so far, among them a Lambda Literary Award finalist and a winner, two IPPY gold medallists and two silver medallists, an NLA-I John Preston Short Story award and a Golden Flogger award. Her short stories can be found in about eighty anthologies and her collection of femdom short stories, *Her Wish is Your Command*, was published by Riverdale Avenue Books. She is also the author of two novels of female domination and male submission, *The Melinoe Project* and *The Art of Melinoe*. Find out more at dlkingerotica.blogspot.com and www.dlkingeortica.co .

Other Riverdale Avenue Books

By DL King

[*Her Wish is Your Command*](#)

Other Riverdale Avenue Book You Might

Enjoy for the Holidays

[*Hot for Winter by Trinity Blacio*](#)

[*Whips and Chains and Candy Canes by Faith Bicknell Brown*](#)

[*Her Three Men by Trinity Blacio*](#)

[*Wrapped Around Your Handlebars by Ana Lee Kennedy*](#)

[*Wedding Bells Times Four*](#)

[*Book One of the Virgin Witch and the Vampire King Series by Trinity Blacio*](#)

Holiday Smut 2014, Edited by Lori Perkins