





Cruel Christmas Tails

By

Hope Red

A Collection of Short Scenes involving Characters in the Series'

Rear Awakenings

&

Awakened Bottoms

Hope Red Copyright © 2020

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner without the express permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Adult content inside. Not intended for anyone under 18 to read.

All characters in this novel are entirely fictitious and as are any of the actions they perform, both sexual and non-sexual. All characters are over 18. Any likeness to anyone living or dead is entirely coincidental, as are any likenesses to events or locations. All acts of a sexual nature in this novel are not necessarily condoned or recommended by the author and readers must use their own discretion.

The cover art and model have no association with the material in this book and do not condone or endorse any of the work within. The author does not condone any thoughts, beliefs or viewpoints expressed in this book.

All media rights reserved. Any offers of movie or media collaborations would be considered on a case-by-case basis.

Check out me out on Patreon for monthly free books, exclusive stories, updates
and for contacting.

patreon.com/hopered

BITCH ELVES

It was meant to be the most wonderful time of the year and for some people it was. For Chloe and Hannah though it was just another excuse for Jenny to humiliate and dominate them both.

This was their first Christmas as asswhores and the woman that owned their eighteen-year-old bodies was in the holiday mood.

The bells tingled on her nipples as she leaned in, her tongue pressing wetly with firm, heavy laps as she knelt and did one of the things that girl's like her had to do pretty much every day... usually several times.

Emily's idea of placing mistletoe around the house had been one that Jenny had loved. But just like everything else that surrounded her, her mistress had turned what was once innocent into something perverse and lust-filled.

A sprig had been hung in every room of the large house giving an excuse for Jenny or her best friend Emily to curl a finger over to whichever girl was nearest to come over and for a 'kiss'.

Chloe pushed her tongue in and out, her face pressed deep in between the round butt cheeks. She gripped the bare hips in front of her and made her whole head bob back and forth as her stiffened tongue entered the puckered pink hole.

Their mistress had decided that Chloe and Hannah would dress as elves for the

holidays and for the past week they had worn the humiliating costumes as she did now and obediently ate the asshole of a woman twice her age.

It consisted of red and white stripy stockings that went up to the start of her butt cheeks, an undersized green jacket that was too small to even close and hide her naked breasts and a green hat with a bobble on top that flopped about on the soft conical felt as she moved about, all served to demean and embarrass. Then there were the bells and the ears.

Jenny had decided to use body glue pointy plastic earpieces onto both her and Hannah's head. Not only did they serve to add to the look but also managed to chafe and rub when the girls tried to sleep at night.

The bells were driving her mad. They tingled if she so much as breathed heavily. Both her and Hannah had them attached on either side of their pussy lips and to their nipples with a locked piercing clamp.

Hannah had been pierced down there for a while but Chloe had been treated to it as an early Christmas present from Jenny and now had two small steel rings through her inner labia that the annoying jingle bells had been hung from.

Her impossibly round butt stuck out behind her as she thrust her tongue in deep, tasting the familiar flavour. Two hands came round and grabbed the back of her head, pressing her in even deeper so that all she could breathe was the heavy, intoxicating scent of the woman's holes.

“Oh, that's it. Deeper. Oh fuck yeah. You're such a dirty little slut.”

It was true and Chloe knew it. Being who she was had made her one of the dirtiest lesbian anal sluts on the planet and she'd stick her tongue up any woman's asshole if it meant getting those electrifying tingles racing through her body as she sucked and slurped. This one was no different to the dozens of assholes she'd placed her full lips around, at least that what she told herself.

"You're so good at eating ass. Mmm, I feel like I'm about to cum."

"Room for two more under the mistletoe?" Jenny chuckled the question as she pushed Hannah unceremoniously down behind Chloe so that she almost bounced off of her friend's back then knelt there with her breast bells jingling as they brushed over Chloe's elf jacket.

"Thank you, Mistress", Hannah sighed as Jenny sneered and pulled Chloe out of the warm, tasty butt she had dutifully continued to munch away at, knowing better than to stop to see if Hannah was alright.

Dressed in a garish Christmas jumper and tight red bodycon leggings, Jenny Harper bent her tall frame over and smiled cruelly, admiring her pretty possession's face with her fox-like eyes.

"Stupid whore. The mistletoe is for kissing mouths under, not assholes."

To make her point Jenny deep-kissed Chloe's mouth. Chloe knew from experience to open her mouth as wide as she could and flick her tongue against her mistress's as their faces pressed hard together.

Chloe had to gasp for breath as Jenny unlocked from her lips, the kiss making her feel even more light-headed than she had buried inside her first butt of the day.

“Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress”, she breathed quickly.

“I could almost understand how you could get confused though, considering how your nasty little mouth constantly tastes of ass nowadays.”

The slap was playful and done to ignite more arousal. Both her and Hannah were kept in an almost constant state of masochistic excitement, enthralling the two teens to their own depraved lust. It worked better than any restraint or collar and it showed as Chloe couldn't help crack a deranged smile as she uttered her response.

“This asshole is lucky to taste your delicious asshole on her tongue, Mistress.”

Jenny stood and kissed Emily with a peck on her lips then she cupped the smaller woman's bum in her hand and smiled.

“You're up early, honey”, she drawled, ignoring the two kneeling girls for just a moment.

“I can't help it. I love Christmas. Such a fun time when people you love and care

about can spend time having fun and playing games with you... besides you're up late."

Emily smiled at her friend knowingly, adjusting her green pair of leggings.

"So hot in these jumpers isn't it?" she commented fanning herself.

"That depends on what your doing in them, sweetie. I can have the little bitch elves lick the sweat off of you if you'd like?"

"No, that's fine and I wish you'd stop calling them that", Emily said, frowning.

"What? Bitch elves?" Jenny said, laughing mischievously. "It's what they are. Can't a mistress enjoy a bit of seasonal fun? Would you prefer I call them little buttsluts or worthless assholes or maybe dirty fucktoys?" Jenny said as she leaned down to Chloe.

"You are all of those things aren't you, asshole?"

Chloe opened her mouth as Jenny held her under her heart shaped chin.

Her eyes glazed with arousal as the spit hit the back of her throat. She'd had it done to her so many times and she knew it was the way a girl like her showed she was complicit in the debauchery to come.

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress”, she mumbled seductively, her blue-green eyes staring like sparkling gems, encouraging her bitch of a mistress to fuck her as hard as she could.

Jenny met the challenge as her cruel brown eyes staring back with seemingly unending lust for the girl that was her obsession.

“Why don’t we let the two best friends that have loved each other for years share a long kiss under the mistletoe. I mean if that’s not the spirit of holidays then what is?”

Chloe was pulled around so that Hannah and her faced each other on their knees, the mistletoe right between them up on the ceiling of the snug.

Chloe looked at her best friend’s face. She was still one of the cutest girls she knew despite the months of intense torment that Jenny seemed to relish putting her through. Her angular brown eyes looked down as if shy but Chloe knew that it was more that she was used to averting them submissively, after all neither of them had anything left to be shy about.

Hannah still had the pixie-like face, if a little gaunter, but her once short hair was now as long as Chloe’s had once been and tied up into a bun under her elf hat.

The metal letters on Hannah’s red neck collar glinted at Chloe as if they needed to remind her that her friend was now known by her slave name of ‘Dirty Whore’.

“Kiss”, Jenny snarled as if she’d expected them to have started already.

Chloe parted her full lips and pressed them onto Hannah’s heart shaped mouth, kissing her as a lover and not the girl she’d known half her life.

Their kneeling bodies leaned into each other, bells jingling on their pert breasts as their lips swirled over one another, not daring to raise their hands from behind their backs without being allowed.

“Just look at them. How can you tell me these two aren’t little sluts? They have no fucking boundaries. Just two sexually depraved friends making out like the constantly horny teens they are. As they love each other so much, I say we give them an early gift and help them make being under the mistletoe something to remember.”

Emily looked down at the two eighteen-year-olds, their parted mouths locked and their lewd costumes revealing every sexual part of their hot little bodies. She couldn’t argue with Jenny. These girls appeared as insatiable as Jenny was constantly telling her, convincing her she was doing them a favour in satisfying their depraved lust and allowing her to fool herself that this wasn’t the self-fulfilling exploitation it probably was.

“Over there... by the fireplace”, Jenny said, pointing over to the hanging stockings, something big and heavy making two of them hang low.

Emily peered inside then giggled as she gripped the bulging contents and slid

them out.

Chloe glanced out of the corner of her eye as Emily held the two large flesh dildos in her hands, the harness straps dangling from the thick, veiny shafts of silicone.

“Jenny, you shouldn’t have”, Emily said with a grin on her face, saying the words as if she’d just received a pricey gift from her wealthy friend.

“I think we can both see I should have”, Jenny said, glancing down at the two butts bouncing behind the two lust-flushed bodies like the round targets they were to her.

“But twelve inches, Jenny? And they’re so thick. Shouldn’t we let the girls warm up a bit first before we... you know?”

“Fuck their dirty shitholes like they deserve and beg for by showing us those sweaty little rims and taunting us with how delicious they look? I’m surprised at you for even asking, Emily.”

Jenny grabbed one of the strapons and, having pulled off her leggings, buckled it around the sides of her crotch and waist, smiling as the twelve inches of silicone flopped about in front of her.

Emily stopped thinking and copied her friend. It was going to happen whether she questioned it or not. She might as well stretch out Hannah’s butthole now, as

experience told her it wasn't going to be the only or even biggest thing to go up inside that pale pink pucker that day.

Jenny got on her knees and pulled Chloe back by her slender hips, her bum coming up and pushing out instinctively behind her, reminding her mistress of the prize she had in her possession.

An experienced asshole's lube was usually the spit of the woman fucking her and now was no different as Jenny drooled over her hand and palmed it over the length of the shaft before lining the fat cock tip up against her puckerless hole.

It didn't matter how many times she penetrated the flawless rim, she still marvelled at how it managed to seem tight and virginal almost every time.

Chloe let out a sigh but barely reacted as the thick girth started to be pushed up between her globe-like cheeks and disappeared inside her anus, still kissing Hannah as she had been told to do.

Hannah knew what was coming and raised herself up onto her shins, mirroring Chloe as she pushed her own butt out behind her, almost as desirable as Chloe's and deliciously heart-shaped and, despite the numerous bite and whip marks, her light creamy skin looked youthful and radiant.

Emily dribbled onto the shaft in front of her then rubbed the tip over Hannah's pussy lips, slippery and wet with juices before placing it in the centre of Chloe's little Italian best friend's light pink pucker and gave the unspoken signal that she was about to be anally penetrated yet again.

Emily looked down at her hand and the shaft and then at the girl's hole she was about to push into. Then the tattoo that Jenny had had recently etched just above the pretty rim reminded her that this was okay. After all as the inked letters said, the orifice they arched around was nothing more than a 'FUCK HOLE'.

She plunged the tip in, the pink wrinkles parting easily to accept the wide circumference inside it. Had Hannah been the girl she once knew, she would have felt guilt at filling up the petite girl's ass, but she knew that for 'Dirty Whore' this was a reward from her mistress.

Hannah groaned into Chloe's mouth as Emily slid the veiny shaft along her anus and into her rectum. She existed to be used like this and it made her feel fulfilled to have her buttohole impaled but unlike Chloe, twelve inches of fake cock was still a struggle for her small body even though that was just the average size of the things that were constantly shoved up her ass.

Jenny pushed in until the harness pressed against Chloe's cheeks. The asshole's hole took the cock easily, stretching around the shaft as it clicked wetly and swallowed up the whole twelve inches. She smiled devilishly down at the hole she was obsessed with, still managing to look innocent and almost completely featureless as it opened up into a wide circle around the veiny silicone that she had sheathed so deeply inside the girl that it would be stabbing into her bowels.

She grabbed Chloe's butt cheeks in clumps of flesh and clawed at them with her hands. She enjoyed the way they sprung and bounced, the perfect globes perkier than any girl she'd fucked. Impulsively, and because she could, she clapped her hands hard over both cheeks making a sharp slapping noise fill the room.

“Uuh... Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe moaned, breaking the kiss.

“Did I say you could stop kissing, bitch elves? Get your dirty mouths over each other as wide as you can go and show each other how a cock in your asshole makes you drool.”

Chloe and Hannah opened their mouths achingly wide and pressed their stretched lips hard against one another. Their eyes met but neither of them felt the other in the pretty gems, blankly devoid of spirit and emotion as they made themselves dull down into the mindless sluts their mistress expected them to be and focused on the sensations their bodies felt.

Saliva escaped the gaped mouths as they ground over one another, letting a line of drool dribble down both their chins and onto the carpet below mirroring their pussies which constantly betrayed them in revealing how much it aroused them being treated this way.

Jenny pulled out then thrust back sharply enjoying the groan that came from Chloe’s body and the jingling of Christmas bells.

“Jingle Bells”, Jenny sung then thrust into Chloe, Emily mirroring the rhythm with Hannah as the bells tingled.

“Jingle Bells”. Tinkle. Groan.

“Jingle all the way up your shithole”. Tinkle. Deep groan.

“Oh what fun...” Tinkle.

“It is to ream...” Tinkle.

“A young whore open wide.” Tinkle. Cruel laughter.

Jenny had sung that particular song seven times over the last few days and Chloe wondered how the evil woman still managed to find it funny. Part of her and Hannah’s groaning had been at the torture of having to hear Jenny enthusiastically sing yet again.

Even Emily rolled her eyes, tutting at her friend before cracking a smile at seeing the auburn haired woman so pleased with herself.

She watched as Jenny gripped Chloe’s cheeks and pounded her asshole hard as the sleek lower back with the spinal groove and dimples at the base of her hips shone under the fairy lights with vibrant cream skin. Chloe was leaner and more toned than she’d ever been, making her hips and breasts stand out even more against her slim, muscular torso. The continual stress positions, the vigorous, marathon sex sessions and her general chosen path as an asshole was starting to change the teen’s appearance enough that it made it easier for Emily to see her for who... what... she really was. She licked her fingers then reached her hand down behind her as she watched the blue-green eyes looking contentedly glazed as her best friend fucked Chloe’s asshole.

Hannah felt Emily speed up, sliding along her sensitive tunnel walls and making

her rectum constantly re-arrange itself to take the shaft, easily as thick as Hannah's wrist. She felt the skin around her mouth start to get red as she pressed tightly against Chloe's stretched mouth, her usually full lips pulled taut as groaning breaths pushed hot ass-flavoured air into her mouth, giving Hannah a familiar taste of where Chloe had been.

"Show us what sluts you are. Tongue fence", Jenny ordered and immediately the two girls obeyed, their lips parted so that they could flick and twirl their outstretched tongues over one another.

If Chloe or Hannah had been shown the previous Christmas then how they would be spending the time the following year they wouldn't have been able to even comprehend how they had gotten to such depths of depravity but here they were and, to Asswhore and Dirty Whore, this was as normal as things got nowadays.

"Fuck yourself on my cock and make the bells ring out for Christmas, slut", Jenny said, taking her hands off where they had left grip marks on Chloe's cheeks.

Chloe slid up and down along the length of the shaft, bouncing her butt rough and hard against Jenny's crotch as she took control of her anal violation.

She moaned in time with her thrusts as she licked the sides of Hannah's outstretched tongue, the bells jangling loudly like some kind of medieval jester dancing for her queen in a sound that signalled the rhythm of her spearing her own asshole, driven by lust and the requirement to obey.

Jenny pushed a hand up her Christmas jumper, fondling and squeezing her muscular breasts as her other hand slid down behind her rubbing along her crack with her fingers.

Emily leaned in as she too rubbed herself, her other hand holding Hannah's chin and pulling her head round so that she could kiss the girl she was fucking.

Hannah let her mouth fill with Emily's tongue as she stroked her lips over the woman's, rewarding her for fucking her asshole with more care than Hannah was used to.

"Tell me what you are, asshole", Jenny sneered as she rubbed a finger between her pussy, silky and slippery from her arousal at seeing Chloe's anus swallow the dildo.

Chloe knew what she was or at least what she was to the bitch that owned her.

"Uuh... I'm a dirty asshole", Chloe began the list of things she was as she pushed back and thrust the dildo deep into her rectum.

"Uuh... I'm a filthy anal slut... Uuuh... an undeserving shithole that needs to be punished... aah... a worthless fuck toy... I am my mistress's asshole to fuck when she... uh... pleases."

Jenny never tired of hearing Chloe saying the lines and laughed. She still however found a way to disapprove and took her hand from between her legs to

give the butt in front of her an expertly sharp slap.

“You forgot bitch elf.”

“Oow... I’m your bitch elf, Mistress. Aaah... Merry Christmas.” Chloe said the line she’d been trained to say.

She got several more slaps as Jenny laughed, amusing herself at how Chloe’s body bells rang out at each blow.

Emily glanced up from kissing Hannah, pausing as she glared across.

“Really Jenny, sometimes I think you’re too rough on the girl.”

Jenny pulled Chloe back by her neck so that she pressed the back of her head into her jumper-clad breasts.

“Oh I don’t think I’m rough enough. Tell her, asswhore.”

Chloe gasped as her face went red.

“I live to be treated like shit by my mistress. It makes me cum so hard because I’m such a depraved painslut.”

“There, see? I told you we are giving them what they want and if we didn’t they’d have to run off to find it somewhere else. Now, you wouldn’t want to have to worry where they were at this time of the year in some sex dungeon having goddess knows what done to them. They’re addicts, Emily and we are just managing their cravings.”

As she spoke she slid her hand down Chloe’s front and rubbed her pussy, then held it out to show her glistening fingers as if she was making a point.

“They’re depraved... immoral... fuck whores”, Jenny sneered as she thrust the dildo back and forth, making Chloe’s breathing match the rhythm.

“Ooh, Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe moaned as Jenny rubbed her clit.

“See? This one would and has sold her friend... her family... her soul... just so she can get off on the sick sex games she make us play with her... I mean I was a respectable woman before I was dragged into the sordid world of asswhores by little Chloe Green here... she should be ashamed of the things she’s made me do to feed her addiction... and you? Well, by the goddess... to say how she turned an angel into an immoral, sinful devil is an understatement... she should be thanking us for servicing her stinky little asshole the way we do.”

Each phrase was a hard thrust deep into Chloe’s rectum as fingers swirls over her clit expertly, Jenny’s other hand bracing the girl around her neck.

She had no choice. She’d been virtually commanded to respond.

“Uuuh... thank you Mistress Jenny for servicing my undeserving, dirty asshole. Thank you, Mistress Emily.”

Two sets of eyes stared across, one pair cruel and lust-filled, goading and encouraging almost hypnotically as they did every day, the other pair beautiful and gem-like glistening blue and green. Jenny was right. How could these eyes stare at her so glazed over and dulled, intoxicated and aroused with anal attention, as though she had no thought for anyone else but her own asswhore-crazed lust.

She slipped the huge dildo out of Hannah’s asshole, ignoring the slurping rasp as it left a wide gaping hole where it had once been as she rudely shoved the girl that shared her bed to one side, a heaving little mass of ass-fucked elf that panted and watched as her best friend was about to receive more than she’d expected.

Without another word, Chloe was made to lean forward and stretch her lips around the thing that had moments ago been stabbing deep inside her bowels.

Drool and juices dripped to the carpet as the pretty elf was skewered like a hog roast, Jenny pumping away as she pulled Chloe’s wrists behind her back.

Emily stroked her hair, watching the sexually depraved creature hungrily wetting the massive shaft with her cute, full, once-innocent lips.

“Don’t just sit there, bitch elf. Get round here and mistletoe-kiss my asshole. It’s getting all sweaty having to give this whore what she needs”, Jenny snarled at

Hannah.

The brunette scrabbled over behind the tall woman as if her life depended on it and immediately set about slurping and tonguing the pungent, heavy flavoured rim, pushing her face into the sweaty depths of the woman's muscular, pear-shaped butt.

Jenny pulled Chloe's head back up as saliva webbed from her mouth onto the massive cock, groaning as she was gripped by her hair and hat and pulled up high enough to feel Jenny's breasts rubbing at the back of her head.

"Aw, this is nice isn't it? All of the people closest to you enjoying a beloved Christmas tradition."

Chloe felt her arms pulled tightly and made to feel the shaft buried inside her butt.

"Yes, Mistress. It's nice."

"Well, asshole. It's about to get doubly nice for you."

Her pussy wasn't used to stretching out as wide as her well-trained asshole and the groan filled the room, making Hannah pause to think of poor Chloe having a combined twenty four inches of thick silicone stretching her petite body out.

“Aw, come on. Aren’t you two going to share a sweet innocent kiss... you are under the mistletoe?”

Jenny’s laughter echoed through the room as the scent of sex, sweat and a fucked eighteen-year-old girl filled her nostrils. She didn’t give a thought for her asswhores. It was their role in life to perform every depraved fantasy she could imagine and for them, today was no different to any other but to her, as she watched the mouths locked in front of her, Christmas was indeed a wonderful time.

SANTA'S VISIT

Heather lay awake in her bed. It wasn't excitement for the gifts she'd be receiving in the morning as much as it was the anticipation of what was to come that night that kept her from finding sleep.

Her wrists and ankles had been pulled tight to the corners of her bed and tied to the frame. In a festive twist it was stockings that bit into her skin that night, numbing her small hands and feet.

She never gave much thought to how her five-foot body was treated or even consider whether it was wrong to let the woman she called mistress do the things she did to her. Besides, Heather's head usually ached when she had to think of something as complicated as the moral dilemma that her life had become since her eighteenth birthday last summer. Much better to be as dumb as Helen constantly told her she was and feel wanted and looked after as she allowed herself to be fucked and toyed with by the only woman she ever wanted approval from.

The door unlocked and she heard the thudding footsteps getting closer to her bed. Rubber coated gloves groped her small butt cheeks then fondled with the base of her butt plug as it stuck out of her.

Helen purred as she plucked the six inches of metal from her asshole's anus with a small plopping noise then sucked on it hungrily as she came around the head of the bed frame.

Her side-parted blonde bob was tugged up, making her part her harp-shaped lips in a gasp and look up with her almond shaped brown eyes at the woman that had tied and splayed her out naked on her bed.

“Well it beats a fucking mince pie and glass of sherry but now I’m sure you expect Santa to give you a lovely present don’t you?”

Heather looked at the familiar costume that Helen wore. A red fur lined velvet jacket just reaching the top of her shiny red stockings, black thigh boots and red rubber gloves all under a Santa hat, her bosom squeezed and displayed out the top of the jacket.

To Helen’s equally dumb husband and son this costume was just part of the tradition, when Helen left the gifts under the tree at night in their suburban home but to Heather, the woman’s asswhore, she could see the sexual depravity in the kinky disguise.

“No, Mistress?”

Heather replied as best she could.

The slap on her face told her she’d done wrong again.

“You’re meant to say yes and its Santa, okay fuckwit?”

“Sorry, Mistress. I mean yes, Santa.”

Helen sighed. It was hardly worth the effort trying to role-play with the dumbest asshole in the world but it was Christmas and if she couldn't be Santa tonight then when could she? Besides, she already had the gift and all it needed was unwrapping before Heather would get it.

She sucked the plug a little more as she stared at Heather through the rails at the head of her bed, calming her frustrations at the girl before continuing.

“Well, young lady have you been a good or a naughty girl this year?”

Heather remembered how Helen had whispered in her ear what a naughty girl she was when she'd plugged her for the night so she tried that but her brow furrowed, worried that she would be as stupid as usual and spoil her mistress's fun.

“I've been a naughty girl, Santa”, she said, her voice soft and light, just one of the many things that made Helen lust after her.

“And what have you done that's put you on my naughty list?”

Heather concentrated for a moment then answered.

“I let my mistress fuck me in my dirty whore hole whenever she wanted.”

Another slap across her face made her frown up at Helen’s face until the bright red glossed lips curled into a cruel grin told her she hadn’t said something wrong.

“That’s right, you dumb slut. And what else did you do that a good girl would never dream of doing?”

Heather closed her eyes in concentration then fluttered her lids as she spoke.

“Um... I ate my mistress’s pussy and asshole just about every day.”

Again a slap.

“It was every day, you filthy little whore. Sometimes several times”, Helen snarled as she brought her face inches away from heather’s the other side of the rails before turning and pushing her large stocking-clad butt onto heather’s head rails so that a rail squeezed and rubbed deep into her crack, purring as she swirled her wide bell-shaped hips.

“Mmm, lick the rail, slut. Show how much you adore your mistress’s flavour.”

Heather ran her tongue up and down where Helen had rubbed her crack, showing

her unquestioning obedience.

“And?” Helen asked expectantly.

“And I made my mistress want to eat my stinky little ass by waving it around under her nose like the slut I am... wearing revealing clothes and sticking my butt out in my platform heels.”

“Yes, you did. You really are a very naughty girl making your mistress lust after you like that. I think you deserve a very special gift for being such a slut, don’t you?”

Helen adjusted the only thing Heather was wearing, her whore collar with the word SLUT in steel letters across the front of the black leather.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Immediately the collar fondling became a jaw grip, squeezing her mouth as she snarled close to the forced pucker.

“It’s Santa, stupid.”

“Sorry, Mis- Santa.”

“Open your ass eater.”

Heather opened her mouth and received her mistress’s spit into her throat, the unspoken communication between them that confirmed her complete submission to Helen.

“Thank you, Santa”, Heather mumbled, after choking down the woman’s saliva.

She couldn’t say anything right that night as another slap bounced sharply off her face.

“What kind of idiot thanks someone before she receives her gift?”

She was about to apologise again but Helen lifted the fur-lined hem of the costume and stretched her stockings right down under the ten inch tan-skinned fake cock she’d been hiding.

It flopped out, pushed between the rails and thudded down on Heather’s pillow just below her chin.

Heather gasped, less so at the size of the exaggerated shaft as much as how her mistress had disguised the massive dildo under her Santa suit.

There was a pink bow around the base of the bulbous head and a gift tag that read 'For the Slut'.

Heather was the Slut and that cock was for her.

"It's a special one. It ejaculates. That means it squirts cum out like a real cock, dumbass. It took me a while to come up with the right mix of my juices and thick creamy lube but now when I fuck you I can spurt some of me deep into your rectum and fill your body with my goodness."

Heather stared at the lifelike head then up at her mistress, blinking in wonder.

"Well smile you ungrateful bitch."

Heather smiled a wide grin for Helen, her brown eyes looking up into her mistress's cold, blue-eyed stare.

"Take the ribbon off with your teeth then we get this gorgeous thing ready to go inside your dirty little ass."

"Yes... Santa", Heather said, having to pause to remember how she was meant to be addressing Helen.

She gently tugged on the end of the pink ribbon, unknotting the bow and slipped

it along with the tag off of the beast-like shaft.

“You had better lube it well. Your little fuck hole hasn’t had anything as big as this in it today... it’s going to feel so good squeezing past your tight sphincter.”

Heather knew what she had to do and traced her tongue over the veiny surface, spitting what saliva she could onto the flesh-like silicone and swirling it round to coat as much of the cock as possible. She had a reputation for not being able to take as much as the other asswhores and her asshole seemed to struggle to stretch out to the freakish gapes that the other girls could perform so the more saliva she could coat this thick, girthy dildo with the better for her and her mistress’s entertainment.

Drool dribbled down from the cock onto her pillow, adding to other stains and marks from previous nights.

“Blow me, bitch. Suck Santa’s fat cock.”

Heather glanced up as the magic of bygone Christmases and excited dreams of Santa Claus were shattered in one phrase.

The red lips curled into a devilish grin, filled with lust, as the tiny blonde teen stretched her harp-shaped lips around the cock head and slid it into her mouth.

“Mmm, that’s it. Show Santa what a naughty slut you are”, Helen cooed as she fumbled around in her stockings for the hand pump.

Heather was an expert cocksucker. Despite not having placed her lips around a real-life one since her mistress had made her her slave, she had sucked countless realistic dildos before or after they'd been up her or another girl's ass. She slurped, making sloppy glugs as she pushed it deep into her throat, taking it in her and living up to the name on her collar.

Helen watched for a while, enjoying the sight of the girl's mouth struggling to take the thick girth as she seemingly enthusiastically slid her lips back and forth. Then she struck.

Heather spluttered then coughed, pulling back off of the shaft as a thick glob of creamy liquid spilled out of her mouth and onto the pillow.

"Oops. Consider that a little example of what's going to be filling your rectum. What's the matter? You think you're too good to eat Santa's cum? Show me."

Heather opened her mouth. The mixture looked like the real thing as it rested on her tongue and dribbled down her chin.

"Taste it then swallow it", Helen said then watched as Heather sucked in her mouth for a moment then gulped.

"How did it taste, slut?"

“Delicious, Mis- Santa”, Heather mumbled as she panged her lips.

It was strange. Gooeey, salty, creamy and sweet and it tasted strongly of Helen’s pussy, which was mostly the source of this realistic cock spunk.

“That’s good for you because I think we’re going to have lots of fun with your new toy from now on. Look it even has its own supply of lube.”

Helen placed her palm over the tip and gave the pump a small squeeze then rubbed the gooeey, opaque concoction all over the real-feeling shaft.

She laughed then slid the slippery dildo out from the bars of the head rails and stepped around behind Heather’s eyesight in her restrained spread eagle position on her bed.

She waited. She knew what was coming. She was used to it and expected it, wanted it even – that full feeling was a bittersweet substitution for affection and love in her life.

Still, she never got used to that initial merciless stabbing thrust, as if Helen was trying to spear her heart from her anus.

“Merry fucking Xmas, whore”, Helen sneered into Heather’s ear as she mounted her costume-clad body up onto the teen’s small frame and pushed her face hard into her pillow to muffle the usual plaintive groan.

She didn't need to tell Heather to keep it down. The girl knew that the best-kept secret in the house was one thing that she couldn't afford to mess up.

"You like that don't you, you anal slut? You love Santa's fat cock up your tight little fuck hole", Helen hissed into her ear, as she pumped up and down on Heather's small round butt.

"Uh... Yes, Santa... Thank you for fucking me, Santa", Heather breathed as she was thrust into from above.

It felt big, big enough to enjoy and feel stretched right along her small tunnel but not so big that it hurt too much. Her anus ached as it stretched and slid over the lubricated shaft, her pretty, slightly puckered rim mirroring how her lips had rolled over the veiny circumference only moments ago.

"Yeah, take it. Take your present you naughty bitch. You deserve every... last... inch", Helen said as she thrust in deep and hard.

"Uuh... uuh... I deserve it... I deserve it... Thank you", Heather gasped as she felt her rectum tingling as the dildo slid and squeezed in and out of it.

Her eyes rolled up into her head as Helen pushed her face into the pillow, biting her neck and shoulders as she thrust and rammed aggressively into the body beneath her.

One hand gripping Heather's blonde hair tightly, the other pressing into her slim waist as if holding her down or steady, Helen grunted and chuckled into the teen's ear as she fucked her asshole on the night before Christmas.

This scene was the opposite of the famous poem where not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse...

Helen was very busily stirring her cock in Heather's mouse-like body, enjoying the gasps and breaths that hissed out in time with the squelching rhythmic thrusts as ten inches of silicone was pushed in to the base.

She'd dreamed of the Christmas she'd be able to do this with her obsession and take the cute butt that jutted out of the girl that was rightfully hers to own.

She playfully bit the back of Heather's neck, making the girl shiver as she knew she would and giggled to herself as a shudder ran down her spine and shook her skewered bum.

Helen sloppily kissed her way along the side of Heather's jaw as she thudded down on her, licking and drooling on her face until she pressed her long tongue into the little blonde's ear, laughing as she swirled it inside the hole.

Heather was pressed into her bed by the heavier, feminine weight of the older woman, her breath knocked out of her on each rapid thrust, her body completely at the mercy of one she called mistress.

As Helen sped up, Heather opened her mouth into a strained, silent groan and held her breath, enjoying the intense build-up before her reward for being an asshole came in the form of an anal orgasm.

Her head was pulled back out of the pillow as Helen growled and swore at her, making her feel dirty and humiliated and only serving to make the growing, coming explosion bigger and stronger.

“Grrrr. Take it, you fucking whore. Take my seed up your nasty shithole”, Helen hissed, then squeezed the pump trigger.

Heather’s eyes widened just as the familiar judders of an orgasm rocked through her body and the very unfamiliar feeling of being filled with gooey wet cum made her gasp with nervous excitement.

“You feel that? You feel Santa’s cum deep inside your little rectum?”

“Uh-huh... aaah”, honked out as she panted frantically, feeling the spurt from the tip of the thick cock then the sensation of getting filled up with her mistress’s juice and lube concoction deep in her tunnel.

As she gasped and shuddered, she felt the cock sloshing and coating her insides even deeper as Helen lay on top of her in the costume, giving the dildo a few final rhythmic ‘balls-deep’ thrusts inside her little captive.

Helen pressed her lips to Heather’s ear and spoke, the dildo inside her up to the

base.

“Ho Ho Ho. You’re nothing but a fucking ‘ho with a cum gobbling asshole.”

“Yes, Santa. Thank you for cumming inside me, Santa”, Heather mumbled, still feeling the ecstasy of the orgasm.

Helen held the cock and unsheathed it from Heather’s pert bum, pulling it up and up until the whole ten inches slurped stickily out of the girl’s now gaping hole.

Some of the ‘cum’ dribbled up and out of the rim but Helen instinctively leaned in and licked it clean before swirling her tongue around indulgently in the gape.

“I’m going to enjoy thinking of some of me squelching around deep inside you, slut. I think I’m going to enjoy this dildo from now on.”

She reached for Heather’s plug from the bedside table and pushed it back in in one movement, the girl’s asshole accepting the familiar shape easily after the reaming it had taken.

“Tomorrow when we’re all opening presents and laughing, you’ll have my cum up your dirty little butt, the secret proof that you are a naughty slut that only we’ll know about... and, when your body absorbs all my goodness inside it, we’ll find another private moment for me to fuck some more back into you. Merry Xmas, my little slut.”

Helen leaned in and pushed the tongue that had just been in Heather's ass into the girl's mouth swirling it around in a long and deep French kiss.

Heather sucked in air when she was released then looked up at her mistress, smiling with genuine adoration for the woman that gave her orgasms every day.

"Merry Xmas, Mistress Santa."

GAPE FAIRY

Louise sucked a breath hard into her mouth then snorted lewdly with her nose, laughing in a deranged way as her mistress, the model-like Kiko sat on her face.

“Again. Fart in my dirty whore hole, Mistress... uuh... Fill my lungs with your delicious perfume.”

For the most part asshole's were complicit in their own debauchery but Louise was more than just that. She was insatiable, masochistic and self-demeaning in ways that rendered most mistresses dumbfounded but this lust monster had been something that Kiko had created herself and she could handle it well.

Her hand reached around and tugged at tussled neck-length hair, squeezing Louise's face into her toned butt and pushing another fart out for the crazed nineteen year old to enjoy.

They were both kneeling on Kiko's brown leather sofa, the mistress wearing only a silver silk robe that was now slipping down one side as the coltish mix of Japanese and German beauty grunted with satisfaction, the sloppy noise of her rubbing between her legs making Kiko smile.

She turned to look over her shoulder as Louise's brown eyes stared hungrily back up, sucking and slurping at the ass she was a slave to.

The golden-tipped pink fairy wings looked out of place wired around Louise's

lean back as did the sexy pink stockings from the same costume set. The rest of the teen's usual attire broke the look with her 'pig heels', the locking and almost vertical ankle boots that helped Louise live up to her slave name shining on her thick leather collar, 'GAPE PIG'.

The metal of the speculum in her asshole glinted under the light above them, her bubblebutt arching into a heart shape behind her as she pushed it up, offering it to anyone and everyone, her instincts to protect her intimate hole long broken and trained out of her.

Her angular face came up over Kiko's curved lower back, her nose ring and chin stud glinting as she pouted her overbite lips.

"Please, this asshole needs to cum, Mistress. Please fill my worthless mouth with your divine scent."

Kiko turned around on the sofa and gripped her hand softly under Louise's jaw.

"I've been feeding you my farts for the past ten minutes, Pig. If I push any more you're going to get a lot more than just farts."

"I don't mind, Mistress", Louise replied girlishly.

"I know you don't Pig, but it's late and I've just had the sofa cleaned", Kiko leaned in and nibbled at the pouting lips.

“... but I’m so horny, Mistress. I need to cum real bad.”

Louise’s brow knotted as she continued to frig herself, little clicking squelches coming from between her legs.

Kiko laughed. It sounded cruel but it hid a deeper adoration.

“Why do you think I dressed you as a fairy, whore?”

Louise thought for a moment then replied with a grin.

“To humiliate me, Mistress.”

The slap was hard but it had to be to turn a girl like Louise on.

“No, stupid... well, maybe that as well... but do you know where a fairy goes on Christmas Eve?”

Again Louise’s brow knotted as she thought, her hand a blur between her legs after the slap.

“On top of the tree!” she exclaimed then opened her mouth to take her mistress’s spit as reward for the correct answer.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“That’s right and you’re the slut fairy that’s going to sit on top of a very special tree... all night long.”

Louise gasped with excitement as she rubbed her clit, looking expectantly at her mistress.

“It’s in the closet. Fetch it and put it over there.”

Louise jumped up off the sofa and clumped over to the closet door in her hoof-like heels, used to walking in them.

With Louise heading off across the lounge, Kiko rolled her eyes as she looked at the cavernous gape of the girl she owned. She was as much a slave to it as Louise was to her, like a black hole constantly pulling her attention in its gravity so it can feed its insatiable appetite.

She often wondered if the anal goddess had blessed or cursed her as she let out a yawn and rubbed her tired eyes. Keeping up with Louise was hard work and she knew she would have a broken night’s sleep tonight.

Louise trundled the trolley out with something huge and cone-shaped hidden under enough wrapping paper covering it to bury a person in.

“No, over there Pig, under the ceiling cuffs.... That’s it. Now take it off the trolley.”

Kiko slipped a hand under her robe and stroked her nipples as she watched Louise struggle, heaving and groaning as her lewdly sexualized slim frame worked to get something that weighed as much as her off of the trolley and onto the floor.

Eventually it whumped onto the floor with a heavy thud and Louise wiped her sweaty face, grinning through her deceptively cute lips as she pretended to have no clue what it was.

“What is it, Mistress? Can I open it and find out, Mistress? Please... Please.”

“Fine, slut. Open it.”

Louise giggled in excitement while she tore away at the wrapping paper, circling the huge object as she peeled it open like a giant orange.

“Ohmygoddess”, she babbled as she stroked a hand over the massive grooved ridges of one of the levels.

“I love it, Mistress. Thank you, Thank you.”

Louise stared wide-eyed. It was shaped like a simplistic interpretation of a tree. Five layers that arched and ridged out up to a pointed tip, like a sketch drawing version of a Christmas tree. But this one was completely made of solid sex toy silicone and stood four feet tall.

Louise almost drooled as she rubbed a hand over the green surface, decorated with mould-injected coloured baubles along each tier. She glanced across at the shiny black cone she would often be made to sit on in the corner of the lounge and then back at the monster in front of her. It was twice as tall and along its length had a circumference that could have fit her well-used perch several times over.

Without even waiting for instructions, Louise licked and drooled over the top tier, only managing to wet one part of it despite rolling her tongue in wide, slurping circles. Her body tingled with excitement. She finally had a toy that would really challenge her and that alone made it the best present she could dream of.

She didn't notice Kiko step up behind her and pull her back by her hair, snarling into her face as she spoke.

“Did I tell you to drool all your nasty spit over the tree, Pig?”

“No, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress”, Louise said through clenched teeth, struggling to hide a smile as she felt a rush of arousal. This was going to be good.

Her speculum was dialled down and slipped out with one expert hand reaching around behind her as Kiko traced her tongue over the girl's face then threw her to the floor and spun the coltish frame around roughly, making Louise gasp with excitement.

“Well as you've started you may as well continue. You have a lot more to cover if you want to make it slippery and wet enough for where its about to go.”

Four fingers emphasised the word 'go', making Louise's lips curl up as they thrust in knuckle deep.

“Yes, Mistress. Right away, Mistress”, Louise mumbled then set about licking the cone tip with its yellow star embedded into the silicone at the top. That tier alone would have gave her a satisfying stretch, gaping her out wide enough to feel the aching throb she loved so much and just looking down at the next level under the first ridge made her heart race.

Kiko pushed her thumb in with the fingers and pulled Louise's hair away from her ear sharply as she hissed into it.

“What this tree needs is a slutty little fairy to sit up on top of it... all night long. Now where can a mistress find a fairy with a loose enough asshole to decorate it with?”

“Uuh... me, Mistress. I'm a fairy. I can sit up on the tree and take it up my ass.”

“A dirty Gape Pig like you? Well, if I don’t have a sweet innocent fairy then I guess I’ll have to use your depraved whore-body instead. Hold your arms up.”

Louise breathed excitedly as her wrists were placed into the leather cuffs that hung on a pulley chain from Kiko’s ceiling, her coltish frame already stretching, as her slim torso was pulled taut by the restraints.

Kiko walked over to the crank handle on the wall, nodding to Louise and waiting for a blink in response, their body language so perfected that they no longer needed to speak and spoil the role-play.

The handle was turned and Louise felt her pig heels lift up off the floor, her hands holding the chains tightly as her knees came up. Her bubblebutt scraped along the front of the ridges, bumping from layer to layer as she was cranked up until she dangled inches in front of the base of the top tier.

Kiko locked the handle and stepped over to the girl. She looked so cute, her legs flailing about as her perky breasts stood to attention, pulled up by her stretched shoulders, her nipple piercings glittering as much as the edges of the fairy wings.

From this angle, she could see Louise’s aroused pussy lips, wet and dripping onto her smooth honey-toned thighs and she gripped under either side of it, feeling the slippery signs of Louise’s depravity as she lifted the girl up and back.

The groan was deep but soft, her overbite upper lip jutting out as she rolled her eyes and felt the top tier of the silicone tree stretch her sphincter out far wider

than most other girls could ever dream of gaping... but Gape Pig wasn't like other girls, she wasn't even like other assholes.

“Uuuh... Fuck... Thank you... Fuck... Ohmygoddess... Thank you, Mistress!”

“There, a nasty fuck hole fairy where she belongs on her new present”, Kiko said, enjoying the look on the girl's face and the way she struggled in to find a footing in her boots on the ridges of the tree, meaning that her bodyweight was helping to squeeze an extra inch or two's circumference inside her skewered anus.

“Mmm, you're almost down to the first ridge already, Pig. But wait, I think a tree should have fake snow on it. What do you think, slut fairy?”

Louise was suddenly uncharacteristically non-communicative, her face red as she gasped and groaned on top of the massive cone only able to nod.

Finally, I've shut her mouth and her ass up at the same time, Kiko thought to herself as she picked a tube up off the coffee table.

“If I put some of this here... and around it like this... then on the next tier... and the next...”

It took Kiko several minutes, walking around the tree cone with the big tube of cream, squeezing it out as if decorating a gingerbread house with icing.

“There. Now it looks like it has a nice coating of snow on every ridge. Where’s my phone? I should take a picture of this and send it to Kate. She’ll love seeing you like this.”

Louise couldn’t keep her eyes from rolling up into her lids as Kiko snapped some photos of her then took her time writing a text and sending it to her mentor, Kate.

When she’d eventually finished her sexting with her fellow mistress, Kiko padded back over to the groaning teen fairy, taking some of the cream on her finger and pushing it up under Louise’s nose.

“It’s your favourite, Pig... mentholated butt cream. You’ll have to stretch out a lot more to get down to the ridge where it is but then you do have the whole night. Well, I’m off to bed. I need a couple of hours before I come back and loosen the chains some more for you. I wonder if we can get that whole tree up your nasty butt by morning”, Kiko said silkily, making Louise wonder if she was joking or not.

“Goodnight, fairy”, she said leaning up and kissing Louise briefly on the lips.

“Aaah... Good... night... Mistress”, Louise panted, struggling to get the words out.

As the lights were turned off and she was left in darkness, with only the aching sensations in her obscenely stretched anus and the pull of her wrists and

shoulders to keep her company, Louise smiled messily drool escaping her lips as she managed to whisper the words, “Best present ever... Merry Christmas... Uuh.”

REIGNED DEER

Tash wished she could wipe her brow. Her blue eyes blinking desperately as she strained and leaned into the bar that her hands were cuffed to. Every muscle on her five foot nine model-like physique ached, especially the ones inside the tunnel that defined who she was. It was hard enough pushing the rickshaw that her mistress, Ivy, was idly draping herself in behind her without having the six inch metal plug squeezed up her asshole that had a little tail just like a reindeer's fluffy bobble sticking out between the cut-out in her brown faux-fur shorts. To passers by, it might have been hard to tell that the tail wasn't part of the shorts unless they got close enough to see the split in them that exposed her crack to the cold winter air.

Ivy's other slave's face screwed up as she leaned into the bar, her teeth clenching around the bit gag that was harnessed around her face with numerous tightly pulled straps. Her brown eyes looked watery as she glanced left and right. Tash looked at Kris's muscles straining, her thighs taut as she pushed her steeply angled heeled boots out behind her on the ground. Her fuller breasts looked barely contained in the little furry bra top that both of them wore. If they weren't so warmed up by the physical effort of pulling Ivy along in the heavy cart with their buttocks filled and stretched then they might have been freezing right now.

"On Bitchen, On Cum-pet!" Ivy called out as she lashed the whip over their exposed backs.

Their redheaded mistress had been very proud of her own brilliance in coming up with the names of her perverted reindeer and had celebrated by pushing carrot sticks up her pale ass and making the two girls eat them as she squeezed them out into their open, waiting mouths.

This was Tash's life now. It had been ever since her psychotic friend had turned on her and things just got more humiliating and depraved every single day she served as Ivy's asswhore.

She winced as the whip thrashed over her thin back, adding to the red lines that usually covered her once flawless teen skin. Her anus clenched automatically and it sent a ripple of pain and pleasure through her body as it squeezed around the thick, heavy metal that Ivy had made Kris push into her that morning.

Ivy wore a sexy 'Miss Santa' costume that made her long body look both festive and deceptively sweeter than the twisted mind it belonged to. In another setting, like a carnival, they might just have gotten away with the obvious bondage the two girls were in as they pulled their mistress along, in their home town and in front of the mall that they used to hang out it was just another evil way of destroying the reputation of two of the prettiest eighteen year old girls around. Former classmates, teachers, shop workers, people they'd all once looked down their noses on, even neighbours and relatives had the opportunity to gawk and point at the two dirty anal reindeer tugging Ivy along.

Kris's eyes rolled up into her head. The humiliation was difficult to take, especially for a girl who had once been at the top of the social pecking order. Drool escaped out of her gagged mouth, dripping down her lips onto her pierced chin as she snorted through the nose-ringed nostrils that Ivy had decided needed piercing. Ivy treated both of their bodies like her own dolls and the sour-faced girl had never played nicely with dolls.

The antlers on their headbands moved back and forth as they strained their slave-collared necks and pushed the bar, taking their mistress out for her little show. The little jingle bells that Ivy had attached to the metal Ivy leaf symbols on the collars had tinkled and attracted attention all the way from Tash's house.

“I could get used to us going out like this, whores. Do a good job and I might let you drive me around like this whenever we go out.”

That might have encouraged Tash and Kris to do a bad job but they knew their mistress well enough to know what would happen to them if they did a bad job.

Another crack from the whip on Kris’s honey-toned thighs made the girl flinch in pain.

“Halt”, Ivy sneered.

They were right outside the mall, its decorations and lights at this time of year sparkling and twinkling as dozens of people stood and stared at the spectacle of two coltish teens lewdly dressed and getting whipped by a third in a cart.

Ivy stepped out and walked in knee high boots to the front of her two working animals. Her costume was like a red, fur-lined bathrobe that covered half her thighs and was held closed with a thick black shiny belt.

She unbuckled the many straps around each of their faces until the bits could be taken out. Whatever the hazel-eyed girl had planned it wasn’t for Tash or Kris’s benefit. Her thin mouth twisted as she bit her lips. Tash knew that the only thing that got the pale girl off was other people’s suffering, especially that of her two former friends and, right now, the humiliation of having what felt like half the town staring at them was enough to make them tremble in embarrassment.

“Kiss each other”, she said, barely a whisper.

The two girls knew the price for hesitation. Without even a second passing their two panting mouths were locked in a wide, deep kiss, their tongues pushed down each others throats as Ivy had her two ‘dykes’ perform for her in her room every day.

It was as if someone had told them to punch each other in the stomach and that’s how it felt as people voiced their shock with gasps and laughter. Tash’s eyes rolled up as she slurped her lips messily over Kris’s, her mind breaking as she thought of all the people she and Kris had once strutted past in the shiny floor of the mall and made haughty little remarks to about their fashion sense or hair. Now they were watching them humiliate and demean themselves out of fear for the pycho bitch that owned their asses.

“Greedy reindeer whores”, she sniggered as she gently slapped their kissing faces. “Stop kissing”, she commanded and they immediately stopped mid-lip-smear to face, but of course not look directly at, their mistress.

“Good. Now I thought I might let people come and pet you. What do you think to that idea?”

“Brilliant, Princess Ivy”, they babbled out in unison.

“I’m pleased you think so. It could find you two some new clients. How’d you feel about some sweaty guys pushing their cocks up your stinky shitholes?”

Even the threat of punishment was ignored as Tash and Kris looked across at each other and frowned.

“Oh, I’m only kidding you stupid bitches. I’m sure we can seduce a few bored housewives and maybe even someone we used to know. One of our classmates, a former teacher, maybe that girl that works at the hotdog stall... I’ll have to give her a discount of course especially if she brings a few sausages along.”

“Very funny, Princess Ivy”, Tash said quickly.

“Yeah. Sell our stinky shitholes, Princess Ivy”, Kris babbled manically, her mouth twisting into a smile as she shivered from embarrassment and the cold that was starting to grip her sweating body.

“Oh, I’m planning to and I’m going to make some good money out of your skinny asses. You can pull the lucky buyer back to Tash’s house and we’ll use the fuck room then give them a ride back to the mall when they’re done... and we’ll do this every day until Christmas Day.”

“Yes, Princess Ivy.”

“Thank you, Princess Ivy.”

The two girls spirits sank as they thought of dragging clients back to Tash’s room, a place that had become their torture chamber and as Ivy termed it, fuck room.

“Look. We’re getting a crowd. Time to suck on the carrot”, Ivy sneered as she reached around behind her and grunted as she pulled the rubber orange toy with the fake stalks and leaves out of her and held it out for Tash to slurp and suck lewdly on it.

Ivy hissed and sucked her mouth. To say she enjoyed any of what she did to Kris and Tash may have been an overstatement but it did seem to feed the void where her heart should have been as she humiliated and hurt them and made them worship her.

“Women only. Everyone else fuck off. Who would like to come and feed the reindeer? These are very special dyke reindeer. Show them Bitchen and Cum-pet.”

Tash and Kris both slurped and licked the length of the rubber carrot, their lips locked either side of the orange surface as they part-kissed and part-ate the taste of their mistress’s ass off of it.

“You see, ladies? Natasha McCoy and Kristine Christopher are at your service. Now, who would like to humiliate the once bitchiest girls in town?”

A dozen women put their hands up. Ivy’s sadism was almost as contagious as the seasonal spirit around them.

Tash and Kris were in for a rough time over the next twelve days but their mistress didn’t care as she laughed and let the hotdog girl come forward and

hold the carrot out, revenge and perverse fascination obvious on her spotty face.

UH CHRISTMAS TREE

“... And Ten”, Kate said with a gleeful snarl.

“Uuuh... thank you, Mistress”, Becky said breathily as the last of the pile of candy cane sticks was pushed full length up her asshole.

Her reward for her compliance was a sharp slap around the face and a hand around her neck, pushing her back.

Her legs were bound individually with red shiny PVC cord so that her thighs and calves were pressed together and tied with a tightness that made her skin feel sore. Her hands were tied down to the cords at either side making them useless and unable to balance her body as her legs slipped helplessly apart, splaying her thighs out under her and making her round bubblebutt press her wet pussy lips and the candy canes hard into cold metal beneath her.

Kate’s thick hand released from above her worn slut collar as Becky bit her lip and looked up at her mistress with her pale blue eyes.

The hand stroked the shaved sides of her head before fingers were brushed through her boyishly short side parting, pulling on her blonde locks.

Kate leaned in and grinned cruelly, looking over her handy work in making up Becky’s face to look almost clown-like.

“You remember how this goes, don’t you Fuckboy?” Kate asked, calling Becky by her asshole name as she always did.

“Yes, Mistress”, Becky replied, a required smile drawn on her lips.

Becky did remember and, back when she was a newly awakened asshole, the first time had been an ordeal that had ruined Christmas for her but she wasn’t that girl anymore. That was years ago now and the twenty three year old had experienced more sadistic torment than even the most experienced fetish pornstar could in a lifetime career. And, just like a pornstar much of what she did was filmed just as it was tonight so that people around the world could share in her humiliation and pain at the hands of the woman that owned her.

Lights on wires were connected to the power pack then wrapped round and round her slim waist, up over her tiny breasts and clamped in place onto her erect pink nipples that poked out from her almost flat chest.

Another set of lights were pulled several times around her hips, under and over the protruding candy canes on her sizeable bum and clamped with grips either side of her pussy.

Silver tinsel was draped over her shoulders, around her neck collar and a small crown of tinsel around wire places on her head like a halo.

“I’ve been keeping these in the loft just for the time my little Christmas tree would come back and celebrate with me.”

There was bitterness in Kate's voice. Even now, she was still punishing Becky for leaving her and running off to be another mistress's asswhore.

And yet none of this was unexpected. She knew what was coming and she accepted it, resigned to the life that she was always destined to have with the woman that had made her who she was.

She opened her catlike lips, painted a garish purple and watched Kate's mouth wrinkle into a pucker as she spat into the back of her slave's throat.

This was acceptance, submission and compliance all sealed and signed as Becky swallowed without hesitation or a cough and drawled in her sweet voice.

"Thank you, Mistress."

Kate didn't smile but her eyes showed her approval as she placed two tree baubles on hooks in Becky's ears then stepped back to switch on the lights and observe her handiwork decorating her 'tree'.

Becky's body jolted as waves of electricity tensed and pulled at her muscles, making her bee sting breasts tighten as her nipples were fed pulses of energy from the clips biting into them. Her pussy tingled intensely as the sharp bite of the clips was multiplied with electro-stimulation, her hands stretching and clawing from their bindings against her thighs.

Her mouth fell open as she panted out her moans.

“Oooh ahh oh oh”.

She’d long gotten used to the fact that the woman with the reputation for taking things too far would show her no mercy. If Becky were to be asked to explain what evil was all she would do was describe Kate.

She had been placed in a large metal saucer, like a huge oven tray, about three feet in diameter with a two-inch lip around the edge. This meant that Becky’s inevitable losses of control and anything else that spilled down could be kept from the lounge carpet and would provide cold, wet discomfort for her to wallow in as her torture went on.

“Pathetic”, Kate snarled as she looked down at the puddle then down her nose at Becky’s flat, high cheek boned face. It had changed a lot since the day she’d first sat on it, more mature, gaunter and showing the lines of years of service to the cult.

“S... Sorry, M...Mistress”, Becky stuttered, bowing her head and looking down submissively.

Her time with Eva had been a walk in the park compared to her time before and now with Kate, and she thought back to last Christmas Eve when all she’d done was sit on the sofa with the woman she’d worshipped at the time and watched porn while they toyed with each other and ate chocolate from each other’s holes.

She pouted her lips slightly as she thought of Chloe and what she might be doing together if they had managed to stay clear of the women they'd briefly broke free from. She couldn't remember when this time of year hadn't been sordid and dirtied by the cult but she imagined that they would have cozied up and watched Christmas movies while drinking eggnog like a normal couple.

Kate peeled her leggings down her thick thighs. Her flabby, large, wide ass was sadly the most familiar thing in Becky's life so she didn't bother to look up as its imposing mass was revealed.

The leather chest harness the woman wore squeezed her large breasts in so that the ripples of her belly and hips looked as if they were dripping out from under it. Kate's body was one for an acquired taste. In Becky's case she'd acquired it without being asked if she liked it and now was so familiar with every nook and cranny of it that she could see it with her eyes closed... and taste it.

Kate turned and parted her huge cheeks, the scent of sweat and holes wafting over Becky's face.

Every thirty seconds or so the wires sent a sharp pulse of electric through her body making her tense and jolt as she let out a little grunt. What made it worse was that the little star and snowflake shaped lights would flash a second before the shock, making her body shiver as it saw the surge coming.

Kate was oblivious to Becky's torment as she pushed her butt back, inches from the girl's face.

"Ready for another tradition, bitch? How about we fill your belly full of tasty

assnog?”

“Uuhh... Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress”, Becky said quickly and softly, between pulses.

A rasp squirted a blast of the boozy, creamy mixture, splattering onto Becky’s face and inside Kate’s crack.

“Mmm, it’s delicious, Mistress”, Becky said in the same convincing tone she always used.

“Then lap it up like the little bitch you are”, Kate sneered, puling her cheeks back with her thick hands.

Becky licked and slurped with an enthusiasm that even she couldn’t tell if it was fake or real anymore. Some girls might have found what she was doing disgusting but it wasn’t something she even thought about any more. She was Kolos, it was in her very blood, and she had always been destined to be an asswhore, it was almost all she knew and who she was.

The pulses felt easier to take once she’d gotten used to them and they came out like little hiccups as she licked the blend of sweat and assnog into her mouth.

She could taste the cheap brandy and egg whites, the milk was warm and sour and she remembered how bad her stomach had ached all night the last time she did this and she knew that a woman as deviously intelligent as Kate would have

taken that into account as she came up with the diabolical idea.

Her hair was grasped painfully tightly and her face pulled out.

“How is it, whore?” Kate hissed.

“It’s the yummiest thing a stupid Fuckboy like me can enjoy. Please, Mistress, could I have some more?”

Kate chuckled as she let another blast splatter over Becky’s pretty features as she looked over her shoulder to see the girl lick her tongue in a circle, catching the drops and specks around her mouth.

“You want to drink down all my tasty assnog don’t you, you nasty little bitch?”

“Yes, Mistress. Ooh, please I want to drink it all down my whore throat and fill my belly”, Becky responded.

“Then open wide, Fuckboy. There’s a lot up there. I’m going to fill you up until it spills back out of your dirty mouth.”

“Thank-you-Mistress-thank-you-Mistress”, Becky chanted out quickly before her head was pulled back and her mouth opened into a wide hole to give her mistress a familiar gape to target.

Being in Kate's crack meant being in sweaty darkness, the world outside blocked off from the sheer bulk of her cheeks but Becky knew she was positioned correctly as the first spurt of eggnog hit the back of her throat.

Long trained out of her, she didn't gag or choke and swallowed fast, knowing Kate would try to fill her mouth as fast as she could out of sheer sadistic devilment.

Her mouth became the entrance to an open drain hole, where anything that was washed down it could flow freely down into her stomach just as it had many times before. The jolts made air trap as the spurts filled her, making little burps as her lips pressed tightly around her mistress's pucker.

"Yeah, that's it slut. Take my delicious assnog down your dirty whore hole."

Becky closed her eyes and performed her duty, not even taking the time to swish the flavour in her mouth as she swallowed it all down as it kept on rasping and squirting into her.

And it kept flowing... and squirting.

Becky was one of the coolest asswhores under pressure but her eyes flashed open and she started to moan as Kate sniggered and kept on pushing eggnog out of her anus.

She could feel it bubbling and clogging her throat, making her cough and splutter a mouthful over her chin and down her chest.

Kate only laughed and tugged her hair so that Becky was pressed hard into the woman's crack.

She hadn't expected this much. How had Kate filled herself this full of eggnog?

It glugged into her mouth making her splutter as a pulse from the wires tensed her already aching muscles.

She felt a rush of it come back up just as Kate let her breathe again, dribbling it out of her parted lips. She gulped, feeling it pass into her sinuses and come out her nose, then gasped as she tried to catch a breath, only to have it broken in two by another shocking jolt.

"You always were a messy eater. Look, you got it all down your flat boy-chest."

Kate's laughter was as taunting as the words she'd just said.

Becky felt warm and fuzzy from the brandy and from eating ass, her smile more genuine as she hiccupped and then grunted at the electro-stimulation.

There she was, Becky the asshole Christmas tree, watched around the globe by

those that wanted to see a young woman twitch and groan naked and wrapped in restraints with candy cane's stuffed so tightly up her asshole that it made her tunnel ache from the stretch.

Kate would leave her there without a second thought, only to return in the morning to feast on the candy canes while she opened all the presents she would leave under the 'tree'. All of them would be a toy or device to try out or use on Becky during the day.

"Just one more bauble before I leave you for the night. Open wide, Fuckboy."

The red gag was made of solid metal, its surface shining like a bauble as Becky felt its cold hard weight in her mouth, weighing her jaw down. She remembered the taste as the tinsel tangled strap was buckled tightly around her head.

"Look at you... It wouldn't be Christmas without my dumb little tree."

Becky's stretched mouth drooled over her chin, the assnog starting to go sticky and dry on her face and chest as she steadied her breathing and prepared herself for the final decoration, or torment, depending on your point of view.

The green cone-shaped material was placed over her head like a hood. It blocked off the outside world and left Becky alone inside it, her jaw taut and aching as she snorted her anguish out her nose. She twitched and spasmed as the pulse rippled through her and she knew her body would come so accustomed to the timing that she would end up tensing a second before it actually struck. Her stretched and gaped asshole and mouth would ache until they were numb.

Kate turned around her, singing,

“Oh Christmas tree, Oh Christmas tree, how tasty is your fat ass...”

There was a sound of a message arriving on Kate’s phone and then the woman chuckling as she watched some clip that had been sent to her, walking away to her room for a comfortable night’s rest before the big day.

Becky saw the room light turned off in the hood, the material dimming to almost pitch black and completely blocking off her view of the room, only the flashing of the lights wrapped around her that signalled the groan-inducing jolt and the small red light of the camera were able to penetrate through.

She closed her eyes and sighed as she thought of Christmases that other people had, a fantasy to a girl like her, just as her cruel Christmas might be to all of them.