

A Sexy MILF for
Santa's Helper

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"Mmmmmmm, that's it," I purred as I felt her tongue bathe the stiff nubbin with her hot saliva. I could tell by her soft moans of pleasure as she worshipped me that this MILF was really loving this. And with what she was doing to me with those magical lips and tongue of hers, I definitely had no complaints either. "If you keep this up, I might let you get me off twice." Her mature eyes flicked up to mine and I saw the lustful desire within her. "Would you like that?" I asked teasingly. With her mouth still plastered to my throbbing pussy, she nodded eagerly, excitement building in her eyes. "Good, then get back to work." She pressed herself closer and I felt her lips drawing gently on my erect red clit as her tongue rolled all around it in a slow teasing circle. I leaned back, my young hands holding her head close against my thrumming twat as I let her do what she had come for, my mind going back to what had happened just a short time ago...

My name's Tanya, I'm an 18-year old high school senior. I'm about 5'4" tall and with a curvy little figure packed into about 115 lbs. I've got shoulder length golden blonde hair and a pretty face; at least I've been told so since I was little. Like I said, I've got a curvy body with a pronounced hourglass figure, including a nice round behind, slim waist and a full set of 34Ds. I have to admit I like to show off my body by wearing tight clothes that accentuate my best attributes; especially my full heavy breasts and round behind.

A few weeks back I landed a part-time job at our local mall as one of Santa's helpers. You know, those young girls dressed up in elf-like costumes that escort the kiddies when they come up to sit on Santa's lap.

They had a new woman in the mall admin office who told me she'd trashed the old outfits they'd had and ordered new ones specifically for the girls they hired. So I had to give her my sizes, even including my shoe size. The costumes had been ordered and I got a call to pick mine up a few days prior to the opening day of "Santa's Visit". When I got the outfit home and tried it on, I couldn't believe how sexy I looked in it.

The vivid red dress was made of a stretchy fabric that fit me like a second skin. The bodice and long sleeves clung deliciously to every luscious curve and trim line as it formed to my curvy 18-year old body. The dress hugged my slim waist tightly before a little flounced skirt portion ended just a couple of inches below my pussy. The bottom edge had the usual white furry trim around it that you would expect from a Christmas getup. I think on some of the other girls, the

hem would have fallen a little lower on their thighs, but my porch-like round behind caused it to end higher on mine; not that I minded, like the rest of my body, I was proud of my strong young thighs.

The top of the dress had a warm turtleneck collar that seemed befitting of an elf, but it was the way the smooth tight material showed off my full round tits that really made the dress so perfect. I turned from side to side in profile and a grin spread over my face as I could readily see the outline of the lacy underwire bra I was wearing under it. With the dress leaving so little to the imagination, I knew I had to be selective on what type of bra I chose to wear underneath. I reached up and tentatively tweaked my nipples, and as I'd thought, it didn't take long for the shadows cast by my big stiffening nipples to become readily apparent with this type of tight clinging fabric.

The outfit came with a pair of matching red opaque tights. I was so glad the color matched the dress perfectly and wasn't some cartoonish green color. The box also contained a little red Santa hat we were expected to wear, again with the furry white trim around the bottom.

The thing that really made the costume so hot though was the boots they gave us to wear. I was expecting some stupid little shoes with curvy toes and bells on them, but when I opened the second box, my mouth gaped open as I pulled out a pair of soft black leather buccaneer-type boots that came a few inches over my knee, with the little slit at the top of the back. I pulled them on over the tights and they fit perfectly, a nice 3" heel giving the whole outfit a wickedly

sexy look. I looked in the mirror and smiled at the "Santa's Helper meets dominatrix" image looking back at me. Man, I definitely looked hot. I wondered how it would go over with the public.

I reported for work on opening day and we met with the woman who'd hired us. There were going to be two of us working at a time, one on each side of Santa, alternating in escorting kids up to see the big guy. We would work for two hours, then have an hour break, and then work another two hours. The partner on my first shift was a girl name Jane, a plain-looking plump little thing who I found out had a mom who worked in one of the mall's stores. Santa was some older guy who actually had a real white beard and white hair. The woman who'd hired me told me he had actually gone to some Santa school and was really good, and she followed this by an eye-roll as she mentioned something about how much it was costing her to have him.

We took our spots on the raised dais with a lot of bell-ringing and "Ho Ho Ho's" from Santa, who instructed the waiting kids to form two lines in front of Santa's Helpers. The parents shuffled their kids into makeshift rows and I looked out over the smiling eager faces. I scanned the long lines and noticed that the one in front of me had a lot of families but also a number of single dads with their kids. I looked over at Jane's line and saw that there were a similar number of families, but for kids with a single parent, the moms had lined up over there.

I smiled to myself as I realized it was the outfit, and who was wearing it, that had been the incentive for this noticeable demarcation.

Basically we all knew what they were asking us teenage girls to do was to be there as eye-candy for the parents. I'm sure some girls would have felt it was sexist thing to do, but I had no qualms about showing off my lush young body, especially as I needed the job.

The kids started coming up to see Santa, with me assisting them. I had to admit, this Santa was good, and the real beard definitely helped. While Santa was doing his bit with the kids, the single dads were eager to hang around me and most of them openly flirted. I smiled and played along, letting them get a good look at my tits and bum, but never did anything out of line. I definitely didn't want to lose this job. As a high school student and with Christmas coming, I really needed the cash. So I kept smiling and posing with one hip or the other slightly thrust out as little one after little one came up and had their turn with Santa. After about an hour and half, I was looking forward to my break.

After placing one squirming little rascal on Santa's lap, I looked further down the line to see who was coming up. About three groups down, I saw a gorgeous woman staring right at me. At first glance, she reminded me of Connie Britton, the sexy actress who'd played the coach's wife on the TV show 'Friday Night Lights'. She looked to be in her mid-thirties and was exquisitely dressed. The long beautiful coat she was wearing must have cost a fortune. She was taller than me and had long reddish hair, beautiful facial features, vivid green eyes and full soft-looking lips. Her coat was open and I could see the makings of a nice full set of breasts beneath a gorgeous emerald-green sweater she was wearing. My eyes travelled downwards to see a black business-like pencil skirt following the line of her long legs downward until it ended just above her knees. There was a small gap

at her dimpled knees before a sexy pair of black suede high-heeled boots covered her shapely legs the rest of the way down. From head to toe, her clothes looked very expensive, and she looked incredibly beautiful in everything she was wearing.

My mind took all this in within seconds, but as I looked up I saw her eyes roving over my own body hungrily, and as her gaze seemed to zero in on my sumptuous chest, her tongue slid out of her mouth unconsciously and wet her pouty red lips. Obviously, she really liked what she was looking at. Seeming to catch herself, her eyes flicked up to mine and I saw a nervous yet excited look there, knowing that I had caught her staring. I gave her a knowing smile in return as I provocatively turned from side to side, showing her my sizable tits in profile. I saw her face flush pink as she reached down and nudged her two small children to move forward in the line.

She stepped nervously onto the raised platform when it was their turn, ushering a boy and a girl, probably only 4 and 5, towards me.

"Would you two like to go see Santa together," I asked them as I kneeled down in front of them. They both nodded, big smiles on their faces. I picked up one at a time and set them on Santa's lap.

"They're so cute," I said as I stepped back next to the attractive woman and let her see my eyes blatantly roam over her succulent form. "They must take after their mother."

"Thank you," she replied, blushing.

"My name's Tanya." I held out my hand which she took nervously.

"I'm Erica," she replied, extending her own delicate hand. I held hers firmly in mine after we shook, my fingertips gently tracing around the base of her palm. She looked at me, unsure of what was happening.

"Erica, I saw you looking at me while you were in line."

She looked more nervous now, like a kid getting caught with their hand in the cookie jar. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that....well.....you're....you're very pretty." I watched her flush again as she said this, wondering if I'd be upset with her.

"Well, thank you. That's very kind of you to say that." I reached forward with my other hand and clasped hers in both of mine, as if I was comforting her as we spoke. What everyone couldn't see was the way I slid the fingertips of one hand along the inside of her palm and up over her smooth wrist. "You know where the babysitting area is right?"

"Yes?" she replied, a look of both nervousness and excitement lurking in her eyes. Based on what I'd seen on her face when she'd been watching me before; and now with that wickedly interested look in her eyes, I decided to reach for the brass ring. Still holding her hand as if I was comforting her, I leaned close and breathed warmly into her ear. I felt a shiver go through her before whispering,

"I get my break in about fifteen minutes. I want you to take your kids to the babysitting area, and then meet me in the family washroom at the back end of the second floor.....knock twice."

I heard her gasp as I stepped back and released her hand. Santa had just finished up with her children and I gave each one a candy cane and then passed them back to her. She seemed somewhat shaken as she stepped down off the platform while I brought the next child over to Santa. I turned back to see her disappearing into the crowd, a slow knowing smile crossing my face....she was headed in the direction of the mall babysitting area.

The next fifteen minutes seemed to last hours, but eventually Santa gave the high sign and the security staff cordoned off the area. I took the escalator to the upper level and walked calmly to the big family rest-room set off down a little hallway near the back end. This washroom was quite nice compared to most public washrooms, with nicer fixtures and softer lighting. Similar to washrooms on airplanes, it also had a little "OCCUPIED" sign that showed outside when the door was locked.

I went in, locked the door and pulled off the high boots. Reaching beneath the tight little dress, I took off both the red tights and my panties and placed them on one of the hooks on the back of the door. As I'd drawn off the tights and my panties, I could feel how wet my pussy already was. I then pulled the sexy boots back on, knowing from the hungry look I'd seen on Erica's face earlier that she'd loved the dominant look the boots gave me. I wanted to make sure she kept

seeing me in that light. And if she reacted as I thought she would, I'd be the one getting totally satisfied in the end.

"KNOCK.....KNOCK." Two knocks.....good, just as I'd asked. I opened the door and she took a furtive look back along the hallway before stepping inside. I quickly shut and locked the door behind her.

"I.....I.....I shouldn't be here," she whispered nervously.

"It's okay, Erica. I know what you really want. And to get it, you need to be here. Don't worry; nobody's ever going to know." She looked at me anxiously, unsure of what was happening, yet I could see that she was tremendously excited. "Take your coat off." She slid out of her beautiful expensive coat and hung it on one of the hooks before turning back to me, wringing her hands nervously beneath her nice set of tits. They certainly looked good in that tight emerald-green sweater of hers, and I could see her stiff nipples poking at the front of the form-fitting material already, evidence of the desire rising within her.

"What.....what are you going to do to me?" she asked anxiously.

I stepped over and sat down on the toilet seat lid and leaned back against the tank. "It's not what I'm going to do to you," I said teasingly as I let my legs slowly start to drift open to each side, "it's what you're going to do to me."

I watched her mouth gape open as the creamy whiteness of my smooth inner thighs came into view. I let my legs roll further open, the hem of the short little dress rising higher and higher on the tops of my thighs. I knew from where the bottom of the hem was that from where she was standing, she'd now be able to clearly see the lower part of my wet shaved pussy.

"This is what you want, isn't it?" I asked as I took one bright red fingernail and teasingly traced a line up along my glistening pink slit. She just stood and stared in awe, her breath coming now in ragged little gasps. I was happy to see her nipples had gotten even harder, the dark shadows being cast on her tight sweater looking incredibly erotic. I could tell by the look on her face now that she'd do whatever I wanted, but she needed me to instruct her to actually get her started.

"Bring that pretty mouth of yours down here and eat me until I tell you to stop."

I heard a sharp intake of breath as she gasped at my firm words, but her feet moved forwards, her willing body being drawn magnetically to my steaming wet cunt. She lowered herself to her knees between my spread thighs, her eyes never leaving my gooey snatch as I traced one blood-red fingernail provocatively up and down the shiny pink slit. I watched her lick her lips in anticipation as she put her soft hands on the insides of my smooth thighs and brought her mouth to my needy hot flesh.

"Oh yeah, that's a good girl," I said softly to this woman who was probably twice my age as her tongue slid upwards over the soft pink petals of my dripping labia. She moaned as the succulent flavor of my oozing nectar settled on her tongue. She lowered her mouth and slipped her tongue right up between the soft folds of flesh lining my hot little box. She was softly moaning and groaning as she really started to get into it, her tongue and lips eagerly licking and sucking at my weeping teenage cunt.....which takes me back to the start of this story.....

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glistening with my juices, her beautiful wet lips slightly parted as she continued gasping for air.

"Come over here, girl," I repeated a little firmer this time, "I've got somewhere else that needs your attention." I leaned forwards and spread my booted feet further apart as I arched my back, the position immediately drawing attention to my curvy bottom. I watched her look hungrily at my succulent young body as her eyes followed the long lines of the tall sexy boots upwards towards my round lush bum.

"Mmmmmmm," she gave off a soft moan of pleasure as she quickly crawled behind me and placed her hands beneath the back of the short skirt. I felt her flip it up so it gave her complete access to my warm soft behind. She seemed as eager as I was as her hands rubbed smoothly over my curvy pink cheeks before she pulled them slightly to each side. Her warm breath felt wickedly sinful as she brought her mouth between the parted cheeks and slid her long tongue over my little pink rosebud.

"Yeah, that's it," I praised her as I reached back with one hand and pulled her head harder against my waiting hole. She didn't need any forcing as she plastered her mouth flush up against the wrinkled starfish as her tongue pushed a big gob of saliva over the tight hole, the warm fluid deliciously bathing my most private of areas. She circled the restricting opening again and again, her warm lips nestled right up against me.

"Oh yeah, that's it," I said with a soft moan as I relaxed the tight ring and felt her searching tongue slide deep inside the hot chute. It felt incredible as she feathered her tongue deep inside me, the hot tissues lining my bum tingling from the magical pleasures her lancing tongue was causing within me.

"Oh fuck, you're good," I cooed as she sucked and licked at my hot back door. Her tongue licked along the full length of my hot crevice before she once again seared her lips against the tender opening and slipped her probing tongue back deep inside. It felt so fantastic, I thought I was gonna pass out. She had me so turned on, I knew I had to cum fast.

"That is so fucking good, but I need your pretty mouth back here," I said as I pushed her mouth away from my backside and turned around. I grabbed her head and pulled her mouth back into my dripping snatch as I leaned back against the change table. She eagerly glued her lips back onto my weeping little box, her beautiful talented tongue sliding up the full length of my gushing trench before locking onto my pulsing clit.

"Yesssssssssss," I hissed as she sucked and nipped at the fiery red spire. After what she'd done with her tongue deep in my ass, I was all primed and this was all it took to send me over the edge. "OH FUCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," I groaned loudly as my second climax hit me. I pulled her face tight against me as I rocked back and forth, grinding myself against her beautiful mature face. I came and came as she kept licking and sucking at the sensitive

pulsing nubbin at the top of my gushing cunt. I was quivering and shaking as I held on to her head, afraid I might collapse if I let go.

"MMMMM.....MMMMM.....MMMMMMMM....." I heard her gasping herself as a nerve-shattering orgasm shot through her too. I could feel her jerking and twitching beneath me, but she never relinquished the hold her mouth had on my throbbing clit as the delicious tingling contractions of her much-needed release coursed through her lush mature body.

"Oh fuck, that mouth of yours is so good," I moaned softly as the last heavenly tremors of my climax rolled over me. She lowered her mouth back down to my gushing slit, and I heard that sinfully hot wet mucky sound as she licked and lapped up my flowing juices. I looked down at her pretty face, her eyes closed in bliss as she continued to feast on my oozing nectar. Totally satisfied, I let her nurse at my dripping labia for another minute or two as my racing heart-rate slowly returned to normal.

"Give my clit one more kiss, I've gotta get back to work," I said as I finally let go of her head, my fingers trailing softly through her silky red hair. She licked upwards until I felt her lips wrap gently around my sensitive pink organ. She sucked softly, her pursed lips drawing tenderly on the hard little spire. I closed my eyes, thinking I could stay here all day with her mouth pleasuring me, but I had to get back or risk losing this job. I'd gotten what I wanted from her; that was all that mattered.

"Okay, you've had enough," I said as I pushed her away from me. She stayed there on her knees as I quickly pulled off my long boots and put my panties and tights back on. I looked down at her as I slipped my feet back into the boots, her glistening face watching me hungrily as I drew them all the way up to my firm thighs.

I knew I had really gushed when she made me cum, and I could see it all over her face. Her smooth skin was covered with a shiny coating of my juices, and I could even see it matting her hair in some places. She was breathing raggedly as I stepped up to her and ran a finger along her soft wet lips. I slipped my finger into her mouth and she closed her mouth around it compliantly, her soft lips and tongued sucking softly at the welcome intruder. Her eyes were closed as she blissfully sucked, I'm sure she was hoping to convince me to stay for more. She was good alright, and I would have liked to use that beautiful mouth of hers more, but I had to get back.

"Thanks Erica, you were great," I said as I reluctantly pulled my finger from her mouth with a resounding 'POP'. I stepped over to the door and unlocked it. I opened it and took a quick look outside to make sure we were still alone. She was still kneeling there, her eyes watching me with adoration as she slid one hand beneath her tight black skirt, her fingers in search of her tingling needy cunt. I stepped outside and turned back, saying one more thing to her before closing the door to leave her to finish pleasuring herself, "I'll be sure to tell Santa you've been very naughty. You never know, maybe he'll bring you your own little plaything for Christmas."