MIRACLE ON SLUTTY 4TH STREET

Volume One

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MIRACLE ON SLUTTY 4TH STREET

Prologue

Fourth Street had always been a bright spot in the city of Deerberg. Even though it wasn't a large tract of land, the road being a small side street, ending in a cul-de-sac, on the edge of the larger neighbourhood, there was just something about it that made it special. Consisting of about 8 well-sized houses, it was a street that always beamed with civic pride. The people there took pride in their homes and pride in their city. And Fourth Street really came alive at Christmas.

At its peak, each house on Fourth Street was adorned to the max with Christmas lights and other assorted Christmas decorations. They would even put up an arch over the street to make it really seem like a winter wonderland. People would come down from across the state to check out this simple street, just because of the reputation of their incredible Christmas spirit.

When the snow would come down, you would see the kids playing in the snow, running around, putting up snowmen, having snowball fights, or running around the corner to the nearby sledding hill.

It was everything you could ask for in a neighbourhood.

But then times got tough. People came and left, and even though that spirit of community was always there, it lessened as time went on. Some of the old families still lived there. The Carrolls, the Calvorsons, Old Ms. Winston, they'd all been there for a while. But some of the other families left, new blood came in, and slowly, that certain special something that made Fourth Street great started to fade. The neighborhood still tried its best, for sure, but people in general just didn't have that spirit of togetherness anymore.

And not only that, the world became a harsher place. People got more jaded to anything positive and hopeful, and some of society's worst features became normalized. They became more self-centered and greedy and private, things that were the opposite of what this community used to stand for. And the people who were still good were

slowly getting worn down by weight of the world and coming out worse for it. Escaping the sin and the corruption of the world became harder and harder.

And as that happened, the lights of Fourth Street shined a little less bright.

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Kevin Burkhouse was one of the people currently living on Fourth Street. A family man, he worked long hours to give his wife and two little kids the life they needed. But times like this, where he was working 16-hour days as the holiday rush really hit hard... it began to wear on him. Not that he resented putting in this kind of work for his family, it was just... it got tough sometimes. By the end of the night, he'd be coming home completely exhausted, arriving in time to spend maybe an hour with his equally worn out wife, only able to see his kids as they slept. Then, the next day, it'd be the same thing all over again. It was hard, missing these moments with his family.

Driving home late, around ten or so, he was ready to pass out. He'd been working extra-long shifts, and he was completely fried. But at the same time, he was wide awake, his body running on a runner's high as he pushed past the point of exhaustion. He was full-body tired, but still keyed up. He was eager to get home to his wife, but at the same time, he knew he had one more day of this, and he wasn't pumped to do it all again. He was eager for Christmas Eve, as he would finally have some time to decompress and let himself have the slightest bit of fun.

He drove through across the snowy roads, soon approaching the four-way-stop that was his turn. To his left was the road he lived on, Fourth Street. Across from that was Miller Creek Rd. Even though the two roads were aligned, they were considered different streets for some reason. And straight across from where he was, a small little street that ended in a dead end at a hill. The kids used to sled down that hill, but it had fallen into disrepair lately, the trees and the brush overgrowing it.

Kevin settled at the stop sign, pausing to take a deep breath. Shaking his head to clear any cobwebs, he moved to make the turn, eager to head towards the end of his street where his house was. But before he completed the turn...

CRASH!

Kevin's minivan spun as another car collided into the side of it. He spun through to the other side of the road, sidling up against the curb, facing the end of the dead end street. His head spinning and his blood pumping, he tried to figure out what just happened. He looked back to see another car in the middle of the intersection, a small little car with the front dented in. The driver went through the stop sign as Kevin was going through, hitting the side of his van around the tire well. Luckily, the collision had been at low speed, so he wasn't hurt. But still, he was shaken. Gathering himself, he got out of his car and walked around it.

"No, no, no!" he said, upset. He didn't need this. This was the last thing he needed right now. He'd been working so hard lately, and he had been looking forward to some peace and quiet these holidays. Now, he had this to deal with. The money wasn't any issue, it was just... this was the family van, and it wasn't so easy to transport the kids around in the other car. The other car was in the shop, which was the reason why he used the van today. This was just lovely.

He looked towards the car in the middle of the street, facing away from him. The car was still able to move, and with him watching, it turned around and approached his car, parking in front of his. Coming to a stop, the driver jumped out of the car.

"Oh my god! Oh my God!" a female voice said, clearly panicked. Kevin watched as a young woman ran towards him. Kevin got a look at her for the first time. She appeared to be maybe 19 or 20, about ten years younger than him. She was a stunningly pretty young Asian woman, with big brown eyes, straight dark hair down past her shoulders, and smooth, soft lips. Her beauty tempered his anger somewhat.

Somewhat.

"Are you okay?" she asked, looking up at him with sympathetic eyes as she chewed on her lower lip.

"Well... you hit my car!" he announced, frustrated.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice small and cute against his anger. "I tried to stop but I slid on some ice. This is totally my fault," she admitted.

"Yeah, I know," Kevin replied, still pissed off.

"I was just... you know, excited to head home. I'm coming back from college, and my folks don't know I'm coming. I was gonna surprise them..." the girl said, her tone so innocent and adorable that it was difficult to stay mad at her. She did look like a college student, dressed comfortably, a slim white jacket, purple, black and white spackled yoga pants, and furry stylish boots. Glancing back at her car, he could see it full of her stuff, as she was clearly heading him from school with her things. So, her story checked out.

"I just..." he began, rubbing his forehead. "You have insurance, right?"

"I mean, yeah, I do, but..." she began, looking worried. "You don't know my parents. They are going to be so mad at me if they knew this was my fault. This'll ruin the entire holiday."

"Well, this isn't exactly making my day, either," Kevin said. He examined the car again. His van got it a lot worse than her sporty little car. The side of his car near the back was dented in pretty noticeably, and the tire seemed to be bent at an angle. While for her, there was only a dent on her front bumper. She looked away from him for a moment, unsure, before looking back up at him again.

"Well, uh... would it be possible for you to take the blame?" she asked. "I mean, I know it sounds crazy, but my parents will be SO mad at me." Kevin was baffled by this. This was her fault. There was no good reason for him to take the blame for this. Gearing himself up, he realized it was time for him to put on his responsible-adult-hat and give her a small life lesson.

"Listen... what's your name?" Kevin asked.

"Jamie," she answered softly, looking up at the man next to her, like a child about to be lectured by their parent.

"Jamie," he began. "I don't know your family, but in my life, you only learn from your mistakes by accepting the consequences. That's how I got where I am."

"But I didn't do anything wrong. I just spun out on some ice," she replied, grasping at straws, still trying to evade.

"I'm sorry, but... I can't help you. Can you go get your insurance please?" he asked patiently, wanting to show the cute young girl mercy, but his inner sense of justice and responsibility shined through. She nodded sadly and moved to her car, grabbing her insurance card. As she returned, she looked up at him once more.

"I'm really sorry..." Jamie said again, her cute voice threatening to cool his boiling anger and frustration. As mad as he was with this whole thing, it was hard to stay mad at her. "I know you're really mad at me, and I can tell you're, like... really stressed out."

"You have no idea..." he grumbled to himself as he took down her info.

"Well..." she began, searching for an answer. "Would it help if we had sex?"

It took a moment for this question to register, but when it did, he looked up and shook his head.

"What!?" he said, looking at her, completely gob-smacked.

"Well, you seem stressed out, and you're really hot, so I thought it might make you feel better if we had sex!" Jamie offered with a bright, brilliant smile. As he looked at her, the shock evident on his face, he watched her reach down to grasp the zipper of her tight white coat and lower it, revealing a hint of smooth, succulent cleavage.

Jamie had a fantastic body, and it was only now that Jamie had thrown out sex as a possibility that Kevin realized it. Even though she had a petite frame and she was a good head shorter than he was, and she was also skinny and fit, she had curves where it counted. Her slim, firm legs were being showcased in her tight yoga pants, looking long and lithe and sexy. Those yoga pants also showed off her fantastic rear end, which stood out, firm and juicy, the tight material molding to it. But what stood out most were her fantastic tits. Straining the constraints of her thin white coat, her big, round, double-E breasts looked massive on her petite frame. Full and perky and perfectly shaped, with nipples hardened by the cold winter air, a sight very evident through her thin coat, they were usually difficult not to notice. And it was only now, as she lowered the zipper, exposing a peek at the chasm between her massive melons, that she got the married man's attention.

"Are you joking?" Kevin asked, suddenly on the defensive.

"No. It's just... I know that when I get really stressed out, all I need to do is have hot nasty sex, and I feel SO much better," she said, her adorable voice contrasting perfectly with her naughty words, sending a shudder of forbidden lust through him despite knowing better.

"Jamie, I think you have the wrong idea," Kevin stated, stepping back, his feet compressing the snow ever so slightly. "I'm a married man."

"Oh... so you're going home to your wife to have sex?" she asked inquisitively.

"Uh, no. Well, wait..." he stammered, realizing what he was saying, talking about his sex life with this girl he barely knew. He loved his wife, and their marriage was going great. It was just... with all this work, and with the kids being so young, private time between them had temporarily dwindled to almost nothing. But that was no excuse to even consider doing anything like this.

"Oh... so why not just do it with me instead?" she chirped with a friendly smile. "We both know it would be REALLY good!"

"No! It's not gonna happen!" Kevin affirmed, trying to put his foot down.

"Are you sure?" she asked, her voice softening, looking up at him with those big eyes as she chewed on her lower lip. "I'll let you do whatever you want to me..."

"Uh... Jesus..." Kevin groaned at this young woman offering herself up to him so flippantly.

He was completely baffled. What was going on here? This was crazy. Sure, the prospect of sex sounded good, but certainly not with this girl he barely knew. He was happily married, and he loved his wife. He wouldn't jeopardize that for anything. That being said, he was VERY stressed out, and her prescription for his current affliction would certainly solve the problem. Not doing it with her, obviously. That'd be crazy.

"Jamie..." he said, trying to talk her down from her insane offer.

"C'mon, baby," she purred, lips turning up to a slightly wicked grin. She then moved around him, talking as she went. "You work so hard and stress yourself out. Why not have a little fun? Don't you deserve it?"

"Jamie..." he repeated, shivering as she moved out of sight behind him. She began rubbing his shoulders, causing him to jump.

"Don't worry... I won't tell anyone," she said, her cute voice worming into his ear. Despite himself, her teasing efforts were having an effect. Her naughty words, her innocent demeanor, and her hot body had all combined to give the married man a tremendous erection. It was just stress! That was it! He was angry at this accident and stressed out from his work. And all he wanted in the world at the moment was to fire out all the stress he was feeling out of the end of his dick. And now with this little minx teasing him, taking advantage of his weakened state, she was putting him on edge in a way she wouldn't be able to otherwise.

"Don't you want to see me naked?" she whispered from behind him. "You seem like the type of guy that loves girls with really big boobs. Girls like me know these things. I know you're mad at me, but I can already tell you're a big fan of my tits. I bet I have bigger breasts than your wife, don't I?" she whispered. It was true. Even after childbirth, his wife's tits weren't even close to the size of Jamie's. Not that such things actually mattered. Cause if they did, this young, taut, hot-bodied college girl had his wife beat in just about every way. She was prettier and far more spontaneous than his wife. She was more fit and trim than his wife. Her legs were firmer. Her ass was far more ripe and juicy than his wife's. And, it needed to be emphasized again, this young girl's tits were far more massive and perkier than his wife's smallish pair. Of course, this was in comparison to his wife in the present, mere months after childbirth, who had some extra weight all over, who spent all day being run ragged by the kids and had zero appetite for sex. In comparison, this young woman seemed like everything he could ask for.

But luckily, none of these physical attributes actually mattered in the grand scheme of things.

Jamie moved around him so that she was standing right in front of him again. She stepped in close so her tits grazed his chest. "The back of your van looks pretty spacious. Let's just climb in there, take our clothes off, and fool around a bit..." she offered. Kevin gulped as she put on the pressure. "I'll even let you cum inside me..." she whispered, sending a shudder through the married man.

It would take nothing for Kevin to turn her down. He was a grown-up, a family man, above such petty offers. He was at the age where vows and promises truly meant something to him. He was no longer young and foolish like Jamie was. This should be an easy call. There was nothing stopping him from just taking down her information and heading home, turning down her desperate offer. She had no leverage on him whatsoever.

It should be easy.

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(Fifteen Minutes Later)

The night had set in. Snow was falling slowly through the air. And the shocks of Kevin's family minivan were being tested, echoing through the night.

"YES! YES! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Jamie screamed out.

On top of her was Kevin, naked, roughly fucking the young slut. Naked beneath him, folded in half, her legs resting against his shoulders, her cunt eagerly accepted his swollen, angry shaft.

So yeah, turns out all those physical attributes totally did matter.

Sure, you could write it off as stress leaving him at a weakened state. Stress from the family at home. Stress from work. You could write it off to a lack of sex with his wife. You could even make an argument that she had tapped into some deep-seeded dissatisfaction with his current domestic life. But if this little minx didn't have such big tits and such a ripe, perfect ass, he wouldn't be doing this.

Kevin knew this was wrong. That this was seriously stupid. But god damn, this was the best sex of his life. Mounted on top of her, bare-ass naked, with his cock sheathed inside this young slut, he was fucking her like a machine, using this young woman like the filthy little whore she was. The young slut beneath him was screaming with delight, her naked, sweat-coated skin sliding against his. He couldn't take his eyes off her pretty face and her big bare tits, and one of his hands was furiously groping her huge jugs as he drilled her roughly.

This was EXACTLY what he needed.

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"Fuck, fuck... Mmmphhh!" she moaned out, before their lips locked together in a fierce kiss, swapping spit once again. After a few moments of this, she slid her tongue from his mouth and moaned into his ear. "I want it! I want you to cum! I want to feel it inside me! Oh my God!"

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" Kevin moaned. It didn't matter how wrong this was. It felt so fucking good! His balls were boiling. He had to cum. "Ugh! UGH! UGH!"

"Yes! Yes! YES!" she squealed, her moans like music singing through the night. Her pussy quivered around his bloated married dick. Her body shivered in delight. "Ah! AH! AH! YES! YES! YES! YYYYEEESSS! AHHHHHHHHHHH!" She screamed loudly as she came, the windows of his van shaking.

"FFFFFUUUUUUCCCKKK!" Kevin roared, cumming just in time with the young slut beneath him, filling her quivering cunt with his thick, married cum. He humped down into her again and again and again, having the biggest orgasm of his life, pumping down into her as roughly as he could, her body shuddering with her own giant orgasm.

"AHHHHH! YYYEEESSSSS!" she screamed out, shaking the fogged-up windows. They stayed locked like this, humping into each other, bodies tensed, coated with sweat as they experienced an incomparable pleasure.

It was incredible.

Five minutes later, the illicit lovers pulled their sticky, sweat coated bodies off each other. As Kevin looked down at the perky college student, her smile lit up brightly.

"That was awesome!" she said effusively, pushing herself up on her elbows, making her big boobs jiggle lusciously. "We should definitely hook up again!"

"Uh... yeah." He said, panting. Even post sex, he realized that, as wrong as it was, it was fucking good. He couldn't deny it.

"So, um..." she began. "Is it okay if you take the blame for this stupid little fender-bender?"

"Yeah... sure... whatever..." he replied, now fully on her side of the argument. Her smile lit up again, and she leaned up and gave the married man a huge kiss.

"And will you give me a bit of cash to fix my bumper?" she asked, pulling back. He simply nodded, and at the knowledge that she had him firmly wrapped around her finger, she smiled. She could probably even tell him the truth at this point, that she hadn't slid through the stop sign, but was in fact texting at the time, and he would still take

her side. This kind of devotion deserved a reward. She quickly forced him back, pushing herself on top of him.

Soon after, the van was rocking again. The young slut was quickly riding the married man, her nails digging into his chest as his manly palms firmly squeezed her big, firm breasts. On this quiet street, in the view of everyone who looked, an illicit affair was continuing.

Fourth Street used to be a great place. At this very corner, you used to see families playing in the snow, sledding and building snowmen. Now, it was a place where you find a married man rutting with a slutty college girl in the backseat of his family minivan.

This is what Fourth Street was now.

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(December 23rd)

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Dan Carroll was behind the wheel of the family car, driving his wife and children back to the home he grew up in. Back to Deerburg.

Dan always felt strange going back home. The only real reason he had to travel there was the fact that his mom still lived there. They used to make the hike back home for Christmas all the time when the kids were younger, but as time went on, they would only make the trip every couple years. If it was up to him, and if his mom wasn't there, he'd probably never return. Yeah, sure, he grew up there, but he didn't have too many warm feelings for the place. For one, it just wasn't the town it used to be. When he was a kid, it felt like the city was full of life and good cheer and friendly faces. It was a bustling little town, and despite being a factory town, it maintained the charm of a smaller city. And when Christmas came along, the city really came alive. Deerburg became 'ReinDeerburg', and the decorations came out, as did the

parades and the floats and the holiday festivities. For anyone within a couple hours of there, it was the place to go to come Christmas time.

But no longer.

The realities of modern day life came calling, and Deerburg had to pay up. Economic crises hit, meaning those factories left town fast. With them went the money and the people, and the smart ones went elsewhere to follow the jobs. The people that stayed behind weren't nearly as lucky, trying to get by and make ends meet now that the big money jobs were gone. With the money gone, those incredible festivities got neutered beyond all recognition. The town still had the remnants of all the families that were present at the town's peak. Matriarchs and patriarchs holding down the fort as their children left for brighter pastures.

In recent years, some companies had come to the area, filling in the gap that all those other companies had left behind. That did bring people back to Deerburg, but they were all transplants, people who weren't here when Deerburg was at its best. And recently, this big company just opened up their massive new regional warehouse in the city, bringing with it tons of jobs, and giving work to the people that were desperate for it. But even that wasn't without controversy. The town was filling up again, but it didn't feel full of life. And certainly, the spirit of Deerburg wasn't what it used to be. Such things aren't meant to last.

Dan could feel that driving in. There just seemed to be a pall over the city. Something missing. The days seemed a little more dull then they used to be, adding to the reasons Dan had no interest in returning.

Next to him in the car was his wife, Connie. As an active member of the church, she loved Christmas, and it was during this season that she really came alive. She planned out everything, all sorts of events and such, and every opportunity she had she would take part in some holiday activity. Dan loved her enthusiasm, even if he didn't always feel the same excitement that she did. But their marriage was forged from a very strong connection between the two, as they suited each other well, even if they had some differences. Each carried a perfect

understanding of the other, knowing how the other thought and felt without even having to say it. They had friends speak enviously of their strong, stable marriage, as theirs seemed more rock-solid than most, getting together easily and rarely fighting. They were in this thing together.

In the backseat were their two children. His son, Max, was 19, and had just returned home from his first year at college for the holiday. He already had a girlfriend, and Dan could tell he would much rather be spending this time with her. He had always been a quiet thoughtful kid and going to college really put him in a place he could bond with likeminded people. He had begun to thrive being away from home, so having to come back was probably a drag for him.

His daughter, Gwen, was 18, in her final year of high school, and Dan could tell that she was bursting to escape the homestead. Although she had always been friendly and well-behaved, Dan could sense that she was looking forward to leaving the nest and making her own rules. She had always been active in helping her mother out at the church, but it had only been recently that that kind of stuff seemed to become a nuisance to her social life. It was becoming clearer that her priorities were changing. Dan had always sensed the possibility that there was a bit of a troublemaker deep down inside her. But so far, Gwen was still the friendly, churchgoing, effervescent teen she'd been for years. It was only recently that it felt like these things were holding her back from stuff she'd much rather be doing.

They were a typical family in a lot of ways. A family you would envy. Dan was a handsome father in his early forties, tall and fit. At times, he might seem a bit stiff, but it wasn't an unfair critique. Connie was the same age as him, and while she'd gained a few pounds over the years, she was still very pretty in a wholesome way. Her church going ways might make her slightly conservative about certain things, but overall she was a good mom. Max was a handsome, well-built young man, and his artistic spirit made him irresistible to the girls his age. And Gwen was an absolute stunner, with dark hair, tanned skin, and a body that defied belief. A round, juicy, perfect teenage ass, and a pair of massive, ripe, perky tits made her the object of affection for all the boys in her school.

The Carrolls were a family that others envied.

It was late afternoon when they got off the highway and made their way into the heart of Deerburg. Even though all these companies had begun moving into town, the city still seemed rundown. A lot of businesses were closed for good, the buildings seemingly aged and uncared for. Some sections of town were places that weren't safe to go. Even the big Christmas tree in the center of town seemed a lot less impressive than it used to be. Max and Gwen used to love coming here when they were younger, back when the town was livelier, but now, it was clear that neither could care less.

As they drove through the neighborhood near his mom's place, Dan could see all the houses he remembered with perfect detail from his childhood, now run down and aged. In the late afternoon light, the homes seemed pretty lifeless. The snow covering everything probably added to that feeling, as it seemed to drape over everything, sapping the life out of it. Making one last turn, Dan approached his family home near the end of Fourth Street. Pulling into the driveway behind his two brothers' cars, Dan put the car into park and turned it off.

Stepping out of the car, the bracing chill of the winter air hit him. But what really struck him was the silence. Of course, the snow cover muted all sound around it, but he didn't hear any voices or see any signs of life here or at any of the neighborhoods. Even the Christmas decorations at this house and the nearby ones seemed muted. This was supposed to be Christmas, the greatest time of the year, with happiness and joy in the air. But there was none of that to be found here. This wasn't the Christmas he remembered. But of course, none of the Christmases he'd been part of had been the same since that day years prior. Ever since the incident.

The front door of the large house opened, and there stood Dan's mom. An older woman in her late 60's, age had gotten to her, sure, but her brilliant smile lit up at the sight of her oldest son. For the first time during this trip home, Dan's heart felt lifted.

His mom, Doris, had had a hard life, but it hadn't always been that way. For years, they'd had a great life. They lived in this big house and

had all sorts of spending money. They had everything they could ask for. Then... the incident. Dan's dad had run off with a woman twenty years his junior, and life had never been the same since. He left them all behind with most of his money but no sturdy flow of revenue, and with him gone, there went that life of luxury. He left behind the house, which had been in his family for years, but their income was suddenly gone. Doris had to work two jobs to make ends meet and give her three sons a decent life. As soon as each of the boys were old enough, they went to work to help the family.

That was why Dan hated coming back here. He loved his mom of course, but there were too many bad memories.

Dan, Connie, and the kids greeted Doris. Doris looked like a classic grandmother, and she behaved like one. She always spoiled her kids and grandkids as much as possible, and she was always fun to be around.

"Oh, come in, come in," Doris said, waving in Dan and the family.

"You heading out?" Dan asked, noting how Doris had her coat and boots on, a small plate of rolls in her hand.

"Yeah, hon. Neighborhood meeting," Doris said. Dan rolled his eyes. The neighborhood meeting had been a thing that had been going on since he was a kid, and it was always a point of annoyance. It was just the people from all the houses meeting up at one of their houses to cover any neighborhood issues over plates of meat and cheese. Dan never cared that strongly about neighborhood matters, so he always thought those meetings were a huge waste of time. "Don't worry. Frank and Denise are getting going on dinner. Kim's helping out too."

"I hope you're keeping Tim out of the kitchen?" Dan asked.

"Oh, god yes," Doris said, and they all burst into laughter. They let Doris head out before heading in.

Dan soon greeted his two brothers. His next youngest brother was Frank, who was about ten years younger than him. He was a police officer, and a pretty good one at that. He'd always had an innate sense of justice and fairness, so becoming a cop was a perfect outcome from him. He lived a few towns over from Deerburg, so it wasn't too much of a hike. His wife, Denise, was here too, as was their little girl, Christiana.

His youngest brother Tim was also here. Tim was a few years younger than Frank, in his early thirties. And Tim... to put it bluntly, he was a bit of a fuck-up. Not that he was a bad guy or anything like that. Quite the opposite. He was very easy going and friendly and fun to be around. But he had the tendency to make really dumb decisions, especially with anything involving money or women. He used to gamble a lot and lose spectacularly. He also used to attract girls who were clearly bad news. He was warned about them by just about everyone, and inevitably, it would end poorly. That all culminated in him dating this girl long enough for her to get access to his bank accounts, when she proceeded to drain his accounts dry and immediately disappear from his life completely.

That was a wakeup call.

And somehow, after a lifetime of fuck-uppery, he got a happy ending. He met a great girl, Vivian, who was exactly what he needed. Patient and understanding, but bossy in just the right way for him. Not bossy in a bitchy way, but in a firm, controlled, confident way, keeping him focused and on track when he threated to make one of his classic 'Tim' mistakes. Dan didn't fully understand what drew Viv to Tim, as she was a successful businesswoman, and he was Tim the fuck-up. But they just worked, and they were a great couple. They'd gotten married a couple years prior, and Doris had been pestering them every time they talked about when she should be expecting grandbabies. As of yet, they hadn't had any kids, but from talking to them, Dan expected that they would be trying soon.

The Carrolls greeted each other as Dan's family unloaded stuff from the car and went up to their respective rooms. Connie settled into the

kitchen, helping out Frank and Denise with dinner. Gwen began chatting with Vivian, and Max began playing with Frank and Denise's daughter. As for Dan, eager for a bit of relaxation, he settled on the couch, lying his head back and closing his eyes.

Being back home made all those old memories come flooding back. Especially, at this time of year, his mind went back to the worst day of his life, when his father left. It was Christmas time when it happened. Dan and his father were close, real close. He worked at one of those big bustling companies that used to exist in the city, and he did really well there. He was also really into the church, and Dan was right there with him, brought up in the church, going to services every Sunday. And for a while it was good. And then, it happened. Out of nowhere, Dan's father up and ran off with the preacher's daughter. Just poof... he was gone. No one knew how long things had been going on between them, and Dan had no idea what they'd been up to since. He'd had zero contact with him since that day, and if his mother had any contact with him, she never spoke about it.

So yeah, Christmas kinda lost its luster to Dan at that point, as did the church. No event had impacted his life more than the events of that day. He made a few promises to himself. He knew he had to step up and be strong for his family, and he busted his butt to help out as much as he could. On top of that, he promised himself that he would not repeat his father's mistake. His Dad had torn apart his family, and for what? Sex? No... not worth it. Dan knew any kind of fun that might be had was not worth the damage it caused. He devoted himself to his family, not just his mother and brothers, but when the time came, his wife and children as well. He vowed to be a good and strong father, to be the backbone to his new family that he was to his mother and siblings.

He had never cheated, not in the slightest. He was there for his family in all the ways he could. And when there were moments where he felt aggravation or annoyance at some of the things that came along with having a family, he tampered those down. Sure, family life wasn't the most exciting, but there were so many other great things to focus on in his life. And yes, things hadn't always gone the way he would want, but that's okay. He wasn't super pumped that Connie had really veered towards the church as time went on, but he was good and supportive and never raised a peep. He always was the good father

when Christmas came along, not letting his true feelings bleed through about the holiday in the slightest.

It wasn't always easy. Like today. He didn't love being back home, as it brought all those old feelings back to the surface. But, as always, he just sat back, stayed quiet, and let everyone else enjoy themselves.

After a few minutes of solitude, Gwen wandered over, phone in hand. She smiled and took a seat next to him.

"There's, like, no signal out here," she said.

"Nope," Dan replied.

"And Grandma doesn't have wi-fi?" she asked.

"Nope," Dan repeated with a smile. Gwen looked up and tossed her phone onto the couch.

"So... what am I supposed to do?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Well..." Dan began, looking around. He saw an old chess set on a table. "You could play chess..." he suggested with a grin. Gwen turned up her nose at this.

"Yeah, the thing with that is..." she began. "I'm just too damn good," she said with a smile, making her father smile. "There's no competition here. I'll have all you guys saying 'king me' in no time!" She said this knowingly, Dan smiling at her again.

"I think there's a Jax set up in the attic," Dan offered.

"I gave up the Jax game long ago," she replied. "After the school Jax team kicked me out, I just... I just couldn't enjoy it anymore. It's all politics at this point." Her father laughed at this.

It was funny. When Gwen and her brother were younger, they really glommed onto their mother, and Dan understood that. As the father, he knew at times he had to be the heavy, and he also understood he wasn't the most effusive guy in the world. He did have a sense of humor, clearly, but it wasn't the type that translated to little kids. So, Gwen and Max followed their mother around when they were young, liking what she liked, doing what she did. They both were active in the church all throughout their childhood. But as they grew up, Gwen began to push back. While her brother stuck with the church thing, Gwen's interest in it waned. At times, she got into fights with her mom, normal teenager fights, as she tried to evolve her outfits and behavior to fit in with her friends, even if it meant pushing the boundaries of what was acceptable for a church-going young lady. There, Connie put her foot down, so Gwen still dressed conservatively, like her mother, but Dan could see a fire inside Gwen. He was curious what would happen to her once she was out of the house, and how quickly she would leave her mother's restraints behind.

As she fell away from her mother, she got closer to her dad. She got older, and she suddenly began to understand her father better. She got his dry humor and she enjoyed his company, at a time when teenagers were supposed to be feeling the opposite. She should hate her father at this point, but they had never been closer. Dan wondered if Gwen sensed her father's feelings about all the ceremony of church and Christmas and all that kinda stuff, and maybe she thought that she and her father were on the same page.

"So..." she began, looking up at him "So what are we gonna do?"

"We're gonna celebrate Christmas, and hang out with the family, and have a grand old time," he said. She studied him for a second, maybe sensing the tinge of sarcasm in his words.

"You'd better have gotten me something good for Christmas," she said. "It's my last full year at home, Dad. I expect something pretty great."

"Oh yeah..." he said with a nod. "It's the best Chess set you've ever seen!" She laughed at this. "And you'd better have gotten something good for me."

"Well..." she began. "To be honest, I kinda got you some boring dad-thing."

"Oh, perfect!" he replied with a chipper tone. "I love boring dad-things!" She laughed again before a warm silence fell between them. The silence was interrupted as Max's voice carried over to them, talking to his aunt about his girlfriend effusively. Both had a similar reaction.

"Ugh..." she groaned.

"I know" he replied quietly.

"Have you ever met this girl?" Gwen asked. Dan shook his head. "I swear, with the way he talks about her, that girl is either the, like, greatest person ever, or she has a magic vagina, because..." she said, before Dan playfully slapped her arm with the back of his hand. She smiled and looked at him.

"Don't let your mom hear you talking like that..." Dan whispered to her, as he was always a bit more understanding about adult language and adult topics than his wife was.

"What? You don't want mom to hear me talking about Max's girlfriend's magic VA-GI-NA?" she said, really enunciating each syllable. Dan shook his head and smiled, and for a moment, his concerns were forgotten behind this fun familial moment. Another silence fell between them, and Gwen took the time to look over at the side table, finding a wooden nutcracker. She picked it up and looked at it for a bit. "You know, some of my friends would call me the Nutcracker. Because..." she began.

"Okay..." Dan interrupted loudly as his daughter pushed her luck. He was understanding about talking about more adult subjects, but not THAT understanding. Knowing enough to know she was joking around, he threw her a small smile before heading to the kitchen to check how dinner was going.

Snow fell outside as night set in, and the house was filled with voices. Lights on the Christmas tree twinkled in the windows, and the Carroll family caught up with each other, coming together like all good families should during the holidays.

For the moment, all was well.

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The Fourth Street neighborhood meeting had been a staple for this small group of homes for years now. People came and went, but these meetings kept happening. Doris Carroll was the one who had originally spearheaded this get together decades prior, and through thick and thin, the meetings never ceased. Every two months or so, one of the houses in the neighborhood would host a get together where people would eat and drink and go over neighborhood issues. Doris took pride in the neighborhood, and she took steps to ensure the neighborhood was putting its best foot forward, and if any issues arose, they would confront them head-on. Typically, these things were minor, an unkempt lawn here, deteriorating paint there. Sometimes, the issues would be bigger. A few years prior, a group of college kids shared a house at the corner, and with that brought parties. And with that came noise complaints. Thanks to the gentle but insistent haranguing of the neighborhood homeowners, those kids didn't last long before they began looking elsewhere for housing. This was a good little neighborhood, and they wanted to keep it that way. Doris had lost a lot in her life. But, other than her family, this neighborhood was her biggest point of pride. Once her husband had gone, and her kids had grown up and moved away, it was all she had left.

Doris had hosted the previous meeting a couple months prior, so this time, her next-door neighbor, Polly, was hosting. Even though there was only about a 15 year difference age-wise between the two, it seemed like there was a whole world of difference between them. Doris

was your standard, average grandma. She was a friendly, grey haired, plump, bespectacled old lady. She was a woman resigned to old age and accepted it with pride. Polly was younger, and she still seemed with it in a way Doris never could. She knew all the current trends and pop culture. She dressed fashionably and kept herself looking good, staying fit and healthy. Polly had been a major looker in her younger years, and she had held onto her good looks even though she was now a grandmother. On top of that, she could easily talk with younger people and not seem like some doddering old lady. Doris couldn't make that same claim. Both women were grandmothers, but only one of them acted like one.

Polly had three kids, just like Doris did, but instead of three boys, Polly had two boys, with her eldest being her daughter. Her house was busy at this time of the year too, as all her kids were home, as were the grandkids, but they were all out for the night to leave room for the all-important meeting. Doris and Polly didn't see eye-to-eye on everything, but even Doris had to admit Polly was an excellent cook, and she had put together an exceptional spread of food. Prime Rib. Mashed potatoes. Green Beans. On top of that, there were snacks. A meat and cheese tray. Outstanding cookies, the best you've ever had. Polly went all out.

There was someone here from every house on the street, well, most of the houses. There was Doris and Polly, obviously. There was also their neighbor from across the street, Sylvia Morris, a mom in her forties with two grown kids. The attractive, dark haired older woman fit in well with her older peers, although there were moments that showed she might have a darker edge. But she behaved herself in these meetings, and her favorite topic of conversation was her two kids. Her daughter just gotten married, and ever since, Sylvia had been gushing about her new son-in-law and how well he was treating her daughter.

Then there was Janet Winston.

In Doris's mind, Janet had been a blight on the neighborhood ever since moving to the area so many years back. The old bat stuck out in the neighborhood like a sore thumb. For the longest time, she was the only one on the road who didn't go to the church. Or have a family. But she always had an opinion about how things were going, and she

did just enough in the neighborhood to stay involved in these meetings.

Doris had never liked her, and with good reason. They were complete opposites. Doris had been a family-centric, church-going, kind-hearted woman, and Janet was, well... a complete and total slut. She'd always been that way, from the day she moved in to the neighborhood to the present. Janet was closer in age to Doris than she would like to admit, but she carried herself like a hot young thing in her twenties. Sure, in her younger years, she had been attractive, but that was years ago. Now, her hair was grayer, she'd put on the kind of weight that comes with aging, she had a lot more wrinkles, and her large breasts had some significant sagging. Yet, she still dolled herself up and acted like she was a young hot babe. To Doris, this was nauseating.

They'd been at odds for years. When Doris was still married, and they'd have neighborhood events, it wasn't uncommon to find Janet flirting with Doris's husband. Doris was never one to get in screaming matches, so she simply made some passive aggressive comments and left it at that, confident in her husband's fidelity. And when her husband did leave her, no one took more delight in it than Janet, happily spreading gossip to everyone that would hear her.

Doris would gossip back, but it wasn't so much gossip as it was sharing of total fact. Because it seemed like every time Doris would look towards Janet's house, she'd see some new guy going in or leaving. Janet was a total whore, and she was pretty bold about it. Keep in mind this was happening a long time ago, when behavior like this wasn't normal, and Doris made sure to share the news of their spinster neighbor, in hopes of getting her shamed out of the neighborhood. But Janet was a woman without shame, which is why she still lived here to this day.

But as time went on, Doris's feelings softened. Not that she didn't still dislike the other woman, because she did, but to her, there was no point in carrying a grudge for so long. Doris was decent enough to keep thing cordial as the years passed, even as Janet took great pleasure in needling her. It always felt like Janet was trying to get one over her, even from the start of them knowing each other, and that continued to this day, in ways that Doris didn't even know. If she

knew that Janet had been shamelessly flirting with each of her sons for years whenever she ran into them, from when they college-aged to the present, maybe Doris would not be so forgiving. Janet knew this cold war was going on between them, and she knew that if she could lure one of those young men into her bed, that would be the ultimate point of victory. The winning chess move in their lifelong rivalry. But alas, none of them took the bait, and none of them ever mentioned these strange encounters to their mother, as they were used to their old neighbor being like this.

So, their rivalry was currently more about catty comments and the spreading of gossip, mostly coming from Janet. Janet took great joy in frustrating her old neighbor. But Doris didn't let the old spinster get to her, and she didn't let the other woman's salacious lifestyle stop her from being polite. She wouldn't dare descend to that woman's level.

That was the most negative Doris felt about any of her neighbors. Let's move on to some people more positive. Lacey and Derrick had moved into the neighborhood this past spring, and Doris was delighted by them. They were a couple fresh out of college, and they were the exact type of people who belonged in this neighborhood. Friendly and polite, they were happy to get involved with their neighbors and help out in any way they could. These two were outgoing and well-informed about current events and could hold a conversation about anything. On top of that, they were both very attractive. Derrick was a handsome, clean-cut young man, a kind and caring husband who worked hard and treated his wife well. And Lacey was a blonde haired, blue-eyed stunner, as effervescent and kind as could be, with a big heart and even bigger breasts. Derrick was a lucky man to land her, but when you spoke to her, you could sense a strength and toughness to her that let you know there was substance there. They were a great example that the next generation of people coming up weren't so bad after all.

So, that was who was here at the meeting at the moment. Doris, Polly, Sylvia, Janet, Lacey and Derrick. But that didn't represent the entire neighborhood. There were the Burkhouses, Kevin and Cassandra, and they usually attended these meetings, but with the holidays, Kevin was working long hours, and Cassandra was at home with the babies, so no one could really criticize their absence. There was also Dr. Wen,

who as a doctor was so busy that he never showed to these things, and again, no one could really disapprove of that.

Then there was Bruce.

A resident of the neighborhood for a few years now, Bruce had made exactly zero effort to make friends with his neighbors or participate in any of the local activities. He went to work, or went to the bar, or just came home. That was it. None of them really knew him well, and any conversation any of them had with him had been unpleasant to say the least.

To put it bluntly, he was a mean, unpleasant old man who made it a point to be as unfriendly and unlikeable as possible. Not one person had a good thing to say about him. The funny thing was he wasn't even that old, maybe 50 or 55, but he was going on 70 the way he carried himself. None of them looked forward to ever dealing with him, so it was a relief that he never showed up to any of these meetings.

After meals were served and they all chatted, they began talking about various neighborhood issues. At this time of year, a lot of typical issues weren't there, but some new ones did arise.

"We need to have someone look at that intersection," Doris stated. "The stop sign is hidden by the trees, and it always seems to ice over as soon as the first snowfall hits..."

"Yeah. Kevin Burkhouse got into an accident there last night," Sylvia stated. "I was talking to his wife. Apparently, he slid through the intersection and got hit."

"Jeez..." Doris said. "You know someone who works in the city, don't you, Polly?"

"Yeah," Polly replied. "I'll talk to him. He's been really busy with all the stuff with that 'North Pole' plant they just opened, so I don't know how free he'll be."

North Pole LLC was one of the fastest rising companies in the world. It had existed forever, but in the past few years, it had made its presence known, becoming a multi-billion-dollar company seemingly overnight. They had their hands in everything it seemed, from toys to clothing to food and chemicals. It was centered on Christmas related stuff, obviously, but they had their hands in so much more. They had opened these giant plants across the nation, including one here. These plants produced most of their product and distributed all of them too. The plant was gigantic, and while it did bring in jobs, it was not without controversy, as it quickly ran mom and pop businesses nearby out of business. It was a big, unescapable vortex of capitalism, and it made some people nervous.

"Oh!" Sylvia interjected. "Liam's gonna be interviewing the woman in charge of that plant tomorrow morning!" Sylvia said proudly, referring to her son Liam, who worked for a news website.

"Well, I hope he asks some tough questions," Lacey said. Her and her husband weren't fans of this big plant and had protested some of its more unpleasant features.

"He'll be tough on them. Liam's not so easy to please," Sylvia said. "Probably why he's not married."

"Oh, send him my way," Janet interjected with a wry smile. "I'll teach him a few things."

"Oh, stop..." Polly said, and Janet simply laughed.

"Feel free to send over that hunky grandson of yours too," Janet added. "I saw him out shoveling the snow, and mercy... that boy can shovel my snow anytime." Polly rolled her eyes and Doris blanched at this kind of talk. Polly and Janet actually got along well, with Polly

often acting as an intermediary between the two women, as Polly was not one to wilt up when the conversation turned a bit blue, unlike Doris. Seeing the discomfort in the older woman, Janet continued. "What? There's been no hunks around for years, not since those delightful college boys lived here."

"Those 'delightful' college boys were loud, rowdy drunks who destroyed neighborhood property," Doris stated bluntly.

"Yeah, and that made it easier for me to pick off some of the stragglers for a bit of fun," Janet said, smirking and raising her eyebrows.

"Oh... God forbid," Doris said, disapprovingly. Janet chuckled at this. An awkward silence fell for a moment, before Janet interjected again.

"Well, if any of you want to talk about that new plant, you should talk to old Brucey," she said with a knowing smile. "I think he's working there now."

"Is he?" Sylvia asked, and Janet nodded. "How do you know? You two friends now?"

"God, no," Janet said. "Trust me, I don't like that asshole any more than anyone here. But... I just know things."

"We should talk about Bruce..." Doris began.

"Ughh..." Sylvia said.

"Well, it's just, as you all know, tomorrow is the biggest night of the year for Christmas lights and decorations. People from all over come driving through here. And everyone on the street participated and has made the street look great. Except him. I kinda think it's an embarrassment that he's the only one who hasn't put anything up," Doris explained.

"Does he even celebrate Christmas?" Polly asked.

"Who knows what unholy pagan holiday that unpleasant old fuck celebrates," Janet stated.

"Someone needs to go talk to him… see if we can change his mind..." Doris stated.

"Whose gonna volunteer for that death sentence?" Janet replied. The room remained silent. "You should go, Doris. You're the one that cares most about this stuff anyway."

"He..." Doris began. "He doesn't respond to me well." It was true. Last time she tried talking to him, he slammed the door in her face without a word. The room remained silent, until an unexpected voice entered the conversation.

"I can talk to him," Lacey volunteered. Immediately, the other women interjected.

"I don't think that's a good idea..." Polly said.

"I don't know..." Doris said.

"Hon, he'll eat you alive," Sylvia said.

"Well..." Derrick began. "Don't underestimate her. Lacey's a tough cookie. You'd be surprised what she's capable of. She can change even the most stubborn mind. She once talked the head of some aquarium into releasing their sea turtles. She... she might surprise you." Lacey smiled at her husband. She seemed like such a delicate, beautiful flower, but there was a fire to her. "She could make even the most hardened man crumble." They were all wondering how such a

beautiful, pure, friendly young woman would fare against such an unpleasant, awful old guy like Bruce.

"I'm up for it," Lacey stated with a bright, effervescent smile, completely unafraid.

"Like I said, don't underestimate her," Derrick said with a proud smile. "She'll have that guy hanging up Christmas lights in no time!"

"She..." Janet began with a nod. "She should do it. Wouldn't hurt to try a different approach," she said, smiling, as if amused by the idea of Lacey the sweetheart interacting with such an unashamed prick like Bruce.

"Are you sure, honey?" Doris asked.

Putting her hands on her hips, and screwing up her face cutely, she spoke up.

"I'll have that mean old man singing Christmas carols," she said confidently.

Unsure, but admiring of her confidence, they gave the young blonde an impressed applause.

Things wound down from there on out, as each of them, other than Janet, helped clean up, and talked about their plans for the next day.

But none of them knew what the next day had planned for them, and how each of their lives would be impacted from it. Some good. Some bad. And they were all about to learn a very important lesson.

Christmas had changed. And Christmas was indeed coming for all of them.

Chapter 1

Liam Morris was both excited and nervous for the interview he was about to do this morning. Fresh out of journalism school, he had just secured a job at a pretty prominent website. But up to this point, all of his pieces had been pretty low-stakes. He was looking for something with a bit of meat. Something he could point to and be proud of.

Now he had his opportunity.

As someone who had a strong sense of right and wrong, he longed for the day where he could do some real journalism and expose some great injustice. Whenever he watched a movie about reporters bravely exposing some massive crime, he would always imagine himself in their place. So, he was forever on the lookout for that one big story. And as he paid attention to the news back home and heard about this huge new plant being built, all his journalistic alarms were raised.

North Pole LLC had become a pretty big story worldwide as it grew from a small, humble little company to a multi-billion dollar company within a few years. Before all this, it had just been this cute little Christmas themed company that distributed holiday related supplies. And seemingly overnight, they were this international conglomerate, with their hands in seemingly everything, from decorations and toys, to food and drink, to clothing and appliances, to chemicals and medicine and fossil fuels. People were so amazed at their meteoric rise and unprecedented success that not enough of them were asking questions about how they got there.

Liam had questions.

Doing his research leading up to this, there were a lot of holes in this supposedly wholesome company's story. How did their reach become so wide so fast? Where did they get their financial backing? How did they feel about practically becoming a monopoly and wiping out smaller businesses? And why weren't people in high places asking these questions? Did they have political connections, or something even deeper? And finally, who was this mysterious CEO who led this meteoric rise, who hid behind the cutesy name 'Mrs. Claus'?"

When Liam mentioned to his bosses that he was heading back home, to the same place where this massive plant had just opened, they secured him an interview easily. He expected that North Pole thought this would be a simple puff piece, but Liam planned to ask some tougher questions. Now, he didn't plan on going on the attack and turning this into some 'gotcha' thing. He knew his limits, and he planned to work within them. But he wouldn't be doing his job if he didn't inquire about some tougher subjects.

He wasn't exactly thrilled at the idea of doing this on Christmas Eve, but the plant had been crazy busy with the holidays, understandably, and he was only in town for a few days, so this was the only time that worked. His girlfriend Jess wasn't exactly thrilled to be spending the morning alone with his mom Sylvia, his older sister Deb, and Deb's husband Jonathan, people she hadn't met until a few days prior, but she understood that this was a big opportunity for him.

The 24-year-old wasn't used to dressing up for his work, but he knew he had to put his best foot forward. Clad in nice, dark slacks and a dark blue button-up, he looked pretty sharp. He did his best to stay in shape, as a lot of his work was pretty sedentary, and he did a pretty good job at keeping fit. He filled out his clothing well, while not going overboard. He came from a Mediterranean background, so everyone in his family had a natural, olive complexion, which worked on him. He was a handsome young man, and his stylish glasses belied his intelligence and natural curiosity.

He showed up at an early hour to take a tour of the plant with an HR rep before his meeting with the woman who was the head of the plant, Hannah Steinberg. The HR rep, an Asian woman about five years older than him named Chelle, really knew her stuff, taking him around the plant, detailing almost everything he saw. She did it with a friendly, professional, perfectly practiced tone, softening his skepticism somewhat. Because despite his reservations about this place, he had to admit this plant was mighty impressive.

First of all, the place was absolutely huge. It looked large from the outside, and being inside of it only made it feel more massive. It had to

be a few hundred feet up to the ceiling, making him feel like a small part of something much bigger than him. Chelle took him past some of the assembly lines, where people were putting together some of the products. There were people all over, assembling or inspecting all sorts of different items. She led him through a different part of the plant that was more like a lab, where people seemed to be doing some testing. She didn't take him beyond the glass, but it seemed impressive nonetheless. Another part of the plant handled food, and Chelle smoothly took a cookie off the production line and let Liam try it.

The area where they put together the clothing was also impressive, with some people doing some work by hand, and the machines taking care of the rest. Another area handled assembling and packaging the Christmas decorations, and the whole area was especially Christmas-y. The whole plant was generally decorated in Christmas themes, but this part especially. And, by the way, all the workers in the plant were wearing little Christmas hats, and if they had to wear hard-hats, they were designed to look like Santa hats. It was probably annoying to deal with that for the workers, but it was a cute touch. When he walked by an area where people were wrapping little gifts, he did for a moment feel like he was in the toy plant at the North Pole.

The shipping area seemed to run smoothly. Chelle explained that they aren't able to produce all their items in-house, and that they either own other, smaller, more specialized plants, or are affiliated with them, allowing them to fill all their customer's needs. There was also one area in shipping where they were getting truckloads of coal dropped off into massive containers, which seemed odd to him, as this didn't seem like the type of place that ran on coal.

The distribution area was probably half the plant, and it was massive. Looking down from the scaffolding, at the lines and lines of products sitting on shelves, with all these robots going around, grabbing and carrying items to conveyor belts. Even the robots had Christmas hats on top, so committed to the theme this company was. The people that worked on this floor almost looked like ants from where he was standing, that's how massive it was.

There was one area of the plant that they didn't let him go, but watching someone open a door and enter it as they were on the plant floor, it was clear in the split-second glance he got inside that it was the most interesting spot in the place. What he saw was hard to parse. First, he noticed massive piles of wrapped gifts, stacked roughly in the shape of a pyramid. It was the pile of gifts every kid dreamed of getting. There were multiple piles of these gifts, which were spread apart all over the floor. Secondly, he noticed that this area was full of people, but these people, mostly women, were dressed up in what appeared to be the outfits you'd see the people who helped out Santa at the mall wearing. Like, Christmas elf outfits, Santa's helpers. And these outfits, from his quick glimpse, seemed to be surprisingly, uh... skimpy. Tall, green or red boots. Tight, skimpy skirts, showing a lot of leg. And tight, revealing tops, showing off their bare midriffs. Liam only got a quick glimpse, so he figured he must have been mistaken. And lastly, he noticed something strange on the ceiling. There was what looked to be a retractable door of some kind. But why? Did they get deliveries by helicopter or something? It didn't make sense...

But this quick glimpse was all he got, as the door shut quickly, and Chelle seemed especially eager to move on and not let him ask any questions, talking rapidly, leaving him unable to get a word in edgewise. After having some of his feelings about 'North Pole' soften throughout the tour, his alarm bells were raised again.

Chelle led him away from the plant towards the office side of the facility. The entire plant was impressively modern, and this section was even more so. With white walls adorned with artfully minimalist red and green lines along the edges, and dark stone floors to walk along, it just looked really cool. There was impressive tech all over, with some touchscreens embedded in the walls next to every door. They even had these holograms projected at major hallway crossings, standing taller than Liam. Holograms of Christmas imagery. Classic images of Santa, reindeer, Christmas trees, snowmen, stuff like that. It was pretty impressive. Chelle led him up to the top floor on an elevator playing Christmas music, naturally, and when they emerged into a wide hallway, they were met with the person Liam was actually gonna be interviewing.

Hannah Steinberg was the woman in charge of this particular plant. Liam didn't know what to expect with her, and the woman he saw approaching him was certainly unexpected.

First of all, she was a lot younger than he expected. He expected some hardened older businesswoman, but what he saw instead was a young, beautiful woman, maybe 30 years old. And beautiful might be putting it lightly. She was stunning. A fair-skinned brunette with long, cascading brown hair, striking hazel eyes, a slim, smooth nose, and plump, full lips, she could have been a model. She was dressed well, in an expensive looking black business suit, a black coat, a thin matching skirt, and a shiny white blouse. She had severe looking black high heels, but she wore them well, striding confidently towards him. Her exposed lower legs were covered in dark stockings, clinging to her long firm legs.

She looked like a high-powered young businesswoman, but what made her specific to this place was the cute little Santa hat on top of her head.

"Liam?" she asked with a bright smile, her heels clicking on the floor as she moved towards him.

"Hi, I'm Liam," he said, shaking her hand as she extended hers. He found himself nervous in a way he didn't think he'd be, being in such a beautiful woman's presence. "Hannah Steinberg?"

"Yep," she replied. "Nice to meet you." She paused for a moment before continuing. "Hope you enjoyed the grand tour Chelle gave you."

"Yeah, she was great. This place is... impressive." Liam replied. Chelle smiled at this, and Hannah gave her a small nod, dismissing her.

"Okay, so we're gonna be over there," she said, gesturing towards a room at the end of the hall. She began leading him down the hall, and Liam's eyes went straight down to her ass. Her spectacular ass. Her round, firm, heart-shaped rear stood out from her slim frame, her

tight skirt clinging to it. Liam couldn't help but watch it sway side-to-side as she walked.

It had been a long time since he'd been so taken aback by a woman. He was a confident guy, but sometimes, just like any guy, even if you have a girlfriend, when you had the attention of a beautiful woman on you, you start to sweat. He shook his head to clear it, bringing his eyes up just as she spoke up.

"Sorry we couldn't do this any sooner," Hannah said. "Obviously, it's the busy season."

"Uh, it works out. I'm in town for the holiday anyway, so it wasn't a big deal," Liam said.

"You staying with family?" she asked.

"Yeah, I grew up here, so I'm crashing with my folks. Me, my girlfriend, and my sister and her husband," Liam replied.

"That's nice," she said with a warm smile. "I just moved to the area, so I'm still getting the lay of the land. I got a house right outside town, but... I'm still looking for a nice place right in the heart of Deerberg."

"Well, it's a good area. It's seen better days, but..." Liam began.

"It's on the rise!" she said confidently, glancing around at the big, fancy office around them. Liam smiled lightly at this. They approached a conference room, and Hannah rubbed her hand on her coat for a few moments before placing it on the touchpad. The door unlocked and she pushed it open and led him inside.

Like the rest of the office, it was very fancy and minimalist, with an expensive table in the middle and big chairs all around it. The walls were plain, with a large TV on the near side of the room, and a blank

white wall on the far side. The near side caught Liam's eye, as close to him looked like the type of big, garish seat that you'd see Santa sitting in at the mall.

"You can get the big man's seat," she said with an amused grin, indicating to sit in the Santa chair. A bit confused, he nevertheless followed her direction, sitting down in the big, comfy Santa chair. "You want something to drink?" she asked, moving towards a small mini-fridge in the far corner.

"Uh... a water will be fine," he replied. Pulling open the door, she grabbed a pair of water bottles. She moved towards him, sliding one bottle along the table before sitting down in the chair next to him. As she sat, she undid the button of her coat, the sides of it parting to give him a view of her blouse, and as she did so, Liam's eyes went straight to her chest, for one very simple reason.

Hannah has massive breasts.

He was shocked by this. Liam was not typically one to take notice of such things, but Hannah's breasts were, uh... very noticeable. They were absolutely huge! Mammoth sized, and round, and firm, they tested the strength of her silky white blouse. Liam was amazed that breasts so big could be played down in her suit coat, and he was even more amazed they could somehow be packed in her blouse. He'd never seen a professional woman with such insanely large boobs. They were just huge, and full, and firm, the top clinging to them, barely able to contain them. As Hannah cracked open her water bottle and leaned back to take a sip, Liam tried not to stare at her breasts as they were being forced outward by her arched back, her top molding to their round shape so completely he swore he could see the indents caused by her nipples.

He again shook his head and looked away. He was SO not this type of guy. When he was younger, sure, he wasn't the best at getting with girls, but his job had given him confidence enough to get pretty good at the whole dating thing. Now, he had a pretty awesome girlfriend, a pretty blonde named Jess, who worked at an art museum that he did

a story about a year prior. But Jess didn't have tits anyway near as big as Hannah's. Few women did.

Clearing his head, and trying to stay professional, he focused on getting ready for the interview. He unpacked his bag, pulling out a notebook and pencil and a sound recorder, which he always used to record his interviews, which he verified was okay with Hannah. As he settled in, Hannah spoke up again.

"So, you enjoyed the tour?" she asked, pulling the Santa hat off her head and setting it on the table.

"Yes. This place is... impressive," he admitted.

"I know. I've never seen anything this huge before," she said, and it took all his willpower not to glance at her chest at this unplanned double entendre.

"So... let's begin," Liam said.

They got into the interview, and despite still wanting to ask some tough questions, he didn't want to just leap into that stuff right away. He started off by asking her some lighter questions, the questions she probably wanted to be asked, about the plant, about all the jobs they would be bringing in, that type of thing. Liam was nervous to start, but the easy flow of the conversation calmed his nerves. Hannah was very easy to talk to, very personable, which explains why the company liked having her as not only as the head of the plant, but as a mouthpiece. Still, it was amazing that someone only a few years older than him could get such a position of power, and he saw this as a way to transition into some tougher questions.

"So, Ms. Steinberg, for someone as young as you are, what's it like being in charge of such a massive operation?" Liam asked.

"It's tricky, because so many people here are older than me. But I've earned respect, I think. Plus, I have the endorsement of the boss lady, and that goes a long way," Hannah replied.

"So, you've met her?" Liam asked. He'd done a lot of research about the mysterious 'Mrs. Claus', but very little hard information about her true identity.

"Of course!" Hannah replied. "She's the one that hired me."

"Can you tell me a little about her?" He inquired. "I know she's a bit of a subject of mystery, but you seem to have an actual relationship with her, so..."

"Well, some people are entitled to their privacy," she began, "And for a person of such prominence and wealth, her privacy is vital." Liam nodded, fully expecting a non-answer. "But I will say that she is a brilliant woman. Intelligent and beautiful and fiendishly clever. We've been friends for a long time, and when she..." Hannah paused, searching for the right words. "When she took over from the previous administration and turned this small company into the success story it is today, she took a chance and brought me on board. And she was proven correct, as I've ascended to my current position very quickly." Knowing this was the most he would get about 'Mrs. Claus', he opted to drop the subject and move on to other things. At least for now.

"So, I have to ask, during the tour, there was a large section of the plant that you didn't allow access to. I got a glimpse, and I was hoping to ask a few questions," he began.

"Well, every company with its salt has some classified information. And I would say that anything you saw would be considered classified, and would not be authorized to be shared to anyone at this time," she said. She had maintained a professional, friendly tone throughout the interview, but this was the first time that tone gained a bit of a hard edge. She was shutting him down on this line of questioning before he could start. Pivoting, he asked another.

"Your company's arrival in this town hasn't exactly been smooth," Liam began. "There have been many protests about some rumors about the working conditions for some of the workers, how you've put some of the town's smaller companies out of business, how you've bought up land and have practically eaten up this town. How do you respond?

"Um..." she paused, straightening her shoulders, a bit surprised by the question. "As far as any complaints about our working conditions, they are unfounded. You can check any outside report on any of our working conditions. They are spotless. I'm sure the people spreading these rumors are disgruntled former employees. And as far as this plant coming into the city...well, obviously, going by the name the 'North Pole', Christmas is in our blood. All of us that work here love Christmas and think back fondly when looking back at all our old Christmases when we were kids. We're the people that love when they start playing Christmas music the day after Halloween, haha! And when you look at the history of Deerburg, the Christmas spirit is huge here as well. It seems like a natural fit. Now, there were certainly some growing pains, as we are a very successful enterprise, and this is a town that has seen some economic hardship. There was inevitably gonna be some friction. But we are bringing work to an area that vitally needs it, and while yes, some local businesses are going out of business, we are working with others to ensure that we can help them in any way we can." She said this again, in her professional tone, but there was clearly some annoyance creeping in.

Liam was beginning to see through Hannah. He was starting to sense some artificiality to her. That maybe she had some darker intentions that she wasn't exposing. He couldn't explain why he began sensing this artifice. Maybe it was her way-too spirited defense of her company in the face of some light accusations. Maybe it was the fact that a woman of her age just seemed so wrong for this type of senior position. Maybe it was the fact that someone with her surname likely celebrated few Christmases growing up. There was just something off with her, and she was trying to hide it behind her corporate-speak. But Liam was undeterred. He was ready to push at her even harder.

"Now..." Liam began. "I talked to a man named David Parker. He used to own some of the land this plant sits on, as well as the tool store downtown, one of the oldest business in town. Despite the amount of

money you guys offered to him, he wouldn't sell his land. Then, he told me that his store was broken into and damaged beyond repair. And this was done by a group of men in little Santa hats, just like the one you were wearing," Liam said, glancing at the table where the hat Hannah had been wearing now rested. "He said he went to police, who told him they would look into it. But when he went back to inquire if there were any leads, they told him that they were no longer working on the case, and would take no further inquiries on the matter. With no other source of income, he sold the land that his family owned for a hundred years to you guys. What do you have to say to this?"

For the first time, Hannah seemed outwardly upset by this line of questions.

"Wow, you're really trying to turn this into a big expose, aren't you?" she asked with an annoyed laugh. "I understand the optics of this case seem damning, but we are a very experienced company. If we had goons, we wouldn't have them wearing identifiable clothing that connects them to us. This is a Christmas-centric town, and I'm sure there were many people who wanted this company to come here and were upset by one outlier halting progress."

"So, you do think someone did this on your behalf?" he asked.

"That would be my best guess," Hannah said, but Liam could tell she seemed taken aback, and her words weren't so confident anymore. As if she was wondering if she was saying too much. "No one that works here is responsible, I can guarantee that."

"Now one thing I mentioned there that you didn't comment on was the police force not pursuing this crime. Do you think it's possible that someone from this company nudged them into not pursuing the matter?" Liam asked.

"I can't speak for any police investigations. That's a question for the local sheriff," she replied tersely, any good humor she might have felt before dissipating.

"I only ask because, like with any company whose rise is so meteoric, questions get raised about money, and where it comes from, and how it's spread around. But I'm surprised that so few questions have been raised by the watchdogs for this kinda thing. Has anyone from your company ever talked with those types of people?" Liam asked. Hannah bristled at this.

"Are you accusing us of something?" Hannah asked.

"No, I just feel there are a lot of questions that are asked to most companies that aren't being asked to you guys," Liam asked. He was ready to drop the hammer. "But I do have some questions. I have an anonymous source. This person sent me copies of some paperwork your company filed, paperwork that is legal to be viewed, but was nonetheless buried. And I looked through it all, and one name kept coming up on all these. A name that, as far as I can tell, hasn't been released to the public. I saw the name... Beatrice. Beatrice Claus." Hannah definitely bristled at this. "And I have done research on you too. In other interviews, you said you've been friends with the mystery woman in charge of this company for long time. Now, it was a lot of work, and a lot of cross-referencing, but one name jumped out. The only woman in your proximity who had this name. A friend of yours, as evidence by some of your old social media profiles. A woman named Beatrice Adams." Liam held up a picture of this woman, Beatrice. She was a stunning brunette, beautiful but with a mischievous grin on her face. "This woman all but disappeared just over five years ago. And soon after, this company, 'North Pole LLC', suddenly pivoted under new leadership, a so called 'Mrs. Claus'. So, I ask you Hannah... is Beatrice Adams now Beatrice Claus?"

Through his speech, the color had slowly drained from her face. Liam had been unsure of his own argument, centering on this mystery woman being the elusive Mrs. Claus. She also seemed too young to be such a powerful woman. But seeing Hannah, and seeing her being just as young strengthened his argument, and gave him the courage to present this argument. Hannah stayed silent for a few moments before meeting Liam's gaze with her own. Weighing her arguments, she paused for a moment before letting her lips rise into a grin.

"Can I show you something?" she asked, and a bit confused, he nodded. She stood up and marched back over to that fridge. "I want to show you a project we've been working on... one of those classified things the public doesn't know about."

"Will this answer my questions?" Liam asked. She grinned back at him.

"Just... bear with me. Let me show this to you and then I'll answer whatever you want," she granted him. Nodding, he allowed her to continue. She reached into the fridge and removed what looked to be a small, metal case. Bringing it out and setting it on the table, she reached into her pocket to remove a set of keys. Taking a key, she unlocked the small little case. For a moment, Liam feared for his safety, fearing she was about to pull out a weapon or something, as ridiculous as that sounded. But the truth was even crazier.

She pulled out a candy cane.

He gave her a confused look, understandably. She grinned at him as she approached him, two candy canes in hand.

"This is a classified project. A gourmet candy cane with special abilities," Hannah teased, unwrapping the candy canes from their clear plastic wrappings. It looked similar to other candy canes, white and red, but this one was mixed with other colors, brown, blue, and yellow, giving it a strange, otherworldly look. "It mixes peppermint with some newly uncovered flavors. Some say it tastes like Christmas itself. And based on our findings, it tastes different to different people. Some say that it tastes one way to people on the nice list, and another way to people on the naughty list. And it has different effects on each." Liam looked up at her, understandably skeptical. She held out one candy cane, but wisely, he took the one she wasn't offering him from her other hand. She only grinned at this maneuver, before bringing up the candy cane she offered Liam up to her own lips, sliding it into her mouth.

"Mmmphhh," she moaned over the hard candy. "It's so good! We haven't released it yet because it's a work in progress, and the effects are still being studied. But I can't get enough..." Not really seeing any reason not to, not actually believing that he was about to be poisoned, he took the candy cane in his hand and brought it to his lips, sampling it for the first time. The flavor of the candy cane hit his tongue, as did the flavor of something else. Something he couldn't quite place. Something... indescribable.

And almost immediately, he felt its affects.

As if he had just taken a shot of the strongest proof alcohol he could get his hands on, his head began swirling. His vision spinning, his head dazed, he realized something was wrong.

"Whuh..." he slurred, his lips heavy. Looking up through his haze, he saw Hannah grin.

"I knew it..." she said, smirking. He heard her heels clicking on the floor as she returned the small case to the fridge. "That's some good shit... huh?" she asked, putting her own candy cane back into her mouth, holding it between her plump lips, sucking on it some more. Liam pulled the cane from his mouth as he reeled from its effects. His blood began rushing as his nerves stood on end. What was happening to him? Had he been drugged? "Don't worry. You'll be fine. Better than fine, actually... you'll feel a lot better after this." She paused, removing her cane from her mouth as she began slowly approaching him, heels clicking on the floor. "They say that, to people on the nice list, this candy cane tastes unbearably bad. But to people on the naughty list, or people who truly belong on the naughty list, it tastes unbelievably, addictingly good! A flavor that only those on the naughty list get to taste. Needless to say, I love it, and I think you do too..." she announced, taking a lick of her own piece of candy.

"What's happening to me?" he asked through his daze, head in his hands, his body sweating, his muscles tensed. Every current from the air conditioning made his entire body shiver. But despite his panic, he took another lick of the candy cane without thinking.

"The road to sin is paved with good intentions. This company got so far because of men like you… men who are trying to do the right thing." She paused as she stood behind her chair. Leaning back, the candy cane sticking out of her mouth, she slid her coat from her shoulders, putting it down on the back of her chair. Taking the candy back between her nimble fingers, she continued speaking. "I just knew that someone like you, who feels so strongly about justice and fairness and honesty, would have a black, rotten core. They all do. Those who seek justice from the corrupt know that they themselves are vulnerable to that corruption… deep down. I understand that, and that's why Beatrice trusts me."

Liam's head was swirling, and his head was in his hands. Without looking, he felt Hannah's presence. She reached onto the table and grabbed the recorder Liam had brought along and pocketed it. Liam could smell her perfume through his haze.

"This stuff has an especially strong effect on first timers, but me… I'm used to it," Hannah stated, letting her hand squeeze his shoulder as she moved behind him. "It causes dizziness, swirling thoughts, rapid heartbeat, sweating, which I'm sure you felt right away. I've gotten used to that part, so I'm fine. But most importantly, the thing you're feeling most, the thing that's driving you most crazy, is the intense, all-consuming, almost blinding lust flowing through your veins."

It was true. Liam's nerves were on fire, and every sensation he was feeling was combining to leave him intensely turned-on. He was as hard as steel, harder than he'd ever been in his life. His thick, eight-inch member was straining against his dress-slacks, and every slight move he made sent shivers down his spine and up his cock. As did Hannah's mere close presence. The whiff of her perfume, combined with his earlier thoughts of her and her impressive body was enough to make his cock suddenly throb for release. Even her words were turning him on, despite her now obvious dark intentions.

"That's the best part of them…" Hannah continued from close behind him. "We've done some pretty thorough research on it. These candy canes work better than any drug on the market. You suck down one of

these candy canes and you could fuck for hours. I mean it... hours. You fuck till you can't think straight. Till all you can think about is pleasure, and all other concerns are worthless. This stuff is pretty potent, which is why we keep it under lock and key. Trust me... this shit is the best! Fucking after having one of these is... life-changing..." she stated with a wistful voice before sucking on her candy cane for a few moments.

"Whuh... why?" Liam asked, her words echoing in his ears. He barely knew where he was. He felt like he'd been sucked into another dimension, with Hannah's words coming from afar.

"Because you were asking all those silly little questions, of course!" she said girlishly with a laugh, setting her candy cane down on the table. "I can probably answer them now, since you won't remember the answers anyway. Yes, Beatrice Adams is Beatrice Claus. We were besties before she became Mrs. Claus, and we're still besties now. I was her maid of honor at her wedding at the North Pole. She looked... amazing. And Nick, old Santa Claus? Damn... we still him the big man around her, but he is so not the jolly old fat man you think of. He's young and fit and cute... Beatrice struck gold with him, literally. He has had a vast amount of wealth for hundreds of years, more than just about anyone. He just never spent it, and by that, I mean, his first wife was cheap. But, say what you will about Beatrice... that bitch knows how to spend money. They had this little shell company to handle outside business transactions for things they couldn't get up north, and a vast amount of wealth just going unused. With his resources at her disposal, it didn't take a genius to turn their little cute shell company into a booming super-business! It's incredible what she's accomplished so far. And... well, I can keep going but do you mind if I take my bra off?" she asked.

"What?" he stammered, his head in his hands, still dazed. Her bra? But why?

"Okay! Perfect! Thanks!" she said, taking his confusion as a yes. As she resumed speaking, her hands reached slid behind her back underneath her top, her fingers searching for bra clasp. "So, anyway, yes, this company has a vast amount wealth behind it, which explains our sudden success. And yes, we also have friends in all the right

places to cover our tracks. With what we do, and the things we have at our disposal, we can't have people asking too many questions. They wouldn't understand some of the things we're capable of and the great things we're trying to do!" At this, she paused, and with Liam's eyes rising up for just a moment out of curiosity, he watched as she set down an expensive looking bra with VERY large cups onto the table right in front of him, removing this lacy garment without taking off her top or undoing a button. Reeling from this sight, he put his eyes back into his hands as she resumed speaking. "Yes, we had a group of guys break into old Parker's place and tear apart his livelihood. But who cares? No one was hurt! He was just being stubborn, and he's now far wealthier and happier than he ever was before. And yes, we have a secret warehouse used to house Santa's helpers temporarily, as our plant is being used as a way-station to house gifts for the big night. But none of that really matters at this point." Liam suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder pull him up to a seated position. The room was spinning as light hit his eyes again, and they opened just in time to see Hannah sit down on his lap.

"OH!" he groaned, as that perfect ass he'd spied on earlier planted itself against his throbbing, clothed cock. Her round, juicy butt ground into his hard, swollen meat. The pleasure was intense.

"Here..." she said, grabbing his palm, with the candy cane still held there. She brought the cane to her mouth, wrapping her lips around the shaft for a moment, sucking on it, savoring its flavor, before taking it out and guiding the spit-covered candy to the young man's mouth. "I want you to eat the entire cane, okay? I want you to get the full dose. Trust me, the effects will be worth it. You'll get so hard, you'll probably gain an inch to your cock permanently. But from the feel of it... you don't need the help! Haha! Wow!" she said, grinding her ass into his rock-hard cock. She wrapped her arms around his neck as she settled into his lap. His head was leaning back against the chair as he kept sucking on the cane, wearing it down. He didn't know what else to do, and in his daze, he just followed her command.

"I probably didn't even need the help, the way you've been looking at me..." she cooed as she kept the pressure on. "I felt your eyes on my ass back in the hallway, and you could barely stop yourself from staring at my tits during the interview. It was SO obvious, Liam, haha! You think you belong on the nice list after that? How many guys come

in to a major interview with a successful businesswoman and spend the entire time staring at her big tits?"

"I...no..." he stammered around the candy cane, knowing that wasn't true.

"And then you insisted I take off my bra?" she continued. "Wow! I think someone has tits on the brain. Don't you?" She ground into him, and his dazed eyes glanced down to her chest again. Her white blouse had at some point been unbuttoned about halfway down since the last time he looked, and this professional woman was suddenly showing some skin. Her now bra-less breasts were now being better showcased in her top, the smooth, succulent flesh pouring out from within. His eyes became mesmerized by her deep, endless cleavage. She took one hand and held the candy cane that was protruding from his mouth between her nimble fingers. She pulled it out from his searching mouth for a moment, taking a lewd lick along its length before sliding it back between his lips, holding it there, making sure he consumed all of it. "I'm starting to think your girlfriend doesn't match up..."

"Ugh..." he groaned, his hands falling to his sides as memories of Jess floated through the haze. She was so pretty, and friendly, and cute, and nice. She did so speak so intelligently about so many things. She was a great person. But Hannah was right. She could not compete with Hannah in the breast department. Jess had decent breasts, but compared to Hannah she was positively flat. His eyes fell to Hannah's breasts again, and this time, he didn't have the strength to look away.

With only the nub of candy cane left, she released it into his mouth. Within a minute or so, it was gone. This fact making her happy, she straddled him, grinding her pussy against his throbbing, bone-hard pole.

"I've kept this thing recording," she purred, producing the recorder in front of his eyes. "In it, you have all the answers I gave you. A full confession. The info here could win you any journalism award and acclaim on the planet. It's the story of a lifetime. But you have to choose. I can give this back to you, or..." she began. Before he could react, she reached down and nimbly unbuttoned the remainder of her

blouse buttons. Grabbing both ends of her top and facing him fully, she pulled it apart, exposing her massive bare breasts to the young man for the first time. "Or you can suck on my big tits instead?"

They were perfect... absolutely perfect. Positively massive, and round, and perky, they jiggled as they were removed from their constraints. Their creamy flesh looked smooth to the touch, and their shape was immaculate. Round, and full, they were huge. And the way they rode close together high on her chest made them jut out perfectly while still maintaining a cavern of perfect cleavage. Her round, pink nipples were hard as bullets, hypnotizing Liam as they swayed right in front of him. He couldn't look away.

"I know you want to break this whole huge story about this company and do the right thing, but wouldn't you much rather suck on these perfect nipples?" she purred. Still gripping the voice recorder, she nimbly tweaked both of her hard nipples right in front of him. And all the while, she kept up the pressure on his throbbing cock, grinding against him slowly, driving him crazy.

Liam was a good man, and he indeed was a champion of fairness and justice. And she had just handled him the silver bullet to end a corrupt company for good. But... he wasn't himself right now. God knows what was flowing through his veins from that candy cane, but whatever it was had his nerves on edge, his muscles tensed, and his cock throbbing. He had never been this hard, ever, and her earlier words were proven correct. His cock had never felt bigger, and it was clouding his judgment. He wanted to do the right thing, and he loved his girlfriend more than anything. He really did. But his cock wanted nothing more in this world than to give in to this twisted, corrupt woman's demands. He wanted to fight back, but he didn't know if he was capable of functioning without giving in to her. He wanted to stay strong, but he so, SO wanted to give in. He tried to resist, he really did, but...

He just couldn't stop himself.

Leaping forward, he attacked her breasts with his famished mouth, taking a hard nipple between his lips and sucking savagely.

"AHHHH! YES! That's it! That's it! Yes!" Hannah moaned as the young journalist sucked her nipple. She could feel his mouth working its magic, his tongue worshipping her hard nipple, licking it, flicking it, coating it with his saliva. Tossing his recorder away to crash against the hard floor, she reached around him with one arm and held his face against her chest as he sucked her big tits. Giving one nipple enough worship, he switched to the other, just in time for him to reach up and cup her huge tits in his big hands.

"MMMPPHHH!" He groaned as he got two big handfuls of titty. They felt SO good! He squeezed the firm melons between his fingers, the perfect softness filling his palms. They were amazing! He couldn't get enough, digging into her big jugs, squeezing over and over again, each squeeze sending a wave of heated pleasure throughout his overcharged form.

"That's it! Yes! Put your hands all over me, baby! Yes!" Hannah moaned in pleasure as he groped her giant rack. His hands kept squeezing, and his mouth alternated back and forth, giving each perfect breast equal treatment. His hands supported their weight as he went back and forth, and soon, her tits were covered with spit. His mouth was going crazy, taking as much titty-flesh into his mouth as possible, licking, kissing, and sucking all over. In his lust-induced fervor, his stylish glasses fell to the floor by the sheer force of Hannah's huge boobs. Finally, wanting to take control, Hannah reached around his head once more and pulled his face forwards, lodging his handsome face between her tits. Leaning back, holding his face in her cleavage, she spoke up.

"Drown in them, baby! Drown between my tits and forget everything else! My tits are your fucking world!" she said. That's what it felt like. Drowning. Liam was drowning in softness. Drowning in smooth, soft, succulent breast-flesh. Drowning in lust. Drowning between Hannah's huge tits, his nose lodged in her cleavage. But he wasn't trying to fight it. The lust coursing through him commanded him to let it happen. He wanted to fall deeper, to drown completely in the softness. He wanted to keep scrubbing his face against her big, soft tits and never stop. He wanted to live his life between her tits, smelling the wickedly lustful pheromones emanating from deep in her cleavage. He was drowning in the sins of corruption, and he couldn't find the strength to fight it.

As for Hannah, as she completely upended the younger man's life, she was serene. She was used to shoving her tits in a guy's face. She spent her younger years doing this very thing, maybe two or three times a week. So, she was used to guys losing themselves in her tits. As she held him in place against her boobs, she reached back and found her own discarded candy cane, taking it between her lips, sucking on it languidly. While the nasty side-effects of the potent, 'Christmas magic' infused candy canes no longer affected her, the good parts of it still worked their magic on her. Namely, it made this already horned-up woman turned-on beyond belief. Horny to an almost insatiable level. As her talented tongue worked over the candy-cane in the same way she would a big thick cock, her already dripping pussy began to gush. As she humped against the younger man's straining dick, she got more and more horny. Ready to take this to the next level and cement her power over the man beneath her, she polished off the candy cane before reaching down between her legs, underneath her now-raised skirt, and pulled her soaking wet thong to the side, readying her nasty cunt for action. She then began palming the young reporter's bulge before undoing his fly and yanking down the zipper. Reaching down and sliding her hands into his boxers, her fingers made contact, wrapping around his pulsing shaft.

"Mmmmmpppphh!" he groaned as his whole body jolted from the sudden contact. Her touch was like lightning, sending jolts of lust through his entire body. With his face still lodged between her tits, he humped up against Hannah's hand, desperate for pleasure. But she gave him only a few cursory strokes, because she knew what was coming next was even better. Scooping his sizable cock and balls from his dress pants and pointing it upwards, she hovered her hips above him, sliding the tip of his are cock against the plump lips of her ready pussy before sitting down on it, taking his big, thick cock all the way inside her in one quick go.

"AHHHHHH!" Hannah moaned loudly as her tight pussy stretched around the thick, beefy cock owned by the man beneath her.

"UGHHH! FUCK!" he screamed out into her cleavage as his taken cock experienced a new type of pleasure, a level at which he'd never known possible. Her talented pussy felt so fucking good! It was incredible. His

girlfriend was almost fully forgotten at this point. Jess... her pussy... her tits... none of it compared to Hannah.

Hannah's ass settled against his lap as she squeezed her pussy around his throbbing post, making him squirm. She released her hold on his head, letting it fall back against the big chair.

"Fuck," he moaned out, eyes clenched shut in pleasure. Gripping his shoulders, Hannah began bouncing on Liam's lengthy cock. "Oohhh!" he sighed. Her pussy felt incredible wrapped around his thick weapon, gripping it tightly, coating it with her juices, smothering it in pleasure. Up and down she bounced, taking his cock smoothly inside her on every bounce, her ass slapping against his thighs.

"Yes! I love it!" Hannah moaned in excitement, bouncing faster, her huge tits quaking as she did so. Unable to resist, the young journalist attached his mouth to her nipple again, sucking it eagerly as she rode him. Not only was she enjoying the younger man's thick pussy-pleaser, she was also enjoying conquering the idealistic journalist. A young man who fought for the little guy, who wanted to stand up to corruption, who ended up giving in to the very forces he was trying to fight. Hannah loved it. Brimming with confidence, her body buzzing with lust, she rode him faster and faster, feeling energized beyond belief. This was gonna be a marathon, and she was just getting started.

Liam pulled his head back and rested it against the chair again. His head had begun to sway less, and the fog in his eyes began to lift. The initial effects of the candy cane were beginning to wear off. It's most lasting effect, his hard, throbbing, concrete-hard dick, was here for the long haul, and it was controlling his actions, pumping up into her as his hands groped her giant tits eagerly. But the 'Christmas Magic's' initial effects were leaving him. It was lust controlling his actions now, and if he had enough willpower to throw aside this sexual pleasure, he still had a chance to escape this encounter. Despite the actions of his now overcharged body, he looked up at Hannah with fire in his eyes.

"What have you done to me?" he asked, his head still heavy with the effects of the drug, err...'Christmas Magic'. But his spirit was beginning to rise up and fight.

"See how easy it was for you to fall?" she asked with a brilliant smile as she rode him. "You came to me with all these big ideas about what would happen here. Yes! You thought you were gonna get this big expose and impress your pretty little girlfriend and be this big-time journalist. God damn! But as soon as you met me and you began drooling over my big tits, you were done! Fuck...fuck. How does it feel? Knowing you threw everything away for a pair of big tits and some really hot sex? YES! Fuck! And this is REALLY hot, nasty sex, isn't it? Yes! Fuck! You're even better than I thought!"

Throughout her little speech, Liam's blood began to boil. Clear of the haze, his mind had returned to him, hearing her words loud and clear. But despite her insane speech, the sex hadn't slowed down. His hands lovingly squeezed her massive breasts throughout, and he kept pumping up into her spectacular pussy as she rode him. His head hated her words, but his body delighted in the filth.

"You're... you're crazy!" He growled as they kept fucking. She took his full length inside her and squeezed down on him hard, making his head sway in pleasure. He did his best to fight off the urge to cum, as badly as he wanted to.

"And you love it!" she yelled out, delighted with herself, her pussy gushing around his aching pole. "God damn, that dick is fucking hard! Fuck! I can feel how much you love it! Yes! I'm the corrupt businesswoman you probably dreamed of uncovering, and instead of bringing her down, you decided to hook up with her! Instead of bringing her to justice, you gave her exactly what she wanted! Instead of turning her in, you decided to have sex with her! Haha! Yes! YES!" She squealed in pleasure, riding him harder and harder.

"Fuck!" he sighed. As she tore him down, he couldn't stop himself from continuing to drive his thick penis up into the evil woman's distressingly tight vagina. It would be so much easier to fight this off if it didn't feel so fucking good! God damn, her cunt was incredible. It

was giving his cock the greatest pleasure he'd ever felt, driving him crazy, holding him on edge masterfully without let him go over. The sex was taking the fight out of him.

"Yes! Yes! I needed some good dick! Fuck!" Hannah moaned, her ass slamming into his thighs. "I'm gonna cum on that big dick! SHIT! YES!" Liam kept driving up into her, and his hands kept eagerly groping her huge jugs, digging his manly fingers into the succulent, firm flesh. As he did so, he looked up at her angrily, upset at what she had done.

"You did this to me! Jesus... fuck!" he groaned through clenched teeth, fucking up into her hard and pinching her nipples.

"AHH! HAHA! FUCK!" she screamed out, his fight turning her one beyond belief. "We can't inflame a desire that isn't there... fuck! We wouldn't be doing this if you weren't thinking of fucking my slutty ass from the second we met! Yes! Your little girlfriend was all forgotten as soon as you saw my body! UGH! I could feel your eyes glued to my hot ass... ugh! Fuck! And my huge tits! YES! You must be SO happy with your girl to be looking at a woman you just met like that, haha!" She cackled evilly.

"Shut up!" Liam growled at Hannah for mentioning his girlfriend while trying to ignore the ripple of lust that went through his cock at her wicked words.

"Don't try to deny it, lover. Oh... does that bother you, babe?" she asked, noting him wince. "But it's true, honey... we're lovers, now. Your cock is buried deep in my nasty cunt! Fuck! That makes us lovers, now and forever." She kept bouncing roughly, sweat began to form on her smooth skin. "And you must like me even more than your girlfriend for you to throw it all away just for a shot at me! UGH! Fuck! Yes! I love it! I bet you didn't do nearly that much for her... no... you just had to throw away all your morals... fuck... your loyalty... YES... your entire future as an unbiased journalist... FUCK... just because you needed a shot at my hot body!" She rode him with purpose, making him wince as her body slammed into his thighs, stamping out

her dominance over him, her broiling pussy making his head roll. He had to cum, badly, but yet he still fought against it.

"No... no... this'll be done... and I'll stop you... fuck... stop this... somehow. I'll figure it out... fuck... and Jess will understand," he said, his voice pained as he tried to fight the unending waves of pleasure coursing through thanks to Hannah's talented sex skills.

""You think you still have a chance? Aww... you're cute," she said with a sickeningly sweet grin. She then leaned forward and grabbed his head again, scrubbing her sweaty breasts over his face. As she did, she dropped the final hammer on him. "Do you seriously think one man can actually take a multi-billion dollar business down? You write an article? We buy your website and make it disappear! So many men think they could stop us, and all of them fell in line! Look at where you're at and tell me you're any different! Ughhh... fuck! Just give in and join the victors. You'll be a lot happier... trust me."

Liam's cock was in heaven, buried in Hannah's talented cunt, experiencing a pleasure he hadn't known possible. And his face and hands were drowning in the softness of her massive tits, scrubbing his face against them as his hands cupped the mammoth udders. But despite all that, her words were like a noose around his throat. She was right. There was nothing he could do to fight against this. They were too strong. Too mighty. Within minutes of questioning Hannah, he had ended up balls deep inside her. If he pushed back even more, deep down he just knew he'd only fall deeper. It was already too late. There was no way for him to walk out of this the same. No way to do anything to stop him sliding deeper into sin, thanks to the wicked woman on top of him. He had taken a swing in the dark at some of the more mysterious aspects of this company, and in response, Hannah had deftly deflected his strike and turned it against him, demolishing him in the process. Liam now realized how thoroughly defeated and dominated he had been by Hannah, and it had a curious affect.

It turned him on.

As he felt his hopes and dreams being driven away by this evil, cunning woman, he felt his cock somehow grow even harder, and he

was spurred on by an even more manic lust inside him. He pushed her back so her back was up against the edge of the table and began pounding up into Hannah savagely, gripping her massive, soft, squeezable tits roughly, using them for leverage as he drove up into her.

"AHHH! YES! YES!" Hannah screamed out in pleasure. "YES! FUCK! That's it! That's it! Fuck me! FUCK ME! I know you love it! I know it! FUCK! UGHHH! SHIT! Just give in, baby! Give in! There's nothing you can do! So just give in! Surrender! Surrender to me! UGH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" She screamed out as he fucked her harder and harder. Heaving their bodies into each other, his swollen weapon sawing into her cunt at a near blinding speed, both of them were losing themselves in the heat of the moment.

"UGH! SHIT! FUCK!" Liam groaned. The pleasure was so overwhelming it was overriding rational thought. He couldn't think straight. He couldn't think about the naughty act he'd been drawn into. He couldn't think about his sweet, loving, girlfriend back home. All he could think about was how blindingly good Hannah's nasty fucking cunt was. How it brought him more pleasure than Jess ever had.

Nothing else mattered.

"You belong to me, now! FUCK! Yes!" Hannah commanded. "You'll put out a glowing article about this company! Fuck! Convert any doubters! Yes! Anyone where you work who looks into this company... ugh... yes... send them my way! Yes! I'll take care of them! Fuck! Why do you think no one asks any questions! UGH! Because we fuck the doubts all out of them! YES! SHIT! FUCK! Hon, by the end of this, your mind will be mush! You won't remember your questions when I'm done with you! You'll be a card-carrying champion for this fucking company! YES! YES! Surrender to me! FUCKING GIVE IN!" she roared, her luscious body quivering in pleasure.

Out of journalism school, Liam had hopes and dreams of doing good work, exposing great injustices, and ending corruption in any way he could. He had respect for the power of the press, and the role it played in society. But now, faced down with true corruption, buried to the hilt

inside one of the sluttiest pussy's imaginable, feeling a type of exquisite pleasure that only a truly nasty cunt could give to a bi, swollen cock, none of those hopes and dreams mattered. Noble causes died. Loyalty and love fell to the side. When experiencing true bliss, there were no questions. There were no doubts.

There was only surrender.

Surrendering was the last step for Liam. The last shred of decency inside him shredded as he allowed the corruption battering at his defenses to spread. He accepted the pleasure Hannah's pussy was giving him without question, wanting to fully experience it. Jess was gone. His noble spirit had disappeared.

Liam had been corrupted.

"Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" Hannah squealed.

"Yes! FUCK! YES! I'm gonna cum!" he growled, hands still groping her big tits. Hannah was now covered with sweat, and she was still mostly clothed, adding to the oppressive heat she was feeling. Her silky blouse hanging off her shoulders, sticking to her back. Her skirt yanked up, with her ass hanging out. Her stockings were still clinging to her legs, coated with moisture from the intense exertion of nasty sex she was inflicting on the younger man. And below her, equally sweaty, was Liam, still almost completely clothed, with his pants stretched between his thighs, and his shirt mussed and slightly yanked apart from the action. His clothes were soaked with perspiration as they stuck to him, but he didn't care. All that mattered was the way her amazing cunt squeezed his beefy cock.

"FUCK! YES! YES! Give it to me! Give me that cum! Fill my nasty cunt with your thick fucking cum! Yes! Do it! Oh fuck! Give it to me!" Hannah seethed. He pounded up into her, his balls slamming into her ass. His cock was vibrating with excitement, and her broiling hot pussy was enough to carry him over the edge.

"GUHHH! FUCK!" He groaned, his balls boiling with pent up cum.

"OH FUCK! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna fucking cum!" screamed Hannah, her breasts still firmly in Liam's grip, as he twisted her nipples in just the right way to send her over the edge. "OHHHH! AHHHHH! YYYYYEEEEESSSSSSSS! AHHHHHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YYYYYEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS!" she screamed, her cunt locking around his rock-hard pole.

"UGGGGHHHHH! GGGGODDDDDDDDDDD!" Liam groaned, seeing nothing but light behind his eyes as her cunt brought him over the edge. Like a cannon, the first volley of cum rocketed out of him and into her waiting pussy. Before he knew it, shot after shot of thick, creamy jizz fired out of him. His balls were flexing over and over again, squeezing out more jets of cum out of his swollen nuts and into the slut's waiting cunt. Her spasming vagina drew more and more jizz from his swollen nuts, coaxing it into her warm, tight, amazingly perfect slut pussy.

"FFFFUUUUCCCKKKK!" Hannah groaned. As experienced of a slut she was, even she had to admit this was a particularly spectacular orgasm. Her body was shaking with pleasure as she came around Liam's rock-hard cock, her cunt gushing around it. Her body was flexing as she came, her muscles twisting and convulsing as her luscious frame was rocked with much deserved pleasure.

Liam was squirming beneath her as he humped up into her, trying to shoot every drop of his massive load deep into her slutty pussy. He didn't know if it was her cunt, or whatever was in that candy cane, but this was the biggest orgasm of his life. It felt like every nerve in his body was coursing with electricity as he exploded, experiencing a pleasure he never had before. Not Jess, not any girlfriend, had given him anything like this. It was only Hannah, this wicked temptress, who could make him feel this good.

Their bodies jerked and flexed for a while as they rode out the orgasms together. This went on for what felt like forever but was probably mere minutes, until they finally collapsed in the big Santa chair together. Both of them were panting for breath, a sweaty mess. Liam was new to

this type of sex, so it would probably take him a bit to recover, but it only took Hannah a few minutes before she peeled herself off of him. Pushing herself up, she slid off of his still rock-hard pole. When free, his juice-coated dick plopped down, onto his stomach, still thick and ready for action, despite its owner's current state.

Getting to her feet, Hannah straightened up her skirt, pulling it back down before walking across the room. Her tits were still hanging out, quaking in the air as she walked. She moved towards her purse and grabbed a small cloth and her make-up kit from it, beginning to clean up, speaking as she did so.

"You were pretty good, Liam," she said. "With some training, you could become very good." She looked back at his dazed, splayed out form and smiled. "But I meant what I said..." she began, looking away from him, glancing down at her purse. "You work for me now. I won't be paying you, obviously, the optics of that would be... poor. But you keep your job, and keep an eye out for anything that might be... bad news... for the company. Anything that might put us in a poor light. And in exchange... me and you can have a private meeting maybe... once a month? How does that sound?" she said, glancing back again. And as she did, she jumped back.

Because standing right there was Liam. Clothes gone, he stood naked, cock still hard as iron, looking at her with an animalistic glint in his eye. Normally in control, Hannah was a bit taken aback by this development.

"Oh! Uh..." she stammered. "Well... I see the dose had its desired effect," she said, glancing at his still throbbing erection with a small smile. "I'm afraid it takes a lot of filth for a beast like that to calm down..." she said with a knowing stare, halting her efforts at cleaning herself up. "You'll pretty much have to fuck your brains out before it settles down. You'll be a whole new man by the time you're done. I hope you're up for it..."

Liam looked beyond words. Beyond thought and reason. Breathing like an animal, his body angry and tensed, Hannah couldn't tell if her words were getting through. She trusted the people who put the candy canes together, but she couldn't help but wonder if the effects of it had

passed. If, now that the edge had been taken off, he was left with the feelings of anger and guilt she thought she'd fucked out of him. For a moment, she wondered if he had come up with some sort of plan to turn the tables, and she tried to think if there were any holes in her plot.

Looking at Liam, her questions were soon answered.

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Chelle technically worked for HR, but during the plant's initial phases of opening, she kinda filled in and helped out wherever she could to keep things running smoothly. And a lot of the time, that meant helping out Hannah with whatever she needed. Some days, it was helping put together meetings. Some days, that meant giving tours. Some days, like today, it was both of those things.

Chelle had waited as long as she could, but it reached the point where she had to interrupt Hannah's meeting with that reporter to tell her something. Readying herself she pushed open the door, and what she saw made her eyes widen

Across the table, bent over it, was Hannah, tits hanging out, skirt pulled up over her ass, getting drilled from behind. And the man behind her was Liam, the nice, kind, handsome reporter Chelle had given the tour to earlier. He was fucking her roughly, his front slamming into her bare ass, his hands groping savagely at her huge boobs. The two were facing Chelle, but neither registered her presence, both wrapped up in the action.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" Hannah begged.

"Oh God! Fuck, this is good! I love you! I fucking love you!" Liam yelled out, fucking her harder and harder, squeezing her massive tits, gripping them roughly as he banged her.

"Hahaha! I knew it!" Hannah said with a laugh.

"Um... Ms. Steinberg?" Chelle spoke up. Hannah looked up at the woman standing in the doorway.

"Uh... FUCK... yes that's good... YES... what do you need, Chelle?" she said, her head shaking as Liam fucked her hard. To most, this would be a deeply troubling sight, but to Chelle... this was business as usual.

"Um, I just wanted to remind you that you have that call from, uh... up north. You really need to take it," Chelle reminded her gently.

"Just... uh... just... fuck. Yes! Just push it back an hour... can you do that Chelle?" Hannah asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Chelle said with a dutiful nod and smile, about to duck out.

"Oh... Chelle?" Hannah interjected. "Can you... fuck... can you get a gift basket ready for me? One of the premium ones?" she said with a significant nod.

"Understood," Chelle replied, smiling. She then began to step out of the room and close the door as Hannah turned her focus back to Liam.

"Oh God, keep fucking me! Don't stop! Don't ever stop!" she moaned.

"I won't," Liam moaned. "I won't."

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(One Hour Later)

"Well, Mr. Morris, I think we've come to an understanding," Hannah said, opening the door of the meeting room, guiding him outward. Redressed and cleaned up, it almost looked like she hadn't spent most of the morning fucking her brains out. But there was the unmistakable glow about her, and her skin did still have a bit of sweat coating it. Other than that, she looked every bit the professional woman she was.

Liam looked a bit more worn, as he wasn't used to taking part in such marathon fucking. Ignoring the sweat from exertion on his skin, he looked relatively normal, but upon further inspection, you could see the signs of what he'd just gone through. His clothes, disheveled and mussed. His skin, slightly red and marked from the rough sex. And he stumbled a bit, almost drunkenly, and his thoughts were still a bit all over the place.

"Uh... yeah," he replied. At first, he had objected to this company, but all his concerns seemed so far from here. He could barely remember what he'd been so mad about. All of that seemed so... unimportant. After what he'd just taken apart of, the incredible depths of filth he'd just sampled, a lot of things seemed less important.

He followed her lead and stepped out of the room, where Chelle was waiting, a gift basket in-hand. In it, he saw a bag of cookies, a little Santa hat, a thing of mistletoe, and a few other small items.

"This is from us, a gift to you," Hannah said, sounding very professional and trained, as if he hadn't listened to her spending the last few hours spewing pure filth. Chelle handed over the basket to him. He scanned its contents, and Hannah spoke up, pointing out some things to him. "That hat is cute. You can give it to your little girlfriend!" she said, her mouth turned up in a poisonous smile. "And that mistletoe... it's technically still in beta testing, but feel free to hang it up back at your folk's place!" she said, an odd warning considering it was a normal looking piece of mistletoe. "Oh... let me add one more thing..."

Hannah stepped back into the room, before returning a few seconds later, candy cane in hand. Meeting his eyes, she slid the cane into the basket. But after what he'd just experienced, he wasn't gonna raise any objections, even though she was practically daring him too.

"I hope your family... enjoys... all these treats," she said, smiling warmly, hiding her dark intentions. Liam asked too many questions earlier, and despite his complete submission to the cause, there had to be some sort of penalty for such behavior. A warning against further indiscretions. Now him... and his family... would feel the power that 'North Pole' truly had, and they would feel it firsthand.

Not that they needed much help.

"We'll be in touch, Liam," Hannah said, holding his gaze for a moment as she shook his hand. Parting ways, she replaced the long-discarded Santa Hat on her head and resumed her work day. Liam was silent as Chelle led him back out, and she didn't say much. She knew the score, and she knew it would be best to leave the awkwardness unsaid.

He wasn't the first to try and make a play against Hannah. And he wasn't the first that Chelle had marched out, defeated. There was a reason Hannah had this job, because she was very, VERY good at it. Chelle had learned so much from her, and despite some initial doubts, she was slowly beginning to idolize the powerful young brunette.

It was a shame about Liam, though. He seemed like a good man. Good, kind-hearted, curious. But good men were falling like flies these days. And good men like him didn't stand a chance against 'North Pole'.

As soon as they reached the front, Chelle gave him a quick, polite goodbye, and suddenly, he was outside, gift-basket in hand, alone with his thoughts. After all the action, it almost felt like he was being disposed of. Defeated, conquered, no longer a threat to them, he was

such a non-factor for them now that they could just let him go, even knowing what he did.

And they were right.

But true realization of the bind he was now in would hit him later. He was still processing all that had happened. It was all honestly a blur, and he still didn't understand his true feelings on the matter. But what he did know was that the thought of heading back home to Jess was suddenly not so appealing anymore, and every thought of Hannah sent a dark thrill through him, as all those memories kept surging through him. He wanted to tamp these thoughts down, but he was finding it to be a struggle. Reaching his car and sitting in the driver's seat, alone for the first time since everything had gone down, he couldn't help but wonder...

What the hell just happened to him?

Chapter 2

Dale Calvorson watched as two cars filled with the entire Calvorson clan headed off to the Church for Christmas Eve services. The 40-year-old was the middle child of Polly Calvorson, her oldest son, and he was the only person in the family left behind.

And he wouldn't have it any other way.

Not that he was fundamentally offended by the Church, or anything like that. He just didn't have time for it. He was a logical, tactile man, far more comfortable with the here and now, not some metaphysical concepts on the nature of existence.

He preferred working with his hands, as evidenced by his occupation of a contractor. He took great joy out of simple things like home repair. His own house was reasonably humble, but he knew it so well that he

had everything running like clockwork. If even the slightest thing went wrong, he knew exactly what was required to repair it.

Even though he was now just over the hill, his active lifestyle kept him in good shape. He was well-built, without really trying. Clean living had served him well, even though he liked some good hearty whiskey and a big, juicy steak now and then, giving him something closer to what the kids call a 'Dad-bod' than one of a fitness freak. He was pretty tall, about six foot four. That, combined with his slightly gruff demeanor, made him intimidating to people who didn't know him. He had short brown hair, and a closely shorn beard, speckled with spots of gray.

He'd lived in Deerburg all his life, and him and his wife and daughter lived on the other side of town. Even though his mom was not far away, he didn't come visit as often as he should. He saw his mother plenty enough, but he wasn't exactly making surprise trips over to the home he was raised in. And that was part of the reason why he hung back while the rest of the family went out for the early parts of the day. His mom had given him a list of issues around the house that had kinda piled up since his last visit, and with the family out of the way, it was his mission to get as much fixed up as he could.

Luckily, he had plenty of time to work. After church, most of the family were heading downtown to the Christmas parade, another event Dale had no time for anymore. He liked that kind of stuff as a kid, but he'd seen it all before. He wasn't exactly dripping with Christmas spirit either. He liked Christmas as a kid, and some of his best memories as a father was the joy on his daughter's face on Christmas morning when she was a little girl. But he was the kind of guy who didn't have a huge interest in tons of material things, and he was one of those guys who would gladly opt for maybe one or two gifts max. But his whole family would rebel at such a thought.

His relationship with money was far different than everyone else in his family. There was one point when they were younger, when his dad died, and all his family's income was just suddenly gone. And from this singular event, he and his siblings each took very different lessons. His older sister, Penelope, who is a huge bitch, took the lesson that she should seek out wealth from someone else. And she

did that, marrying a lawyer, who gave her a life of comfort and opulence. He gave her two children, Connor, her oldest, was 18, and a good kid. But he was a bit spoiled, the type that always seemed to get what he wanted. Her youngest, Billie, was a young one, a middle-schooler, but she was already turning into a younger version of her mother. To Dale, this was a much-deserved fate for Penelope, who again, was a huge bitch, and she would now be inflicted with the same treatment she'd put everyone else through.

His younger brother, Colin, who was 30 years old now, took a different lesson from when their dad died and the family was suddenly short on income. While fundamentally a good guy, he was obsessed by being perceived as wealthy. From an early age he was always trying to wear nice clothes, and drive nice cars, and own nice things, even when he couldn't always afford it. But Dale had to admit, he had some hustle. And despite a lack of any formal training, he'd worked his way into a pretty lucrative sales job, where he thrived. And while he was still a good-hearted man, he never stopped trying to hustle for a bit more. He kept trying to be perceived as rich, even when he actually made good money, to the point where he'd sometimes be seen as phony.

He was a passionate guy, and he would go all in on everything. He'd gotten married a few years back, to a truly genuine and kind woman named Juliet, a woman clearly above his level. He was this guy with all this hustle and swagger, and she was this sweetheart of a woman who worked for a non-profit. They seemed like opposites, but she saw the good in him, as did Dale. Yet Colin kept trying to sell past the close, wanting to shower his wife with gifts and all sorts of things, things she didn't need or really want, but things Colin thought she wanted. Maybe deep down, he was worried he'd lose her, and he didn't fully believe that she loved him for who he was, and not just the things he could give her.

Dale took the most practical lesson from that fateful event so many years ago. Instead of marrying into wealth, or acting the part until he got it, Dale put in the work, and learned a lot, and built himself up. He'd turned his small contracting gig into one of the largest contracting companies in the state, making a lot of money for himself. And he was practical, not spending frivolously, investing wisely and living humbly, unlike his siblings. He didn't have the biggest house. He didn't drive the nicest car. But he was the most at peace.

His wife was chosen with this same mindset. Paula wasn't some supermodel. She was a funny, hard working woman, a schoolteacher. And she was one of the few who could really get the normally reserved Dale to open up. A stout woman, not some stick figure that some guys wanted, she could hold her own with things that some women would leave for their husbands. She wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty, shoveling snow in a blizzard, helping him out with fixes around the house, etc. Some guys liked women who dressed nice and looked cute, but for Dale, nothing turned him on more than seeing Paula changing the tire on her car.

She'd also given him a daughter, Tricia. When she was younger, she was the light of his life, a light of pure positivity, making him smile in ways he never had. But not everything was a storybook, and as she got older, she'd had some trouble with other girls in school, and had sort of retreated into her shell. She'd always been a bit shy, and she wasn't the prettiest girl, and she wasn't the skinniest either, so some of the meaner girls really locked in to these things. Dale had hoped going to college and meeting new people would help. But frankly, she'd had a pretty rotten attitude since coming back home. So instead of the Christmas holidays being fun and joyful, it had been slightly awkward.

So, with the entire family out of the house, Dale threw himself into work. He loved repairs and stuff like that, and with this free time he was ready to enjoy the peace and quiet and get some stuff done. Before the family left, he'd helped his mother, Polly, with the turkey. As he took care of some of the smaller home projects she'd asked him to look in to, he would check in with the kitchen periodically to make sure the house wasn't burning down. Seeing everything going smoothly, he felt free to get right down to business on some of the bigger projects.

Within an hour, he was feeling pretty good about himself. A leaky pipe in the basement repaired. Some busted electrical sockets replaced. A loose floorboard fixed-up. It might sound boring to some, but for him, this was a lot of fun. This is where he got his fulfilment. Dale could handle himself in many vocations, and to him, having to call someone in for repairs always felt like a failure. If he could do it, he would. Why

would he pay some repair guy when he could get the job done just as well?

One thing about Dale that even he could admit to was that he was notoriously cheap. Not one to waste money on things the slightest bit frivolous, it was often a point of contention. His siblings and friends would make fun of him for it, and it had caused a few fights in his house. Paula was frugal herself, but sometimes even she prickled at his cheapness. Most of the time, she understood where he was coming from. It was Tricia who complained the most, echoing the same types of argument his brother, Colin, would make. If he had all this money, why not spend it and have a little fun? Tricia would complain about all the other kids having their own cars while Dale drove her to school, and how she never had the nicest clothes and phones, stuff like that. It got so bad that even Dale had to give in slightly, just to ease the tensions around the house. But even when he did get her a cheap, simple start-up car, and allow her some more money for nicer things, it was never enough for her.

Renewing his focus on the work at hand, Dale moved into the laundry room. His mother had mentioned that the washer had a leak, and that the dryer had an unusual clicking noise whenever it ran. Pulling them out away from the wall and opening them up, he got back to work. It didn't take long to find the problems, and as he plugged them both back in and tested them, the washer ran without a leak, and the dryer purred like a kitten. In fact, it began emitting beautiful music, lovely singing voices hitting his ears. Suddenly realizing that this was impossible, that his repair skills weren't quite that good, he turned the dryer off, only to realize that he could still hear the singing voices. Confused, he walked through the house, looking for the source of the noise. Grasping that it was coming from outside, he set down his tools, opened up the front door, and stepped outside.

There stood two young women on the sidewalk in front of the house, singing, smiling at the new presence in front of them. They were young, maybe 19 or 20, and both were quite stunning. On the left was a brunette, slim and well put-together, clad in stylish boots, dark tight denim jeans, and a black stylish pea coat, buttoned up at the front to combat the cold. She was very pretty, with playful hazel eyes and a

good tan. Her smooth chestnut hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and on top of her head was a fluffy blue knit cap. Next to her was a blonde. Taller and skinnier than her friend, she was dressed similarly, boots, slim jeans, and a jacket. But her jacket was white instead of black and a bit fluffier, like one she would wear on a ski trip. She had a matching knit cap on her head too, on top of her smooth, silky blonde hair. There was a bit of a sharpness to her beautiful tanned face, with dangerous blue eyes, a thin nose, and lips that formed a natural pout. And her hair had a certain stylish choppiness to it, ending at her shoulders.

It took a few moments before Dale realized these two were carolers, recognizing that they were singing 'O Holy Night.' He'd never encountered actual carolers before, despite it always seeming like a Christmas tradition, so he stood on the patio awkwardly, watching them, not knowing what else to do. Finally, they finished up, and looked up at him.

"Uh... very good, ladies," the older man said with a nod, giving an awkward clap. They smiled at him brightly.

"Thanks!" the brunette said. "That's what a couple years of choir will get you!"

Suddenly, Dale was struck by a feeling of familiarity. Did he know these two? Somehow, he thought he knew these two girls, or had met them before, but he couldn't possibly recall what from. He wasn't exactly interacting with a lot of young woman on a regular basis, so his mind was coming up empty.

"Do you mind if we sing another?" the brunette asked again.

"Uh... I guess..." he replied, not wanting to be impolite. As they began singing 'Joy to the World,' he again tried to place them. Both were young and pretty, and they both had wonderful singing voices, but he couldn't quite shake the feeling that he knew these two in some way.

Were they daughters of someone he knew, maybe a coworker or a friend? Did they live by him? Did they work by him? All of these thoughts proved fruitless, as he was no closer to discerning their identities by the time the song ended.

"Do I know you two?" he asked once they finished singing.

"I don't think so..." the brunette said with a little grin, glancing at her friend.

"Definitely not..." the blonde stated coyly.

"Where are you two from?" he asked.

"The church sent us out..." the brunette stated, tugging out her necklace from under her top, exposing the dangling cross at the end of it. The blonde did the same.

"Ah... the big new church, the one with the scoreboard in front?" Dale began, unable to hide his skepticism. "The Church of Light, sponsored by the 'North Pole' corporation, with all those ads and those big donors... that Church?"

"Yeah!" they said in unison with bright, knowing smiles, as if they were in on the joke in some way. As if they shared the same knowledge of the corruption of the Church that he did yet were going along with it anyway. This only made him more confused.

"Do you mind if we sing another song?" the blonde asked.

"Maybe by the end of it, you'll remember how you know us?" the brunette teased.

"Uh... okay," he said again, not knowing what else to say. Glancing at each other, the girls kicked into the chorus of 'Jingle Bells'.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. Oh! What fun it is to ride a college girl, tonight, Oh!" They sang in unison, and Dale's eyebrow went up at these new lyrics. "Dancing in the snow, with a girl you barely know, for hours we can go, moaning all the way! Yes, yes, yes! Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright. Oh what fun it is to ride and drill a screaming slut tonight! Oh! Jingle bells..."

"Wait, wait, wait..." Dale interrupted. "What is this?"

"What?" the brunette asked, playing dumb.

"Is this... a joke or something?" Dale asked gruffly, wondering if they had been twisting the words to these songs the entire time. "Did someone put you up to this?"

"No..." the blonde said, shaking her head while smiling coyly.

"So, the church is okay with you singing that version of the song?" Dale asked.

"Yeah," they said in unison, the blonde nodding.

"You'd be surprised at what our church sanctions now... you should really come by, try it out," the brunette offered.

"Ladies..." he began, stepping towards the edge of the porch, looking down, putting on his best disapproving father look. "What are your names?"

"I'm Lucy," the brunette said, smiling cutely.

"I'm Kenzie," the blonde stated with a small smirk.

"Listen, I don't know what this is, if this is a prank or something, but you two should move on. I've got work to do, and... whatever this is..." he said, waving his hand at them. "... its not for me."

"Okay... well, just pay us for our services, and we'll move on..." Lucy said, holding out her hand.

"Wait... so you come to this house, uninvited, sing some odd version of a Christmas song, and you expect payment for this?" Dale asked, skeptically. The blonde, Kenzie, looked up for a moment, before replying...

"Yes," she said bluntly, nodding, undeterred.

"That's how caroling works..." Lucy said. Even though he was skeptical, he didn't actually know how caroling worked. Was he supposed to pay them? That didn't seem right.

"How about... you let us sing a bit more? Then we can call it square," Lucy offered. Shrugging his shoulders, Dale replied.

"Fine," he allowed, sighing, causing both girls to beam at him. Glancing at each other, they smiled, and then kicked into a new song.

"Oh, the weather outside is frightful, but the fire is so delightful, and since we've no place to go, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!" They sang in unison, with bright, seemingly friendly grins on their beautiful faces. But Dale now suspected something suspicious going on here, and he was quickly proven right as they moved into the next verse of the song. "Man, it doesn't show signs of stoppin', and her booty's really poppin'. The lights are turned way down low... make her moan, make her moan, make her moan!" Dale gulped at this, but they didn't

stop. "When we finally kiss goodnight, how I'll hate going out in the storm. But my grip on you is so tight... you'll throw your wife out, in the snow! The fire of wedlock is dying, so you're happy to keep good-bye-ing. But as long as you love me more... make me moan, make me moan, make me moan!"

As they finished, they smiled glowingly at the man standing in front of them. It took a lot to stun a man like Dale Calvorson, but he stood silent. These two... these two little minxes were up to something, and he didn't like it. They tried to act all innocent, but their words said otherwise.

As did their actions.

At some point in the song, both of them had opened their coats. Lucy, the brunette, had her dark coat open in front to show off a light red sweater covering what was now revealed to be an impressive chest. Massive and perky, they stood out proud, asking to be noticed. And if that wasn't enough, the cross hanging at the end of her necklace was currently lodged in her cleavage, drawing his gaze despite knowing better. Kenzie, like her friend, had pulled open her coat, despite the cold, showing off the cool green top she had on, the smooth material clinging to her large jugs. She seemed more slim and lithe than her friend, which made her massive boobs even more impressive. And just like Lucy, the cross of her necklace was drawing attention to her succulent cleavage.

Were these two trying to hit on him? They were standing in front of him, smiling and preening, while singing these twisted versions of Christmas songs. Yes. They were hitting on him, and they were doing it so blatantly and openly. He was baffled by it.

Despite being kind of gruff, and him having all these interests that some would find boring, like home repair, and tools, and architecture, he'd carried a certain appeal with women. Women had always been rather flirtatious with him, in a way that often surprised him. Female clients, mostly, and some women he occasionally encountered in his day-to-day life. But he was a very principled guy, and his vows meant something to him, so he never bit on the temptation, even though he

could have. And luckily for him, he was in a line of work where he worked mostly with dudes, so he didn't have to deal with this kind of thing too often. And he didn't want to deal with it now.

"You girls need to leave... or I'm calling the cops," Dale said simply, moving to turn away. Was this some grift they did to prank people for their own amusement? Whatever it was, he didn't like it. "This isn't funny."

"What's wrong?" Lucy asked naively, tilting her head.

"Yeah... no one else has had an issue with these songs..." Kenzie added, shrugging her shoulders.

"I somehow doubt that," Dale replied, one hand on the doorknob, ready to head back inside.

"Well..." Lucy began. "What if we did this?" Dale glanced back at the two bright, grinning young women, and what he saw made him stop in his tracks. Both of the young women had reached down to tug their tight tops upward, shamelessly exposing their massive young bare breasts to this older married man.

Dale was stunned. Both of these girls were quite, uh... busty, and that was putting it lightly. Their breasts were huge! Lucy had a pair of two perfectly formed, full, round, perky breasts. They were as big as melons. Her massive, tanned tits jutted out from her fit form, jiggling with every small move she made. Her dark pink nipples were twisted into full hardness from the biting cold breeze, but she didn't care, grinning shamelessly at the married man. Kenzie's tits were just as mammoth as her friends, but they almost stood out more on her, thanks to her slightly more slim, fit form. Her belly was taut and tight, and her chest was nothing but smooth, copious curves. Her smooth, golden tan skin looked absolutely touchable, aching for male contact, and her hard pink nipples were calling to him.

"What do you think, Mr. Calvorson?" Kenzie asked, his stunned mind not registering that she called him by his surname, a name he hadn't given to her.

"Do you like our tits?" Lucy asked. Out here, in the middle of this neighborhood on a bright, shining morning, these girls were flashing him, showcasing their bare breasts for the married man, the crosses dangling between their tits glimmering in the sunlight. These young women, so beautiful, doing this to him, a normal married man. Even though he was dressed warmly for the winter weather, in sturdy jeans, a flannel top, and a thick work coat, he started to sweat. Sure, he'd been hit on before, but never this boldly. Never this shamelessly. All those other women stopped when he didn't bite at their light flirting, but these girls pushed even harder. He stared despite himself for a few moments, before they, in unison, tugged their tops down, covering themselves back up.

"Judging by your silence, I think you do," Kenzie said, smirking.

"You're a big fan!" Lucy gushed. "Probably as much of a fan of our tits as you are of our singing!"

"What is this?" he asked. Who were these girls? Why were they doing this? And why was he still standing there? The girls glanced at each other before kicking into one more song.

"Santa baby, slip a present under the tree, for me," Lucy began, sauntering up the sidewalk towards him. "I've been a really bad girl, Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight!"

"Santa baby," Kenzie interjected, following her friend, beginning her own verse. "Some bras and thongs and dirty things too, light blue," she sang, digging into her pants and pulling up the tiny strap of her thong, light blue, just like the song. "I'll wait up for you, babe. Santa baby, I want to feel you IN me tonight."

"Think of all the fun you've missed," Lucy sang, biting her lip as Dale glanced back at her.

"Think of all the fellas that I totally kissed," Kenzie sang, sidling up to her friend.

"She did..." Lucy interjected in her normal, non-singling voice.

"Yeah, I'm a huge whore," Kenzie stated bluntly before the singing resumed.

"Next year I could be yours for good," Lucy sang. "Just buy me everything on my Christmas list."

"Santa honey," Kenzie sang as the two girls walked further up the snow-covered sidewalk, approaching the steps of the porch, her big boobs jiggling as she walked. "I want a yacht... and really that's not a lot, been a huge slut all year, Santa baby, and get inside my pussy tonight!" The girls reached the bottom step and got closer to Dale, stunned, confused, and turned on. He didn't want this in the slightest, but the attention was causing an erection, er, a reaction.

Dale was still partially in shock from them flashing him their huge tits, but he couldn't tell if that was more because of the act itself or that their breasts were just so big and juicy looking, like ripe fruit ready to be plucked. They used his uncertainty to gain more ground.

"Santa cutie, there's one thing I really do need, the deed," Lucy sang. "I want to do it with you. Santa cutie, I want to feel you balls deep tonight!"

"Santa baby, and fill my stocking with some car keys... and checks," Kenzie sang, putting her foot on the bottom step. "Sign your 'x' on the line, Santa baby, and give me lots of presents tonight..." Lucy followed her friend onto the steps before singing the next line.

"You want to see my trimmed pussy?" Lucy sang, her breasts bouncing as she ascended the steps. "Just have to drain your bank accounts for little old me..." Lucy reached the top of the stairs, followed soon by Kenzie. "I really do want to be with you, let's just see if you're... worthy of me..."

"Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring," Kenzie sang, approaching the married man with her friend, forcing him to back away from the door towards the side of the porch. "The one you gave to your wife, Santa baby, and put it on my finger tonight..."

There was a pause as Dale now stood at the end of the porch while the girls stood near the door, blocking his entry. He could just jump off the porch and run away from them, but he wasn't some sort of frightened child running from something scary. He was a grown man, and these were two young women. He could handle them, despite the obvious temptations they presented.

"Ladies," he began firmly, still keeping his distance. Outside, where anyone could see, he didn't want to give anyone the inkling that he was participating in this madness. "I think you should leave. You two are..."

"I really can't stay..." Lucy sang out, suddenly kicking off yet another song.

"But baby, its cold outside..." Kenzie added, singling along.

"I don't want to go away..." sang Lucy, sliding her nimble fingers around the door knob and pulling the door open.

"Cause baby, it's cold outside..." Kenzie sang, following her friend as they began stepping into the house.

"Wait..." Dale called out, stepping forward.

"This morning has been..." Lucy began from inside his house.

"We want you to come in too..." Kenzie followed.

"So very nice..." Lucy sang at the same time as Kenzie, finishing her own earlier line.

"I'll warm you up, put your hands between my tits..." Kenzie sang. Dale followed them into the house as the girls backed away from him, singing at him as he followed. What could he do? These girls wouldn't listen, and he wasn't about to put his hands on them.

"Your little wife will never know..." Lucy sang, looking to the wall next to them where the family photos were hung. Elbowing the blonde next to her, she pointed at something and smiled wide.

"So why do you want us to go?" Kenzie snag, seeing what Lucy was pointing at before grinning wickedly. As they walked, they began discarding clothes, tossing their hats and coats onto the ground, before turning away.

"Our exes will be jealous of you..." Lucy sang as both her and Kenzie began undoing their belt buckles. They glanced back at him as they sang.

"Probably wish they had the same view..." Kenzie sang as both girls in unison began tugging down their tight pants, revealing their nearly bare, thong-clad asses to the married man. Lucy had the rounder and curvier rear end of the two, its fuller size and perfect shape standing out from her slim, luscious frame. The twin, tanned cheeks of her ass were perfectly framed by the skimpy black thong, the tiny straps riding over the upper ridges of them before the middle string was swallowed up between the firm, full cheeks.

Kenzie's ass was slimmer, but just as perfectly shaped, formed and sculpted from years of fitness. Her golden tan, heart-shaped rear was framed by the light blue thong that he'd gotten a peek of earlier. The little lacy number clung to the upper edge of her ass, with the string disappearing between her immaculately formed cheeks.

"You girls need to leave now!" Dale said firmly, trying to interrupt their moment while trying to ignore the two perfectly formed asses they were showcasing for him. But they were undeterred.

"So maybe we'd better leave..." Lucy sang, as the girls swiveled their hips, rolling their butts like seasoned belly dancers. They moved so they were facing opposite directions, their bare asses pressing softly into each other with both of them looking at him.

"It's totally up to you..." Kenzie sang.

"But maybe we should have some fun first..." Lucy sang, as both girls bent over at the waist, legs straight, butts still pressed against each other as they did so.

"We can sip some drinks while we kiss..." Kenzie added.

"The neighbors might think..." Lucy began.

"Baby, it's bad out there..." Kenzie finished as both girls shook their thong-clad butts against each other.

"But what's happening in here..." Lucy sang.

"Will be so much worse..." Kenzie finished with a wicked glint in her eye. Dale could only watch this indecent show, and despite himself, he couldn't help but, on some level, enjoy it. He had two girls he didn't

know in his house, stripping off their clothes, and singing songs with heavily sexually tinged lyrics, and he could only watch in stunned silence with an unwanted erection.

"I wish I knew how..." Lucy began as the two girls began rising in unison, straightening up slowly.

"Baby, you look so hot right now..." Kenzie sang, looking right at the married man as she ground her nearly bare butt against her friend's.

"To break this spell..." Lucy finished, her upper half rising upwards.

"We've both got this Daddy thing bad..." Kenzie sang as both girls stood up fully straight.

"You ought to say no to us sluts..." Lucy sang.

"Mind if we move in closer..." Kenzie asked, as the two young women stepped out of their boots, socks, and jeans and approached the married man.

"What's the harm of giving us a try?" Lucy sang, a brilliant smile adorning her pretty face.

"Why would you want to hurt two sluts' pride?" Kenzie asked, staring down the older man, just like her friend.

"We really want to stay..." Lucy sang, toying with the bottom hem of her top, threating to lift it again.

"Oh baby, don't hold out..." Kenzie joined in again.

"But baby it's cold outside!" They sang together.

"Girls, girls… stop!" Dale said, trying to stand firm. He'd never been approached this aggressively by the opposite sex, and despite knowing better, it was certainly thrilling. But he definitely knew better.

"You really want us to go?" Lucy sang.

"But baby, it's cold outside…" Kenzie finished.

"I don't think so…" Lucy sang.

"Cause baby, it's cold outside." Kenzie sang, still approaching him, causing the married man to back up again.

"You welcomed us into your home…" Lucy sang.

"Good thing that you're all alone…" Kenzie chanted, playing with the bottom of her top the same way her friend was.

"It's so nice and warm…" Lucy sung, turning to pull herself in closer to her friend, so their fronts were pressed into each other. They put their arms around each other while still looking at Dale.

"But we could make it warmer…" Kenzie crooned, her voice getting huskier.

"The neighbors might be suspicious…" Lucy sang.

"Gosh, your lips look delicious…" Kenzie said lustfully.

"Your family might show up at the door…" Lucy said, pulling up her friend's top, exposing her taut belly again.

"But that makes you want us more..." Kenzie said, doing the same to her friend, exposing her trim, tanned tummy and sexy navel.

"Your wife looks pretty vicious..." Lucy said, nodding towards the pictures on the wall they noticed before.

"But our lips look so delicious..." Kenzie said, before turning to face her friend, smiling at her, then bringing their plump lips together, kissing softly, slipping each other a bit of tongue before pulling back, giggling, their smooth lips connected by small bands of spit. Dale was a mature, normal man, the furthest thing from a hormone-crazed teenager. But even at this, the 'LESBIANS, LESBIANS, LESBIANS' alarm went off in his head.

"Maybe you want to see a bit more..." Lucy teased, singling huskily, pulling up Kenzie's top so it was just under her tits.

"A blizzard like never before..." Kenzie sang, causing Dale to glance out the window, to note the few small flakes of snow falling on an otherwise clear morning.

"We should probably get home..." Lucy sang as Kenzie pulled up the brunette's top to just below her tits as well.

"But honey we'd freeze out there..." Kenzie sang as her and her friend's smooth bellies pressed against the other's.

"Maybe we could work up a sweat..." Lucy offered.

"While the snow's blowing out there..." Kenzie sang. At the same moment, both girls tugged the other's top up over their large breasts, causing them to spill out from their constraints, the smooth flesh of their massive jugs pressing against each other, nipple on nipple.

"Skin sliding on skin..." Lucy sang as they both pulled their tops over their heads and tossed them aside, leaving both girls clad only in thongs.

"What if you were in between..." Kenzie teased, nodding at the canyon of cleavage by the two young women's absolutely massive tits. The thought of being in between... with his hands... his face... his dick... it was an image that was immediately seared onto his brain.

"But don't you see?" Lucy sang, scrubbing her tits against her friend's exquisite pair.

"How crazy you drive her and me?" Kenzie cooed, scooping her hands under her friend's huge tits and squeezing them firmly.

"There's bound to be talk tomorrow..." Lucy sang, sliding her hands along the sides of her blonde friend's big jugs.

"The neighbors saw everything..." Kenzie said, biting her lip.

"So you might as well have make it worth your while..." Lucy sang, sliding behind her friend and cupping her boobs from behind.

"Have the sex they think you did..." Kenzie said, leaning back against her friend, Lucy's boobs ballooning out against her bare back.

"We really want to stay..." Lucy purred, chin resting on Kenzie's shoulder.

"Kick the wife out instead..." Kenzie cooed.

"Baby, it's cold..." they sang together. "Baby, it's cold outside!"

The silence was deafening as the singing stopped, and Dale stood there, confused, angry, and turned on, standing in front of two topless teenage girls, clad only in thongs. They turned and stood next to each other, arms over each other's shoulders, allowing him to stare at their massive tits in all their glory.

"Ladies..." he said through clenched teeth, his body tensed. "Put your clothes on and leave."

"Why?" Lucy asked naively. "Deep down, you know you want us to stay. You know it! You don't want us to leave. You want us to stay here so we can all fuck! And baby... that's exactly what we both want. So, let's just do it! This is a golden opportunity. If you make us leave, you will regret turning us down for the rest of your life."

"We saw the pictures over there of you standing next to your cave-troll wife..." Kenzie stated. "Wouldn't you rather spend some quality time with some hot, slutty babes after spending a lifetime married to... that?"

Dale's blood boiled with anger at these words, but his dick throbbed even harder. He loved his wife with all his heart, and she more than met his expectations, but it would be a lie to say that things in the bedroom were blazing hot. Or if it ever had been. Dale wasn't one to have crazy demands in the bedroom, and while he always left satisfied, part of him wondered if he had always been missing out. He was always a guy who looked beyond the things that were surface deep. He wasn't one so easily charmed by a pair of big tits and a round, juicy ass. But these girls... they had REALLY big tits, and absolutely PERFECT, round, juicy asses. And judging by his hard dick, these things did matter to him. Quite a bit.

"You... you should leave..." he said again, trying to ignore his straining dick. The girls glanced at each other before padding over to the older married man, barefoot. Before he knew it, these girls sidled up to him and slid against his sides, Lucy on his left, Kenzie on his right. He

could feel the smooth, heavy weight of their massive tits pressing into his sides.

"You still haven't figured out how you know us yet..." Lucy began, looking up at him, smiling wide. "How bout we go upstairs, we take you out of these clothes, and we all get to know each other A LOT better!"

This was the moment of truth. He could kick these girls out and be done with it. Or... he could let them stay. It should be an easy choice. He was a man who had never fallen victim to anything even close to this. And yet... here he was. He knew better. He knew he would feel zero guilt about kicking these girls to the curb. But, there was that nagging doubt in the back of his head, debating whether or not he should give in to these slut's wicked wiles.

This should be an easy choice... shouldn't it?

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(Thirty Minutes Later)

Outside, the snow was beginning to fall in earnest, and a biting wind began to flow over the streets of Deerburg. The morning church services were nearing their end, and not far from Fourth Street, two pairs of boot-clad feet were stomping through the snow.

But those two people... they certainly weren't Lucy and Kenzie.

They were busy elsewhere.

"YES! YES!" Kenzie screamed out, riding Dale Calvorson's beefy nine-inch cock furiously from tip to root, her tight teenage cunt spread around his thick pole as she rode the hell out of it.

"MMmpphhhhh! MMMMMHHHHMMMM!" Dale groaned, the pleasure he was feeling despite his muffled voice. And his voice was muffled due to the fact that Lucy was currently sitting on his handsome face, her ass-cheeks spread against him, putting his eager mouth right against her tight asshole.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" she moaned as she felt the married man's tongue rimming her ass. She ground herself against him, eager to get it deeper into her tightest of holes.

Dale was beneath the two young women, completely naked, with Kenzie riding his dick cowgirl on top of him, and with Lucy on his face facing her friend. His hands were reaching up, groping Kenzie's big tits from underneath as she rode him.

So yeah, Dale gave in. The temptation these girls offered outweighed any other concerns he might have. And now, here they were in his childhood room, on the bed, having a positively wicked three-way. Kenzie had gotten to his dick first, joining him on the bad while Lucy, in secret, put her phone on the bed stand, turning it on to record all the action that was about to take place.

By the time Lucy reached the bed, Kenzie had gotten Dale's pants off and had his big, mature, daddy-dick down her tight throat. Lucy joined her, slurping on the sides of his spit-soaked meat while Kenzie bobbed on the head. They soon took turns on it, slurping on the head and working the sides with both hands and mouths, eventually giving him a classic blowjob sandwich, each girl working in tandem, going up and down both sides of the shaft in unison. His balls were soon soaked in teenage spit, and each girl took turns sucking on his big, sperm-filled nuts, at one point each of them taking one at the same time, working it over. Lucy eventually left Kenzie to it, allowing her full reign to choke on his big fat cock while cupping his smooth, spit-soaked sack in the process.

Dale was in heaven already, and things were only getting started. Lying back on the bed, resting on his elbows, he was savoring the heated action. The sloppy blowjob he was receiving was exactly what the stiff, mature father needed. Sure, he'd had his dick sucked a few times in his younger years, both before meeting Paula and after, but his marriage had moved beyond such things. That being said, he'd never had it done this well, making him realize how much he'd been missing out on. These girls new how to suck a cock, and it was already changing his world.

While Kenzie worked over his meat, Lucy kneeled on the bed near his face, allowing him free access to her amazing EE-cups, squeezing them, sucking them, scrubbing his face against them. This allowed her to ease him onto his back against the mattress completely, so lost in her expansive chest was he to the point where he didn't even realize the eager mouth inhaling his thick shaft had disappeared. Before he realized it, his cock was sliding into Kenzie's tighter than tight, teenage cunt, his cock all the way inside her up to the balls by the time his mind realized what was happening. And as he took in such incomparable pleasure with closed eyes, they opened just in time to see Lucy's ass on a crash course with his face.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh God! That feels so fucking good!" Kenzie screamed in delight, quickly working up to top speed, using her athletic form to furiously ride the older man's dick. As the married man's palms rose up from the bed to grip her Double-Ds, squeezing them firmly, her ass was slamming into his thighs as she rode him.

"Is it good, babe?" Lucy asked her friend as she ground her ass on the married man's face. "Does it feel as good as it looks?"

"It's even better! FUCK! It's so fucking good!" Kenzie squealed. "God fucking damn, dad dick is so much better! So much bigger... ugh... thicker... FUCK! Damn! It's so good riding a tried and tested babymaker! God dammit! It's so much better riding a cock that you know can get the job done! Yes! I can feel his balls on my ass! SHIT! Fuck! Yes! So big! Full of so much sperm! Yes!"

"His tongue's so good, babe..." Lucy stated, languidly grinding into him. "The way he was looking at our asses when we were outside, I just knew he would good at this! Good at rimming my fucking ass! YES!"

The two young women leaned towards each other, letting their lips lock in a deep French kiss, their tongues sliding against the other as they were both pleasured by the married man. As they did, their necklaces dangled downwards, hanging between the two young women's tits, the crosses clinking together in the air at the center of this sinful tableau. This went on for a few minutes before Kenzie pulled back, her body quivering.

"Oh my God! Babe... I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum big!" Kenzie moaned, her cunt spasming around the married man's pole.

"Do it, hon... do it! Do it and make it a loud one! Make it a screamer!" Lucy urged her blonde friend. Kenzie nodded and began to moan.

"Oh my God! Holy shit! Yes! Yes! Holy fuck! I'm gonna cum! Fuck! Holy shit I'm gonna have the hardest Goddamn cum of my life! Fuck!" Kenzie moaned, bouncing faster and faster, her cunt quivering around Dale's rod.

Dale was amazing himself at how he was withstanding such pleasure. This was incredible, the best sex of his life, this teenage slut he barely knew giving him incomparable pleasure, and he was still going strong. Her cunt was gripping his cock like a vise, driving him crazy. But he was showing his stamina, holding off as long as he could, withstanding the waves of pleasure.

"Do it, bitch!" Lucy urged as she pinched her friend's nipple as the older man squeezed them.

"UGGHH! GOD! YES! YES! YES! UGH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Kenzie screamed at the top of her lungs as a violent orgasm coursed through her, her tight cunt

spasming around Dale's cock, as waves of pleasure shot through her entire body. Eventually, she just couldn't take anymore, sliding up off the married man's pole, rubbing her cunt furiously as jets of broiling hot girl-cum squirted out of her overstimulated cunt, splashing everywhere, soaking the sheets and the older man's fit torso. Finally, the blonde collapsed to the side, curling up as she recovered from the hardest cum of her life, the cross around her neck glued to her sweaty breast-flesh.

Dale suddenly felt a weight lift off as Lucy crawled down the bed, releasing his face from the delightful prison between her ass-cheeks. He looked up, eyes blinking against the light, just in time to see Lucy kneeling over his dick, facing him, just in time to see her lowering her shaved cunt over his swollen married shaft.

"Oh!" he groaned out.

"Oh my God!" the brunette sighed softly as she took his massive cock into her tight, clutching hole, sliding smoothly down onto it until her ass was nestled against his balls. "Damn, that's a real fucking dick! GOD! I can feel it in my fucking womb! Jesus... it's so fucking big! Fuck!"

Her cunt felt just as good as Kenzie's. Maybe a 9 out of 10 compared to Kenzie's 10 out of 10 in terms of tightness, but Lucy's felt more talented, squeezing his cock in just the right way, coating it with moisture, making him squirm with pleasure. His balls were rumbling already. As she ground on his swollen pole, he reached up and cupped her massive, jiggling melons, squeezing them firmly, pinching her nipples between his fingers.

Lucy began bouncing on the married man's cock, her ass slapping against his thighs. Her huge tits bounced in his manly, experienced palms as she did so. He fucked up into her as she bounced on top of him, their bodies slapping together loudly.

"God yes! This is exactly what I needed!" Lucy moaned as she rode him from root to tip. "I always get so fucking horny at Christmas! I love

getting spoiled rotten! Fuck! I love having men turn their world upside down just to give me things! Yes! Fuck!" Dale was a man of justice and logic, but here he was giving this wicked bitch exactly what she wanted. He knew this was wrong, but he didn't care. It felt too fucking good to care. Her juicy cunt was driving him crazy, and from the combined treatment of her and Kenzie, his balls were boiling.

"OH! FUCK!" Dale groaned, this level of pleasure so unfamiliar to the married man. He didn't like this scheming little tease, but damn if she wasn't fucking talented at the art of nasty sex.

"Any woman would be an idiot to leave this perfect daddy-dick unattended! Fuck! What an idiot your wife must be!" Lucy said, groaning as she bounced on Dale's married dick. Dale pounded up into her more angrily at this, pleasuring her even more. "Ahhh... yes! Fuck. Being a complete fucking moron must run through the girls in your family." This comment confused Dale, and that confusion was evident on his face.

"Oh..." Lucy said with a knowing smile, looking down at him. "You don't remember how you met us yet?" She smirked as she kept bouncing on his bloated cock, her huge fleshy tits oozing out between his fingers as he groped her. "I remember meeting you. So does Kenzie... that's why we volunteered to come here..." she said darkly, riding him more firmly, her butt colliding with his thighs with more force. He didn't stop fucking up into her, but he slowed down slightly.

He suddenly felt Kenzie press up against his side, her sweaty tits pushed against him as she kissed him on the cheek.

"I remember it perfectly..." Lucy said, her pussy squeezing the older man's dick in just the right way. "Fuck... fuck! Me and Kenzie and our parents.... ugh... sitting in the principal's office... with you... fuck... and your wife and daughter! UGH! FUCK!" she moaned before looking the married man straight in the eyes. "I guess our bullying got out of hand! Yes!"

That was it! In a flash, Dale remembered everything. Getting called to the school because Tricia had been getting bullied by a couple of her classmates, the popular girls, and it had resulted in a confrontation. The tension had been there for months, and it had come to a head, so the principal wanted to have a group meeting with the parents and stamp out the fighting then and there. It was there that Dale saw the girls who had made his daughter's high school life a living hell. Making rude, nasty comments about her looks and personality, stuff that had driven his shy daughter into pure anger.

Dale remembered those two girls, sitting there, acting like they'd done nothing wrong, acting like spoiled brats. He remembered the smug little smirks they had on their faces. The meeting was to put an end to the bullying, but the girls thought they'd done nothing wrong, and the faculty was pretty ineffectual, so it kept going all through the end of their time together.

And now, after all that, Dale was having sex with one of them after giving the other the biggest orgasm of her life.

Dale fucked up.

"You??" he growled, nostrils flaring, eyes wide, as he looked up at the evil minx on top of him.

"Hahaha! Fuck! Yes! That was us!" Lucy laughed, her gorgeous face now looking down at him with a look of smug, lazy evil that now seemed impossible not to notice. The same smug look she had worn in the principal's office that day.

"You!?" he said again, even angrier, gripping her tits roughly.

"I'm sorry your cow of a daughter didn't have a sense of humor..." Lucy said, still bouncing on the older man's erect pole, juicing it up even more as her dripping cunt got wetter and wetter. "Fuck! We thought she could handle being called an ugly, bull-dyke, rug-muncher every fucking day! UGH! We all thought it was true

anyways... God forbid we started a few fun rumors! Fuck! It was all a bit of fun! Oh my God! Yes!"

"You!" he called out, remembering the fury in his daughter, the hurt. "You... mmmpppphhhh!" Before he could finish, Kenzie jumped up and shoved her big tanned tits against his face, wrapping her arms around his head and holding him in place, momentarily subduing him.

"Hahaha!" Kenzie laughed. "We made your daughter a fucking punchline in school!" she said as she scrubbed her tits against the married man's face. "We figured she got it from her lesbo mom! Hahaha! I'm sorry, but your wife looks like she owns a cute little arts and craft store with her life partner Sharon! Fuck! You like these tits! You like my fucking tits, Daddy!"

Dale was scorching with anger at these sudden revelations. But a curious thing was happening. Despite his fury, his cock had never been harder, and he had resumed fucking up into her. In fact, he was fucking up into Lucy even harder than before. He was squeezing Lucy's big melons even more savagely. And he was fully diving into the Kenzie's tits, scrubbing his face against them.

"Hahaha!" Lucy called out, still bouncing on the married man's now harder pole. "We made your daughter's life a living hell, and what do you do? You give her bullies the best sex of their lives! Fuck! Fuck!" Dale was able to push Kenzie's chest off of him, giving his face freedom for a moment, before she dove in again, shoving her tongue into his mouth.

"MMMMMmmm..." he groaned in surprise, but before he knew it, he found himself reflexively returning the kiss, swapping spit with the evil little bitch, sliding his tongue against hers, lips locked, open mouths attacking each other as he fucked up into Lucy.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Lucy called out, hands on Dale's chest as she rode his big, angry cock. "Cheating on your wife with two little sluts... ugh... cheating on her with the two girls who your daughter hates the most...

goddamn... this is the best fucking sex ever! AHHHH! YES!" Dale's cock throbbed at this, despite himself. He was in a blind fervor, fucking Lucy's tight cunt as hard as he could manage. Sliding her tongue from Dale's mouth, Kenzie spoke up.

"What do you do when confronted with the girls who made fun of your daughter every day?" Kenzie asked, looking down at him. "You have sex with them! You have sex with two evil little sluts! You fuck their brains out and make them scream! Haha! Yes! And you do it all on fucking camera!"

Through his lust-filled fervor, this comment got through.

"The Church really wants you as a member, Mr. Calvorson..." Kenzie revealed.

"Yes! Fuck yes!" Lucy moaned, her body quivering with lust as her ass slammed into Dale's thighs.

"The Church would really love for you to start showing up for weekly services..." Kenzie said with an evil grin. "But what they really want is some very generous donations from that big, multi-million-dollar company of yours..." Kenzie said.

"Oh my God!" Lucy moaned, almost lost in pure bliss, her juices leaking down his swollen weapon.

"And you're gonna do so," Kenzie said, looking down at the married man. "You're gonna give the Church everything they ask for..."

"And you'll give us two just as much..." Lucy added. "Fuck!" She screamed out, her tits still bouncing in his grasping palms as she rode him. As she bounced on his cock, the small, silvery cross hanging from her neck would intermittently appear to his gaze, stuffed between her huge, fleshy tits, the contrast of the religious symbol encased by such sinful curves not lost on him. He found himself momentarily

hypnotized by the sight. As he stared at her bouncing chest, her lust-ridden eyes focused enough to look down at Dale again. "You'll pay the Church... and you'll pay us... or else we send a copy of the video my phone is taking right now to your wife, your daughter, and everyone you know..." she said, looking at the dresser, where her phone was clearly placed, recording everything. Holy shit! It was true. This was being recorded. The downfall of his marriage and the end of his years of fidelity was being recorded. The corruption of his soul at the hands of these two little minxes was being put onto permanent record. His eyes locked on that phone as ideas began rising to his mind.

"Don't even bother trying to get your hands on that phone," Kenzie whispered as she saw into his thoughts. "There's some really smart people at the Church, and not only are we recording this, we're streaming it live. There are some very amused women in the Church watching us live right now, recording this as backup." Dale's sole plan to counter them had been immediately dashed by these evil, scheming girls. He looked back at the blonde, not knowing what to say.

"Face it, babe..." Kenzie began, grinning evilly. "You're fucked!" Both girls began laughing, and Lucy kept up the rapid pace of her fucking, riding him and grinding into him, countering his anger with pure pleasure. Lucy continued speaking.

"We... we kinda own you now. We've turned you, this normal, successful dad, into our personal sex slave! Our rich, big-cocked sugar daddy!"

As the cold hand of fate closed around him, he realized how screwed he really was. He realized how expertly he'd been manipulated and conquered. He didn't see any way out of the predicament he'd found himself in. His heart sank in defeat, but his dick... how did that beefy married dick react to him being completely conquered by these two evil little sluts?

"Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! AHHHHHHH!" Dale screamed as cum rocketed from the end of his cock, his nuts twisting in excitement, sending jet after jet of thick, potent cum into the waiting cunt of the wicked brunette on top of him. His mind wanted to find some way to fight

back, but his cock made up its mind first, firing off thick, creamy bands of white surrender deep into her evil, nasty, spectacular cunt, filling her up. And that was all she needed to get pushed over the edge.

"AHHH! Oh my God! YES! FFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!" Lucy screamed as a huge orgasm coursed through her, her luscious body quivering in pleasure. And Dale was right there with her, his body tightened and flexed as he came, his hands gripping her tits roughly, squeezing them as hard as he could as he buried his cock deep inside her, and came deep inside her waiting cunt over and over again.

Lucy ground against him, her clutching cunt coaxing more thick married semen into her tight, waiting, fertile pussy. The married man was bathing her nasty cunt with cum, and it was driving her crazy. Each shot of cum sent a new wave of pleasure through her. For what felt like an eternity, the older married man and the young brunette slut came together as one, both experiencing this new plane of pleasure together. Finally, after minutes of riding this high, Lucy collapsed on top of him, and Dale blacked out completely.

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Dale didn't know how long he was out, but by the time he woke up, the two girls were still with him in the bedroom, pulling on their clothes. He was still naked in the bed, and as he began to stir, the two girls took notice.

"Hey there, stud!" Lucy said brightly, displaying none of the evil he'd seen in her. She was sitting at the end of the bed, pulling on her boots.

"Hey hot stuff!" Kenzie added, fully dressed, standing near the dresser.

"You... you two..." he groaned, worn out from the crazy sex but still upset.

"Oh, hon... don't act like you didn't enjoy it," Lucy said with a big grin.

"I think we all know that'd be a lie," Kenzie added.

"Don't hide from it, hon... we're lovers now... all of us..." Lucy said. "You banged two little sluts and had the time of your life... don't try and deny it. Don't try to act like you didn't enjoy every minute of it. And don't like we're not gonna be doing it again..." Lucy said, letting that idea hang. No... impossible! Dale would never make the same mistake again. "But first, some business..." Lucy said, standing up. Before Dale knew it, Kenzie tossed his checkbook onto the bed.

"We need two checks, one to the Church... and one to us," Kenzie said.

"Feel free to be generous... the same amount to us and the Church, I think. That'd be fair," Lucy stated. Not seeing any way out of this predicament, he had no choice but to comply. Angrily, he grabbed a pen and began filling out the two checks. Lucy looked over his shoulder and guided him along, only stopping him when he chose the amount he was 'donating.'

"I think if you add another zero, we'd be set..." she warned quietly but firmly. And angrily, he complied, cutting two checks and handing them over. Lucy smiled before folding them in half and stuffing them into her cleavage. The two girls looked satisfied as they began pulling on their coats.

"I think we're done here, babe..." Lucy said. "At least for now. Like I said, this isn't over. We all know we're gonna be doing it again. And again..."

"And again..." Kenzie added, grinning.

"The sex was too good to deny. How can we avoid not doing it, like... all the time?" Lucy asked.

"We put our numbers in your wallet, so... feel free to call us whenever..." Kenzie stated. "And we'll be calling you soon either way."

"And after this level of donation, I'm sure the Church will expect to see you..." Lucy said, almost as a light threat considering the dirt they now had on him.

"I'll think we'll be seeing a lot of each other from now on..." Kenzie said with a huge grin, adding to that.

"Bye babe..." Lucy said, giving him a little wave. Kenzie did the same, walking away. And as they walked down the hall, butts sashaying proudly as they walked, he heard them singing, in unison.

"We wish you a Merry Christmas, we wish you a Merry Christmas..."

Dale sat up, trying to recover from what just happened. He was a smart, logical, frugal man. And yet, he'd just made the biggest mistake of his life, cheating on his wife and his daughter by banging those two harlots. He couldn't imagine a deeper betrayal. And now, he'd pledged money to an institution he didn't believe in, and to two girls who were as evil as could be. He was a man who, despite his wealth, never coasted on it, never giving more than the minimum to his daughter, hoping for her to earn her own way. And yet, he'd just given more money than he'd ever given to Tricia to her worst enemies, those two evil minxes, giving them far more reward for their wicked ways than he'd ever given his daughter. This was massively fucked up. But that wasn't even the worst thing.

The worst thing is that his cock was as hard as concrete at the thought of it.

Thinking about it again, putting it all in context, his defeat and betrayal turned him on beyond belief. He didn't know why. He couldn't understand it. But he didn't have time to think.

His mother would be back home soon.

Acting fast, he opened the windows, hoping to air out the room quickly. Ripping the sheets from the bed, he tossed them in the wash. He was a man who prided himself on his ability to fix things.

He'd better hope his earlier work fixing the washer and dryer paid off, because if not, the next thing he might have to be fixing would be his marriage, along with his relationship with his daughter. And at this point, that might be something that's beyond repair.

Chapter 3

A bundled-up Lacey Allen bopped down the sidewalk with a huge grin on her face. Despite the blisteringly cold wind, and the snow making things slippery, and despite the prospect of talking to the meanest old man in the neighborhood, you couldn't get her down. That's what made her so appealing to others.

It also didn't hurt matters that she was stunningly good looking. The young fresh-faced blonde was absolutely gorgeous, with bright blue eyes, well-styled, shoulder-length blonde hair, and plump smooth lips, which were seemingly always turned up in a smile. She had a smooth, fair complexion, and just by looking at her face, you might see her as a woman who was too beautiful, too precious or fragile, to be real. If she was indeed real, you'd be so intimidated by her beauty and too fearful of somehow spoiling that beauty by your mere presence that you might be afraid to approach her.

But her body... her body was very inviting.

At times, it didn't seem possible for someone to be as absolutely gorgeous as Lacey. And it seemed downright unfair for her to be as stunning as she was and have the truly ridiculous body that she did. Her clean living and good habits led her to being very fit without really having to try, which was probably infuriating to her peers. She had a flat, fit belly, long firm legs, and a perfectly sculpted, upturned ass. That ass of hers... just wow. Round and juicy and immaculately shaped, it caught attention wherever she went. Heart-shaped and full, any item of clothing she wore simply highlighted it, clinging to the firm, perky, well-formed cheeks, while giving a hint of the delightful crevasse in between. Any man lucky enough to be walking behind her would see her heavenly rear end and be given a free show, watching it bounce and jiggle and shake side-to-side, imagining how amazing it would be to see her immaculate ass exposed for them.

But that wasn't even the best part of her.

It might seem unfair for a woman to be this gorgeous, and be so fit, and have such a perfect, mouth-watering ass. And on top of that, be so genuinely kind and friendly and sweet. So, to add on the fact that she had massive, perky double F-cup breasts, it was just... how could anyone be so perfect? She was perfect, and they were perfect. They were real, they were the size of melons, and they were jaw-droppingly firm and perky. They vaulted off her slim frame in almost cartoonish fashion, with almost zero sag. They were so massive and so firm that they rode close together, forming a natural cleft of eye-popping cleavage, while the outer sides of them remained visible from behind her. They were insanely big! They bounced and jiggled in whatever she wore, and while she didn't often wear many low cut tops, the times she did show skin left men practically drooling, hypnotized by the smooth flesh and immaculate cleavage they were seeing.

People often didn't take her seriously, based solely on her beauty and her outlandish body. They thought her to be dumb or a ditz or a bimbo, only to be shocked by the fact that she was whip-smart, well educated, and very informed of current events.

She was absolutely perfect.

She often got a lot of negative attention from the wrong kind of people, but she was talented at turning away that kind of stuff, both from drooling meatheads and enraptured shy guys alike. Unfortunately, she was so kind about it that it made all these guys want her more. She was not the type of girl to give away the goods easily, and only a lucky few had been allowed the glorious view that so many other guys wanted. Other girls wanted to dislike her, but she was just so friendly that that dislike came with great difficulty. You could try to hate her, and feel a bit jealous of her, but her infectious positivity and stunning beauty made it impossible to dislike her. Everyone just loved the beautiful 23-year-old, especially her husband Derrick.

A lot of men had fallen head over heels for her, from high school to college. But for some reason, she had chosen Derrick. He thanked whatever force brought them together. He himself was a handsome young man, but even he felt completely outclassed by his gorgeous wife. Derrick often felt unworthy of such a perfect woman, and he treated her like a princess, doing everything in his power not to blow it, even if that sometimes meant following along with some stuff he maybe wasn't so passionate about. But her passion was infectious, and she made him a believer about a great many things.

Lacey was a woman of passion and fierce determination. She stood up for her fellow students, some of them not even her friends, when a long tenured teacher was being unfair in terms of grading. She stood up against the dean of her college was raising parking rates when he promised not to. She dressed down the cocky quarterback of the college football team when he was talking smugly about cheating on his sweetheart of a girlfriend. And she did it without ever having to raise her voice or curse, speaking firmly and with fire and purpose. She was a girl who almost never cursed or lost her cool, even when she was at her most frustrated. Lacey was patient, sweet, and as kind as could be, but she was not one to be disregarded.

She'd stood up against a lot of really bad guys. Either old and cranky, rude and disrespectful, or blatantly corrupt.

But she'd never met anyone like Bruce.

He was the whole reason she was out so early in the morning. At the Christmas neighborhood meeting the night before she had promised to talk to him. He was being a bit of a Grinch, not doing anything to celebrate the holiday season when everyone else was. And this was a step too far for the young woman. Lacey loved Christmas! It was her favorite holiday. It combined everything she loved. Family. Joy. Kindness. Togetherness. Charity. Peace on Earth. And hey, even she wasn't above the joy at receiving presents. So, after this issue was brought to her attention, she said she would talk to the mean old man, and maybe convince him to at least participate in the fun and let a little joy and Christmas spirit into his heart.

Ever since she and her husband had moved into the area earlier in the year, they'd heard horror stories about this guy. They'd never actually talked to him, even though he lived two houses down from them on the other side of street. Apparently no one in the neighborhood got along with him, and whenever anyone tried talking to him he shut them down fast. He was notoriously unpleasant, and no one had a good thing to say about him. There were rumors about his past, none that could be substantiated. If he was divorced, if he had been in the military, if he had a criminal history, stuff like that. For the most part though, he kept to himself, and anything heard about him was gathered through the grapevine. And one of the things Lacey kept hearing was that he really became a real scrooge around Christmas, never decorating, never participating in any of the neighborhood events. Any attempts to include him were brushed aside very rudely. Any efforts to sneak some decorations onto his lawn were quickly and angrily destroyed. Clearly, he didn't want any part of the Christmas festivities, and to Lacey that just didn't make sense.

Because Christmas was the best.

So, she had this plan to talk to him as soon as she could, being that it was Christmas Eve, and any decorations she could convince him to put up would be last minute. But something would be better than nothing. She was very observant, so she knew what hours he typically worked, and she noticed quickly when he got home from work early in the morning. She knew the older man worked at the big 'North Pole' plant on the factory line, which explained his long hours, but it didn't align with his apparent hatred of all things Christmas. Nevertheless, she proceeded with her plan. She could see from her house that his

car was in the driveway, so she opted to go over to his place now and maybe change his mind.

Clad in dark jeans, stylish snow boots, a purple poofy jacket, she made her way over. She had a cute beanie over her hair, one with little bangles hanging down, bouncing against her cheeks as she walked. As she made her way over she passed a pair of similarly bundled-up girls, looking very proud of themselves. Lacey smiled at them as they passed by. The wind was biting as she walked, and even though it was a short walk, she was already getting cold. Her gloved hands were stuffed in her pockets as she headed up towards Bruce's house.

It even looked foreboding, disregarding the man who lived there. Looking slightly run-down, with no lights and no decorations, it certainly wasn't approachable. Every other house in the neighborhood looked warm and inviting, despite their age, except this one. The paint was chipped. The wood looked worn. The blinds were closed, letting only a little light out from inside. The junky old-looking blue car in the driveway didn't help matters. Even the normally positive Lacey felt a small shiver of intimidation go through her.

But she was undeterred, and she marched up the snow-covered sidewalk up to the porch and up to the front door. Putting that bright, gorgeous smile on her face, wanting to present herself as nonconfrontational as she could, she pushed the doorbell button, and awaited the mean old man she'd heard so much about.

She'd only really seen him in passing, never having been formally introduced. She would wave when she saw him drive by, but he would never reciprocate. He was clearly hurting and lonely, so she figured that maybe a warm friendly face would get him to open up.

Hey, it was Christmas, the time for miracles. Wouldn't it be another to give a sad, angry old man a bit of light in his life? Let him know that he doesn't have to coop himself up. That he could put himself out there and be friends with people. Maybe he could make a new friend in Lacey, and then go from there.

Haha... she clearly didn't know what she was getting into.

Lacey smiled brightly as she heard some approaching footsteps from the other side of the door. The doorknob twisted, and the door was pulled open, and there in front of her stood the dreaded Bruce.

Lacey was surprised mostly by the fact that he was just a really big guy. Not fat, or anything like that, just really tall, and really built. He was like a brick wall, clad in work boots, thick denim jeans, and a red flannel shirt. Looking up at his face hidden in the shadows, Lacey got her first good look at him. Janet Winston had once described Bruce as 55 going on 70, and that much was true. He was an old man that carried himself like an even older man. Lacey couldn't imagine him as a younger person, like he was born 45. He... he wasn't exactly handsome, with sharp intimidating eyes, a big nose, scowling lips, and a bristly five-o-clock shadow. He had a short, straight military style haircut, black with specks of grey. That all being said, he did possess a gruff, square-jawed masculinity that did give him a certain appeal. But with the scowl affixed on his face at the young wife, there was little appeal to be had.

"What do you want?" he said brusquely, his voice deep and heavy but loud, his eyes clearly indicating his disinterest in whatever she had to say.

"Hi... I'm Lacey!" she said with pep. "I'm your neighbor! I was hoping to talk to you about Christmas decorations, and maybe if..." At this, he was immediately done with her, and quickly slammed the door in her face. She jumped in shock at this sudden move, and while she did feel a hint of intimidation, she was undeterred. Lacey reached forward and knocked on the door repeatedly with the side of her gloved fist, not stopping until she heard approaching footsteps. The door was ripped open suddenly, and there stood Bruce again, looking furious.

"What!?" he growled angrily, looking down at the shorter woman on his porch.

"I... I was hoping we could talk. About... about maybe you participating in the Christmas decorations. And then maybe you could fit in with the others in the neighborhood." Lacey stated with a kind smile. For a moment, they stood silent, her looking up at the ill-tempered older man as he looked her down.

"That sounds like those old buzzards talking," he said gruffly. "What are YOU doing here?" he said, looking her over. Appraising her.

"I wanted to talk about your Christmas decorations," she chirped again. "And maybe you don't get along with some of the other people in the neighborhood, but you've never talked to me, so I thought maybe you just needed to see a new friendly face to change your mind."

"Is this what you want to do right now?" he asked, as if he knew something she didn't. As if she was about to get into something she couldn't handle.

"Yeah! Of course!" she said, shrugging, not fully understanding the question.

His cold emotionless eyes looked at the friendly smiling face of hers, studying it for just a moment. Finally, his eyes twinkled with something she couldn't quite place, and he suddenly stepped back, opening his door to her. Smiling lightly, and a bit surprised, she stepped forward into the older man's home. Looking at the young wife as she stepped inside, he pushed the door shut, stared her down for a good long moment, and then stepped away, moving into the house. He walked in a very stiff manner, standing fully straight and tall, with no fluidity or laziness. Like a robot or a machine.

It was clear that this was a place that had never had a woman's touch, as it looked very much like a man's house. No frills. Few decorations. Practically everything there was for utility, not for show. This sparseness made her feel slightly nervous, as it felt so impersonal and unwelcoming. He remained silent as he led her deeper into his home, only adding to the tension of the moment.

They emerged into the living room, and it was very dim, sparse, and unwelcoming. There was an old, ugly, green couch in the center, with a big well-worn recliner on the far side of it. On the other side of the room was a short, wide wooden shelf which supported a large flat-screen TV, currently playing some action movie. The walls were scant like the rest of the house, and the floor was covered with an old looking brown carpet. Finding the house to be quite warm temperature-wise, Lacey pulled the winter hat off her head and pocketed it before unzipping her coat. As she did, she began looking around the house some more.

As Bruce moved towards his chair, Lacey realized she was in a spot in the house where she could see a bit of everything. The far side of the living room opened on the right to the kitchen, looking very empty, white, and as unflashy as possible. The dim light of an old bulb lit the room in an unwelcome light. On the opposite side of the living room, beyond the TV, was a hallway leading to the rest of the house. On the far end of the hall was a bathroom, and on either side of the hall were rooms. On one side was his bedroom, where a big dark black bed and some plain wooden dressers were set up. Opposite that was a room that appeared to be a small home gym, which housed a weight bench, a treadmill, and some other exercise equipment. On the walls were some posters, and from what she could see, they weren't so much decorative as they were pornographic photos of large breasted naked women. Lacey looked away, a little embarrassed to have seen something so private.

As she moved to look like she hadn't noticed the pictures hanging in the other room, her hand bumped into a stack of magazines on a table next to her, knocking them onto the floor. Feeling immediately like a fool for being so clumsy, she turned and bent over to pick up the stack of magazines. As she straightened them up and readied to put them back on the table, she realized she was holding a stack of magazines that were straight-up porn. Slightly grossed out, she stood up, put the magazines back where they were, and turned around to face Bruce, who had been looking at her during her clumsy moment and its aftermath. She could almost swear he was looking at her butt... no. No. Of course not. She must be mistaken.

She wasn't.

As she was kneeling to pick up the magazines, she had pushed her juicy, perfectly formed ass outwards, and it would take a blind man not to notice. And Bruce's vision was crystal clear. The gruff older man got a primo view of the young, married woman's rear end. Her jeans weren't obscenely tight, but in this position, her perfectly shaped ass molded to the denim, each round cheek highlighted, looking firm and perky and mouthwatering. The unpleasant old man had a view that most would kill for, a view that a man like him didn't deserve and clearly hadn't earned, but he was quick enough to avoid detection when she stood up, looking away just in time, proceeding onward.

Still silent, Bruce walked around his coffee table and moved towards the recliner, sitting back down on it. Lacey followed him into the living room, standing across the room so she was facing him directly. But he seemed unconcerned with her as he reached onto the table next to his chair. He picked up his phone, glancing at the new message waiting there, before grabbing his can of beer and taking a swig. His eyes staying on the TV, not even looking her direction, he finally spoke.

"You gonna just stand there?" he asked. He had a very assertive, forceful voice. Not necessarily loud, but enough to make you jump.

"What?" she asked, confused. From her position, she was looking at him from the side as he stared at the TV.

"You wanted to talk to me," he began, glancing at her for a moment before looking back at the TV. "So… talk." Realizing he was toying with her slightly, deliberately trying to make her uncomfortable, she screwed up her nerves and spoke up.

"Um, yeah, so the entire street here participates in the Christmas festivities every year, except for you, and we were hoping you might be convinced to take part." Lacey said.

"Christmas is a holiday for morons, children, and religious freaks," he announced gruffly, still watching the TV. "Are you a child?" He asked condescendingly.

"No..." she replied patiently, a bit taken aback by this sudden attack.

"Well, I don't see a cross around your neck, so..." he let those words hang, still not even looking at her, and she rolled her eyes a bit at the slight. But she'd dealt with old men like him who thought they could push around someone like her, and she wasn't gonna be denied. Undeterred, she spoke up, turning up the charm.

"How can you not feel Christmas spirit?" she asked brightly, with that heart-melting smile of hers. "You live in one of the Christmas capitals of the world! You work for, like, the biggest Christmas company in the world! I mean, I don't know what your history is with Christmas, and if there's some personal issue you have, that's fine, but I think it would help to talk it out, you know?"

He looked up at her and could barely hide the amused grin on his face. The smile on his face just looked strange, like a wolf's mouth watering at a juicy piece of meat. It was very off-putting.

"Don't talk to me like you know me..." he growled, his eyes narrowing at her. "Don't just march your pretty ass into my home and try to analyze me."

"I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend," Lacey said, feeling truly bad that she had offended him.

"Is it that hard to believe that some people don't buy into all the bullshit of this holiday?" Bruce asked, sitting back on his recliner like a confident king sitting on his throne as he exposed his one-man war on Christmas. "Is it that hard to believe that I don't need to put up sissy little lights and put up some shitty tree in the corner? Am I supposed to buy into stupid fairy tales and hang up a fucking sock as I wait for Santy Claus to come down the chimney? Christmas doesn't do much for me... so I don't do much for it."

"Listen..." Lacey began as the older man looked at her like a naïve child. "I know there's not actually a Santa Claus. I get that. But Christmas isn't about that. Not really. I'm a grown woman, and I love Christmas! My husband loves Christmas too!"

"I bet he does," Bruce replied, subtly accusing him of being one of the type of people he'd just insulted. Not paying this slight any mind, Lacey continued.

"Christmas is a time for peace on Earth and friendship and community! Isn't it more fun to play along? What's the harm in having fun and believing in a little magic? Isn't more fun to hang out with people and have a good time, to socialize? As opposed to, I don't know... hunkering down in your house all day and getting mad at everyone else for having fun?" She pushed back somewhat against him with an innocent smile on her face, which amused the older man.

"I have my fun..." he said with a dark grin, letting that hang in the air between them as he stared at up at the young wife from his chair, completely unaffected by her passionate argument.

"Yeah, I'm sure," she said, unable to fully hide the sarcasm in her voice. "This place is clearly excitement central," she couldn't help but say, unable to hide the bit of snark in her words. She wasn't gonna back down or let herself get pushed around. Again, Lacey was no pushover, and the old man simply smiled at this.

She was more fun that he initially thought.

"Listen," he began, his voice slightly less aggressive. "You said it yourself, people who believe in this stuff are stupid. That anyone who goes along with this stuff is dumb. Do you think I'm stupid?"

"You misunderstand what I..." she began.

"Do you think I'm stupid?" he repeated, this time more firmly.

"Uh... no, it was just..." she began, still smiling patiently, before being interrupted again.

"So you think I'm smart?" he asked.

"Uh, yeah, sure, it was just..." she began.

"Say it," he said firmly, deliberately interrupting her again.

"Uh, what... Say what?" she asked, her smile lessening, a bit of annoyance shining through.

"Say you think I'm smart..." he said firmly. She paused for a moment, not enjoying this little game, but knowing no productive conversation as gonna happen until she relented.

"I think you're smart," she allowed finally, putting on a fake smile, her words making the old man grin.

"Okay... continue," he allowed, smirking with this small victory. She paused for a moment, annoyed, and the silence was interrupted by the sound of his phone beeping with a new text, but he kept looking up at her. Then he grabbed his phone and glanced at it as she resumed talking.

"The point is, you misunderstood me," she began. "I don't really think Santa is real. But wouldn't the world be better if he was? Wouldn't the world be better with a little magic in it? Isn't it more fun to have a bit of positive spirit in the world?" She almost bounced with positivity of her own statement, making her large breasts jiggle beneath her top.

He sat back and thought over her words. Lacey smiled slightly, thinking that she had finally gotten through to him. Her positive words, her indomitable spirit, her true passion, it had all finally gotten through. His heart was growing three sizes right before her eyes. Finally, he looked up at her again, gave her a small grin, and said...

"No."

Lacey's lips turned up in a small scowl as the old man refused to bend even the slightest.

"Hon..." he began, sitting back, very proud of himself. "I think it's you who's mistaken about what Christmas is about. It's not about joy and community and all that dumbass shit. It's all commercialism. Money and gifts and catering to our basest urges. Which is fine, I can get behind that, but let's call a spade a spade. Let's not pretend this is something it's not. You... you talked about my job at the plant?" he asked, and she nodded in response. "You want to know what I do there? You think I handle the toys for the little kids or the wreaths or the Christmas lights? No... I put the labels on the lingerie. The bras, and the little lacy thongs and g-strings, the type girls your age wear. So... that's what I do, honey. That's what the Christmas spirit is where I work. I don't think that's what you're talking about, but I like my version better, heh-heh-heh..." he laughed before taking another swig of beer.

"Wait, they make lingerie there?" she asked, genuinely surprised.

"Oh yeah..." he replied. "That 'Mrs. Claus' brand stuff. And it's pure filth, too. Teeny, tiny... covers nothing. They're fantastic. You should get some for yourself..." he added with a wolfish grin. She rolled her eyes at this slightly. Being an attractive young woman with a killer body, she was used to crass comments from men. They barely even fazed her anymore. She'd dealt with plenty of old men like him who loved to make leering comments to young women like her that they had no chance with, just to get a rise out of her. She did her best to not let the old man get to her. But she wasn't fully able to hide her annoyance, and seeing that, he couldn't help but continue to needle her. "I've knicked a few of my favorites for just such a special occasion.

I'd be glad to let you try them on..." he said, unashamedly looking the young wife up and down, practically licking his lips. Lacey subconsciously clutched her coat around her so that it covered her front again and spoke up, not backing down.

"No thanks," she said firmly with an upturned nose, a little skeezed out by this old man. He was picking up the pace with his suggestive comments, taking this whole thing down the wrong path. This was not going how she had hoped, but she was more determined than ever to stick it to this old codger and convince him to at least do something for the Christmas season, despite his obstinance. Looking to move on, she changed the subject quickly, trying to not let him get to her. "Okay, so, obviously, you don't feel so strongly about the Christmas season. And you don't have the warmest feelings towards the neighborhood. So... is there anything we can do to convince you to at least play along with the neighborhood holiday decoration event? It doesn't even have to be for a long time. Just today..."

"We?" he asked, inquiring at her wording. "I don't see a 'we.' I only see one person talking to me right now," he said mockingly, picking at her grammar. She rolled her eyes.

"Is there anything I can do?" she clarified, not letting the old man's games get to her.

"Well..." he said with a wolfish smirk. "That's an entirely different question now, isn't it?" he asked, eyeing her up lewdly again.

"Anything I can do within reason?" she warned, her tone a little less friendly as she warned him against going there. He smirked again.

"Oh..." he said, sitting back, his idea swiped from him before he could voice it, pausing for a bit as he looked her over with his cold gaze. Finally, a new idea hit him, one which clearly amused him. "Okay... I tell you what? If you, Ms. Christmas spirit, can just swallow your pride, humble yourself, and admit Christmas is bullshit, Santa isn't real, and that you're a weak-minded-fool for ever believing in any of

it... then I might be willing to help." At this, he smiled insidiously, very proud of himself.

"I'm not gonna do that..." she said firmly, releasing her grip on her coat so she could rub her forehead out of frustration, unwittingly letting it open up again. She was not bowing to his little game of humiliating her, even if it might mean getting what she wanted. She would never compromise her morals and take the easy way out. Especially for such an obvious lie. She loved Christmas, and she truly believed in it. She could never in good conscience say such things.

"Well, then, if that's the case..." he began, still staring down the young wife from his throne. Before he spoke further, his eyes went straight to her coat-covered chest. "If you let me get two greedy handfuls of those big tits of yours, I'll make this house shine with Christmas pride." He grinned fiendishly at this, looking truly unpleasant and off-putting.

The young wife screwed her lips shut out of legit offense. Yep, he'd taken it there.

Initially, due to the warmth of the room, she had unzipped her coat, and in doing so, she had accidentally given this mean old codger a good view of her massive, perky breasts throughout most of their conversation. Beneath her coat, she had on a bright yellow top, which, while not showing any skin, was straining to contain her massive, perky double-F tits. Those suckers had gotten her a lot of unwanted attention in the past and, clearly, in the present. Massive, perfectly round, and extra bouncy, they were certainly attention getters. She often struggled to have people take her seriously when she had these mammoth breasts that made her look like a sex object. They had caused her to be on the receiving end of all sorts of rude, nasty comments about her and her body, which she did her best to play off, and shut down. Because of this constant barrage of crude, brutish men making such comments, she promised herself that her body was a gift that she would only bestow on those who were worthy. Men who didn't make those types of comments. Men who respected her and didn't look at her like she was a sex object ready to be used. The type of men who were above that kind of stuff. Respectful, kind men, like Derrick. Derrick... he was all of those things.

Bruce was none of them.

"I'm sorry, but I find that type of comment inappropriate, and I would ask you don't repeat it," Lacey said firmly, standing her ground, not backing down at all. "If this is some sort of joke, it's not funny. If it's serious, then you are making a huge mistake," she warned, staring him right down. Bruce sat back, his eyes narrowing for a moment as the young wife dressed him down. Then, he smiled.

"You are a spitfire, aren't you?" Bruce said, laughing, sounding almost impressed. "I half expected you to have run out of my house by this point..." For a moment, Lacey wondered if this was all some sort of colossal test on his part, an effort by him to push her away, to just get her out of his hair for good by making rude, nasty comments. But she was stronger than that. She would not be defeated so easily. She had to be stronger than that, both for herself, and for Christmas.

"I don't know what you're deal is. If you just hate people or if you just hate yourself. You keep pushing others away when they try to reach out... but we're all reaching out to you from a place of kindness. Why can't you accept that?" she said, standing tall, pushing back against the unpleasant older man. He paused, and for a moment it appeared that he took her words in, looking down and nodding. Then, he looked up at her again.

And burst out laughing.

"Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!" he laughed loudly, his laughter making her feel small and stupid. As he laughed, his phone pinged again, and he kept laughing as he glanced at it before putting it back down. Finally, he calmed down enough to speak. "Wow... well, thank you very much for those kind words. They really touched me in my old, black heart..." he said mockingly, making her roll her eyes again. "I thought young people these days like you weren't supposed to pre-judge. Honey, you've built up this whole image of me as this evil miser who stays cooped up all day, and only emerges to scream at children and rip down Christmas decorations. While yes, I do hate kids, and yes, I have

ripped down some decorations in my time, I think you'll find that I'm quite popular. Just not with the idiots who live around here. And maybe it's because I'm doing much more enjoyable things that I'm not putting up shitty little decorations all over my house."

"Like what?" she asked, her growing dislike for this man shining through her normally sweet, kind-hearted demeanor. Even she was being pushed past her patience as this old man kept running down her and the holiday she loved so much. What could this guy possibly be doing with his free time other than sit on his recliner and drink beer all day?

"Honey..." he began.

"Don't call me honey," she warned him again, her patience with him running out, causing him to smile, knowing he was getting to her.

"Okay... honey," he mocked her, causing her anger to boil ever so slightly. "There are three things I do on a regular basis. Three things I take pride in. I work... I drink..." he said, holding up his beer. "And I fuck."

Those words hung in the air for a moment, and this time, it was Lacey's turn to laugh.

"Hahaha..." she giggled, both out of shock and out of a slight bit of nervousness. "Are... are you joking?" she asked nervously, standing in front of this bold older man, feeling like she had the upper hand, at least slightly.

"Not at all," he replied, smiling, unaffected by her doubt. "This might surprise you, though I suspect deep down it doesn't, but I'm actually very, VERY popular with women. And I'm not talking about old, easy whores at the bar, although they serve their purpose. I'm talking about young, tight, gorgeous women. Women your age, some even a couple years younger."

"Somehow, I seriously doubt that," Lacey replied. This guy was, quite frankly, a pig. She didn't like talking so negatively at people, but he was rude, and disrespectful, and he had repeatedly made lewd comments about her body. He seemed very happy to be well past the point of redemption, talking this way about young women. Girls these days were so much worldlier and more confident. She seriously questioned how any girl would allow herself to be charmed by this old dinosaur.

"But I must say..." he continued, undaunted, looking her up and down before looking at her breasts once again. "I think you got all those other girls beat. I mean wow... what a body. Your husband's a lucky man... but I'm luckier, of course." The young blonde again pulled her coat around herself to cover up as best she could, not giving this leering old man a glimpse. "Oh, c'mon... you know exactly what you're doing. Bouncing that hot ass and those big tits of yours around me. You wanted me to notice. You wanted me to make comments. You wanted me to look at you..." There was a long, tense pause between them, until she finally spoke up again.

"I..." she began, nervous, looking away. Maybe this had gone too far. Maybe, in trying to see the best in him, she'd only encouraged this behavior. Obviously, she didn't want any of this, and the thought that she'd encouraged him in any way was clearly wishful thinking. "I think I should leave. And you should be ashamed of yourself." He grinned, unaffected by her stinging criticism.

"I tell you what..." he began, setting down his empty beer can and standing up. He was now towering over her, making her feel small under his stare. "You might not think it, but I'm an open-minded man. I'm completely open to a, uh... Christmas miracle." His words said one thing, but his body language said another, as he struggled to say those words with a straight face. "I am ready to be convinced about the power and the spirit of Christmas. And I want it to be you who does the convincing. But it will take something extra special for me to change my mind. So..." he paused and looked right at the young wife, and she shivered at his ice-cold stare, slightly afraid of what he was about to say. "Let me give you a gift. A Christmas gift. Something to prove I am what I say I am. And if you accept the gift, and you take to

it, like I think you will, like I think you're dying to, then well... I'll put up lights and wreaths and all that other stupid shit. Deal?" He looked her down, his expression vague. She looked up at him, unsure, still clutching her coat tight around her.

"Gift?" she said, backing up slightly, still hoping to win this old man over despite everything. But she was not sure where this was going, and she was not sure if she was gonna like it.

"Well, the way all the girls go crazy over it, it's got to be a gift," he said, smirking, before reaching down to his zipper.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait! Wait!" she said, as the older man's calloused fingers undid his belt and the button on his jeans before pulling down the zipper. Despite knowing immediately what she was about to see, Lacey wasn't able to look away. She was stunned into silence. Like a car crash she could see coming, she didn't want to see what came next, but she couldn't not look. The older man was undeterred as he yanked down his jeans, exposing his grey boxer-brief clad bulge.

And what a bulge it was.

Jutting out from his crotch and moving towards his hip was what appeared to be a salami, judging by the size of it, thick and straining for escape. Massively lengthy, and thick as her wrist, Lacey could practically see it throbbing through the thin briefs. It was huge! At this sight, the young wife began to panic, and she immediately moved to leave.

This had gone WAY too far.

"I need to go..." she said, finally turning away from the older man, and beginning to walk away.

"You're gonna wanna see this..." he called out to her. She didn't want to see that... thing... despite how massive it appeared to be.

"I don't think I do," she said, glancing back at him one last time as she addressed him, ready to turn the corner.

"Wait!" he called out to her, his hands stopping what they were doing. She was one step away from being out of sight of him for good. One step away from walking away from this wicked old scrooge, never to return. But because she was a good person, part of her, despite all of this, wanted to see the best in him. He'd stopped when she'd asked him to, so maybe he realized he'd crossed a line. Wanted him to realize and atone for the mistakes he was making. And for that reason alone, she gave him a chance.

"What are you doing?" the young blonde called out angrily from the edge of the living room, eyes glancing at the older man's crotch, despite herself. The front of his jeans was splayed open and they were lowered slightly, leaving his massive bulge still exposed. Not all the way exposed, she'd stopped him before he'd gotten that far, but she could see a pretty clear outline of the weapon he was working with. She didn't want to look, but something that big and imposing was impossible to look away from.

"This is what all your teasing did to me," he replied, reaching down to give his iron bar a few quick strokes. She could practically see it throbbing through his boxer-briefs.

"Teasing?" she asked, trying and failing to pull her eyes from his barely-clothed weapon. She knew this was wrong, and she should just leave. And most importantly, she should look away from that... thing. But she still hoped to win him over to the side of Christmas, and plus... that thing in his pants... it was really big! She'd never seen anything close to that size. Not even close. She was the last girl you'd expect to be affected by such a thing, but... damn. How could an old man like him have such a massive dick? It couldn't be real. He had to be stuffing his shorts or something. For a second, she almost wished he had finished taking it out, just to prove if it was real or fake. But she pushed that thought away, realizing how ridiculous it sounded.

"Hahaha..." he laughed insidiously. "You knew what you were doing. As soon as you walked in, and you undid your coat so I could look at

those big jugs. And then you 'accidentally' knocked over those magazines, just to give yourself an excuse to bend over in front of me. And you were gushing all over me earlier, telling me how smart I am. And you took every opportunity to bounce and jiggle and shake your stuff for me. Honey, you've been trying to get me hard this whole time. Clearly, you did a good job."

"That's not what I was doing," she replied as the old man toyed with the hem of his boxer-briefs, still threatening to unleash the beast.

"Keep telling yourself that," he said, before a silence fell between them. She thought back. She had done those things, but it wasn't to tease this old scrooge. It was an accident. She wasn't the type of girl to flirt and tease to get what she wanted. "Are you sure you don't want a peek?" he asked.

"This is REALLY inappropriate," she said, trying to look away as she stood her ground. "Just... zip up your pants." She couldn't believe he was doing this. This was such a gross, unwanted gesture, something some dumb drunk frat guy would do. But this was an old, evil man, who thought he could get away with anything just because he had a massive, thick, obviously fake but nonetheless perfect looking bulge. It was messed up that he thought this was a good idea.

"But you're still here..." he told her. This reminder that she was just standing there gawking at this evil old man's bulge finally shook her from her revere. What was she doing? Why was she still here? Why was she sweating? It had to be fake, right? Wait that didn't matter. None of this did. Screwing up her courage, she looked up at his aged, square-jawed face, with his nostrils flaring, and his mouth twisted in an ugly, hungry grin.

"I'm just leaving..." she replied, not looking down at his crotch, resisting its monumental gravitational pull, not letting this older man win. "Unless you zip up." She wondered if it was ridiculous for her to be still trying to win over this guy after what he just threatened to do, but again... she was not gonna back down. And she wasn't gonna give in. Yes, she was stubborn, but that stubbornness is what made her the strong-willed person she was.

Maybe, in his own twisted way, he did think she was leading him on, despite how obviously she wasn't doing that. So she was gonna grant him a chance to maybe realize his mistake and move on from it. Despite how wrong this was, she still wanted to win over the old Grinch. Her competitive side was out, and she wanted to make this old scrooge pay for thinking he could get away with doing something so wrong. Competitive in her own, innocent way, of course. She wanted to conquer this old man by making him put up Christmas decorations and make him sing Christmas carols. He wanted to conquer by making her a slave to the... thing... stuffed in his underwear.

And both were confident they could win.

"You're turning down my gift?" he asked with a mocking grin, still teasing that he was gonna whip it out. If he did so, she'd be out of the house so fast. That'd be the last straw, for sure, no matter how large it appeared to be. "Most of you girls go crazy over it. They can't wait to get their hands on it. Or their mouths. I'm surprised it's not buried down your throat already. Well... perhaps I misjudged..." At this, still holding her gaze, he reached down and grabbed his jeans and pulled them back up, not stopping until everything was back in place and his bulge was covered again. It was a slight relief for her to have the freedom to look down, but now that she knew what was there, she couldn't help but notice the bulge even through his jeans. Nonetheless, he had covered himself back up, and she took this as a small victory against this old man. "Warning, you're not gonna see what I'm packing unless it's you doing the unwrapping..." he said with a gross grin, as if this was some shared joke between them.

"You're a pig..." she said angrily at this older man. She wasn't one to get upset, but this... this was really gross. Most guys know better than to attempt to do such a thing, but this man, this old scrooge... he truly was a pig. She knew she should just leave and ditch this whole, silly Christmas argument, but she wanted to let him know how wrong this was. Attempting to expose his big, thick, perf... uh... no, no. It was gross. And he needed to know that threating to expose his disgusting dick to her, a married woman, was really messed up. "You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"Don't act like you don't want this..." he said, grabbing his clothed bulge lewdly. "I saw it in your eyes. From the second I opened that door, you wanted it. Probably for months before, even. I don't just show it to anyone. I only show it to girls who want it. You act all cute and friendly, but I can tell you're desperate for a good dicking. That's why you came here..."

"I came here to ask you to put up Christmas decorations!" she affirmed, getting even more upset. "Not for you to try and expose yourself to me!"

"I'm an old man, and I can admit I was mistaken. Usually, this kinda thing works wonders on girls like you but, clearly, I read you wrong," he said, and despite his small boast about his prowess, he sounded somewhat contrite, holding up his hands. "I tell you what..." he began, stepping back, allowing her a bit more breathing room. "I'll make it up you. For your apparent, uh... distress... I'll put up some decorations. Okay? I'll give you what you want. Just... tell me what you want me to do." Sensing some sort of scheme, but not able to find one, she began speaking, finally getting to the point of why she was here.

"Um... okay..." she sighed, confused. The older man sat back and looked up at her. She watched Bruce grab his remote, silencing the TV so he could focus on what she was saying. Had... had she won? Had she passed his crazy test? After lecturing the pervy older man about how wrong he'd been, she was happy to see she might have finally won some sort of victory. "Well, okay, a wreath would be nice. I know there's not much time, but some lights along the roof would be really perfect. Maybe, if you have a few lawn decorations, you could put them up too..." As she spoke, he seemed to be listening, but his eyes kept drifting from her to the TV, despite it being silent. Her eyes drifted to the screen as she continued talking. "And maybe you could run to the store and pick up some... oh my God, what is that?" she called out, eyes widened again.

On the screen was straight up porn. Not professional stuff, but amateur porn. Amateur footage of a man and a woman naked, having sex. The woman was about her age, and very pretty, and the man was much older, about Bruce's age, but she couldn't see his face as it was cut off by the top of the screen. And it wasn't taking place in some

hotel room or something. It was taking place in a familiar location. A bedroom, one she could see right now.

Bruce's bedroom.

Holy crap! She was seeing a video of Bruce on the TV, having sex!

"What the hell?" she called out, hand over her mouth, eyes glued to the screen. The TV was silent, but what she saw was more than enough. On it, she could see this young woman, a thin dark-haired woman with a perfect tan and huge breasts, getting fucked from behind by Bruce. Hard. Bruce had her hair wrapped around his fist, yanking at it crudely as he roughly drilled her at a furious pace. The sound was silent, but the pleasure she was feeling was obvious on her face.

"Oh, that?" Bruce asked naively. "I like to record all the sex I get. I'm an old man... sometimes, the memories can fade, you know?" He stated with a smirk, pointing to his head. Somehow, she doubted that. He seemed sharp. Very sharp. "Don't worry, they all agree to be recorded. Every one of them. When they know what I'm packing, they'll usually agree to just about anything. And trust me, when they see what I can do, they'll DO just about anything. Hahaha!"

"Why are you showing me this?" Lacey asked. She thought she had taught this guy a lesson, but clearly, he wasn't done just yet.

"Oh, I like to remember all the fun I get to have," Bruce began. "And I don't like being called a liar..." he added, looking right at Lacey.

"What?" she said, eyes still glued to the footage on screen. Damn... he was a machine, fucking that girl in a brutal, relentless fashion. This had to be fake, just like that bulge of his. Was it, like, altered or something? Damn... it did look real, though...

"You doubted me earlier... about my prowess..." he replied. "Just wanted to show you that you were the one who was mistaken about me..."

Lacey watched as Bruce fucked the young woman furiously. Her gorgeous face was a mask of pleasure, lips parted, eyes rolling into the back of her head. She was gorgeous and stunning. She could have been a model. And she had hooked up with Bruce? This pig. This old man. She had to know what a dinosaur this old man was, but... she chose him anyway. She submitted to him, and all his filthy whims. Could... could what he offered actually be good enough to be worth hooking up with such an unpleasant asshole? Judging by the girl on screen, the answer was obvious. Because she certainly had no regrets about what she was taking part in.

She was having the time of her life letting this old man fuck her brains out. The camera moved as he grabbed it, bringing it so he was pointing it straight down where the penetration was occurring, and for the first time, Lacey got a real glimpse at what he was packing. Not the whole thing, mind you, just a peek of his meat. A glance at the base of his weapon. And even though she could only see the first few inches near the base, one thing was clear. It was as thick as she feared. Maybe it was because he was moving like a blur, or maybe it was a trick of the light. But it looked as thick as her wrist. Jesus... no way that was legit. This footage had to be altered, or something. No man was actually that big. But... damn. What appeared to be his big, thick cock was driving almost inhumanely into the young woman's small, tight pussy. The lips were stretched to the brim around it, making it look even bigger. Maybe it was thick but short. Maybe the few inches of the dense, trunk-like base was pretty much all there was. Yeah, that had to be it, it had to. But... whatever he was packing, she was enjoying it. As he drilled it into her, her pussy was coating it with her juices as it gripped his thing tightly, clearly loving the large penis and doing everything she could to keep it inside her. As he fucked into her, her perfectly shaped butt jiggled, the cheeks spreading as they did so, giving the older man a view of her tight butthole.

"I... I..." Lacey stammered, not knowing what to say to this. Her eyes stayed locked on the screen as the old man set the camera down on the bed, so it captured them both in profile. Once that was done, he reached under her to eagerly grope her massive hanging breasts. The

sex was hot, but knowing the man involved tempered some of the excitement for Lacey. However, on some level she could appreciate what she was seeing, and that, on top of the quick glimpse she'd gotten of his very thick weapon, had caused her blood to begin pumping, ever so slightly.

"Good shit, isn't it?" he asked with a smirk, seeing the young wife in front of him transfixed by what she was seeing. "That one... she wasn't bad." Wasn't bad? This girl was stunning! Could he really afford to be picky? "Her name was Nicole, I think. Met her at the bar. She was waiting for her boyfriend. She laughed when I tried hitting on her at first. She had a boyfriend, and I was an older guy. Blah blah blah... but, well, as you can see... I changed her mind. And now, I've got footage of me railing her for all she's worth. So... I think I won that one in the end." He paused for a moment before continuing. "I loaded up most of my footage onto a drive. Connected it to the TV so I have some stuff to watch when I get bored. Here, let me change it." He hit some button on the remote, flipping to a new video.

Lacey was suddenly watching a video of another young woman in bed with the older man. This time, Bruce was seated on the end of his bed, with the camera pointed towards his lap. Towards... it. But thankfully, he still wasn't forcing her to look at his dick, because her view was obscured by the back of woman's head. This woman was eagerly inhaling the large slab of beef, taking as much as she could in her small, tight mouth. But Lacey couldn't see much of it, basically only able to see the base again, and it looked as thick as it did before. Lacey could see the woman's obscene level of drool as she inhaled the older man's weapon. From what she could tell, the woman on camera was a pretty brunette, probably about Lacey's age.

"Ahh... this was a fun one," Bruce began, sitting back, enjoying this trip down memory lane. "This one was one of those moralizing types. She was protesting some dumb thing at the college. I don't give a shit what it was... some chick thing, girls not getting enough opportunities or whatever. Nonetheless... I ended up talking to her, debating her a bit, and, haha... I gave her a BIG opportunity. Hahaha. I think she took to my side." Obviously. The woman was going nuts on the older man's dick, bobbing furiously, doing her best to take as much as she could into her eager throat. Bruce let his hand rest on the back of her head as he began pumping up into her mouth as she inhaled his dick.

The porn scene on the screen was about to reach its climax, but just before that happened, he switched videos.

"Oh... this is one of my favorites," he began with a grin. On the screen was Bruce with two women, one was a short-haired blonde with a round, full ass and monster breasts, riding his big cock on the bed. Near them was another, a taller, slim, dark-haired girl, kneeling under the other girl's ass, her tongue eagerly massaging the old man's swollen balls.

This position allowed the young wife to see a big more of his size. The short-haired woman was riding the older man hard, and in doing so, she bounced up and down along a lengthy amount of his dick, and yeah, okay... it appeared to be big. Really big. The amount of dick that she left exposed at the apex of her bouncing was probably more than what Lacey's husband had altogether. And unlike Derrick, this man seemed to have plenty of length remaining, buried deep in the young woman's dripping vagina. So, okay... maybe he actually was that huge. Not that it mattered...

Lacey studied the older man's weapon from this angle, the giant tube along the underside prominent on screen, a portent to the type of climax he was capable of. And what was also a signal to what he was capable of were his massive balls. Wow. Large and smooth, they looked to be the size of eggs, swollen with his seed. And they were churning as the dark-haired girl tongued them eagerly, unashamedly licking the older man's sack. Lacey was transfixed by what she was seeing.

"These were a couple of rug-munchers. I heard through the grapevine that they were looking to conceive a baby. I heard some bitch in passing mention her two friends were in the market for a sperm donor, you know? So, I did some digging, tracked them down. They were interviewing people, looking for some professor or academic or something. And I figured... what the hell? I'll throw my hat in the ring. I'm up for a challenge. I wasn't the man they expected when we met, but... they clearly warmed up to me..." He said with a knowing grin. On the screen the short-haired supposed lesbian was heaving herself on the old man's swollen dong as he squeezed her huge bouncing tits. Lacey could actually see the older man's grinning face as the young

woman pleasured his swollen dick. "The short-haired one had never been with the man, and it had been years for the other. But they caught on fast. The funny thing was..." he began, glancing at the blonde. "When the time came, I didn't even cum inside them. I ended up cumming on their faces instead! Hahaha! They fucking loved it! I didn't even call them back after that, ha... but they still call me. Just wanted to give those two a taste of what they were missing out on. I betcha, seeing how well they both took to me... those two aren't gonna be together much longer. They both like the dick too much to give it up now." The young wife was silent. This guy had talked his way into bed with a couple of lesbians in a loving relationship, and he ended up fucking them both so well that they went along with his twisted games, possibly ruining their relationship in the process.

He started flipping through videos fast.

"This one was with a pair of blonde twins fresh out of high school..." he said, almost disinterested as Lacey saw a pair of perky teenage blondes with their huge breasts pressed around the older man's throbbing pole. The angle was similar to the previous one, low, pointed towards the base of his crotch. And due to the size of the twins' matching racks, Lacey could again only see the base of his weapon, and his hanging nuts. This would be a life-changing event for most men. This was a pair of hot young twins, but for him, it was just another encounter. How could he be so casual about this? How could such a thing be nothing to him? Before she could wonder further, he moved onto another video.

"Ah, this one was funny," he began. On the screen was a lively, young, intelligent looking redhead, face down, ass up on the bed as Bruce fucked her roughly from behind. "This girl got a job at the plant once it opened. Her mom's one of the execs, and she'd just gotten out of school, so she got an office job with us. But even though she's in the office, and I'm on the floor... I won her over pretty quickly." Lacey watched the older man spanking the redhead's ass roughly, only for her mouth to open in an obvious moan. This angle wasn't giving Lacey any better views on the old man's dick. Not... not that she wanted that, obviously. It was just surprising that by this point that she hadn't gotten a clear view of it. That was all. "Her mom heard rumors about what she'd done. She marched down to the plant, ready to fire me. But, well..." he began, before changing to the next video.

It showed a new woman in his bed, an older woman for once, riding Bruce's cock furiously, her large, shapely ass jiggling with each bounce. Bruce slapped her ass and urged her to keep riding as he pumped his thick penis up into her, his nuts broiling with semen. And again, she only really got a view of the base and the first few inches, as the rest remained lodged inside her.

"So I fucked the mom too..." Bruce said with a smug smile. Lacey eyes went wide at this. "She took to my dick even better than her daughter! Damn, that bitch was desperate..." How could this gross old man be so good at this? He'd charmed all these seemingly smart, intelligent women, and he had tried to do the same to her, too. She wouldn't believe it if she wasn't seeing it. "The mom really wasn't so mad at me anymore, but at work, HR heard there was some issue going on. So, they pulled me in for an interview. And..."

He changed videos again, and this time, there was an Asian woman in her late twenties bent over on all fours with Bruce's cock lodged in her ass. How? How was that even possible? How could any woman take such a thick weapon inside her rear end like this? It was almost inhuman. But no matter how she did it, she was clearly loving it. She was screaming in pleasure, her pretty face twisted in a mask of lust. And Bruce was smirking savagely as he railed the younger woman hard.

"I banged the HR bitch too..." Bruce announced simply, and the young wife was thunderstruck by this whole thing. "I've made some serious progress there considering they've only been open a few months. Rate this is going, I'll be running the place soon," he said with a laugh. Bruce then looked up at the wife as if all was normal and spoke up. "Oh, go ahead. Continue..."

"What?" she said, confused. What the hell were they even talking about before... this? Lacey remembered something vague about Christmas decorations, but that seemed so long ago. All she could think about was cock. Bruce's big cock. Yeah, she could admit it, with the glimpses she had gotten, and all the gorgeous women he had landed... he probably was as big as he boasted. As big as he appeared through his briefs. How big, she could not say for sure yet. Yet? Why

was she thinking yet? It wasn't like she was planning to see it in the future. Not a chance!

It was still insane for her to know that the man seated next to her was currently on-screen, having sex. Having sex using his thick, no-doubt massive cock! No, that wasn't sex... that was fucking. Illicit, brutal, nasty fucking was the type he seemingly loved to take part in. It was crazy! Lacey usually never thought in these terms, but it was just... damn.

Lacey couldn't stand the guy, but he'd certainly backed up his boasting. He wasn't some crazy older guy with delusions of grandeur. No, this guy, this wicked scrooge, also happened to be a stud. A huge-dicked stud. This guy fucked often. He had a way with women and could charm seemingly the smartest of them into his bed and onto his dick. His giant dick. His perfect dick. And he clearly wanted to bed her too. He wanted to give her the exact same treatment. The fact that a man of such talent and skill wanted her, thinking she was worthy of such treatment... that was flattering, wasn't it? No... no. This man was a beast! A pig! An old scrooge!

"I... I... I think..." the young wife stammered. She had so much fight before, but her feelings had clearly softened towards the brutish older man after seeing him in action. He was legit. He could get the job done. He could make girls scream! Bruce smiled at the young woman's clear struggle as her eyes stayed glued on the screen.

Sure, he was, uh, huge. And he was good at what he did. But, how did he get all those girls to take things that far? He wasn't exactly the most amiable guy Lacey had ever met. Far from it. Maybe... maybe he was far more charming than he let on. Maybe in this case, with Lacey, he was trying to intimidate her, but maybe with others, he could truly charm their pants off.

"Oh, I've got sound on all these..." Bruce said before unmuting it, and suddenly, the room was filled with noise.

"AH! AH! YES!" the woman on screen screamed out. The sounds of her ass slapping against the older man's torso as he drilled her from behind echoed out.

"Take it! Take my fucking dick you fucking slut!" he growled, before spanking her ass firmly.

"AHHHHH! YES!" she screamed.

"Take it, bitch! Take it bitch! Yes!" the brutish old man grunted out, fucking her harder, spanking her ass again.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck! Do whatever you want to me! I love it! I love it! God damn, your cock feels so big in my ass! Yes!" The HR woman screamed out.

Lacey wasn't naïve. She'd seen some porn in her time, not that she'd made a habit of it. But here, watching footage of a man fucking young women while standing right next to that man... this was something else. Watching him fuck in such a brutal, savage manner, while calling this woman such awful names... it was truly shocking. But despite knowing better, some part of her, deep down, was responding. Her pussy had gotten wet, and her nipples had begun hardening. As her mind was in sudden conflict, Bruce's phone pinged again.

"And if you don't believe what you're seeing there," he began, holding up his phone. "All these texts I've been getting? Satisfied customers. Wives, girls who are in town from college, or one of the many other sluts I've banged... they all want a bit more. Sending me pictures of their tits or their ass or everything..." he said, scrolling through pictures on his phone, showing gorgeous girl after gorgeous girl doing as he said, flashing their tits to him via text, trying to entice the older man into more sex. "I don't like to repeat myself with these girls, but who am I turn down such lovely creatures..."

Lacey looked away from the phone as he tossed it aside, looking back at the porn playing on screen. She jumped when Bruce muted the TV

again and looked up at her. Her eyes remained glued on the screen as he spoke up again.

"God, one of those videos starring me and you would have been something, wouldn't it?" he said, leaning back and putting his hand on his chin, looking the hot-bodied blonde over again. He'd already done this so many times she didn't bother trying to cover up, letting the older man look over her delicious frame without one word of protest. Letting him imagine her body as exactly as he wanted to. In a flash, an image flashed into her mind. Of her and Bruce... in bed... having sex.

She'd come in to his house so convinced she could win him over, almost arrogant about it, that she just knew if things reached the point of some of the things she saw on screen, he'd want to teach her a lesson. She just knew the old man would show her zero mercy. She'd expect nothing less. He'd probably give it to her even harder than he had with those other girls. He'd fuck her young married pussy like an animal. He'd spank her ass and call her all sorts of humiliating names. His big, calloused hands would run all over her smooth skin and squeeze her massive, perfect breasts roughly, availing his unworthy, wicked palms in her huge, perfect tits, staking out his claim of ownership over her giant breasts. She'd only ever let men who respected her have a peek of the goods, let alone actually touch her. But this man... he had no respect for her, or her marital vows, or her opinions, or anything really. But he was getting a hell a lot closer to the goods than all those other unworthy suitors. And he would let her know of his lack of respect for her by the savage treatment he would no doubt unleash on her. He would be rough on her. He'd show her no mercy. And she would scream. And she would moan. And she would love it.

Bruce was right. Her and Bruce fucking... it would certainly be fucking amazing.

She looked away from the TV into Bruce's amused eyes, and she was certain that he was thinking the exact same thing.

"But you're a married woman, of course," he said, sounding strangely respectful for once. "A married woman with tits like those and that perfect, juicy ass... I bet your hubby can more than handle himself with you. He'd have to lock a bitch like you down. I bet he can give you the exact same thing I could... right?" he asked, already knowing the answer. And the young woman was still so gob-smacked by what she was seeing that she actually answered.

"Well... not exactly like this..." she said softly, her eyes drifting back towards the TV, watching as the older man kept roughly drilling the woman on screen.

"Oh... well, why would you settle for less than you deserve?" he asked. "A woman with that body... fuck... you should be getting that kinda treatment every goddamn night."

"I... I don't think I could handle something like that," she said softly, as on screen, Bruce had the camera in hand and was focused on the woman's tight asshole stretched to the max around his thick, swollen weapon.

"You could. Trust me, you could," Bruce replied, like the devil on her shoulder. Despite herself, her pussy was now soaked, and her nipples were showing through her top, they were so hard. Is that... is what she was seeing... was that what people were actually doing together? Her husband, Derrick... he was always so kind and respectful. He'd never made such demands of her. He let her call the shots in the bedroom, and things between them were closer to making love than... this. This brutal, nasty, unholy fucking on the screen.

"Aren't there days where you just want to be thrown down and drilled until you can't think straight? A young woman like you... you should be getting it rough and nasty all the fucking time. A girl like you should be getting absolutely destroyed in bed by a man who knows exactly what he's doing," Bruce stated. She didn't say anything in reply. She just let him keep talking. "And you know now that I'm one of those men. I know exactly what I'm doing in the bedroom. I'd treat you like my bitch... and we both know you'd love it." She struggled to form words, such a mess she was. He'd repeatedly called her a bitch,

and she hadn't spoken up or criticized him. Finally, she came to her own defense.

"No..." she said softly. Weakly.

"No?" he questioned, his voice a bit firmer now. "I've outdebated you on this dumb Christmas shit, I flashed my bulge, and turned on homemade porn in front of you, and you're still here?" he pointed out with a laugh. "Most right-thinking girls would have run out of here long ago. But you... you stayed here, through all of it. And we both know why..." At this, the young wife finally looked away from the screen to look at the smug, seated man.

"Why?" she asked. He sat back and smiled.

"Because, just like all those other fools, you want your Christmas gift from Santa..." he said, reaching down and patting his clothed bulge again. She glanced at it again for a few moments before speaking.

"No..." she replied, shaking her head, staring at his bulge, knowing exactly what it was capable of now. She knew how powerful it was, how amazing it was, and what it could do to a girl. And she hadn't even seen the whole thing yet! But she was married, and she was not the kinda woman to be enticed into such a thing.

"Nonsense," he said, waving off her defense of her marriage and loyalty with a simple hand wave. "Of course, you want this. You want it because you know what it can do... you want it because it's so close to being yours. All you have to do is march your pretty ass over here, get on your knees, and unwrap it..." he said this with a grin, spreading his legs, inviting her forward. She looked long and hard at his bulge, but she still didn't move.

"No... I'm a married woman," she said softly, the argument sounding weak, even to her. She didn't think she'd be so affected by this, but she was jumble of tangled nerves and strange desires. One part of her thought this was crazy and wanted to run. But the other...

"Clearly your husband isn't getting the job done, or you wouldn't still be here," he boasted. True, she'd never experienced anything close to what she saw Bruce doing to those other girls. Not even close. The men that she'd chosen to be with respected her too much to treat her like the sex object she could obviously be. But Bruce could. Fuck, could he ever, because he didn't give a damn about her other than what she could do to pleasure that big, beefy cock of his. Through her confusion, he continued talking. "But we both know that I'd get the job done? You can at least admit that, can't you?" At this, she looked up into his eyes again, and did the only thing she could.

Speak the truth.

"Yes..." she relented. After what she'd just seen... how could she possibly deny it? At this admission, he grinned wide.

"So, we agree that I could fuck you better than your ineffectual, pussy of a husband?" he asked, mockingly, pressing his advantage, and he saw the agreement in her eyes. He continued hammering at her. "We both know I could fuck your brains out... I'd do it so well you'd volunteer to be my bitch. You'd bend over my lap and call me Daddy. You'd go along with whatever awful thing I'd want to do to you, just like all those other girls. I'd make your hot body my property, not your husband's, but mine, and you'd take it all with a smile."

She looked at him and said nothing, all but agreeing with his twisted words by her silence.

"So, march over here, get on your knees, unwrap your Christmas gift, and live your destiny..." he commanded, but she didn't move. She didn't know why she hadn't left. She didn't know why she stayed and let the old codger hammer his twisted world-view into her naive young mind until it began taking hold. She didn't know when this stopped being about Christmas decorations and started being about whether or not she'd give this guy her ass. Was she on some level now wondering if she was missing out on something being with someone who loved her so much that he'd never push her to her limits? Who'd

never challenge her in the way this old Grinch had in mere minutes? She lived such a charmed, undaunted, protected existence... did that cause her to find a certain appeal in something so obviously wrong and evil? This being the first time she'd been truly confronted with the real possibility of dark, illicit, savage sex, there was a certain newness to it that was very exciting to her.

"I can't..." she said softly, still resisting the pull of the darkness. "I'm married..."

"Married to a boy, when you need a man," he said confidently. "What you have is a husband, but what you need is a master. You think you're a wife, but what you truly want is to be an older man's bitch. You want to be my bitch... don't you, honey?"

What he was saying was so wrong, but FUCK, did it push her buttons just right! She was so turned on right now. She'd never been this turned on. She didn't know there was this side of her, but he was speaking directly to it. A huge part of her wanted to give in, to submit to this older stud with the massive cock. Almost every fiber in her being was telling her to give in, yet... she just couldn't do it.

She glanced up at Bruce and shook her head, clinging to her marital vows. He paused, appraising the nervous young woman in front of him who was clearly dying to be seduced. Finally, a new tact came to him.

"Your marriage is the only thing holding you back... isn't it?" he asked. At this, she looked up at him and almost immediately nodded, making him grin.

"If you weren't married, if you were single... you'd give in in a second, wouldn't you?" He asked.

"Yes..." she said firmly, before she could think twice. It was the truth. She was so turned on she couldn't think straight. The only thing holding her back right now was the ring on her finger.

"Because you're attracted to me?" he asked.

"Yes..." she replied, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Because you want to have sex with me?" he asked.

"Yes..." she repeated. It sounded crazy, but this old man had worn her down. After everything that had gone down, it was the truth. She wanted to have sex with this wicked old man.

"You like the fact that I have a big cock and know how to use it... right?" he asked.

"Yes..." she said again.

"You liked seeing the footage of me making all those other little sluts moan?"

"Yes..."

"I bet it turns you on like crazy imagining you and me in one of those videos... doesn't it?"

"Yes..."

"Me and you... having rough, nasty sex... my cock destroying that tight little cunt of yours... my hands groping those big tits... damn." He paused, even the mere idea of his words becoming reality almost too much for him.

"Mmm..." she groaned, unable to contain it.

"I agree, it would be good," Bruce said. "You wouldn't even be bothered if I showed footage of me and you to the next girl that comes in here and tries to 'reform' me. Would you?"

"No..." she replied, the thought of being used in such a way only turning her on further, as crazy as it sounded.

"You're not gonna forget me, even if you do walk away," he stated. "You'll be imagining me, wishing you gave in. And if you make me wait, I will not show you any mercy, you can believe me."

At this warning, the tough, evil old man wore her down even further. She knew he would back up his words. If she made him wait, he would be ruthless. God, she wanted to give in right now. She really did. But she just couldn't. Not yet.

"You're gonna give in... we both know it," he affirmed. "You'll just stand there and let me keep talking till I talk you out of your clothes. Hon... you deny your own needs because of a husband that can't satisfy you. A husband who is too cowed by you to ever question you. Imagine what you could get away with behind his back..."

It was true. Derrick was kind, and loving, but he was naïve. He was too nice. He trusted in her, to the point where she could do a lot of stuff behind his back without him catching on. She'd never taken advantage of that fact, but knowing that she could...

Bruce studied the young woman. She was squirming, panting for breath, clearly turned on. She was practically licking her lips, she was so close. She just needed a little more push.

"The deal still stands, by the way..." he reminded her. "If you do what I want... I'll be convinced of the spirit of Christmas. I'll put up all the lights and decorations and all that crap. You'll win. All you have to do is swallow your pride, get on your knees, and whore yourself out on

behalf of the spirit of Christmas. Whore yourself out to me. Become my bitch and have the time of your life."

Bruce tried not to let slip any of his own desperation. He wanted to fuck the living daylights out of this married bitch more than anything. He wanted to make this sweetheart of a wife scream on his big dick. And he knew he was about to.

This was the moment of truth for the married wife. There was nothing keeping her there. Sure, she was slightly under his spell at the moment, but she knew that if she walked away, and got back into the biting, chilly wind from outside, these thoughts would disappear, and she could resume her life with no regrets. She would surely never think about Bruce, and his big, fat, tasty looking cock ever again. She would never once think about the fact that she hadn't seen the whole thing yet. She would never once think about those illicit home movies ever again. And think about, for one hot second, she actually considered starring in one. She would never once imagine herself in place of those other girls in those movies, the older brute fucking her like an animal, without mercy, fucking her better than her young, kind husband ever could. Without kindness or mercy or respect. She would never once imagine her huge, perfect tits in the manly palms of this evil old man as he squeezed them, sucked them, and used them for his own wicked desires.

Instead, she would have her kind, sweet, loving husband who treated her like a goddess. Who respected her and loved her and would never do anything to disrespect her. A guy who would never hold her down and treat her like a slut. A guy who would never take her to the edge. A guy who would never dominate her in the way she might secretly need. A guy who would never ask her to star in a sex tape. A guy who would give her all the Christmas gifts she would ask for, but never the one she needed.

Or, she could choose Bruce. A huge, brutish, gruff old man who hated Christmas. A piggish, slightly misogynistic old man who talked to women as if they were his to use. Who took pride in how many women he'd lured into his bedroom, where he'd treated them like sluts for his pleasure, recorded them, and showed that footage to others. He was the opposite of what she'd always valued. Guys like him, a pig driven

purely by sex, driven to conquer her hot body and be a notch on their bedpost, she'd never given in to men like that. What made Bruce better than them? Sure, it seemed like he had a huge, perfect, mouth-watering cock. And yes, she admittedly was finding him more and more hot the longer they talked. Also, he was big and tall and very well-built, much more fit than her thin intellectual husband. This man was a brute, who did nothing but work, drink, and fuck. And clearly, he was very good at all of them.

She would no doubt scream and cum on this evil old man's huge cock, and in doing so, give this old man incomparable levels of totally undeserved pleasure. Undeserved because this guy did everything the opposite of what she valued. Everything the opposite of what she wanted. He was rude and nasty and deeply unpleasant. He was a bully, a mean old scrooge. He didn't deserve to win. He didn't deserve to get the type of pleasure that should be reserved for nice, kind, respectful guys. But in a way... doesn't that make it better? The fact that he was so bad, so nasty, so forbidden, so... evil... doesn't that just make it more fun in a way? For a girl who lived life in the light, the dark was calling out to her for the first time, and its siren's song was awfully tempting.

But that was all beside the point. Even though she wanted to, she knew she just couldn't. She knew that she shouldn't. As much as every fiber in her being was telling her to do it. To give in. To submit to his delicious brand of evil. She... she just couldn't justify it. At this conclusion, she was ready to leave, ready to walk away and hold on to her dignity. But that's when a new thought hit her. Something she hadn't considered, and in the end, it was the one thing that made her decision for her. The one thing Bruce mentioned in the last things he'd said to her. A thing more important than either of them, more important than Lacey, or Bruce, or even her husband and her marriage.

Christmas.

Yes! Of course! It was the whole reason she was there. To bring Christmas cheer to this mean old Grinch. This scrooge. And, while he may be, uh... less than receptive to Christmas cheer, he did say he'd be willing to give it a chance and play along if she went just along with him. She just knew that if she won him over, and he gave it a chance,

he would have no choice but to love Christmas. How could you not? Sure, it might require something extra out of the young wife, but... you know what, he was right. He was absolutely right. She just needed to swallow her pride. To humble herself, to make a small amount of personal sacrifice. If that meant that a mean old man like Bruce experienced Christmas cheer for the first time, wouldn't that sacrifice and humbling be worth it? Wasn't that so much more important? Sure, she might have to set aside such things as her marriage and her loving husband, Derrick, at least temporarily. Cause what needed to happen here was far more important. In the end, it would be a good thing. It really was the perfect plan.

It did mean Lacey, incidentally, would have to let this evil old brute fuck her senseless, dominate her young juicy body, treat her like a total slut, record her hot naked body in the act, and be permanently seen in his eyes as his bitch. But that was okay! It was worth it to spread the Christmas spirit, because that was more important than just about anything. Sure, she'd have to swallow her pride, but if that also meant she'd be swallowing a lot of semen, that was a sacrifice she was willing to make.

For Christmas.

Bruce didn't move from his recliner as he waited for the young woman to act. But his face lit up as he saw the young wife begin to step towards him, letting her coat fall to the floor as she did so. His eyes were glued on her as she stepped up between his legs and finally kneeled before him, getting on her knees between his legs, her huge tits jiggling as she did so. His grin grew wickedly, and his eyes went wide, but she didn't notice, as her eyes were stuck on his bulge.

"Do you like it?" he asked, his clothed dick throbbing, knowing that pleasure was close by. As for Lacey, her decision was made. She couldn't think about anything else, her husband, her marriage, even her own dignity. Winning him over to the side of Christmas was all that mattered, so she'd have to commit to the spirit of Christmas fully. And if that meant that the married woman would have to, uh... 'act'... like an eager, super horny young slut for his big dick, well... that was yet another sacrifice she had to be willing to make.

For Christmas.

"It's so big!" she said, eyes wide, not holding back, unable to contain herself, biting her lower lip as she stared at his clothed weapon.

"Well... unwrap it... accept your gift," he purred, his voice almost sinister. She looked up at him just in time to see him reach under the table next to his recliner and pull out his video camera, pointing it right at the young wife's face, beginning to record just in time for something else to point at her face.

He always loved this part.

Slightly nervous, the young wife reached forward until she finally made contact with his straining bulge, and that alone was enough to send a small jolt through the older man. She had been so outwardly disgusted before, but now, she was making physical contact. Focused on the job at hand, she popped open his fly, and with two thin fingers, grabbed his zipper and began slowly lowering it. She couldn't believe she was doing this, but she wasn't gonna stop. Nothing could stop her at this point, and Bruce knew it had nothing to do with Christmas or anything else. She just needed to see his weapon unleashed. She had to.

With his zipper fully down, she reached up with both hands and hooked her fingers into both his jeans and his underwear, poised for the moment of truth. Looking up at him, she found herself looking straight into the camera, her place as one of his whores on tape almost all but set. Too far down the road to stop at this point, she didn't hesitate. With a firm tug, Lacey yanked his jeans and underwear down, and as she did, time slowed down as the moment stretched across an eternity.

Her eyes went wide as the beast emerged to her vision.

All coherent thought left her mind.

The room was filled with a deafening silence, as all of her senses were focused on the thing currently filling her vision.

What she saw was so imposing and scary that she almost jumped back. But despite that, as soon as it was exposed, she couldn't look away. But you couldn't really hold that against her.

There was a lot to see.

The entirety of Bruce's enormous penis was exposed to her eyes for the first time, and she was studying every inch of it. Somehow, someway, even though her glimpses of it on screen that made it seem really impressive, it looked even bigger now. Wow... it was gigantic. Holy shit! Bruce was a gross, perverted, unpleasant old man, but god damn if he didn't have one magnificent cock.

It was absolutely massive, a good ten inches, maybe even bigger. Saying it was thick as a beer can felt like a lazy descriptor, but it literally looked that way. His weapon was hard as steel, standing straight out from his shaved crotch, pointing right at her. She wished she could describe it as some gnarled, monstrous thing, but that would be a lie. It was... perfect. Forged by the fires of regular fucking into a perfect instrument of pleasure. Each inch was more perfect than the last. Smooth, and tanned, with prominent, masculine veins empowering it to its current throbbing state, capped with a prominent, angry head. Below it was a pair of two perfectly large, swollen balls, encased in a smooth, hanging sack, filled to the brim with his copious seed.

Lacey's eyes went wide as she stared at it, and she almost went cross-eyed as she stared down its impressive length. On screen, it had looked massive. But that was nothing compared to having it right in front of her face. It... it was enormous! She moved in closer to it, and she could feel the heat and power coming off of it. It was incredible! She'd never seen anything like it. She reached forward with one nervous hand and wrapped her fingers around its thick, iron-hard

base as best as she could, not getting all the way around its girth. Now that she had it in her grasp, she tilted the thing so it was pointed directly at her face.

"What do you think?" Bruce asked as she looked down the barrel of the rifle. He never had a doubt what her answer would be. He'd done this enough to know that no matter what they would say to the contrary, women wanted and respected, in a very primal way, a man who had a huge dick. Who had a giant weapon and knew how to use it. And despite any dislike they might feel for him, they always responded positively once it became known that he was hung. Maybe it was a blanket fact about young women these days, or maybe he was just that good at this. But before she even spoke, he knew how she'd react. She glanced up at him, pulled from her reverie for a moment before looking back at his huge cock.

"It's amazing! Oh my God!" she effused softly, enthralled, smiling slightly, looking at it with wide eyes, studying every inch as she tilted it in front of her. She was biting at her plump lower lip as she admired his massive cock. All the negativity she once felt for him, about all the rude comments he made, and all the leering stares he made at her hot body, it was all forgotten. All forgiven. His cock was that impressive! She couldn't look away from it. Now that his manhood was exposed to her, her view of him as a man was completely changing. She was awestruck. But as monumental of a moment he knew this was for her, Bruce was impatient for pleasure after the teasing she'd put him through, so he didn't want to be kept waiting any longer. As soon as the head of his lengthy weapon was pointed directly at her mouth again, he slid his large hand down into her blonde hair. "This is the biggest mmMMMPPPPHHH!" she groaned as he pulled the young wife forward, pushing his rock-hard weapon into her young, eager mouth, the thick, angry tip pushing past her smooth, plump lips.

"Mmm... that's it," the older man sighed as he felt the young blonde's tongue sliding along the underside of his pole. "Taste that big dick, baby. Savor it. Fuck... get used to it. Cause if you're as good at this as I think you're gonna be, you're gonna be doing this a lot from now on. Fuck..." His hand on the back of her head, he was focused entirely on his own pleasure. So, he pulled her down deeper, forcing his cock deeper into the young wife's mouth, till the tip was pressed against the entrance to her throat.

Lacey's eyes were wide. The young wife had never had her mouth so full. Sure, she'd had her husband's penis in her mouth on occasion, but compared to this, it practically didn't count as sucking a cock. This was cock-sucking as it was meant to be. A big, fat cock in a young, eager mouth. Her shock at having this cock jammed into her mouth slowly dissipated as she adjusted to his intense size. Bruce's cock practically filled her mouth to the brim, her smooth lips wrapped around its girth, her tongue pressed against its underside. This was a man who made it a point to be as rude, unpleasant, and unlikeable as possible, who enjoyed ripping down Christmas decorations and being a true Grinch. And this pretty, kind young wife, who loved the holidays, whose favorite thing in the whole wide world was Christmas, was currently on her knees, tasting his big cock, rewarding all his bad behavior by doing this for him. But despite him taking the initiative in forcing her gasping mouth onto his swollen dick, she wasn't trying to pull her lips off his cock, not in the slightest. Her tongue was licking the underside, savoring its masculine flavor. She was drooling all over it, quite frankly, her heated saliva coating the thick unyielding weapon, leaking past her lips and down his shaft. Adjusting enough to feel like she could begin actively participating, she did her best to give him what she wanted, bobbing up and down on the top few inches of dick.

But her inexperience at true cock-sucking showed, as she would always slow down after only taking a few inches of dick into her mouth. He was just SO thick and SO lengthy that as soon as the head began tickling her tonsils, she slowed down, unsure of how to proceed. After having only just gotten started, it felt like she had reached her limit. She just didn't think she could go any further. She looked up at Bruce, hoping that this would be enough. Instead, she saw the almost evil, smug grin plastered on his face. She had hoped to find mercy.

She would find none.

With his hand still firmly in place on the back of her head, he pulled her down, forcing his cock deeper into her mouth and down her tight throat. Her eyes went wide at this sudden invasion of a huge, thick cock down her throat. She didn't think she was capable of this. She didn't even think it was possible for any of his thick weapon to fit any

deeper down. And yet, with his firm, confident grasp guiding her, she somehow took a few good inches of cock down her tight throat.

"That's it, bitch, that's it..." Bruce seethed, his cock throbbing as his dick began staking out territory in her throat. "Keep going... fuck. Keep going. Mmmm... deeper. Deeper. I know you can take it. I know you can. I want to own this fucking throat. I want to make it mine. By the end of this, I'm gonna be resting my balls on your fucking chin! Yes!"

Impossible. Even as she took more of his cock down her throat, she just knew there was no way she could ever take that whole thing down her throat. Not in a million years. She'd not even gotten half of it between her lips. What she was doing already felt way past her limit. She didn't think she could take much more, let alone the whole thing. He must be joking.

But Bruce was dead serious.

He legitimately planned on making her take the whole sinful slab of meat down her throat. Sure, that might not happen today, but eventually it would. No doubt about it. He had been with enough young women to know that what he was asking for was a very, very possible. He didn't know if it said more about girls these days, or a comment about evolution, but the young women of this generation were almost built to take a huge, throbbing dick down their tight throats. Those plump, soft lips of Lacey's, the same lips that she kissed her husband with on her wedding day, would someday soon be wrapped around the root of his thick cock. And when things reached that point, she would love it even more than he would.

With his moaning encouragement, and with her being energized by the realization that she could take more of his dick than she initially thought, she took further action, beginning to bob on the older man's iron bar, taking more and more of it down her throat as she kept at it. After a few minutes of this, she got halfway down, but she didn't stop. She kept going, taking more... and more... and more! Even she was impressed by her own efforts! Already pushed well beyond what she thought possible, she was only energized further. She wanted to see

how much further she could go. She now wanted to test her own limits on the older man's massive cock, seeing how much she could take down her throat. Seeing she didn't need the help, he released his grip on her silky blonde tresses, allowing the young women free reign to inhale his huge dick.

Bent over, butt pushing out, the young wife was getting seriously into this, her head bobbing in the older man's lap. She had never done anything like this, acting so incredibly slutty, and it was very exciting. She was energized by the filth she was taking part in. Add on to that the fact that she'd never seen anything close to Bruce's huge dick, it was understandable as to why she was going a little crazy over it. Looking down, all she could see was dick, his massive pole sticking out of her young mouth, his fit stomach getting closer to her face as she bobbed on it. Her drool was leaking from her mouth copiously, soaking the massive pole, leaking down to his massive cum-filled balls. Finally, desperate for air, eyes glassy, she ripped her mouth from the old man's weapon, panting yet smiling.

"Oh my God!" she gasped, eyes glassy with lust, lips swollen as she gawked at the older man's spit-soaked weapon. Her hand still gripping the base of his pulsing dong, she leaned forward, extending her tongue and lewdly licking along the smooth shaft.

"Fuck!" he sighed, eyes closing with pleasure, pounding his fist on the armrest of his recliner with pleasure. Composing himself, he spoke up. "You like it?" Bruce asked. "You like that dick?" he asked, camera still pointed at her, capturing her burgeoning transformation from nervous young wife to eager slut. As she ran her tongue around his mushroom tip, she pulled back and replied.

"It's amazing!" she gasped, eyes wide, her pretty face lit up with excitement. She couldn't believe how much fun she was having.

"How's the husband compare?" he asked smugly.

"He doesn't compare..." she replied truthfully before she could think twice. Her hubby was perfectly satisfactory size-wise, but this... this

was something special. This was something you drop everything for. A cock that supersedes pride and dignity and marital vows. A cock that all but demands you grab hold of as soon as you can and just totally whore out over. And Lacey... she was well on her way to that. She was going crazy over it, kissing along the underside of his massive dong before kissing just under the tip, again and again and again, loving the older man's cock. Falling in lust in a way she never had before with anyone, especially with her far less endowed husband.

"They never do..." he boasted before she took the head into her mouth again and resumed sucking it. She kept sucking Bruce's huge cock, her eager mouth going deeper and deeper, smoothly taking the huge cock down her throat. Now knowing that she was capable of taking a lot more than she initially thought, she shamelessly inhaled the older man's huge dick without fear, taking more and more of it as she kept at it. Her heated spit was coating the massive cock as she smoothly bobbed on the mighty pole, and the unholy sound of her choking on his meaty dick filled the room.

"Damn..." he sighed, shocked at how fast she was progressing. Looking down at her, her perfect ass pointed upwards, her massive tits swaying beneath her as she attacked his huge cock. He humped up into her as she kept at it. "You are a natural. I knew you would be fantastic at sucking dick! Fuck! But I didn't think you'd be this fucking good. Yes! I knew you'd end up my bitch the second you walked in here. Those tits... fuck... that ass... you're built to be on your knees, sucking my cock! Yes!"

She was laser-focused on sucking him off. She was facing down, eyes closed, her silky tresses falling against his crotch as she sucked his dick. Her hand had slid downward, massaging his nut-sack as she blew him. She had never done that before, but she just instinctually knew it would make him feel good. The true slut inside her was being brought to the surface the longer this went on. And this transformation was all on camera. He was still holding it in place, pointing down at his lap, capturing all the action.

"Fuck!" he grunted, sounding almost angry the pleasure was so good. He reached down again and curled her hair around his fingers, fucking up into her mouth as he pulled her down roughly, forcing his

cock even deeper as she sucked him off, digging out more territory in her tight throat. As he brutally fucked her throat, he spoke up. "I've seen you in the neighborhood. Shaking that ass and those huge tits! Fuck! You probably didn't even know you were doing it! Damn... fuck, you're good at this! I bet you've teased so many men with that body, guys your age, or sad, desperate, lonely fathers. All of them. But I'm the one that gets you like they all dreamed about. Me! I'm the one that gets to throat-fuck your smart mouth! Ugh! I'm the one that's gonna treat you like the little bitch that you are. The way your pussy husband never could..." he boasted, his hips pumping upward. If she was offended by anything he said, she didn't show it, still giving his cock the same worshipful treatment, never slowing down as she swallowed his pole. Her chin wasn't up to his balls yet, but at the rate she was going, she could reach that goal by the end of the night.

Damn, if she was picking it up this fast, this girl was gonna be something special.

Through her lust-filled haze, his words finally hit her. While she was aware of the attention she could generate, she didn't know to what level it really occurred. Sure, while she was aware of the leering frat guys who wanted to get their hands on her huge jugs and do bad things to her hot ass, she wasn't aware of the fact that pretty much any guy she was around for any extended period of time wanted to do bad things to her hot body. Friends, neighbors, clients, coworkers, all of them. But she was unattainable, too nice and too sweet to ever consider cheating on her husband, a man who was clearly the love of her life. So those other decent guys never made a move. Out of respect. But Bruce... he was not most men. He didn't respect her. He didn't care about her marriage. He didn't give a shit about how nice and kind she was. She had huge, perfect tits and a hot ass, and that was enough to convince him he could make her an eager convert to the art of worshipping his cock.

And clearly, he'd been proven right.

Taking himself right up to the edge, his cock throbbing as he brutally fucked her throat at a savage pace, he had enough self-control to hold off, knowing that he didn't want to cum just yet. Plus, he could see that she was beginning to struggle for breath. Holding off his climax, with the discipline only a man his age could have, he released his grip

on her hair, letting her go. With a gasp, she pulled her mouth from his bone-hard weapon, thick bands of drool connecting her mouth to the ruthless old man's monster dick. Red-faced, she panted for breath and wiped her hand over her face, as her own spit had coated her mouth area. If she was bothered by such rough treatment, she didn't show it, her gorgeous face wearing a huge grin. But mercy was short from a man like Bruce, and he was eager to move things along.

"Stand up!" he commanded, and she complied, a little dazed as she did so.

Moving quickly, he pushed himself out of his chair, forcing her back slightly, his spit-soaked cock still hanging out of his pants, swaying in the air. Walking towards a small table near the kitchen, he quickly reached a chair with his coat hanging along the back. Reaching down into one of the pockets of the coat, he quickly removed a tiny clump of lacy red material.

"Put these on," he demanded, putting the tiny garments in her hand. He had boasted about stealing some of the lingerie he put labels on at the plant, and he had lived up to his word, having some at the ready to hand off to the young wife.

"Um..." she said, looking at what she was now holding, some thin red lacy garments that she could barely make heads or tails of. They looked microscopic, almost. She had never worn anything nearly this skimpy. For a moment, she was confused as to how he wanted her to do this, but he was right there to guide her along.

"Go in my room and change into these..." he told her, putting his hand on her back to guide her, eyeing up both her tits and ass hungrily as he did so, imagining her body in these tiny garments. "I don't want to see you in the shit your husband gets to see you in. I have higher standards than that."

"Oh... okay..." she said, stumbling slightly as she walked across the room, turning the corner and entering his room. It was a sparse room, like the rest of his house. A big bed, with a black frame and black

sheets. A tall wooden dresser, and a mirror above another dresser opposite the bed. Nothing on the walls. Nothing out of place. It was very unwelcoming, yet there she was, poised to change into a truly filthy outfit for the benefit of this wicked older man. Despite how far she had gone along this path, she had to pause and ask herself if she should be doing this. Because this, more than anything, was seemingly the last straw. If she went along with this, there was really no going back.

She was a married woman. She loved her husband. She loved her life. She was proud of the woman she'd become. Was doing this for the sake of a holiday really worth… this? Was it worth letting this wicked old man defile her like he so desired? No, it couldn't be. That'd be ridiculous. Deep down, she knew that, yet she was still going along with this. Why? It was then that she began to realize that maybe this wasn't just about Christmas. Maybe this was about her, and some untapped desire deep inside her that this older man had uncovered. Some need to take advantage of the desire she instilled in men. To finally just give in and be the sex object men saw her as. To finally use her body to its true potential, all for the benefit of this rude, wicked old man. Now that she was all alone, with the older man's presence not influencing her, she could examine her own desires. She could figure out what she wanted to do, without having her choice exerted upon by another. It was all up to her. She could run out of this house, or she could keep this nastiness going and truly see how far this would go. Despite having already sucked Bruce's dick, she could walk out of his house right now with her virtue mostly intact. Or, she could follow the wicked desires she had uncovered, subject herself to the whims of this brutish older man and become his slut. For anyone that knew her, they'd expect the answer to be obvious.

But was it?

As soon as Lacey had turned the corner and left his sight, Bruce had to take a deep breath and calm down. Grabbing his camera, he set it down on the coffee table, facing his room. He then sat down on the center of the couch and waited calmly, because he knew what was coming next.

She would be giving him exactly what he wanted.

Bruce was a man with decades of experience fucking young women. He knew how this always went. He knew how these girls' minds ticked. They would always act like they weren't that type of girl. These girls would say all the right things, about how much they loved their husband or boyfriend or girlfriend or whatever. But every one of these girls, no matter their marital status or sexual orientation, wanted to be seduced. They wanted to be convinced, to be won over by a charming seducer. And what Bruce lacked in charm, he made up for in equipment. Once these girls knew what he was packing, it was over. Any hopes they had, any dreams of love and marriage and loyalty they still possessed... once they saw the massive iron bar in his pants, they were finished. All those other concerns just stopped mattering.

For girls at a certain level of beauty and attractiveness, all they wanted was a man who was there equal. A man on their level. A man who could keep up with them. And while Bruce wasn't the best-looking man in the world, his manhood more than made up for it. And it was as if these girls had a sixth sense, as if some primordial instinct deep inside told them that he was hung like a horse, that would cause their behavior to change. They would flirt and tease and flaunt their bodies for him, sometimes unknowingly, almost asking to be seduced, just like Lacey had. And Bruce was more than capable of getting the job done.

It certainly didn't hurt that these girls were dying for it. No matter what their objection was, Bruce knew that they would do whatever mental gymnastics were required to justify letting themselves to submit to him and his wicked desires. They would convince themselves that they were in the right, that in submitting to the evil older man, they were doing it for a good reason. A reason that overrode any pesky ethical concerns they might have. Whether it was for charity, or for the schools, or to prove him wrong, or in this case, Christmas, they would justify it to themselves why they were willing to become a total whore for this seemingly unworthy old Grinch. And he would keep up his end of it, saying whatever needed to be said to allow these wannabe sluts to do what they so clearly already wanted to do.

And this bitch, Lacey, was so convinced of the power of Christmas. Bruce didn't care one iota about Christmas. He just wanted the young wife's ass, and he would play along with whatever he needed to get it. She had convinced herself that she was doing this to convince him of the power of Christmas. But he would never care about that shit. He would never be convinced. Not in the slightest. So, she was doing this for nothing. She was sacrificing her marriage, her dignity, and most importantly, her body, for literally nothing. He knew that, and deep down, she did too. She was doing this for the sole purpose of getting to experience the older man's giant cock in full, to become a huge slut and have dozens of screaming orgasms in the process. However she wanted to dress it up, that was the truth at its core. That is what she wanted most of all, and she would say or do anything to get it.

Just like all the other girls did.

So, when you ask why he was so convinced that she was going nowhere, that she would do whatever he asked of her, that she would march out in next to nothing, that was why. Lacey was a slut in the making, and he was the man to do the making. And they both knew that.

He leaned over and readjusted the camera, and it was just in time. At the moment the camera was in place, Lacey emerged to his sight again, the timing perfect. Lacey soon stood in front of him, looking slightly nervous, one hand resting on the corner of the wall. And clearly, she had made up her mind.

She was wearing the lingerie.

Bruce couldn't hide the hungry grin on his face. She'd actually gone and done it. She'd put on the lingerie. If this wasn't a surrender to the older man's twisted wiles, nothing else would be.

And she looked spectacular.

While some of the garments Bruce got his hands on at the plant were quite complicated, the items he had given to Lacey was far simpler. A thin, lacy red bra and a teeny, tiny red g-string. He had nicked them from a conveyor when no one was looking, for the sole purpose of adorning one of his conquests in them. And not only had he done it, his conquest was that hot young blonde, 10-out-of-10 wife from down the street with the perfect, round, mouth-watering ass and those big fucking tits. This might be his best work yet, and he took time to admire his prize.

Lacey looked incredible.

Up to this point, he'd only seen her covered up, and with it being the middle of winter, it wasn't like she was showing a lot of skin. Now... he was seeing A LOT of skin, more than most men ever got to see. Damn. The bra and g-string she was now wearing weren't exactly sized to fit her. He's simply stolen some underthings sized to about what he liked in a woman. Shapely ass. Huge tits. But Lacey... she exceeded those expectations by a lot, meaning the underwear was straining to contain her luscious body. So, in that sense, it fit her perfectly.

Bruce looked at her from the floor upwards. Her bare feet were pressed into the carpeting as she stepped forward into the room. His eyes kept rising. Her long, well-formed legs were bare, exposing her slim calves and firm, fit thighs. Her skin looked smooth and snowy as his gaze rose upward. His eyes settled on her crotch. The little red lacy triangle of material there barely shielded anything, covering as little as possible. The tiny little red triangle of material barely covered her pussy, as it was scooped very low to show as much skin as possible. And the best part was that it was pretty much see-through, allowing the older man to see the lips of her married pussy and her tiny little landing strip. No doubt that tiny little strip of hair above her pussy was meant for her husband's eyes, but Bruce was getting to see it instead.

His eyes kept looking up her hot married body. Her flat, fit belly showed off her commitment to fitness, as he laid eyes upon her well-earned, subtle feminine muscles there. The only interruption was her sexy navel, and for a moment, his vision was consumed by it. Her stomach, like the rest of her, had the same pale, creamy complexion.

Her snowy skin looked so smooth and firm that he couldn't wait to run his experienced fingers all over them.

And speaking of things he wanted to get his hands on...

Bruce was a breast-man through and through, and he had seen some impressive pairs in his day. But this young wife's impressive set might take the cake. God damn... he knew they were big, but he didn't fully realize how absolutely massive they were until right this moment.

Clad in a bra a size or two too small for her, the red lace struggled to contain her mammoth tits. Full and round and truly immense, her giant melons were bursting to escape. Full enough to both ride close together and be very obviously visible from behind her, the copious flesh jiggled with each small movement she made. The red material of the bra covered the bottom portions of her big tits and not much else, leaving a huge expanse of smooth, bare flesh exposed, as well as fully showcasing the mammoth canyon of smooth, mouth-watering cleavage in between. Damn... he couldn't wait to slide his big dick between those suckers. That fucking cleavage was so deep even his huge cock might disappear between them. He couldn't wait to find out.

The lacy bra stretched around the fronts of her enormous double F-cup breasts, and the weight it was trying to hold back was so heavy that the cups were digging into her skin ever so slightly. Her huge, fleshy tits were oozing around the edges of the tiny garment, from above the cups and around the sides. The only thing holding the bra on were the two thin straps digging into her shoulders, and the thin little piece of material stretching across her cleavage to hold the two cups together, like a crumbling bridge over a canyon.

And like the bottoms, the bra was made of a thin, transparent red lace, meaning the mean old man was now getting a primo view of the married woman's nipples for the very first time. Large, circular pink areolas, capped off with hardened nubs, calling out to him, begging to be noticed by the brutish older man. And he was noticing, his mouth practically drooling at the sight of them.

Bruce's eyes rose upwards, past the vaulting balloons on her chest, up to her gorgeous face, where she was looking slightly nervous, biting her lip and looking up at the seated man.

"It's..." she began. "It's a little small."

"No, it's perfect," he said with a hungry grin, gazing at her perfect tits. Her eyes fell to his lap, where his cock was still exposed, continuing to stand like a tower. It was still swollen and throbbing, and it sent a small thrill through her to see that she met his approval. She had never dressed up like this, and she was starting to enjoy being a tiny bit slutty. Although, after sucking the older man's giant cock for the sole reason that it was giant and perfect and mouth-watering, and then dressing up in next to nothing for the evil old scrooge... this might be beyond just a tiny bit slutty. In fact, she was well on her way to becoming a complete and total whore, merely for the benefit of this wicked older man.

"Turn around," he said, spinning his fingers in the air. Still slightly nervous and inexperienced at showcasing herself like this for someone else, she spun around slowly, giving Bruce a view of her from behind.

The older man's eyes went wide.

Lacey had come to his house bundled up for the winter cold, but the older man had talked her into a lacy red bra and a fucking g-string. Now he was getting to see the benefits of such a garment. Bruce eyes were locked on the married woman's ass, which was just fucking hanging out, begging to be admired. The blonde's heart-shaped rear end was just perfectly formed, firm and juicy and perfect. Each ripe cheek was perky and full, standing out proudly from her slim body. The straps from the g-string rode along the upper clefts of her ass cheeks, before meeting in a small knot just above her ass crack. There, the tiny little red string descended between her perfectly sculpted globes, disappearing quickly before meeting at the little triangle covering her crotch.

The rest of her looked just as great, even when looking at her from behind. Her slim, well-formed legs. Her fit, taut back, with the bra digging into her soft, snowy flesh. But his eyes stayed glued to her rear end. She glanced back over her shoulder at him, into those same eyes that remained arrested to her backside. She couldn't read his thoughts, but she could see the heat in his normally cold gaze. And it was probably for the best that she couldn't read his mind, because he was already coming up with all sorts of awful things he wanted to do to that ass of hers. Such perfection was not meant to last. He was gonna do bad things to that ass. An ass like hers was meant to be broken in and brought to heel. An ass like hers was meant to spanked, fucked, and dominated. And it was a miracle that she'd gone this long without crossing paths with a man like him, a man capable of making her submit.

That would change today.

"You ever wear anything like this? A g-string?" Bruce asked, unconsciously stroking himself in full view of her.

"No... nothing like this," she said truthfully. She was a practical gal, wearing simple cotton underwear and bras, only spicing it up when she wore more boy-short style panties.

"God, your ass is perfect for them," he stated. "I can't believe your husband doesn't make you wear anything like this. Damn, I knew he was a pussy..."

"No, he wouldn't do that," Lacey said. It was true. Derrick never once even broached the subject of giving his opinion on what he liked seeing her wear underwear-wise. With her body, anything she chose was fine with him. He never raised a fuss. He was not a demanding man, especially with his gorgeous wife.

Bruce felt differently.

"Well, you should," Bruce stated simply, delighted by the fact that he was the first to see Lacey like this. "That ass is too fucking perfect not to. From now on, you will be wearing something like this. Any day that fucking ass isn't a thong or g-string is a day wasted."

"Uh... okay..." she said, ceding her future underwear decisions to her old scrooge of a neighbor. She wanted to disagree, but, glancing down at herself... her ass did look amazing like this. It wouldn't be so bad to keep wearing stuff like this... right?

Encouraged at how easily she took to his firm suggestion, he decided to push things along further, eager to get his hands on that body.

"Come over here," he said, curling his finger.

Obediently, she spun around and began to slowly approach him, nervously, eyes on the floor. But Bruce wasn't looking for eye contact from her, because his eyes were looking somewhere else, specifically her giant, bouncing tits.

Bruce's eyes were almost mesmerized by the intense jiggling of her massive married tits as she moved towards him, walking around the coffee table, getting closer and closer. As she walked, those massive, heavy udders of hers bounced and jiggled in an almost hypnotic fashion. Her fleshy jugs kept threatening to ooze over the edges of her bra, as if they wanted to be exposed to the older man. And as she took her slow gentle steps towards him, they bounced against each other, her rippling cleavage making the older man drool. Even Bruce's cold, scrooge-like eyes burned with heat. He had enough brain power at the moment to grab the camera off the table and point it at the young wife, wanting to capture what was about to happen.

Lacey could feel the old man's burning vision against her chest, watching her boobs bounce and shake. She could feel his eyes staring right at her barely concealed nipples, staring at the hard nubs through the lace. Whenever this happened in the past, whenever she saw some guy at a party or in some other social setting staring at her boobs, she would usually cover herself up, or say something to the

guy. Derrick or her friends would always try to get her to just ignore this kind of attention, but Lacey took pride in the fact that she always stood up for herself.

But not with Bruce.

With Bruce, she let him stare. She let him gaze openly at her colossal, barely concealed, bra-clad tits, a right she never allowed any man. She would even chide her husband for staring at her perfect tits for too long. But at this point, after having been sweet-talked into a tiny lace bra and a thong after having sucked his monster cock, he had certainly earned the right to look. For Derrick, it took him months of dating and doing everything he could to earn her trust before she let him see the goods. But for Bruce, it took a couple hours of making rude comments, threatening to expose himself, and showcasing some truly filthy, hardcore, homemade porn to reach the exact same point. And not only to get her willing to let him see the goods, but to surrender to him completely. And he didn't have to waste money on dates and the wedding and all that other lame shit. He just had talk to her like a sex object long enough for her to start believing it.

Bruce was truly a master of this.

The young wife came to a stop in front of the seated older man. Nervously, she looked down at him as he looked up at her, practically licking his lips. Her hands were clutched together, her arms pressing her boobs together, making them balloon outwards. Bruce could barely contain his joy at this sight. She might act all nervous and girly, but he could see those nipples of hers through the lace of her bra. They were throbbing. She was enjoying this as much as he was. And he was about to enjoy this even more.

"Take off your bra," he commanded, leaning back on the couch like a king, giving a command to his subject.

"My bra?" she questioned. Despite how much she was enjoying this, she knew that things were getting more and more real. "Um, I don't know if..."

"I can practically see everything already," he interrupted, not wanting to see her play out her little nervous 'I don't know' act. "You've watched footage of me fucking the living daylights out of little married sluts like you. You've listened to me talk about all the things I think about that body of yours, so my intentions were never in question. You drooled all over my big dick and let me talk you into dressing like the fucking slut you truly are. We both know this ends with your tits in my face, so... just ditch the bra and show them to me."

She looked away as he exposed the hypocrisy in being shy right now. He was right. He could not have been clearer in his intentions. What he wanted was never in doubt. Yet, despite all her earlier rejections of him, after promising herself that what he wanted would never happen, she was right here, dressed like this, going along with him. Damn, he was good at this. She could run away and escape this evil old man's clutches, but she knew the truth. That wasn't gonna happen. Bruce was right. They both knew exactly how this was gonna end.

Glancing up at the seated man, with not a word raised in her own defense, she reached behind her own back, and with deft fingers, effortlessly unclasped her bra. Eyes locked on her barely concealed tits, he watched the tiny lace garment practically slingshot forward from the massive force it was trying to hold back. But the hanging lace garment was still blocking his view, and it wasn't until she brought her arms forward that the bra fell down her arms and landed on the floor. His eyes went wide at the sight before him.

Lacey was now standing in front of the evil old man... topless.

He tried to stay in control of himself, but that came with a bit of a struggle. Lacey had, without a doubt, the largest, perkiest, most perfect pair of huge tits he'd ever seen. They had looked mammoth stuffed into that bra, but out of it, they looked even bigger. Massive, round, and full, they vaulted off her chest, firm and proud, riding close together to form a perfect chasm of cleavage while also standing out on the sides. They were fucking gigantic! And the shape... holy fuck. They were circular and smooth, as if they were sculpted by an artist. They jiggled ever so slightly with every little move she made, and the skin looked so soft to the touch. And her hard nipples, surrounded by perfectly round pink areolas, called out to him.

He wanted to defile these perfect tits.

"God damn..." he sighed, admiring the married woman's tits now exposed to him. He reached to the side table and grabbed his beer, polishing it off as he sat there and stared, like a barely restrained animal. Lacey didn't know what else to do as she stood on display for him. So as he stared she returned the favor, her eyes locked on the towering pillar that was his dick, still hanging out of his pants, pointed upwards. "How many men have seen those tits?"

"Not many..." she said softly. Nervously.

"Ah! Well, I'm one of the lucky few," he said with a smirk, gaping at the perfect expanse of titty-flesh. "I am surprised, though. You came here just dying to show them to me from the moment you stepped inside. I'm surprised no one else made you feel the same way. You must really like me, haha!" Like wasn't the right word for it, really. More like the overwhelming physical reaction of a young, super-hot, undersexed wife when meeting a true-blue alpha male. Something about him just pushed all her buttons, and she slid down a slippery slope in catering to his whims to the point where she was now standing topless before him. Every fiber in her being was telling her to please this brutish older man in a way she had never had before with any other man, her husband included. Her husband had never inspired this level of overwhelming lust, which is why her sex life with him was only occasional. But Bruce could inspire that level of lust, which is why he got laid like crazy.

That's why she was showing him her huge naked tits.

And that's why he was about to get laid again.

And it was why she was gonna let him do just about whatever he wanted to her.

"You've been parading those suckers around here for months now," he began. "It's about time I get a sample."

Bruce propped the camera on the back edge of the couch and leaned forward. He looked up at her, daring her to stop him, but she did nothing as he raised his hands upward. Unable to control himself any longer, he slid his hands forward and pressed them against the young married woman's massive, jutting tits.

"Oh..." he sighed reflexively as his hands slid against the young wife's soft, luscious tits. He couldn't contain the pleasured groan escaping his throat as his palms made contact against bare skin. Damn... hands as rough as his deserved tits this soft and perfect. He palmed Lacey's massive melons greedily, sliding his hands all over her huge succulent breasts, letting his fingers touch every square inch of smooth breast-flesh. He wanted to feel her up while her tits were still unblemished by the wickedness he was planning to inflict upon them. He let his fingers circle her nipples before spreading his fingers outwards, holding his hands in place, looking up at her, drawing out this inevitable moment. Finally, with her watching, his face twisted up in lust as he finally gave her huge tits a firm healthy squeeze. "MMmmmmhhhmmm..." he groaned.

"Oh my God!" she sighed, her head rolling in pleasure as the older man felt her up. Bruce's hands were quite active, sliding along the sides of her breasts, cupping the undersides, and sawing his palms through her cleavage. The skin was so god damn soft and luscious. He couldn't enough, squeezing them over and over again, his grip getting rougher each time, his face twisted up in nasty expression of pure lust. Soon, he was digging his fingers into her soft, fleshy breasts hard, but she only sighed and moaned and kept pushing her tits out against his greedy palms. Despite everything she told herself, she was loving this rough treatment, enjoying this older man shamelessly feeling her up.

"Ha... I offered this to you at the beginning," he began with a smirk. "Letting me squeeze your tits in exchange for me doing all that Christmas shit. Now look at you... you're going a whole lot further for the very same thing. Haha. Not much of a negotiator, are you?" he asked, mocking her as he felt her up. It was true, as she had backed

down on every bit of her argument while he remained undeterred in his mission to conquer this young woman and her hot body. With him watching her reaction, he slapped the side of her tits with one hand.

"Oh!" she sighed softly before giving the same treatment on the other side of her rack. She moaned softly again, and her nipples throbbed in excitement.

"Damn, I can't wait to fuck these tits..." he said to himself as he felt her up some more. He was almost insane with lust, talking to himself under his breath. She only picked up a few words. "Bitch." "Slut." "Fucking tits..." She had stepped closer to him through all this as she let him feel her up. "I'm gonna fuck them hard and cum all over them," he added, speaking up. Looking up at her, he slapped the side of her rack again before leaning back. "But that comes later," he announced, reaching to grab the camera before putting it back on the table, pointing it back at them, before sitting back and looking up at her.

"Come on..." he urged her. "Come get on Santa's lap..." he added, speaking her language. She took a nervous step forwards, but that wasn't quick enough for him. Impatient with lust, he grabbed her roughly by the hips and pulled her into place, so she was straddling his lap, facing him, her massive boobs jiggling right in front of him. His throbbing dick was still hanging out of his pants standing tall like a tower from his crotch as she hovered above him. He reached down and angrily tugged her underwear to the side, exposing her bare pussy to his eyes. But he was too impatient to study her plump pussy lips and sexy landing strip. All that mattered was that his massive weapon was now pointing directly at her eager married pussy. And nothing was gonna stop them from coming together.

"Sit down on it," Bruce growled, letting his eyes glance at her bare tits, now within inches of his hungry face. It took all his will to focus on the task at hand and not just dive in to her cleavage face-first. "Sit down on that dick, bitch."

Too far along the path to stop now, Lacey reached down and grabbed the base of his pole, making sure it's aim was true. Her husband, her

dignity, and most pressingly, Christmas, weren't on her mind in the slightest. The only thing that mattered was the giant slab of meat throbbing in her palm and getting it deep inside her as quickly as possible. Without hesitation, she lowered herself down till the head of the older man's mighty, evil old dick pressed against the entrance to her plump, tight, eager young cunt. Meeting his cold, icy gaze with her nervous one, she paused for just a moment. But he wasn't gonna wait any longer. Still gripping her hips, he pulled her down, and the head of his dick pushed apart the lips of her waiting pussy.

"OHHHH!" she moaned in shock.

"Mmmmm..." he groaned from his throat as the tip of his big cock nestled itself in her dripping pussy.

"Oh my God!" she called out. Obviously, she knew he was huge, but feeling his massive weapon trying to gain entrance into her tight pussy really proved how big he was. In a normal situation, she would take her time and really get used to it. But this wasn't a normal situation, and Bruce was not a patient man. So, without mercy, he pulled her down deeper, sliding about half of his thick cock into her married pussy.

"OH MY GOD! Ahhhh!" she screamed out as the older man resized her tight young cunt with his massive rod. He was so damn big! She had never experienced anything like this. In the speed of this encounter, she had almost forgotten that this was infidelity, that she was now cheating on her husband for the first time. She wished she could take time to really feel that guilt, but her physical needs were center stage. She felt filled in a way she never had before, and he was only halfway inside her. But he was already touching areas that had never been touched. At first, it kinda hurt, but it was a good hurt, and the more she adjusted to it, the more she enjoyed it. That being said, she didn't think she could take anymore. He was just too huge.

"Hhmmmm!" he groaned. Goddamn, she was tight. Her cunt was wrapped around his thick, meaty pole, stretched to the max, overfilled with dick, clutching his manhood as tight could be. Needless to say, it felt fucking fantastic. And if there were any doubts about whether she

enjoyed having such a massive weapon lodged up her pussy, it's tight, unrelenting grip and the fact her juices were gushing all over it should answer them.

"Oh my god, oh my god!" she panted, her pussy spasming on the older man's penis as she adjusted to his size. But Bruce was merciless as he gripped her hips and roughly pushed the remaining five inches of cock deep inside her.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" she squealed loudly as she was filled to the brim with ten and a half inches of old man dick. Her entire body jerked in shock as she was filled up past the point she thought possible, his big hands holding her in place, making her get used to his immense size. She thought she was filled before, but now, she was positively stuffed. She collapsed against him, her bare tits pressing into his clothed chest, as she writhed on Bruce's big dick.

Bruce held her in place, making her married pussy get used to his massive size. As he did, he grit his teeth and tried his best to ride out the pleasure her tight, grasping cunt was bringing him. Damn... he'd gotten a lot of top tier pussy in his day. But fuck... this might be the best yet. Her cunt was stretched to the brim around his thick post, squeezing the living daylights out of it. The walls of her pussy were wrapped around his full length, squeezing it, flexing around it, making his balls boil. The head of his dick was buried deep in untouched places deep inside the young woman's pussy, and the knowledge of that fact sent tingles along his length.

Fuck, this was fucking good.

Bruce had fucked lots of married women... lots of them. But this one... Lacey, she might take the cake. She had acted all nice and sweet, but that tight little married cunt of hers took to his massive length right away. This sweet, kind, good-hearted married woman also just happened to be able to take a massive, ten-and-a-half-inch dick deep inside her all the way up to the balls. You couldn't possibly deny that she was built for this. She fit him perfectly, squeezing every inch of his swollen cock, bringing the evil older man incomparable pleasure. She

was positively gushing all over his excessive length like crazy, her cunt drooling all over his big nasty cock. She was loving this.

"Ahhhhh!" she gasped, eyes closed, her luscious frame still spasming as her pussy adjusted to his massive pole. So big... so big... so damn big! No man had ever been even close to this. Any of her old boyfriends, or Derrick, none of them could fill her pussy like Bruce could. Holy shit. Her ass ground against his lap, his balls pressing into her ass. Her juices were leaking along his sack as her pussy gushed around him. Her hands were gripping Bruce's wide shoulders as she got used to his size, and she again rubbed her naked breasts against his chest.

"Mmmmmm..." Bruce groaned from deep in his throat as the young married woman's cunt pleasured his entire length, squeezing and massaging every square inch of his massive dick. Feeling her tits ballooning out against his chest, he ripped open his shirt and pulled it off, wanting to feel her big naked breasts against his bare chest. She was impressed by what she saw. His fit chest. His impressive arm muscles. Even at his age, it was clear he was a man who had taken care of himself.

Lacey kept grinding her pussy around his throbbing pole, and she would probably be content to take as long as she wanted to get used to his massive size. But Bruce was not about to wait around.

SPANK!

"C'mon!" he growled, reaching around to slap her ass, wanting to spur her into action. "Move your ass! Ride this big dick!"

Not wanting to disappoint him, she lifted herself up, his thick, swollen meat sliding out of her grasping pussy. Surprisingly enough, as difficult as it was to adjust to his size, as soon as she got halfway up, she felt empty. Unable to resist, she dropped herself back into his lap.

"Oh!" she sighed, her ass slamming into his lap as her eager cunt swallowed up his big dick again.

"Again!" he growled, spanking her juicy ass again. She repeated the motion, slowly rising and falling. Then she did it again, and again, until she began to bounce at a steady rhythm.

"Oh my God!" Lacey sighed softly as she bounced on the older man's cock. As she got into it, she began bouncing up a little more each time, taking more dick on each bounce. At first, having his huge, bulging cock buried completely in her small, tight pussy felt more awkward than good, but there was enough pleasure there for her to keep going. And as she worked up into a good rhythm, it slowly began feeling better and better.

"Fuck..." Bruce sighed. As the married blonde rode his big dick, her huge breasts bounced right in his face, and finally ready to cut loose, Bruce didn't hesitate to indulge himself. Leaning forward, he pressed his face right against her tits, letting the soft flesh cascade against his face as she rode him. She leaned forward, allowing him to immerse himself in her bulbous rack. He reached up and squeezed her perky jugs firmly, gripping them in his palms as she fucked him. As the old scrooge scrubbed his face against the young married woman's perfect, soft, succulent tits vigorously, he felt her throbbing nipples scraping across his chiseled facial features. They were clearly looking for a mouth, and he was happy to oblige, sliding his lips around her hard nipples.

"Ah!" she sighed as the older man began sucking her big tits. She had come here so ready to win him over with her kind heart and positive demeanor, but here she was, letting him suck on her perfect tits while riding his huge dick. He switched between nipples until they were both covered in his spit. After fully availing himself in her huge breasts, he sat back, his hands still squeezing her massive rack as she rode him.

"God damn! I love these fucking tits!" Bruce growled, slapping one of her big titties again, spurring her on to ride him harder and faster. This caused her boobs to bounce even more, and his big rough hands dug into them even more firmly. He dove back in and scrubbed his

face into her massive, juicy tits, growling like a lion. Feeling her big, bare tits molding to his face as she rode him. Falling back, letting his hands dig into the succulent flesh of her massive tits, he smiled hungrily at her. "Look at you now, bitch. You came in here all smiles and sunshine, and all I did was tear you down, tear your husband down, and tear down your favorite fucking holiday. And now your shoving your huge boobs in my face and riding my big fucking cock! Haha! I love it!"

"Oh my God!" she sighed. She bounced a little faster as the evil old man tore her down, but she was still holding back. Not saying anything to defend herself. Not letting go and fully embracing this fierce fucking. She was staying quiet and biting her lip, only letting out small little moans of pleasure. She was bouncing lightly, and she was doing a good job at taking about half of his length on every bounce. But she could do so much better. This girl was built for it. Just, her body... her round, juicy ass, which was just fantastic. Her tits, which were absolutely massive and smooth and built to be squeezed. And her pussy was incredible, tight and wet and oh so eager. This bitch wasn't just built for sex, but she was built for nasty, brutal, hardcore fucking.

And she needed to understand that.

"C'mon!" he roared again, reaching around her to slap her ass again. "You're a fucking whore! Act like one!"

Lacey wanted to be offended at his course language, and all the other nasty things he was saying, but she didn't have a leg to stand on, really. The only leg available was the third leg hanging between the older man's legs, which she was doing her best to ride as rapidly as possible. But that wasn't enough for him, and wanting to please him, she picked up the pace, bouncing a little faster, rising a bit further up along his lengthy cock. That discomfort she initially felt at taking his incredible size inside her was slowly disappearing, and as she picked up the pace, it began feeling really, REALLY good.

"Oh my god!" she sighed, speaking up. "So big... ugh... oh my god! Ugh! You're so hard!" Other than his size, that was the one thing she

couldn't help but notice. Yeah, she was talented at making all men around her hard, but making a dick of such size and girth as hard as granite made it all the more noticeable. The fact she could make a cock like his throb was a point of pride for her, strange as it may sound.

As she bounced, her huge breasts were bouncing even more. But luckily, his large hands were there to hold them in place, squeezing them greedily as they jiggled. Bruce groaned in pleasure as he fucked up into her ever so slightly. Her wet, tight cunt felt incredible around Bruce's massive dick, but she was still being tentative. Sure, she was going a bit faster, and taking a bit more of his length every time. But that wasn't enough for him. He wanted this bitch to bounce on his entire length as hard and fast as possible, moaning like a whore, and screaming out every curse word in the book. And if she wasn't gonna do that herself, he figured he ought to just show her.

Lacey was startled as Bruce suddenly pushed her to the side, causing his swollen dick to slide out of her as she fell face first against the couch cushion next to him. As this happened, Bruce slid out from beneath her and stood up, leaving her face down, ass up on the couch. As he discarded the rest of his clothes, the young wife pushed herself up onto her hands and knees and looked back at the older man, confused. But this didn't last long, as Bruce kneeled on the couch behind her and roughly shoved her upper half down against the couch cushion. He sidled into place behind her, his sex-juice soaked dick pointed at her entrance again.

"Time to show you what you're made of," he growled insidiously. He then grabbed her hips and flexed his hips forward, pushing his weapon into her tight quiver again.

"Oh!" she sighed as her temporarily empty pussy began to be refilled with excessive amounts of dick. He knew she could take it, so he wasn't patient in the slightest, quickly sliding his entire length deep inside her once again. "Oh my god!" she sighed again, having to wiggle and angle herself to allow the man entrance inside her again. Somehow, in this position, his already huge dick felt even bigger. "Fuck! Jesus!" she sighed as her pussy adjusted to his size again. But this time, he wasn't gonna give her any time to get used to it.

Snarling like an animal, he eased himself back till only the head of his girthy cock was still lodged inside her. Then, without mercy, he drove himself forward into her roughly, heaving his entire length inside her in savagely.

"OH! GOD..." she yelled out, her eyes widening in shock as her pussy stretched around his massive size again. Before she could fully recover, he was already sliding his cock back out to the tip before slamming it back in again. "UGH! OH MY GOD!" she screamed as she panted for breath like a woman giving birth. Still gripping her hips, he drove into her again, and again, and again, driving her entire body forwards. "OH! AHHH! UGHH!" she groaned as she took it.

"Take it!" he growled. "Take that dick, bitch!" He kept pumping his full length into her, again and again and again. His hands were gripping her hips as he drilled her, pulling her back into him as he drove into her, his fit stomach slamming into her ass every time. Her ass jiggled with every thrust as he kept pumping into her, stealing his gaze for a moment.

"Wait... wait... slow down," she called out, looking back at the merciless older man. But he was ruthless, picking up the pace despite her pleas for mercy, fucking her harder and harder. She began lifting her head ever so slightly, seeking kindness. But instead, he only grabbed her silky hair roughly, pulling her back hard. "Ah! AHHHH! AHHHHHHH!" she moaned as her entire body felt like it was on fire thanks to his efforts. Despite the rough treatment, she couldn't deny the electric jolts of pleasure coming from her dripping pussy.

"Don't act like you're not loving this!" the older man growled. "Talk to me, bitch! Tell me how much you love it!"

The sounds of meaty slapping as her ass slapped against his stomach filled the room. Her pussy was spasming around his swollen pole as he fucked her faster and faster, harder than she ever thought possible. Her gorgeous face was a mask of pleasure as her mouth remained open in a silent moan. His muscles were flexed as he gripped her hair with one hand and her hip with the other, drilling her roughly.

"Tell me you like getting fucked like a fucking whore!" he demanded, pumping into her, his cock like a blur as he fucked her brains out. She remained silent, her body tensed in pleasure. Bruce filled her with his entire length on every thrust, causing his sizable balls to slap against her clit.

"No..." she sighed softly, eyes closed, somehow clinging to some semblance of dignity despite the current circumstances.

"Haha!" he couldn't help but laugh at how silly this sounded. "Why? Cause you're married?" he asked mockingly.

"Married..." she repeated, eyes clenched shut, barely able to think straight as he kept filling her with dick, her ass kept slamming against his stomach as he did so. He couldn't help but notice her pushing back against him ever so slightly. Despite her soft pleas for mercy, she was clearly loving this rough treatment. Her pussy was getting wetter and wetter with every thrust, and her juices were leaking obscenely from her cunt as the older man worked his magic, drilling her harder and harder. Bruce leaned forward, yanking her further back as he brought his mouth near her ear.

"Talk to me, bitch!" he growled into her ear, still drilling her. As he fucked her, her massive tits were hanging down between her arms, rippling and bouncing as he pumped into her roughly. Reaching beneath her, he dug his big palm into her soft, luscious titties again. "These big, perfect tits? They are mine now! I don't care that you're married! I don't care if you pledged yourself to that pussy of a husband! These tits belong to me now!" he growled, groping her hanging jugs roughly.

"Oh my God!" she groaned, barely able to handle the rough treatment. She didn't know if she could agree with it, but God, did it ever feel like this old man had taken ownership of her huge breasts, stealing sole possession of them away from her husband. It sounded bad, but the thought of it made her pussy even wetter. But no... if she gave over

total ownership of her body to this man, she would be his bitch forever. She couldn't do that.

Not yet.

Giving him no response, he opted to grab one of her hard nipples between his calloused fingers and twisted it hard. "AHHHHHH! Oh!" she screamed out, humping back at him further.

But still, she was holding back.

Growling, he pushed himself back, releasing his hold on her and leaving her on all fours in front of him. For a few moments, he savored humping into the young wife's eager cunt. Her body was loving the brutal, hardcore treatment, but that wasn't enough. He wanted to break her mind! He wanted to show her what she was built for. He wanted to teach her a lesson about the lust she inspired in so many men.

At this, his eyes drifted down to look at her firm, juicy white ass driving back into him, jiggling as he drilled her. The red g-string was still there, the tiny string lodged between the cheeks. Her snowy skin was glowing, coated with the sweat of exertion. That ass... that jiggling, juicy ass... it was taunting him. Jiggling. Bouncing. Fuck... so firm. So mouthwatering. So unblemished.

He realized he didn't just want to teach her a lesson.

He wanted to punish her.

Rearing back with one hand, still holding her hips with the other, he got to work.

SPANK!

"AHHH!" she moaned out in shock as the older man swatted her rear end. Despite the shock, an electric bolt of lust coursed through her from the firm contact.

SPANK! SPANK!

"OH!" she moaned out again. Holy crap! She was shocked at how good that felt!

He delighted in spanking the hot young wife's rear end. Such a perfect, bouncy rear end was built to be spanked and punished.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"Mmmm!" she groaned, trying her best to suppress a very loud moan. No man had ever done anything like this to her, and the pleasure that was coursing through her at such an illicit, humiliating act was insane. She had never felt anything like this. Everything this older man was doing to her was driving her crazy, and despite the fact that she was a married woman letting an older man spank her g-string clad ass as he drilled her roughly, she couldn't stop herself from keeping on letting him do whatever the hell he wanted to her.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"Ahhh..." she sighed, her body lighting up with pleasure.

"Damn, what an ass..." he groaned, admiring the way her snowy white ass began turning pink due to this harsh treatment. He ran his hand over the warm, pink flesh, groping her perfect rear end freely as he kept drilling her. "It was always gonna end like this..."

"Whuh..." she said, confused, glancing back at him, the pleasure that was still coursing through her putting her in a fog.

"You know exactly what you were doing, don't you?" he asked, before delivering another crisp spank.

SPANK!

"Oh!" she sighed in pleasure, her cunt squeezing down on his big dick as he kept pumping her married cunt. She was trying to seek out any source of strength, anything to deny this evil old man's assertions, and her mind went to her husband. Derrick. Sweet, kind Derrick. She tried to remember the strength of their love and marriage, but she had trouble focusing, Bruce's driving cock inflaming her thoughts of pure, unadulterated lust.

"Every time you go out in public, and act all nice and sweet, but we both know the truth..." he growled, spanking her again. She sighed in pleasure again. "You know exactly what you do to men..."

SPANK!

"OHH!" she screamed out as Bruce swatted her g-string clad ass even harder. She had to resist. She had to stay strong. She had to think of Derrick. She had to remember her marriage. But God, this felt so good! Why did this have to feel so good.

"You act like this little goody-too-shoes married sweetheart, but you know men check you out," Bruce stated, spanking ass loudly again. She groaned in a mix of pain and rapturous pleasure. "You know men stare at those huge tits and this perfect ass of yours."

SPANK! SPANK!

"Guhhh!" she groaned, jumping in shock but not moving away, staying in place, letting the older man continue to have his way with her body. Damn, this felt good! Stay strong! Think of Derrick!

"You know that every move you make makes men want to BAD things to you, hahaha..." he laughed insidiously, spanking her ass twice in succession, one across each cheek. "Fuck! Oh! Guys you went to school with... men you work with... any man that catches a glimpse of you. They want to run their hands all over you. They want to spank this hot ass, just like I am..." he said, swatting her ass firmly again. "They want to squeeze these big tits, like I have," he said, spanking her again. "They want to fuck your brains out and make you their bitch... like I'm going to."

SPANK! SPANK!

"Oh my God!" she cried out, never feeling more alive. She was on fire right now! Bruce kept pumping into her, ravaging her body with his big dick. No! She had to resist. Remember... ugh, damn! Bruce's cock was so big! No! She had to think of her, ugh... oh... she had to think of her husband. Damn! So good! Ugh! She had to resist. Stay strong. Think of her husband.

Whatever his name was.

"You bounce and jiggle around those men and you act like you're this little princess," he continued, driving into her hard. "But we both know what you really are. Damn! Fuck! We both know how badly you wanted this. How much you needed this! Oh! Yes! You were waiting for somebody to cut through the bullshit and bend you over! God damn! Yes! Rescue you from your sham marriage to your pussy husband. Take you to your limits. Show you what you're built for. Right?"

SPANK! SPANK!

"Right!?" he demanded. Her head was rolling as electric jolts resonated from her pink rear end due to the cruel treatment by this wicked old man.

She couldn't think straight she was so excited, let alone speak. Oh fuck! So good! Bruce's dick felt so good! Why was she resisting this? Why resist something that feels so good!?

"RIGHT!?" he demanded.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"Yes!" she finally responded, lost in the heat of the moment, so overwhelmed. Nothing else mattered! Nothing else mattered except that big dick inside of her! It felt so good! UGH! That cock was amazing! in the moment that she would have said yes to anything he asked of her. She was that fucking horny!

SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHH!" she moaned, driving back into him harder.

"That's why you came here today, isn't it?" he asked with a grin, running his hands all over her perfect, juicy ass as he kept drilling her. Even though he wasn't holding her in place, she was dutifully forcing herself back at him, keeping this ongoing fuck as hard as possible. "It wasn't about Christmas or the neighborhood or anything else. You came here to tease me, didn't you?"

SPANK! SPANK!

"UGHHH!" she groaned. "Yes!" she called out, despite knowing this wasn't true.

"You did it all on purpose, didn't you?" he asked, rubbing her ass, toying with her, teasing his next spank. "You bent over in front of me earlier, just to show me this hot ass, didn't you?" She remained silent, until...

SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHH! Yes! Yes!" she called out. It was an accident, bending over before. She was admitting to something that wasn't actually true, just to please this evil old scrooge. Submitting to him in this way was only turning her on more.

"You unzipped your coat just because you wanted me to be able to see your big tits," he stated.

SPANK!

"Yes!" the wife called out, moaning in excitement, the spanking and the thought of this actually being true driving her crazy. She was driving back at him roughly, her massive, hanging tits bouncing like crazy now.

"You wanted to tease me because you knew I wouldn't put up with it," Bruce said.

SPANK!

"Ohhhh!" she moaned as his hand slapped her ass again, biting her lip in pleasure. Her pussy was spasming around his rock-hard length as he fucked her, giving him incomparable pleasure as his swollen meat returned the favor. She couldn't believe how smoothly he was pumping his massive cock into her now after how much effort it took at the start, but her married pussy had completely recalibrated itself to big, fat dick. And as it did, it felt like she was being taken to a whole new world. Her cute married pussy was evolving as it was being taught a valuable lesson by the massive, evil dick buried inside it,

slowly but surely leaving all dignity behind and becoming a dripping, slutty, nasty CUNT!

But she couldn't tell him that.

SPANK!

"Because you wanted me to be the man to take you..."

SPANK!

"Gahh!" she screamed out, seeing lights in her eyes.

"You wanted me to be the man to dominate you like you wanted..."

SPANK!

"FUHHH!"

"You wanted me to be the man who got to run his hands all over your hot naked body..." he growled, putting the side of his hand between the cheeks and sliding it along her ass-crack, announcing his dominance over her with this simple gesture. With his other hand...

SPANK!

"OHHHH!" She screamed out loudly. She was so turned on she couldn't think straight. At this point, even she was starting to believe what he was saying. Maybe she did come here for this. Maybe she did come here to tease this evil, unpleasant older man with her hot married body. Maybe she did come here to submit to him... just this once.

"You want to be my bitch, don't you?" he growled.

SPANK! SPANK!

"DON'T YOU" he yelled.

Lacey's head was raised. She was breathing deep. Her eyes had rolled into the back of her head in pure, blinding pleasure. And at this point, she had to admit it. After all he had done to her, and her reaction to it, he had to be right. About everything. So, when she finally spoke up, she wasn't lying just to give him what he wanted.

She only spoke the truth.

"Yes! YES!" she screamed out. "I want to be your bitch!" she screamed out. At this, he drove into her harder, his hands getting back to work.

SPANK! SPANK!

"I wanted you to spank me!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHH! Yes! I wanted to tease you with my ass!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"Guh! Oh... yes. I wanted to tease you with my big tits!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"OHHH! God! I wanted you to put your hands all over me!" she screamed out, pushing back as he drove himself into her roughly.

SPANK! SPANK!

"Ughhh! You're right! You're right! This wasn't about Christmas!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"OHHH! This wasn't about the neighborhood!"

SPANK! SPANK!

At this, she looked back and up at the older man, mouth panting, sweat on her brow, eyes glassy with lust. Looking straight into his eyes, she finally came out and said what he already knew.

"I came here to let you to do whatever you want to me!" Lacey said to him. Breathing like a bull, almost unable to contain himself, Bruce reacted.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHHHHHH!" she screamed out loudly.

His lust now at a fevered pitch, he grabbed her hips again and began pounding the married slut at a furious pace. Her body was shuddering as the old man fucked the young married slut hard.

"Mmmm... fuck!" he growled as her spectacular cunt squeezed his throbbing weapon, massaging every inch of it. For a man of incredible

endurance, her pussy was fucking magic, making him struggle not to lose control. "Talk to me, bitch! Tell me how much you love being treated like a slut! How much of a slut you are!"

Lacey simply shook her head no, mouth clenched shut, unable to open it without moaning. For some reason, this was the sticking point for her. She was like 90% broken, but she was clinging to this last shred of herself. Despite everything, she was trying her best to hold onto her dignity for as long as she could. Sure, she had just admitted to coming over to his house for the sole purpose of letting him treat her like a whore. But there was something different about admitting that she was a slut, as if coming out and saying it would make it true. Yeah, she had come over, taken off her clothes, and let this evil old man brutally grope, squeeze, and spank her, all while letting him drill her as hard as he could. But this was a one-time event as of now. But if she admitted to being a slut, she would be a slut for good.

But this silence wasn't gonna satisfy old Brucey.

SPANK! SPANK!

"Talk to me, bitch!" he growled, her cunt gripping him in response to the firm spanks. "Hubby can't get the job done, right? He doesn't have the equipment... but I do. Don't I?" he asked, sweat dripping on his brow as he kept up the brutal pace. But again, she stayed silent, shaking her head no, not letting herself give in to him fully. Because if she did, there was no denying what she'd become. There would be no denying that she was nothing more than a nasty, wicked slut! Snarling, he fucked her harder, her pussy gushing all over his swollen pole. The obscene sounds of his balls slapping into her clit filled the room.

It was obvious to Bruce that she was clearly loving this, but she refused to let herself give in, a fact that both frustrated him and filled him with lust. Bruce loved a challenge, and God damn, this bitch was stubborn. How in the hell was she still holding back? He wanted more than anything to make this bitch curse and moan like the little slut she was.

"You're just a little slut," he growled, not picking up the pace but fucking her with more oomph, making her reddened ass shudder from the hard fucking. "'That's all you are. A little whore, willing to do anything for a huge dick! Fuck!" he growled. Again, she shook her head, trying to protect her pride despite the fact that she was getting drilled by a huge dick that was not her husband's. Furious, but blindingly turned on, he leaned over, putting his mouth near her ear. "TELL ME! Admit you're a slut! Admit you are loving this!" he demanded. He watched her from up close as she clenched her mouth shut, unable to open her mouth without giving in. He reached under her and availed himself in her massive, firm, double-F married tits roughly, just the way she liked it. "Tell me!" he growled again, his face near her ear as he kept pumping into her.

Lacey's body was shaking, her nerves coursing with electricity, her muscles twitching. Her mind was blinded with pure pleasure, and her cunt was drooling all over the older man's giant dick. She wanted to deny the older man's cruel words, she really did, but that was getting harder and harder. She couldn't even remember her husband's name at this point, the pleasure was too great. That dick was too good. Each spank was lighting her body on fire. Each ruthless thrust into her was taking her right up to the edge. Right up to the edge of giving in to the older man completely and fully accepting her place as a whore. She was so close... so close... so close...

And Bruce had exactly what it took to take her there.

Reaching down, Bruce slid his right hand into her shiny blonde locks again, curling it around his fingers. And, still thrusting his huge dick into her, and with one hand still groping her massive, perky tits, he pulled her head up by the hair, hard, rough, treating her with no mercy. Because sluts don't get mercy. And all these mean, filthy acts, combined together, had an effect.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh FUCK!" Lacey screamed out, dropping an f-bomb for the first time in a long time, eyes rolling into the back of her head as the older man treated her so roughly. He pulled her up so firmly her hands rose from the couch, her face facing forward, and he maintained her hold on her. Gripping her blonde hair like the reigns on a horse, using his other hands to squeeze one of her massive boobs

roughly, he pumped into her even harder with added leverage. "UH! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!"

SPANK! SPANK!

Bruce pulled the hand that was squeezing her bulbous breasts away and roughly spanked her pink ass with his still maintaining his grip on her scalp. Still pumping up into her, he spoke up.

"Tell me!" he growled, seeing she had finally given in. And finally, with the dam burst, she relented.

"Yes! YES! I'm a slut! I'm a cheap fucking whore!" Lacey screamed out, her cunt squeezing the older man's dick at this admission. Energized, the older man drove into her even faster.

"You love it, don't you? You love getting fucked like this? You love this dick?" he asked.

"Yes! Fuck yes! I love it! I love that big fucking dick! It's the best! YES!" she screamed out in delight, heaving herself back at him lewdly. There were no doubts. No lies. Only truth in her words. Slamming his cock into her, drilling his full length in and out of her nasty cunt, he kept probing deeper.

"Hubby doesn't get the job done, does he?" he asked, wanting her to admit it.

"No! Fuck! Not like this! He can't do it like this! Shit! You're so much better... so much fucking better! Yes!" she squealed in delight, fucked so good she could speak nothing but the truth.

"His cock isn't as big as mine, is it?" he asked as the young married woman surrendered to him completely.

"NO! Fuck... not even close! No man is as big as you! Holy shit!" she moaned, the older man still pulling her hair as he drilled up into her. Reaching around her again to grip one of her giant tits again.

"Tell me what you really think of your husband now!" he growled evilly. It took a few moments for her to pull an image of her husband into her mind at this point, the pleasure was so overwhelming. Bruce's words about her husband... God, why couldn't she think of his name. But, uh, anyways, Bruce's words were occupying her mind pretty firmly now. So she gave him what he wanted to hear, which, to be honest, was pretty much the truth.

"Ugh! Fuck! He's a fucking pussy!" she growled, moaning out these words. At this admission, he pounded into her even harder. "You like that? You like me telling you that my husband's not half the man you are? That he's a pussy, and you're a fucking real man! With a huge, perfect dick! AHHH! YYYYEEESSSS!" At this, he began fucking into her furiously, blinded by lust, squeezing one of her huge tits again. The dam now burst, she couldn't stop herself from stroking the older man's ego. "This dick is the best! Oh my God! It feels so good inside my fucking nasty cunt! It's hitting places no one else can! Fuck! I love it! Fuck me! FUCK ME! Fuck my nasty cunt! Yes! I fucking love your huge dick! I wanted it the second I saw your fucking bulge!"

"Mmmmmm..." he groaned as the young wife started really getting into the filth.

"I might have acted disgusted, but I wasn't!" Lacey admitted. "Fuck! Yes! I don't care what I said before. It doesn't matter. I wanted it! I wanted that dick from the start! I wanted to suck it! I wanted to fuck it! I wanted to fucking worship it! Yes! YES! I wanted to be a slave to your big fat fucking cock!"

"God damn!" Bruce moaned, thoroughly impressed with the young wife now that she was reaching her full potential. Pushing her back down onto all fours, he really began boring down on her eager pussy. "You're fucking good! You're a good little whore!"

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Lacey moaned, her entire body shuddering as the older man drilled her hard. Her pussy was going crazy around Bruce's gargantuan pole as a cascade of mini-orgasms coursed through her.

As he kept pumping into her, her position on all fours allowed him a good view of her giant breasts quaking with each hard thrust. He couldn't imagine how good they looked jiggling and bouncing on camera. Glancing at the camera on the table, he was delighted that all this footage was now on film. This might have been his best work yet.

Unable to stop himself, wanting to both put on a good show and get his hands on those juicy tits again, forever and ever, he yanked at her hair harder, pulling her further upwards so her back was against his front once more, allowing him easy access to her massive married tits again. Reaching around her slim frame, he greedily groped her large, fleshy breasts again, fucking up into her as he did so.

"These tits are mine now!" he growled into her ear as he kept running his palm all over her smooth breast-flesh, returning to one of the questions she had denied him an answer to before. But this time, she was ready to admit the truth.

"Yes!" she moaned out in rapturous pleasure from the rough pulling of her hair and the beefy dick filling her up.

"You married that pussy of a husband, and he thought that made these tits his," he began, running his hand across her massive bare breasts. "Fuck! But they're mine now. You can tease him with them, you can tease every other man with them, but only I get to squeeze them! Fuck! Only I get to feel the soft flesh running over my hands! Damn! Not your husband! Not anyone else! Me! These tits are mine now! I get to squeeze them! I get to fuck them! I get to cum all over them!" he growled.

"YES! FUCK! Yes! Whatever you want!" she sighed, eyes closed, allowing this wicked old man to now take full ownership of her

massive mouthwatering rack. He kept squeezing her huge tits greedily at this admission, feeling the soft, succulent flesh and savoring the fact that he had full access to these tits from now on. Knowing he didn't need the help anymore, he released his grip on her blonde hair and slid that other hand around her, now squeezing her luscious boobs with both hands.

"Holy shit..." he growled to himself at the feeling of such succulent flesh filling his palms. His cock twitched, as this sensation was enough to send a thrill through him that told him he wouldn't be able to last as long as he normally did. Not this time. Not with this sexy bitch.

Wanting to prolong this as much as he could, he reluctantly released his grip on her boobs, pushing her back down onto all fours. Grabbing her hips again, he resumed giving the eager bitch his full length. Bent over, head held dutifully in place facing forward, her breasts swaying in the air, Lacey eagerly took it, her body ready to explode.

SPANK! SPANK!

"Ahhh! Yes! I love it! I love how you spank my fucking slutty ass!" she moaned out. "I've had men slap my ass before, and I slapped them back. But... fuck... you can do it whenever you want! YES!" She said in almost a seductive purr.

"Fuck..." he groaned, his nuts twitching in excitement. Even he was amazed at how quickly this had progressed. "Look at you... shit! Look at you! What a whore you turned out to be! Damn! Fuck! I actually thought, for a minute, you might actually be what you said you were! Mmmm... shit! Damn, this pussy is magic! But no... you're just like the rest! Just a little whore who wants to get deep-dicked! Just another slut who wanted to have hot nasty sex with me on camera! Yes!"

Lacey had completely forgotten that this was being recorded. Every second of action had been put on camera. It was sitting there on the table, pointed at them, recording them in profile, the brutish older

man, the young married blonde on all fours, her huge tits bouncing and jiggling. It captured every second of him fucking her brains out, and it also captured her complete descent into admitting her whoredom. That was all now on record, and there was no going back. Maybe a few hours prior, she would be horrified by this, but now, knowing she was on tape just like all those other girls, on display for this older man whenever he wanted to watch, acting like a complete and total whore for him, it only turned her on even more.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! AHHHMMMPPHHHH!" she said, putting her face down and screaming into the couch cushion. The older man, now coated with sweat, kept at it, fucking her at a relentless pace, filling her from the tip to the nuts on every thrust.

"At least all those other girls were upfront about it. Fuck..." Bruce said, wearing down slightly but still giving her his best. "But you... you whored yourself out for a fucking holiday! That's all it fucking took for you to act like a fucking slut for me! Mmmmmm... fuck! God damn! You're probably even nastier than all those other sluts!"

"Oh my God!" Lacey sighed, her face rolling to the side as she took in the truth of his words. She had completely forgotten why she had talked herself into this, about this being about Christmas, and decorations, and all that shit. He used that as a bargaining chip to get in her pants, and it had worked. It had SO fucking worked. Bent over in front of him, she couldn't deny that.

"But I must admit... this is the best Christmas Eve I've ever had, so maybe you're right. Haha!" he said, his cock throbbing. It was true. He was a lone wolf with no family, and he spent most Christmases on his own, getting older and bitter, taking his only pleasure in women and booze. And yet, this gorgeous Christmas slut comes his door, all but asking to be dominated, and she takes to his dick like she was born for it.

It might just be a goddamn Christmas miracle.

"You like that? You like knowing you're a little Christmas slut?" Bruce demanded, his cock twitching. He was approaching that time.

"Yes! YES! I'm a slut! I'm a Christmas slut! I'll do anything for fucking Christmas! I'll even fuck a mean, evil, nasty old scrooge who ruins Christmas for other people!" she screamed out, her pussy spasming as she pushed her ass back at him. His cock jolted at this, and her nasty words.

"Oh fuck!" Bruce growled, reaching forward and slamming her face down into the couch cushions again. "You're gonna make me fucking cum!"

For the first time, she put together the fact that she was fucking him bareback, something she didn't even let her husband do. Her doctor had told her she was especially fertile, and she was always extra cautious.

"Fuck... maybe... shit! Just pull out and cum all over me! I want you to drain your nuts all over me!" she urged him.

"No!" he responded simply. "I've been wanting to nut in this pussy since you moved into the neighborhood. And I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna fucking fill up this fucking nasty married cunt with cum! That's the only way this ends, and you know it! Deep down, you fucking know it! You want me to cum inside you, don't you? Don't you?"

Lacey wanted to deny him. To say no. But the picture he painted was intoxicating. She couldn't resist.

"YES!" she replied, her cunt spasming violently. She pushed herself back up onto all fours and looked back at him with an expression so slutty he could barely handle it. "Fuck! Yes! You're right! I want it! Oh fuck! I want it! I want that fucking cum in me! I want you to paint my pussy with it! Yes!" She slammed her ass back against him roughly, their bodies colliding against each other loudly. Looking down at her as he fucked her brains out, her ass cheeks were spread apart for him,

exposing her tight, clean, asshole to his eyes. Sensing an opportunity, he reached down between the cheeks and slid a thick finger right up her asshole.

That's all it took to push her over the edge.

"AHHHHH! OH FUCK! FUCK! AHHHH!" Lacey screamed out, her body shaking with this sudden sensation. The older man kept pumping his cock into her harder and harder, never relenting, never slowing down, making her body vibrate with need and shake with desire. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Yes! Yes! Yes! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna fucking cum! I'm gonna fucking cum! Oh my God! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Lacey's pussy contracted violently around Bruce's throbbing shaft as a huge orgasm hit her, all that delicious tension in her body released at once in one massive wave. This pleasure reached the older man, and it was enough to send him over the edge as well.

"Fuck! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHH!" he groaned loudly like an animal, before burying his cock up to the root inside her just in time for his cock to burst, the first jet of thick semen bursting out of him directly into the young woman's waiting cunt. As her cunt flexed and spasmed as she came, his throbbing cock fired off jet after jet of thick semen into her.

"AHHHH! YES! YES! YES!" Lacey squealed, her body jerking in delight as the orgasm coursed through her luscious frame.

"God dammit! Fuck! Fuck!" he groaned, his face screwed up in pleasure as her eager cunt coaxed more and more cum from his large nuts deep inside her. He fucked up into her, cumming over and over again, filling her cunt up with his seed just as her cunt gushed out her own delightful sex-juices, coating his flexing nuts. He kept pumping into her, making sure to fill her up.

"I can feel it! I can feel it! Oh my God! There's so much cum!" she panted as the evil older man fired off a giant load of sperm deep inside her. "I love it! It's fucking amazing!"

"Uggghhh! Damn..." he groaned as his cock kept firing off inside her as he had one of the biggest orgasms of his life. He just kept cumming, over and over again.

This went on for what felt like an eternity before they finally began coming back to earth, coming down from their high together. Her body kept jerking and flexing, as she collapsed in place, still bent over in front of him. He stayed in place, but he knelt back slightly as he came down from his orgasm, his dick still lodged inside her. Catching his breath, he wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand and looked down at the sight in front of him.

The gorgeous, haughty young wife in front of him, now covered in sweat, panting for breath after some truly nasty sex. Even for a man of his immense talents at seduction, he was impressed by the fact that he had conquered her. She seemed almost beyond his reach, but he had successfully brought her down to his level.

It was a Christmas miracle.

This thought made him laugh. It seemed silly, but damn if it kinda felt true. Unable to stop himself, he spoke up.

"Ho ho ho!" he said, spanking the young blonde's ass in delight. "Merry Christmas indeed!"

The young blonde was still recovering as Bruce pulled out of her. Getting up to his feet, buck naked, he sauntered proudly towards the kitchen, his only slightly softened dick swinging between his legs. Struggling to move, Lacey slid down from the couch onto the floor, kneeling there as she recovered. She looked past the side of the couch towards the kitchen, where the older man had pulled open the fridge.

"Want a beer?" he called out. Lacey wasn't much of a drinker, but she wasn't a lot of things before today.

"Okay," she relented simply, shrugging her shoulders. Still naked, her body sticky with sweat, her breasts heaving as she caught her breath, she was able to react just in time as Bruce tossed a beer her way. Catching it, she cracked it open, and let the cool liquid slide down her throat.

At this point, having come down from her high, this should be when all the guilt and regret hit her. She had cheated on her husband and had truly nasty sex with this wicked older man. She had let him seduce her into this through truly nasty methods. And she had done it all for Christmas. To spread the Christmas cheer. On one hand, it was admirable, but on another, she had to admit it was pretty stupid to sell out herself, her body, and her dignity for as he put it, a 'fucking holiday'. Yet, as wrong as it was… she felt fine. She felt content. Sure, what she had done was wrong, but she had discovered a level of pleasure and excitement that she clearly felt she deserved. She had gotten something she never realized she needed until now. In a sense, this generous Christmas spirit of hers had rewarded her as much as it had him.

It certainly didn't hurt that the fucking was incredible.

Still a mess, with cum leaking out of her pussy, she had a big grin on her face. The older man approached her, powering down his brew, slamming the empty can on the table near her. Still naked, he looked down at her.

"I hope you don't think we're done here," he said, looking down with that cold expression of his that she already recognized so well. Earlier, she hadn't thought much of him looks wise, but at this point, after all they had done, he might be the sexiest man she'd ever laid eyes on. So, needless to say, she was listening with bated breath. "I'm just getting warmed up, and there are a lot of things I have planned for

that body..." he said, glancing down at her luscious tits with dark intent.

Looking up at him, sipping the rest of the beer, she didn't say a word.

Lacey simply nodded.

Acting fast, the older man bent down and used his well-earned muscles to pull the young blonde wife to her feet and throw her over his shoulder, like a conqueror. And that's what it truly felt like, as he balanced her in place and began walking, only stopping to grab the video camera. After that, he marched towards his bedroom with purpose, slamming the door to his room loudly, so it was only them now. In private. Nothing could interfere with them. Neither was leaving. Not till they were done. Not till Bruce was truly spent. Not till Bruce had run out of ideas of what to do to her. Not till Lacey had learned what she was truly capable of.

They didn't leave the room for a very long time.

****

Hours went by. Snow began to fall. And yet, no one emerged from old Bruce's house.

If anyone else in the neighborhood had the nerve, they might have been able to catch on. Because what was going on in his house... it wasn't exactly quiet.

An onlooker wouldn't be able to see anything, but they would have heard a lot.

They would have heard the kind of moaning that only comes when a young woman has her tight ass filled with a massive cock for the first time. They would have heard the contented groan of man with his dick

between a pair of big tits, fucking them in a blinding lustful fury. They would have heard choking noises as an evil old man roughly pumped his cock down into the throat of a hot young wife, and they would have heard his contented sigh as he got his entire lengthy past her lips, with his balls resting on her chin. They would have heard the loud groans of a man hosing a hot young bitch down with cum, and they probably could have heard a woman eagerly gulping down his thick, copious semen. And they would have heard other things, lots of other things, things they couldn't understand, things most people couldn't understand. Truly nasty things that could only occur between a stud like him and a luscious, hot-bodied bitch like her. Things that most people would never get to see. And it was all being recorded on camera. Something like this, the shit that occurred between these two, it deserved to be committed to film. It deserved to be preserved for future viewings.

When the fucking was done, with Bruce laid out on his bed, almost passed out, his hard cock finally, blessedly soft, Lacey was the one still standing. She was in the bathroom, looking into the mirror. Looking at herself. Her naked body, wearing the marks of sexual battle.

Her hair was a mess, all over the place. Her makeup was smeared all over her sweaty face. Her red plump lips were swollen, and there were still bands of cum clinging to her gorgeous features. Some just under her eyes. Some near her lips. And there was still a big stream of it across the bridge of her nose. Her eyes went wide as she looked down at chest.

Her massive, double-F cup boobs were wearing the effects of what she'd just went through even more than her face. Her pink nipples, looking slightly swollen and worn. The snowy, smooth skin with marks of pink all over, literally showing handprints in some spots from what the older man had done with them. And, thanks to his final act, her massive jugs were literally COVERED with cum, thick bands of it crisscrossing the succulent flesh. Some drops of the stuff were dripping down onto the sink as she bent over it, and there was a thick string of it hanging from one of her nipples. Glancing at herself in the mirror, she looked like a well-used slut of the highest order.

She couldn't suppress a grin at the sight of herself looking like this.

After cleaning herself up a bit, she stepped out of the bathroom, only for Bruce to be there, approaching. She stepped aside to let him pass, but not before he slapped her bare ass firmly, making her jump where she was standing. She couldn't hide her smile as he stepped into the bathroom, not paying her any mind as he invaded her person again.

The sun was a little dimmer in the sky by the time life emerged from within the older man's home.

On shaky feet, Lacey exited, wearing the same thing she'd been wearing hours prior, stepped out of the house into the chilly afternoon air. From afar, no one would know that those clothes had spent most of the time in Bruce's house on the floor. And no one would be able to tell that she wasn't wearing the same underwear she had been wearing coming in, opting for the red lacy number Bruce had given her, a mark of what he'd made her into.

If anyone looked closely, they would see the telltale signs of what she'd been through. She was walking gingerly, evidence that her pussy and ass had been thoroughly used. There were flecks of cum at the corner of her mouth, and if you could see through what she was wearing, you would see additional streaks of cum across her breasts, and cum leaking from both her pussy and ass.

But no one was looking that closely.

Padding through the snow, along the un-shoveled sidewalks, the chilly air was sobering her up as she came down from the high she'd felt with Bruce. The fun was slowly fading, and the reality of the situation was beginning to take hold. She was still processing what had just happened as she walked, not entirely sure how she felt now that it was over. That grin that she just had on her face was slowly fading as she thought things over. But honestly, she was too exhausted to think too deeply into things, and by the time she got home, she settled in for a nice long nap.

Derrick was surprised to see her napping when he got home from work. She was usually so keyed up for Christmas. He didn't know what was up, if she maybe wasn't feeling well, or if her meeting with that neighbor guy, Bruce, hadn't gone well. So he let her rest.

When she finally woke up, hours later, she walked out groggily into the living room, greeting her husband who was preparing dinner in the kitchen.

"Hey!" he called to her.

"Hey hon!" she replied with that bright, effervescent smile of hers.

"You doing okay?" he asked. "Don't usually see you napping, especially at a time like this."

At this, all the memories of what she'd spent her day doing filled her mind. Awful things. Filthy things. Nasty things. Things she couldn't speak of, especially to her husband. As this all came flooding back, she turned away from her spouse, looking out the front window. It was early evening, and the snow was really coming down, the beginnings of a white Christmas starting in earnest.

"I'm fine," the young wife said vaguely, looking out the window, trying to figure out her true feelings about what happened.

"How'd your talk go with old Bruce?" Derrick asked. Hearing his name made her nipples tighten and her breath catch, but she kept her eyes looking out the window, down the street. Then... something caught her eyes. Her eyes had landed at Bruce's house, where she'd spent so much time today, and she saw something that made her eyes go wide.

Christmas lights.

It wasn't much, a small strand of lights hanging along the edge of the roof. Looking closer, there was another strand of lights wrapped around the post light, with a bow on top. On the door was a wreath. Bruce had lived up to his end of the bargain, and much like his seduction of Lacey, he had worked fast, getting the job done before she knew it.

Lacey was shocked. Her efforts had not been in vain. Sure, her methods to getting him on her side had been... unorthodox, but it had worked. She had shown that evil old Grinch a bit of Christmas, uh, spirit, and he had jumped on board. It might be for less than ideal reasons, but nonetheless he was onboard, and for someone as devoted to Christmas as she was, she knew that there was no going back.

Bruce was now on the side of Christmas, for good.

"So..." Derrick asked, interrupting her thoughts. "How'd it go?"

Lacey turned to face her husband, unable to hide her grin.

"Great!" she said, smiling brightly. "It went great."

"Really?" he said, joining her and looking out the window, confirming her assertion by seeing his decorations. "How'd you pull that off?" Her mind flashed to Bruce's standing in front of her as Lacey jacked him off onto her face. She moved past that quickly.

"I have my ways," she said, and her husband simply shook his head and smiled.

"I can't believe it..." Derrick said. "That guy always came across like a major asshole."

"Oh... he's not so bad," Lacey said, defending the evil old man. "I can handle him."

"You are unbelievable," he said, in awe of his wife. "You said you'd do it, and you did."

"And I won't let up," Lacey affirmed. "If I stay on him long enough, next year, he'll have the most decorations on the block. I'm sure of it."

Derrick didn't suspect a thing, so impressed he was by his wife's determination and Christmas spirit. It was truly something for a man with a wife like his to have so little paranoia about her fidelity. To not be able to defend his wife when the biggest attack on their marriage had just occurred... her earlier words said in the heat of passion to Bruce about Derrick began to ring truer to her.

When it came down to it, Derrick was kind of a pussy.

So many men wanted to do bad things to a woman so well-built and sexy, and surely, someone would get the job done. But Bruce had, and thanks to Derrick's naiveté, he would be availing himself in the younger man's wife for the foreseeable future without even the slightest bit of suspicion.

Truly, it was a Christmas miracle.

Chapter 4

"You are shameless!" Polly said, grinning, to her 18-year-old grandson, Connor, as they entered her car in the church parking lot.

"What?" he said with a big smile, knowing exactly what she was talking about.

"Don't act like you don't know..." Polly said, turning on her car and backing out of the parking spot before pulling out on the road.

"You had that poor girl wrapped around your finger," she replied, referring to the cute 18-year-old daughter of the preacher.

"I was just chatting with her," he replied innocently.

"A girl like her can't handle a big city guy like you," she joked, knowing the town he was from wasn't exactly huge, but it was certainly bigger than Deerberg. "If I didn't stop you when I did, she'd be renouncing the church and God knows what else. She'd probably end up on her knees worshipping something else entirely..." she said, causing her normally confident grandson to blush slightly. "Just leave the poor girl be. Besides... YOU should know better! You're the one with the girlfriend."

"Like I said, I wasn't doing anything," he replied.

"Hon, you gotta learn to turn that charm off," Polly advised. "Trust me, it'll get you in trouble."

"Hey, you were the one twirling her hair around her finger when talking up that teacher guy..." Connor retorted.

"I was not!" she replied with a big grin, mock offended.

"Grandma, that guy was, like... Mom and Dad's age," he stated. "Robbing the cradle a bit?"

"If you think that's me robbing the cradle, you don't know me well enough," she replied with a knowing smile, her tone vague enough for Connor to be unsure if she was joking or not. "Besides, I'm a single lady about town... I can talk to whoever I want."

"And I'm a young guy who girls like to talk to..." Connor replied.

"A guy who, again, has a girlfriend, and shouldn't corrupting church-going girls with his dark, big city sorcery," she said, making him smile. After a long pause, she added, "She did have a cute butt on her, though..."

"Ha. Yeah, and that guy you were talking to had, uh... a premium dong... on him," he replied, unsure of the joke he was making as he made it. This comment made them both burst into laughter, before settling into a warm silence as they headed back to Polly's place.

After all the Calvorsons, sans Dale, had attended morning Church services, most of them made their way downtown for the big Christmas Eve parade. But two of them did not.

Polly Calvorson, the matriarch of this clan, opted to head home. Frankly, she'd been to the parade so many times it had lost all its novelty. Plus, she had plenty of cooking to take care of for the big meal tonight, and she couldn't put things off all day.

She was joined by Connor, her grandson, the oldest son of her daughter, Penelope. A handsome boy of 18, it was clear he'd aged out of such festivities like parades. He probably wouldn't have even gone to church if it was up to him, but his mother would never let that pass. She didn't want him to skip out on the parade either, but Polly stepped in and overrode her decision, assuring her daughter it would be fine, that he would be helping her out with the cooking. Penelope feared he'd just go back home and laze about, but Polly promised she'd keep him busy.

Polly and Connor always had a strong relationship, frankly much better than the one he had with his mother. One point the entire family could agree on was that Polly's daughter Penelope was a huge bitch, and a control freak, and she tried her best to keep her kids in line. Naturally, Connor pushed against this over-parenting, a point that caused some conflict between them, especially as he grew older and more independent. But Polly, she always treated him the way he preferred. Not as a rival, whose independence had to be tamped down, but as an adult. Even when he was younger, Polly always treated him like his own person.

But it might just come down to the difference in personalities between mother and daughter. On paper, just looking at them, they had a lot in common. Being mother and daughter, they shared many qualities. Similar blonde hair. Similar good looks. Similar bodies. Similarly large breasts. But that's pretty much where the comparisons ended. Penelope was bitchy, unpleasant, and very controlling. While Penelope was tightly wound and not always the most fun to be around, Polly was a blast. A real spitfire. And the fun thing was, she wasn't some doddering old lady. If anything, she was more keyed in and with it than her daughter was. Even though she was his grandmother, he always felt like he could talk to her like someone his own age, and not an authority figure like his mother. He could have conversations with his grandmother that he couldn't with his own mom. Things that would cause his mother to freak out if she knew he was talking about it, let alone doing. And the main subject of these conversations was girls.

Now, it wasn't that Connor was a delicate, shy young man who needed the sage wisdom of his grandmother. Quite the opposite. To put it bluntly, Connor slayed it with girls. A devilishly handsome young man with soulful yet playful eyes, a perfect shock of dark hair, a good tan, and a fit, cut Lacrosse player's body. Looks alone would be enough for him, but he had that certain, special something that all but insured he'd have zero issue getting laid.

Which he didn't.

Whether it be his unflappable confidence or his smooth way with words, he had talked his way into some pretty serious stuff in his 18 years. His high school career was a trail of girls who'd spread their legs for him, and it was a long trail. So, by the time most of his peers were first experimenting, he was on to the advanced stuff. By the point that some of the less experienced guys were letting a furtive hand slide between their girlfriends' legs for the first time, he was going balls deep in the prom queen's ass. And by the time he reached senior year, his gaze began looking outwards, beyond the realm of his high school.

A month into his senior year, he had ended up at college party, and had given this smoke show 21-year-old the night of her life. And around Halloween, after running into his young, fresh-out-of-college calculus teacher at the store, all it took was a small bit of chatting her up before she was vigorously inhaling his cock in the backseat of his car. She still blushed whenever she looked at him in class.

That all being said, he actually did have a girlfriend. He started dating Lucia after coming together at a Halloween party. They ran in different social circles, and they'd been circling each other for a while with teasing comments and light flirtation, but nothing was made official until they hooked up at this party. That was when they became official. And even though they'd only been dating for about two months, it'd been going really well.

Now, Lucia was not some sweetheart that was guiding Connor along the right path. No, she was as dirty and freaky as he was. Stunningly beautiful, with a great body, with a healthy pinch of wicked that made her irresistible. Every desire he had, she more than met. And while you might think otherwise, with all his history as a player, he was actually a really good boyfriend. All his charm and energy, focused on one girl... he could make any girl he dated feel like a princess. And honestly, he was truly content. It wasn't like he hadn't sowed his wild oats. He'd experienced just about all the things sexually, so the idea of settling down with a girl he really liked didn't seem like the worst thing in the world. He could get used to it. However, he was still a shameless flirt, hence the little incident with the preacher's daughter.

And no matter how much he settled down, he would always be a flirt.

That was a quality he shared with his grandmother.

It was a skill Polly picked up in her younger days when she did beauty pageants. She never took her flirting to an obscene level, but turning on the charm with some light flirting was imperative to winning over the judges, and as time went on and her skills developed, her flirt game was second to none. She had always been quick on her feet, and that skill, combined with her charm and her intense beauty, allowed Polly Calvorson to be named Miss Deerburg back when she was 18.

Despite this seemingly great award, it didn't make her many friends. Sure, the male population certainly appreciated her, but her female peers weren't impressed. Many nasty, untrue rumors were started about her, with her competitors attributing her victory to acts of impropriety she took part in, or the fact that Polly had the biggest chest and a perfect rear end, attributes that they thought she shamelessly displayed. None of this was true, well… at least the first part wasn't true. She didn't have to do anything improper to convince the judges she was the best. They came to that conclusion themselves.

Those skills, her charm and flirtatious nature, served her well in her life, even if it did come with some drawbacks. Yes, she did land a successful husband, a handsome man, 19 years her senior who took a great shine to the young beauty. That led to many years of happiness and a great big family. But, many years down the line, it led to strife in her marriage, as her husband's jealousy of her active social life, and his lack of patience with her still flirtatious nature, led to an irreconcilable rift between them which lasted till the day of his passing. But she was never starved for male attention, even up to present day. But because she was so charming and flirtatious, she could never fully escape the promiscuous label, one which wasn't always true. When she was married, she never once cheated on her husband, despite what some of her peers or even her husband might have said. Maybe at other times in her life she slept around, but certainly not then.

She had always had a healthy appetite for sex, and yes, at times it had verged on the unhealthy. In her younger years, she didn't have any scruples about sleeping around, and slaking her wicked desires. And she had always had a great time doing it. And when she got married, she put her focus on her husband entirely, never once cheating on him, despite plenty of opportunities. Even as he got older, and his jealousy grew, and the rift between them grew beyond repair, they always had an active sex life. Too active, it turns out. With him being so much older than her, he couldn't quite keep up with Polly as well as he used to. She could still give him a thorough seeing to, but things had reached the point where he had to lie there and hold on for the ride. And one night, after one of these vigorous sex sessions, he had stumbled up from the bed, coated with sweat, stumbling to the

bathroom to get some water and catch his breath. The next thing Polly heard was a dull thud as he collapsed onto the floor.

Her kids never knew the circumstances of their father's death. They just thought it was a heart attack, never fully knowing what had incited it. This was a bit of a wakeup call for her, making her realize she probably had to tamp down her wicked desires and maybe start acting her age. So, she did so, devoting herself to her family, doing her best to raise them in such trying circumstances. It wasn't always easy, especially after her husband passed, but she took pride in the way her family came together afterwards, and that let her know she had done a good job with them. And now she was the grandmother of this big bustling family. She certainly didn't feel like a grandma, that's for sure.

She didn't look like one either.

Sure, she was many years past her beauty queen days, so she had some wrinkles. And she'd had three children, so her hips were a bit wider, but she looked damn good. A dedicated fitness hound since her youth, she was more active than most women twenty or thirty years younger. Her belly was flat, her legs were long and firm, and her arms were slim and toned. While she had some natural weight gain with aging, it all went to the right places. Her ass was absolutely mouth-watering, firm and perky and heart-shaped, each cheek round and full and perfectly formed, with an immaculate cleft in between. She took great pride whenever she noticed some young guy at the gym with his eyes glued to her perfect, mature rear end.

But none of this compared to her breasts.

They had been huge in her younger years, but after having three kids, they had sized-up to the point where they could only be described as absolutely mammoth. Full, round, jiggling GG-cups, they drew attention wherever she went. And somehow, she hadn't succumbed to the dreaded sag, her massive tits still firm and perky, bursting out from her chest, bouncing with every step she took.

On top of that, she worked hard to maintain her beauty queen looks. Sure, she had some signs of aging, but her makeup was always immaculate, her eyes looking smoky and sexy, and her lips smooth and glossy. Her hair was always well styled, her dirty blonde hair cascading past her shoulders, with only a hint of gray. She always dressed well to flatter her body while also keeping up with current trends. And on top of this, she always made sure to maintain a good tan, her skin golden and smooth even in an area not ideal for keeping one. So many of her peers had just taken the effects of aging and done nothing. Her neighbor Doris, God bless her, had become an old biddy, and someone like her other neighbor Janet was unwilling to put in the time to keep herself in tip-top shape.

But Polly... Polly was a hot grandma.

And she still had that charm and that way with words. Combining that with her hot body, and the ever growing sexualization and fetishization of older women, meant that despite her best efforts, she was getting more and more male attention. And that appetite for sex had never left her. She was on her own, and had no one to answer to, so she figured... why not have a little fun? Why not indulge in some fun? And yeah... she'd indulged herself, quite a few times, but never anything too serious. She was hot, she was horny, and she was very good at sex. It'd be a waste not to use these talents for fun.

So, in that sense, her and Connor had a lot in common. Both hot, both charmers, both very, uh... experienced... at hot, nasty sex. They'd forged their way through life in much the same way, having similar experiences and similar outlooks. Despite their obvious differences, her and Connor were two peas in a pod, able to bounce back and forth with jokes and comments behind everyone else's back. These two were on the same level, with Connor being at the forefront of things thanks to his youth, and Polly being wise to the ways of world.

Which is why, as they headed home, Polly knew exactly why Connor wanted to head home. It wasn't just because he was too cool for school and didn't want to attend the parade. No. Connor was an 18-year-old away from his girlfriend, cooped up with family. For the first time in days, he'd have a few moments of privacy without being in the same room as someone or having someone pounding at the door. Polly knew

exactly what Connor wanted to do with this moment of privacy. He wanted to do what all 18-year-old guys did with every spare moment of time they had.

Furiously and vigorously masturbate.

Polly knew what made guys like him tick. And while she never invested much thought into her grandson in this way, she knew what type of guy he was. She knew he was a bit of a player, from his stories and his demeanor. She couldn't avoid coming to this pretty obvious conclusion, and everything she saw supported this.

Glancing over at him from the driver's seat as they chatted, she saw all the telltale signs of a young man dying to jack off. He was antsy. Anxious. Strumming his fingers along the armrest, eager to get some privacy so he could wrap those same fingers around his dick and just go to town. So, as they reached her house and made their way inside, an idea began to form in her mind.

Stepping through the door, they were met by a strangely anxious Dale, barely meeting her eyeline.

"I, uh... I still need get the stuff done outside..." he said quickly, passing them.

"You're not done yet?" Polly asked.

"Uh... no," Dale said simply, closing the door behind him. Giving him a curious look, she set down her purse and pulled off her coat, before looking up as Connor began making his way upstairs.

"I'm just gonna take a quick nap," he stated.

"No, no, no..." Polly said, shaking her head, barely containing her grin. "You're gonna be helping me out with the food. I promised your

mother I wouldn't let you laze about, so you'll be helping me." The annoyance was clear on his face as he looked at his grandmother. The problem was he couldn't say the reason why, and Polly knew this. She held his gaze, her eyes twinkling in amusement at his predicament.

She didn't know why she was doing this. It didn't particularly bother her if he was gonna be lazy, and she had never felt any compulsion to help Penelope enforce her draconian parenting rules. Maybe it was something in the air, but she took great delight knowing she was mildly torturing her grandson by withholding him the pleasure of draining his swollen nuts.

Or maybe she felt like it was only fair for him to be as horny as she was. Polly had always been a woman with a ravenous sexual appetite, an appetite which had never been properly taken care of. And with her house so busy, she wasn't able to slake her own desires any more than Connor could. So... fair is fair.

For a moment, Connor wondered if his grandmother knew exactly what she was doing. She had a wicked sense of humor, and sometimes her joking pushed some barriers. But rarely was it this wicked, especially when involving her grandson. Not knowing what else to do, he exhaled, shrugged his shoulders, and accepted his fate.

"Well, can I at least change first?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said, eyeing his church clothes. "Probably should. But be quick about it. We have a lot to do." Moving quickly and heading to the room he was staying in, he took off his button-up shirt and pulled down his slacks. He always found this kind of outfit uncomfortable, so he was glad to be rid of it. As he stood in his underwear for a moment, his fit tanned body exposed to exactly no one, he couldn't help but notice his swollen, hefty teenage dick straining against his tight dark boxer-briefs. Looking more like a salami stuffed in his underwear, pointed towards his hip, he wished he had a fifteen minute or so respite just so he could take care of business. He could try to do it quickly, but he wanted to savor the moment, you know? It would be unsatisfying to take care of things with a countdown clock, and it would be even worse if he got interrupted halfway through.

If it wasn't clear, he REALLY missed his girlfriend. He and Lucia had a very active sex life, and he was an 18-year-old bursting with desires and needs, so he was used to having his balls drained regularly. Being cooped up with family, having a minimal amount of privacy, his balls were understandably boiling. He was dying to cum but there was no relief in sight. Exhaling again and pulling on a comfortable t-shirt and some basketball shorts, he headed back downstairs, trying to ignore the straining pressure coming from his hard dick and giving one last check to make sure his erection wasn't visible.

Joining his grandmother in the kitchen, he noticed that she hadn't changed. There was no dressing down with his grandmother. She would dress up to do nothing. She always liked to look her best, so she didn't mind cooking in the same outfit she went to church in, a slim pair of black pants and a green pullover top, which acted more like a thin sweater. She had pulled on a red apron as she had begun food prep.

"So... what are we making?" he asked, putting on a smile and rubbing his hands together.

"Well, I've already got a few things going," she said, showing him a few pots on the stove. "And I had your uncle put in the turkey while we were gone," she said, opening up the oven, revealing the huge turkey baking in there. "So, I'm gonna have you put to work on the baking. The cookies and the pie and the other treats. But we're not quite there, so until then, you're just gonna be my slave, and do whatever little task I ask..." she said with a naughty smile.

"Ooohhh..." he said, grinning, amused by this. "With the way the guys were flocking to you at the church, I bet I'm not the first." Polly laughed at this.

"See, I know what I'm doing then..." she stated. "So, you'd better be careful." She warned, before giggling again, miming a whip-like motion towards her 'slave'.

As they got going, with her having him stir some pots on the stove and having him cut some veggies, little menial tasks, Polly wondered why she was being so bold today. While she always loved joking with Connor, and teasingly flirting with him, things were getting a little more adult than usual this morning. There was a strange energy in the air between them that was never there before, a hint of Christmas magic that brought people together during this time of year. Maybe it was because he was an adult now, freshly 18. Maybe it was because he was more mature and ready for more grown up conversations, as he was a very, uh... 'experienced'... young man. Maybe it was just nice to finally have someone around that was so quick that she could go back and forth with. Or maybe it was that he was just so darn cute. But for some reason, things felt more... real... in a way they never had before. She knew she should probably cut this kinda behavior off now... but... why stop the fun so soon? Flirting with Connor was exciting. Why not keep playing around? Who did it hurt? She knew what lines not to cross, of course. She wasn't stupid. So... why not just have some more fun, even if it approached that line a little bit more?

"Okay..." she announced, setting down a pile of ingredients on the counter next to him, as well as a big mixing bowl. Grabbing a recipe card, she handed it to him. "So, follow this card, and use this bowl to mix it all together."

"Don't you have a mixer?" he asked.

"Yes, that's gonna be in use, so I'll need you to use all this teenage strength to do a good mixing job," she said, letting her fingers fall to his exposed bicep, squeezing it lightly.

"Whoa..." he said, surprised but not bothered. "Watch your wandering hands, old lady," he joked. "Could get you into trouble." She was undeterred, holding his gaze as she gave his strong arm muscle another firm squeeze. Finally, she let her hand slide off his arm before walking away, but not before slapping his ass firmly. "Oh!" he called out in surprise as she looked back at him with a smirk.

Once she turned away from him, she shook her head. What was she doing? She was exhaling to cool herself down, because she was enjoying the tease. And despite the situation and the parties involved, she found herself getting very much turned on. She knew it was wrong, but again... it was fun. Polly might be getting carried away, but Connor was a gameplayer just like she was. That being said, she knew she had to cool off, so she deftly and unconsciously undid a button in her top, exposing a bit more of her succulent, perfectly aged cleavage.

In order to cool off, of course.

Connor certainly wasn't offended by his grandmother's teasing of him. It was all in good fun. With having so many girls swooning over him, it was fun to actually have someone be so aggressive, even it was kind-of joking. Even if it was his own grandmother. And besides... he gave as good as he got, and he was ready to return the favor.

"Hey... check it out," he called out. Polly turned to face him and watched as he deftly, with one hand, cracked an egg and held both sides between his fingers as he emptied it in to the mixing bowl, without letting any shell fall in, before spinning one end of the shell in his palm so the two ends were nested together. "I'm good with my fingers," he teased, tossing the shells in the sink.

"Mmm... I always suspected that..." she replied, leaning back against the counter, making him laugh. "But one trick isn't enough. Nothing makes a girl melt quite like a guy who can handle himself in the kitchen."

"Oh..." he replied, nodding. "So this does it for you then?" he asked, sticking his tongue out and adopting a dull look on his face as he stirred at the bowl wildly, sending flour flying all over.

"Haha... surprisingly yes, even with you looking like that," she replied. "I could make it work." He smiled again at this.

"Well, it's good to hear you have low standards," he replied, ending his stirring and adding more things to the bowl.

"You'd be surprised at how low my standards have gone..." she replied, smiling, making him laugh. "I could even settle for some dumb 18-year-old who barely knows what he's doing." He smirked at this.

"You'd be surprised at the things I know..." he replied.

"I bet..." she replied, that comment hanging in the air between them for a moment as they stared right at each other. Finally, Polly ended the silence.

"Okay..." she called out. "No more fun. Back to work," she said, refocusing on cooking.

Connor didn't know why he was doing this either. He and his grandma had always made joking comments to each other, but this felt different. Maybe it something in the air, or maybe it was the cum bubbling in his balls, but he was feeling emboldened in a way he rarely had before. And it had had its affect, as his straining erection had only gotten harder at this gentle teasing between them.

"It's probably for the best we focus," Connor said sarcastically. "Like you know, I have a girlfriend. I have to behave."

"Hey, I'm just trying to help you out. Like I said, your little girlfriend will love seeing you being able to cook and bake for her. If you can keep up with me in here today, it will pay off very well for you long term. Trust me." Polly stated, calling out behind her as she worked at the stove.

"I bet that... oh, wait... where's the vanilla?" he asked, interrupting their mutual teasing with an actual question.

"Oh, that's above here," she stated, pointing above the stove.

"Okay," the young man said, sauntering towards her. Standing near her and reaching up into the cabinet, he grabbed the container of vanilla. Turning to walk away, he surprised Polly by reaching back and slapping her ass in the same way she did with him.

"OH!" she called out, jumping, dropping the wooden spoon in her hand as his big palm slapped against her full rear end, laughing slightly. Her body tingled from the sudden contact, and she couldn't hide the heat in her eyes when she looked back at him. "Oh, well... if you need to come back over here for anything else, feel free..." she purred, shaking her butt at him ever so slightly, all but inviting him to spank her ass whenever he wanted.

"Don't make any promises you can't keep, old lady..." he replied with a wolfish grin.

"I'm not..." she replied succinctly, smirking wickedly. Both of them refocused on their work as they each started to sense they were getting carried away.

It was amazing how far society had fallen that this type of behavior could be justified. A generation prior, a decade prior, hell... maybe even only a few years prior, the idea of flirting with someone you're related to, such as what was happening here between a grandmother and her grandson, would be a thing of shame to most. The type of intrusive thought that would be stamped out internally before ever reaching the point of action. Sure, an older woman might think her grandson was a hunk, with all those tasty young muscles and an impressively large bulge in his shorts. And yeah, a young man might think to himself that his grandmother had a pair of massive squeezable boobs and an ass that was damn near hypnotizing. But for the most part, they would never give these thoughts any purchase in their minds, letting them pass by as quickly as they appeared.

To most people, thoughts along these lines were so foreign that they would never even conceive such a thing was possible. A young man

and his grandmother... flirting? It was madness! And for those who were able to conceive of such things, they would never dare speak them knowing how wicked and wrong they were. But now, right here in this kitchen, a grandmother and grandson were flirting and teasing as they sized each other up sexually. And not only that, they were doing so on the eve of the biggest holiday of the year, Christmas.

What had changed?

Was it the slow erosion of morals in society that allowed people to think they could so openly flirt with their own flesh and blood? Was it the declining numbers of church-goers in today's world? Was it the spreading influence of hardcore sex and filthy pornography over every aspect of life? All of these were possibilities. But... maybe there was another explanation.

Maybe the problem was Christmas itself.

Maybe it was Christmas that changed. Since its inception, Christmas had been a beacon of purity, of all that was good and right in the world. A time where everyone could come together for the sake of humanity, putting the best of themselves on display. The sins of the world would accumulate as the year passed, but they would be washed away by the unrelenting purity of Christmas. The holiday was one of the focus points of all that was good in the world. If the good in the world was a flowing river, Christmas was its freshwater source.

Was it possible that something changed? That maybe the reservoir had been tainted, the water no longer pure? Maybe something about Christmas had been upended, flipped on its head. The North Pole was the beating heart of Christmas, powering it, allowing it the holiday to spread cheer throughout the world. Maybe something bad had happened there, something so sinful that the world was forced to reckon with it. Without people even knowing it, maybe Christmas as they knew it had been forever changed. Instead of the beacon of Christmas shining its light across the world, maybe it was funneling something else outwards, a dark energy, slowly enveloping the world in its shadow. And maybe that shadow was spreading, slowly affecting everyone. Gradually infecting people, warping their moral compasses.

And this shadow wasn't something that created an evil in people that wasn't there before. It just weakened the barriers that held back people's worst impulses, allowing them to slowly seep to the surface.

This might all seem insane but look at the evidence. People were becoming more and more jaded towards Christmas, dreading the joy and positivity that it brings. The point in the year where Christmas music being played used to be a moment of joy. Now, people dreaded it. Instead of the joy of the Christmas season, people were more concerned about all the Christmas sales, more concerned with material goods than the actual tenets of the holiday. Christmas displays were muted, a shadow of their former glory. Lights hung lazily from the edges of houses, an almost perfunctory display, lacking the spirit and joy they once represented.

Face it. Christmas had changed, and the people along with it.

Across the world, people were getting greedier. Meaner. More self-centered. If anything, Christmas was a thing that divided people now instead of bringing them together. Instead of relaxing and finding joy in the world during Christmas, some would use the holiday to pick fights, about anything from religion to Christmas coffee cups. Instead of coming together and taking joy in the diversity of the world, it fortified their differences. If Christmas didn't meet some people's specifications, then they would use the holiday as a weapon to split humanity apart. For most people these days, Christmas was only about themselves.

Maybe all this self-centeredness was not only what people put on display to the world, but behind closed doors as well. Maybe this self-centeredness translated to the bedroom. Maybe now, people were putting their own needs and sexual desires first and foremost, overriding any concerns that would prevent them from quenching their thirst. Everyone had filthy, nasty, deliciously wicked sexual fantasies. And for so long, all but the most wicked would tamp these desires down, never letting them reach the surface, fleeing from anything even resembling the impure. But it seemed that today, not only were these desires being allowed to reach the forefront, people were living them out. Indulging their filthiest cravings, willingly bathing in sin, saying and doing things they never would have before.

Maybe the sins of the world were all rooted in the paradigm shift behind the scenes of Christmas. The holiday as it used to be was long gone, the spirt and soul of the season having faded away, becoming a sad shadow of its former self. And in its remains, a new form of Christmas rose, taking its place in a bloodless coup. This paradigm shift affected the world year-round, but maybe its affect got stronger as Christmas Day approached.

So, if you wondered how a grandmother and grandson could find themselves flirting with each other on Christmas Eve, you might have your answer. Or if you considered how people like them could ignore all the warnings and keep playing with fire, this might be why. If you questioned how two intelligent people could keep playing this most dangerous game, dancing around the dark waters of incest, this might be the explanation. A colossal Christmas conspiracy that explained how jaded people had become towards Christmas, why people were meaner these days, why the world had gotten more materialistic, and why filthy, nasty and sinful sex was on the rise.

Or, maybe it was that they were both just really hot.

Maybe the explanation was as simple as that. Just look at the facts. For an 18-year-old, Connor was way more studly and attractive than most. And Polly, as a grandmother, was hotter, sexier, and had a much better body than most women half her age. Connor, with his good looks and his fit, well-muscled body, emanated a raw sense of animal sex that only comes from someone at their absolute peak. And Polly oozed with heat and lust in a way that men responded too, and her being much older only added to that. That's why men would chat her up at the church. That's why people in public would always enjoy dealing with her. And that's why it was possible that her own grandson would get turned on just by being around her and flirting with her. This was an unusual situation, not helped by the fact that his cock was throbbing and his balls were churning with pent-up cum, and that she was a shameless flirt who was almost constantly horny. These were two highly-sexed, highly attractive people in close proximity to each other.

Of course sparks would fly.

There were so many good reasons for them not be teasing each other. They were grandmother and grandson. That should be the biggest hang-up to them teasing and flirting with each other like this. Secondly, he had a girlfriend, one he liked very much. And she, as a grandmother to this big family, should not be behaving this way. They both knew better, but both were finding the game too much fun to stop playing.

Neither could fully understand what was going on between them right now, or how far they were willing to go. Both of them enjoyed the game of teasing and flirting, even if it was between each other. Polly had been a shameless flirt for all of her adult life. And in recent years, with her husband long gone, she had really embraced it again, working it the best she could, to great success. And for Connor, this was unexplored territory. He'd done just about everything he could with the girls his age, and with some girls a few years older. But this, going back and forth with an older woman, a real, fully formed, hot-bodied, confident mature woman... it was thrilling. It was new. It was exciting. For a guy who thought he'd done just about anything, he was enjoying this flirtation in a way he rarely had. And the fact that it was with his hot grandmother only added to the excitement.

He could fully admit to the fact that his grandmother was pretty fucking hot. He wasn't normally super into the idea of MILFs and older women, but his grandmother just had IT. The special something that gave her an incredible level of sex appeal. And not only that, the fact that she was physically attractive and had a ridiculous body only made it better. Combined with the fact that he had such a contentious relationship with his mother, and that he had such a better relationship with her mother, only added to the fun. Polly clearly liked Connor a lot more than her own daughter, and that was kinda exciting in a weird sort of way.

And Polly felt the same way. There were so few guys that could keep up with her, and the fact that her own hunky grandson could do so was exciting. The fact of the matter was, with his fit body, nice muscles, handsome face, and cute butt, she found him devilishly attractive. The ultimate forbidden fruit. And that they seemed to be on

the same level only made it more difficult to ignore. If he wasn't her grandson, and they had met in public, she would have done everything to seal the deal. And she was having difficulty not wanting to take things to that same level, incest be damned.

Playing the game with him was just too much fun...

Both knew the boundary, and both knew better to not cross it, but due to the fact they were both totally turned on, that boundary was getting quite blurry. And they could either put an end to the fun and keep that boundary in place, or... they could keep going, and see how close to the boundary they could get before pulling back.

"How are the cookies coming?" she asked, coming over to him as she saw him pour in the bag of chocolate chips. She approached him from behind, and he jumped slightly as he felt her confidently push her giant breasts against his back, lightly scrubbing them against him as she looked over his shoulder.

"It's good..." he said, stirring the dough by hand, getting the chips fully mixed in. As he dug in with the spatula, his body swayed to side-to-side, and she responded by scrubbing her huge, soft tits against his back in an opposing rhythm.

"You've got to really get in there, hon," she said, grabbing his arm and urging him to dig in deeper, an act that also doubled as an excuse to press her big tits even more firmly against his back.

"Oh, yeah... deeper?" he questioned knowingly.

"Yeah... you've always got to go deep, hon. That's when it's the best..." she teased in a breathy tone. As overt as this was, she wasn't actually making a legit pass at her grandson. She was just pushing it further, testing how he'd react.

"How about you show me?" he asked, stepping back. Not hesitating, she stepped in front of him, grabbed the spatula, and began digging into the dough just the way she wanted. He stepped in close behind her, looking down over her shoulder.

"You see?" she asked, arching her back.

"Yeah... I see," he replied. Her vigorous stirring of the dough was causing her breasts to sway side-to-side, and those few undone buttons gave him a primo view straight down into her cleavage. So yeah... he could see. She was bent over the counter slightly, pushing her butt out towards him, shaking it back and forth in the same way her chest was. Sensing a chance to respond in kind to her earlier gambit, he straightened his cock so it was pointed upwards in his boxer-briefs and stepped right in behind her, pressing his thick, throbbing teenage cock right against her ass-crack. As soon as he made contact, she pushed right back against him, putting the pressure on his lengthy dong. "You want me getting in there like that?" he asked, his voice lower, grinding his cock against her hot ass.

"Just like that..." she replied, looking back, giving him a small nod, still stirring the dough. She knew this was crossing a line, yet... she couldn't help but keep it going. It was fun to play along, and what she was pressed up against was VERY impressive. She couldn't help but keep at this for a few moments before finally stepping away, stepping out of their close contact. "Get to it then! We've still got a pie to make." Stunned as she walked away, he exhaled to calm himself and resumed stirring the dough.

The game had taken the next step up. Neither knew how far they were willing to push this, but neither wanted to be the first to blink. So they would keep going, until someone said stop, or that boundary between them disappeared completely

"Hon..." Polly called out. She was standing with the oven door open, a casserole of some sort in her hands. Connor stopped stirring to pay attention. "I need to put this in the oven on the bottom shelf. Can you just come over here and make sure I don't fall over? I'm a rickety old grandma, after all," she joked. "Just stand behind me and grab my hips so I don't lose balance." Now seeing her intentions, her invitation

for some more close-quarters physical contact, he smirked and walked over to her and went behind her again, holding her hips firmly as she bent over at the waist to put the casserole in the oven below the turkey. She pushed her butt back into him again, but this time, he pulled back, denying her what she wanted. Instead, he took a new plan of attack. Looking down as her top raised up above her waist, he was shocked to see a tiny little black thong appear to him, forming a delicious looking whale-tail above the hem of her pants. Acting like he would if he was in such close proximity to a girl his own age, he ran his hand along her waist to her back and hooked the strap of her thong in his finger.

"Rocking a thong at church today, Grandma?" He asked, tugging at the tiny little garment lightly. Standing up straight and closing the oven door, she turned to face him, letting one hand fall to his hip.

"Yes, dear. Had to dress up today, wear something a bit more formal," she replied with a smile.

"A formal thong?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, usually, I'm wearing something even more revealing..." she hinted, sliding her fingers along his bulging crotch before walking away, both her words and actions making him gulp. "C'mon, hon, we've got to get these cookies ready to bake. I guess you'll need my help, it seems, since you keep getting distracted." He rejoined her at the mixing bowl filled with cookie dough, where she had grabbed some cookie sheets to begin laying out the dough. He joined her as she grabbed a couple spoons and began scooping out the dough into little balls, putting them on the tray. He tried to follow suit, but she had more of a deft hand at it, and he fell behind her rapid pace. At least, until...

"Oohhh..." she called out, looking down at a huge dollop of cookie dough that had fallen into her deep, smooth cleavage. Her hands were still holding the two dough slathered spoons. "Haha... well, I'd ask you to help clean me up, but what self-respecting teenage boy would actually have the guts to run his fingers along his grandmother's big tits?"

Keeping his eyes on hers, he stepped closer to her, reached forward, and without even looking, slid his fingers along her exposed cleavage, running his fingertips along the smooth tanned flesh, gathering every bit of cookie dough on his fingers. And, still holding her gaze, he brought the gathered-up cookie dough to his mouth and licked them clean. Her eyes flashed at this.

"Very good!" she said, beaming, almost proud of him at being willing to take the game this far. "I'm really glad I convinced you to help me out here in the kitchen and not let you go up to your room and jack off!" His smile met hers at this admission.

"So, if there's a hard dick around, you'd rather have it close by?" he asked.

"Yes! I want it close by, I want it to stay hard for hours, and I only want it to get relief when I let it..." she teased from across the counter, nipples now evident through her top. His eyebrows raised again, amazed by the language coming from her mouth.

"Well, my dick usually makes up its own mind," he said, glancing down at the now clearly evident bulge in his pants.

"We'll see about that..." she purred. They finished laying out a couple trays of cookie dough balls, ready to be baked.

"So... what's next?" he asked.

"Well, we still have to do the pie, but the oven's pretty busy right now. I do still have to cook up some of the sausage, and then..." she began.

"You like the sausage?" he couldn't help but interject. At this lazy double entendre, she winced slightly.

"Yes, Connor, I love big, thick, juicy sausage. I love shoving it down my throat," she said quickly, finishing out the punch line. He shrugged his shoulders at her disappointed glare.

"Hey, I had to try," he replied.

"Well, if you want to throat-fuck me, then just come out and say it next time..." she said, walking by him, her harsh language making a jolt run up and down his cock. She moved over to the fridge and opened it up before continuing to speak. "You're even more shameless than I thought. You're away from your girlfriend for only a few days, and not only are you flirting with some girl at church, but you're talking dirty to your own grandmother. I can't even imagine how horny you must be to be doing that..." she said, glancing back at him with a raised eyebrow. Not backing down, he replied.

"And I can't imagine how horny you must be to be rubbing your tits and ass all over your grandson... saying such dirty things to your daughter's teenage son. I mean, what kind of grandmother does that?" he said, stepping towards her. She turned around, some trays of sausage in hand. She set them down on the counter and approached him.

"Hon, you have no idea how far I'm willing to go..." she said, daring him to step it up to her level.

"Neither do you," he replied, not backing down, stepping right alongside her on the precipice of something truly filthy. To the barrier they both promised themselves they'd pull back from if they got too close.

But the game was too much fun, and neither of them were even thinking of stopping now.

Unafraid, she reached forward and cupped his thick, clothed teenage cock between her fingers. In response, he reached forward and

tweaked her hard nipples, causing her mouth to open in both shock and lust.

In response, her not backing down either, she slid her hand up and shoved it down his shorts, wrapping her thin, aged fingers around the root of his thick, bare cock. Undaunted, he stepped forward into her, reaching around her slim frame to squeeze her round ass. Now, with their fronts pressed together, Connor's hands on his grandmother's ass, her hand shoved down her grandson's shorts, their faces close to each other, they paused, knowing this was the last moment they could pull back. His eyes stared into hers, and hers up into his, both breathing deep.

Neither were gonna stop, but did either have the guts to take this all the way?

At the same moment, both leapt forward, lips colliding in a fiery kiss. Within moments, lips slid across lips, and tongues were sliding against tongues. Clearly, both of them were too turned on to stop. Grandmother and grandson were making out, swapping spit, but that was just the start. Her eager hands scooped out his sizable teenage cock from within his shorts, stroking it vigorously. His hands grabbed her roughly by the ass and lifted her off her feet, setting her on the counter in front of them. Lips still locked in an indecent, incestuous kiss on Christmas Eve, his hands rose to her chest, squeezing her massive mature tits through her top. Finally, their lips parted, and his couldn't help but turn up into a grin.

"Mom would freak if she saw us..." he said.

"By the end of this, you'll be calling me Mommy..." she teased with a snarl, spurring him into another illicit lip-lock. His hands went to her top and ripped it apart, exposing the black lace bra containing her mammoth jugs. Her huge tits were straining against the thin lace, flesh pouring over the edges, nipples visible through the thin material. He pulled their lips apart, spit connecting them, before he dove into her chest, rubbing his face against her huge, lace-clad breasts. She grabbed the back of his head and held him in place as she scrubbed her boobs against his face. His hands began pawing at his

grandmother's huge tits, taking as much of them as he could in his large palms. He squeezed them strongly, the firmness and softness at a level he'd never known possible. He'd squeezed some big boobs before, but these were the best. The absolute best. His own grandmother had the best tits he'd ever felt.

As he pressed himself against her, he felt her soft udders against his face as his hands were cupping them from underneath. At the same time, her hand was still eagerly stroking his pulsing weapon, now dripping juices onto her palm. He pulled back and moved to take this to the next level, reaching up to pull down the cups of her bra and reveal her nipples. Just as he hooked his fingers in the lace, ready to see his grandmother's bare tits for the very first time, their attention was pulled away by a noise.

The front door was opening.

Oh yeah, through this slow, boiling grandmother/grandson flirtation, Dale was still there, working outside. Now, he was coming back inside. Thinking quicker than Connor did, Polly hopped off the counter and ducked down behind it. Connor turned so he was facing away from the front door. Looking down nervously, Polly was now kneeling in front of him, and with this change of position, his throbbing, nine-and-a-half-inch teenage dick was pointing directly at his own grandmother's face. Looking down at her, she put her finger to her lips, telling him to be quiet. As he tried to look like everything was normal, she took the opportunity to really study his mammoth weapon. Long, and thick, and smooth, with a pair of balls that were large and round and swollen, it had been a long time since she'd seen a dick as perfect as this. It's raw power, it's angry, lustful energy, it hit her in waves, making her nostrils flare and her nipples tighten. Connor looked down at her and noticed her intense stare at his big, thick babymaker. Then, with him watching, she stared right down the barrel of his weapon, licked her lips, opened her mouth wide, and took seven inches of prime teenage dick into her waiting mouth.

"Ahhh!" he groaned out, as muted as he could, but how quiet could you really be when your grandmother wraps her lips around your cock?

"You alright?" Dale called out from the front of the house.

"Yeah... shit... just fine!" he called out, stifling his moans as best as he could. He looked down to see Polly bobbing up and down his throbbing, spit-covered pole. She looked up at him, eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Where's your grandmother?" Dale asked from the front of the kitchen. From where he stood, Connor had his back to him, leaning back casually against the kitchen island. The island was blocking his view of Polly. Connor looked back at him from over his shoulder.

"Uh... she went upstairs. Ughh... why?" he said, still somewhat pained.

"Oh, nothing. Usually never see her out of the kitchen on Christmas Eve..." he stated. "How's the turkey looking?"

"Good," Connor replied, giving him a thumbs up. "Really good." Connor glanced down again, his grandmother still gulping down his throbbing meat. His shaft was marinating in her broiling spit, and her nimble fingers were gently cupping his swollen balls, kneading them gently, coaxing more cum into them. She then forced 8 and half inches of his dick down her throat and held it, choking on his dick, before looking up at her grandson and winking at him. "What are you inside for?" Connor asked his uncle, trying to hide his impatience.

"Bringing in the mail. Plus... I need some tools in the garage..." he said, walking along the front of the kitchen towards the garage. Exiting quickly and opening the garage door to the outside, it was clear that he wasn't gonna be coming back inside right away. And as soon as the coast was clear... "Jesus, Grandma! This feels so fucking good!"

"You like that?" she asked, pulling her mouth off his pulsing weapon with a pop, stroking his spit-covered cock rapidly. "You like having your grandmother sucking your big, fat, meaty cock?"

"YES!" he groaned, wincing from the pleasure.

"Do I do it better than your little girlfriend?" she asked with a bit of a snarl.

"Yes!" He repeated. She kissed the head of his dick at this admission. "Better than any other girl."

"Well, I've had a lot of practice," she stated, kissing the underside of his cock. "I've sucked a lot of cock in my day... lots of cock. But not many that are this tasty... fuck!" she groaned, taking the top third of his cock in her mouth and sucking on it hard. It was true. It had been a long time since she'd had a dick this good. Thick and meaty and smooth, a cock in it's prime. She couldn't get enough. Her tongue savored its delicious flavor. She pulled her mouth from it again. "No man your age should go days without cumming. Honey... that's just not healthy!" she said with a small smile as she jacked him off. "Do... do you want me to finish you off? Do you want me to make you cum? Do you want your own grandmother to make you cum? Because once I do, there's no going back... for both of us. I'll leave it entirely up to you, babe," she said, stroking his weapon, influencing his decision. His cock throbbing with need, he didn't think twice. He gave the only answer he could.

"YES! Please! I need it!" he groaned. He was on the edge, and he was gonna go insane if he didn't cum. It didn't matter that it was his grandmother on the receiving end of his monster load. Even if it meant coating his own grandmother's gorgeous, elegant face with his thick, creamy teenage jizz, he would do it. He had to do it. He had to cum. And at this admission, she smiled and removed her hand from his cock, standing up right in front of him before he knew it.

"Good!" she announced, standing up, shirt splaying uselessly at her sides, her bra-covered breasts heaving as she breathed deep. "But

there's one thing you need to do first. You need to spin me around, bend me over the counter, and fuck me!" she said, reaching forward and grabbing his cock, stroking it lightly. "Do you hear me? You're about to have hot, nasty sex with your own grandmother. You're gonna go to town on your grandmother's ass until she cums. And only then do you get to cum. You'll get to drain your nuts wherever you want, but only if I get to cum first. Deal?" she said, vigorously stroking his throbbing log. "Are you up for that? Do you have the nerve to have sex with your smoking hot grandmother?

Connor never agreed to anything faster. With a quick nod, the deal was made. The die was cast. A grandmother and a grandson had just agreed to have naked, sweaty, vigorous sex with each other.

And that's exactly what they did.

Within moments, lips were locked together again, a grandson and a grandmother feasting on each other. Hands were busy as they ripped at each other's clothes. Her hands pulled off his thin shirt, revealing his fit chest and impressive abs, and his hands were busy as well, tossing aside her practically discarded top, leaving her upper half clad only in a bra. He then kissed his way down her neck and along the smooth vaulting ridge of her massive breasts. He couldn't hold himself back, and he slid his hands into his grandmother's black lace bra and scooped out her massive, fleshy jugs, allowing himself to see them bare for the first time.

Massively sized, and perfectly shaped, they vaulted off her chest, standing firm and full and perky. They were so round and so huge that they pressed against each other to form a natural canyon of succulent, aged cleavage. She had very evident tan lines, the fronts of her big tits whiter than the rest of her otherwise tan skin, evidence of the bikini she wore while tanning. Her mammoth breasts were capped with large, dusky pink nipples, standing out, yearning for an eager mouth.

Unable to resist, he jumped forward, rubbing his face against her bare breasts, his hands eagerly grabbing and squeezing the massive

udders. He took one of her hard nipples into his mouth and formed a vacuum seal around it, sucking it hard.

"AHHH! YES! That's it, hon! Suck your grandmother's big tits! Yes!" she moaned out, holding his face against her chest. "That's why you came home with me today. Not to relax. Not to go jack off. Not to help me cook. You came home for the small chance to suck on your own grandma's big jugs... and now you're getting your wish! YES!"

In a fervor, he switched between titties, squeezing the other breast over and over again as he nibbled on her other big tit, sucking on the hard nipple, biting on it lightly, driving her crazy.

"YES! Fuck! You LOVE my big tits! Look at you going so crazy! You've got that girlfriend back home, but that didn't stop you from diving right into your own grandmother's huge, naked tits! YES! I think they're your favorite set of breasts in the whole world! Aren't they... aren't they?" she questioned, her nipples as hard as diamonds.

In response, he sucked on her nipple even harder, his tongue worshipping the hard nub, coating it with spit, sucking on it like a starving man. He was loving this as much as she was.

"Fuck that's good..." she sighed, loving having her grandson sucking on her big jugs. She reached down again to stroke his throbbing weapon, and feeling its size again sent her into her own fervor. "C'mon! Shit! Fuck! We need to do it now! Bend me over and fuck me!" she moaned out, pushing him back, her bare tits coated with her grandson's spit.

Both moving quickly, she spun around in front of him, bending over the counter slightly and pushing her butt out towards him. She had done this earlier, in the midst of the 'game', but this time, it was gonna go a lot further. Grabbing the hem of her pants, he tugged it down from behind, but he struggled with the tight garment. She shimmied her waist, trying to aid him, and finally, using all those young muscles, he yanked her tight black pants down to her thighs, revealing her thong-clad ass in full. Each cheek was firm and juicy

and perfectly shaped, allowing the tiny string of the thong to disappear between the impressive cheeks. Much like with her upper half, she had tan lines on her ass as well, as she usually tanned in a simple bikini, not a thong, so despite her golden tan, she had a creamy white ass.

"What do you think, hon?" she asked, wiggling her butt. "Grandma's got a hot ass, doesn't she?"

"Yeah, Grandma... you've got a hot ass!" he growled, eyes locked on her juicy rear end. He tugged down his own shorts and boxers to his thighs and stepped behind her, pushing her forward slightly, forcing her butt out even more. Reaching down, he hooked her thong under his finger and tugged the tiny string between her cheeks to the side, allowing him full access to her naughty bits. He pressed up to her, her round ass pressing into his flat stomach, the head of his thick 9.5-inch teenage dick pressing against the puffy lips of her bare pussy.

Glancing forward at her, she looked back at him.

"Do it..." she urged him. "Fuck me!"

He didn't hesitate. Flexing his hips, her pussy spread open as he pushed his thick teenage cock into her waiting cunt.

"AHHH!" she moaned as she felt her grandson's huge dick filling her tight mature pussy. It had been a long time since she'd had a cock this big, but this one felt even bigger than all the rest. "Oh my God! That's so big!"

Gripping her hips, he pulled her back slightly as he pushed more of his thick, smooth weapon into her. Her tight, wet folds caressed his big dick in just the right way, squeezing every square inch of cock as it pushed inside her. How could a woman her age have a cunt this fucking tight?

"Fuck!" he groaned, savoring her mature pussy squeezing his cock as he stuffed more and more deep inside her.

"Jesus... you're huge!" she moaned, pushing her butt back, trying to take more of him into her. Finally, the lips of her cunt, which were stretched to the brim of the massive teenage cock buried inside it, were wrapped around the root of his dick, meaning he was now completely inside of her.

"Oh my God!" he marveled, squeezing his eyes shut. This felt so fucking good. No girl had ever been able to take his size, but now, with a real woman, his own grandmother, her cunt was able to take the whole thing. He felt a tight, mature cunt gripping every inch of his big young dick, and it felt incredible.

"Fuck me..." Polly urged. "FUCK ME!" Eyes darkening ever so slightly, Connor obeyed, pulling back so only the tip was inside her before driving back in again. "UGH! THAT'S IT! Yes! Fuck me baby! I need it so bad!" she moaned as he began to pump into her at a steady pace, stuffing his big dick inside her over and over again. "Oh my God! You're so goddamn big!"

"Shit! Holy fuck!" he groaned. How could this be so fucking good?

"You like that? You like your grandma's cunt?" she spat out, pushing her ass back at him, her butt and his torso colliding in a meaty slap.

"Yes!" He moaned out, fucking into her even harder. "It's the best I've ever had!" It was true. He'd fucked a lot of younger women, but they were all thoroughly outclassed by his own grandmother. It was madness.

"Better than Lucia?" she spat out, putting a little accent on her name mockingly.

"Yes! Jesus, it's driving me crazy!" He fucked into her even harder.

"Yes! And this is the best dick ever! Fuck! I can feel those big balls slapping my clit! UGH!" she moaned out. Polly pushed herself up slightly, her breasts now swaying a mere inch or two above the countertop. But that gap was quickly filled, as her grandson reached around her and cupped her huge tits roughly. Her bra was still resting beneath her tits, even though her jugs had long been pulled out of the cups, adding a minor level of support. But his talented hands did the rest, squeezing and groping her huge boobs as they swayed.

Her black pants were still around her thighs, and her upper half was still adorned only by her bra, the lacy material digging into her taut, tanned, sexy back. His thin shorts were just above his knees, and his shirt was still covering his fit upper half. Neither bothered to get unclothed fully, so consumed with their illicit rutting they were.

All cooking long forgotten, grandmother and grandson went at it ferociously, copulating roughly in an otherwise empty house, with her oldest son just outside the house. He could walk in at any time, but neither cared. Neither could stop even if they wanted to at this point. Both were so overcharged that the pursuit of relief was all-consuming. That also meant it wouldn't be long till they reached their climax.

"God damn, you know how to fuck!" Polly moaned out, impressed by the dicking she was on the receiving end of. He never slowed down, drilling her hard and fast and rough. He was incredible. "You must have had so much sex to get this good! YES! Does your mother know what you do with your free time?" She asked, her juicy rear end slamming back against him.

"UGH! Damn... fuck! She might still think I'm a virgin!" he groaned, giving his grandmother every inch. She laughed in between moans.

"Fuck! Poor, stupid girl!" she said in regards to her own daughter. "How could she think a young man as tasty as you is not getting laid constantly? UGH! OH! FUCK!" she moaned. As the fucking got harder, she was forced more and more onto the counter, presenting her ass for more furious fucking, her arms pushing the cookie dough filled trays

to the side as she did so. "But it doesn't matter... she's not your mother anymore... I am! I'm your fucking mom now! YES! YES! Tell me... call me Mommy!"

"Fuck! This feels so fucking good, Mommy!" he grunted out in pleasure.

"YYYYEEESSSSSSS!" she moaned in pleasure, her cunt gushing around his throbbing pole. "I'm your mother! I'm your mother now! You love me more than you ever loved her!"

"YES!" he screamed out, loving this filth.

"And, fuck... how could your fucking girlfriend ever let you out of her sight when you have a dick this good? FUCK! She has to know other girls will be chasing you! FUCK! If me and you were dating, I would chain you to the fucking bed and use you for sex every fucking day! YES!"

Connor fucked her even harder at this, her filthy language driving him insane with lust. This was the last frontier for a young man like him. He'd hooked up with all sorts of girls his age and a little above. Now, for the first time, he was with a much older woman, and not just any woman, but his own grandmother. This was about as filthy and fucked up as it got, and despite his love for his girlfriend, this was absolutely amazing. The best he'd ever had. He didn't know if he'd ever be able to get it any better than this.

Since her entire front was now on the counter, Connor slid his hands from her jiggling tits back onto her hips. But this new position allowed him a better sight of her round, sweet, jiggling ass, and the way the firm round cheeks spread apart as they drove into each other, exposing her tight, puckered asshole to his leering eyes. Just knowing she'd be game, he slid his hand across her bare ass and into her ass-crack, sliding two strong fingers into her ass.

"AHHHH! FUCK! YES!" she squealed in delight as her grandson fingered her asshole. "YES! You do have talented fingers! Don't stop! Don't fucking stop!" she screamed out, sounding near maniacal. Her cunt was quivering around his bloated weapon. "Fuck your mommy! Fuck your fucking slutty mother and make her fucking cum!" she screamed out, his cock throbbing at the incredible filth leaving her lips. This mommy thing was really making his balls boil.

Mere hours prior, these two were sitting in church, hearing about all the morals and virtues their religion taught them. Now, they were committing filthy, sinful, ravenous incest together, going at it like animals. And they weren't done yet.

"Fuck me baby... fuck me HARD!" she screamed out, her cunt dripping with juice as he drilled her at a blinding speed. Her skin was now coated with sweat, as was his. Her cunt was spasming around his cock. They were getting close. Reaching forward, he grabbed her sweat-matted, dirty blonde hair and yanked back hard. "AHHHHHHHH! YES! YES! Treat me like a fucking whore! Treat your own grandma like a fucking whore!" He kept fucking her roughly, her ass jiggling from the forceful copulation. He kept one hand gripping her hair while using the other to actively finger her asshole, fingering her as hard as he could.

"Make me cum, baby!" she moaned out. "Make your grandmother cum! Make her fucking cunt gush around that big fucking dick!" she said. "Make your grandmother scream like a fucking slut! Make her gush like the nasty whore around her own grandson's dick! YES! YES! UGHH! FUCK!" Connor was an excellent fuck, never stopping, never slowing down, despite the rumbling in his balls. He kept going and going, pumping into his grandmother's cunt, giving her exactly what she wanted. Her cunt, stretched to the brim with young dick, all the right pleasure spots inside her getting hit over and over again, she was ready to scream.

"That's it! That's it! That's it! That's it! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! UGH! UGH! AHH! AHHH! AHHHHH! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHHH!" She screamed out as loud as she could, her moans filling the house as a massive orgasm finally hit her. Her cunt squeezed around Connor's shaft like a

vise as her juices gushed out of her pussy, coating her grandson's cock and balls. He kept pumping into her as she came, drawing her orgasm out, keeping her on a heightened plane of bliss for as long as he could. Her entire body was racked with spasms as a very rough orgasm coursed through her, sending plates and dishes flying off the counter, making a mess everywhere. But neither of them cared.

"Ohhh! Fuck!" Connor groaned, his cock tingling. He was about to lose it too. Taking his fingers out of her ass, he grabbed her hips and began really driving up into her.

"UGGHH! GUHHH!" She groaned, her sweat-coated body shaking from the forceful fucking her grandson was inflicting on her. He kept driving into her, harder and harder.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he groaned.

"Do it..." Polly sighed, her body finally calming down slightly. "Cum... fuck... cum inside me, baby. I want to feel my own grandson's fucking cum deep inside me. Yes! Shoot off three days' worth of cum in your own grandmother's cunt! UGH! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Oh... oh... oh! Fuck! FUCK! FUCK!" he groaned, his cock shaking as his orgasm caught up to him. Sheathing his cock to the root in Polly's cunt, he held himself in place as his balls began pulsing. "YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHH!" he groaned as a violent spasm of pleasure traveled up his cock and a giant wad of thick teenage cum exploded from the head of his cock straight into his own grandmother's pussy.

"AHH! AHH!" he called out as his cock flexed and fired off more jets of cum into her waiting cunt. Pressed up against her ass, he humped into her as the biggest orgasm of his life hit him, as rockets of thick, creamy cum burst out of him, filling up his grandmother's ready pussy. This set her off again as well, her cunt squeezing around his pulsing weapon, coaxing more cum from his swollen balls.

"YES!" she screamed, clutched against him, her cunt squeezing sperm out of his teenage dick. He came again and again, absolutely huge jets of cum firing out of him, his entire body on fire with pleasure as his balls spewed his thick seed into the greatest pussy he'd ever had. For what felt like an eternity, it was like this, both riding out huge orgasms, his cock firing so much cum into her snatch that it began leaking out of her. Finally, the young and handsome teenager collapsed on top of Polly.

For a few minutes, they both lied there, panting for breath, coated with sweat, recovering from the nasty sex. Finally, she began to stir beneath him, her body pressed into the counter, her huge tits ballooning out against the counter top. This movement caused him to move, and he stood up straight, still sheathed inside her. Looking back, she spoke up.

"Wow..." she gasped, wiping the sweat out from under her eyes. "That was amazing..."

"Fuck..." he said simply. What else was there to say after you just had the best sex of your life with your own grandmother?

Polly pushed herself up off the counter into a more standing position, and this movement caused him to step away, pulling back from her, sliding out his teenage cock from her mature pussy.

If there was any regret, this would be the point where it would come out. At their most exposed to each other, this was the point where shame and regret should be hitting them for taking part in something so, so filthy and wrong. But, as Connor stepped back, he revealed the real game changer. The biggest upside about being a sexually active young man. Because as he slid himself out from Polly's cunt, his 9.5-inch pillar was revealed, still standing tall, still hard as a rock, still raring for more. And if there was gonna be any holding back, it wasn't gonna come from Polly, a woman with an almost insatiable desire for hot sex. Because as she stood up straight and looked at her grandson's hard cock, pointed right at her, the die was cast.

"How bout' me and you head upstairs for round two?" she asked. "Somewhere we can really stretch out and go to town on each other..." And with another simple nod from the younger man, the decision was made.

Coated with sweat, her tits still hanging out of her bra, Polly pulled her pants back up over her ass and began cleaning up slightly before grabbing her and his discarded clothes, carrying them with her. But as she was about to step out of the room, she was reminded of something. Running over to the oven, she grabbed the casserole and set it on the stove. With nothing else holding them back, she began leading her grandson upstairs. Scooping his still hard cock into his pants, he began following.

With his dick leading the way, Connor followed his grandmother's shaking ass upstairs, her round, firm rear end shaking side-to-side. As she ascended the stairs, he couldn't help but take a thrill at the sight of her long, bare back, studying the way her black bra dug into the smooth tanned flesh. He then let his eyes look straightforward to her waist, where her whale-tail was exposed to him again, rising above the hem of her pants, arresting his vision. He followed it forward as it led him to his grandmother's room at the end of the hall. And as soon the door was shut and locked behind them, it was on.

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Dale was on top of a ladder on the back side of the house, chiseling out some of the ice from the gutters. On the other side of the house, in the master bedroom, his mother Polly had her lips locked with her own grandson as he deftly unclipped her bra and let it fall to the floor. As Dale nodded to himself, proud of the job he'd done on this part of the gutters, Connor yanked down his shorts to showcase his beefy teenage cock to Polly again. And in response, she tugged down her pants and pulled off her thong, leaving her completely naked in front of her hot young grandson for the very first time.

As Penelope grumbled to herself at the Christmas festival that both her mom and her son were skipping out on, Connor was on his back on his grandmother's nice big bed, and Polly was on her knees on top

of him, lowering herself on his erect cock, taking it inside her once more.

As Colin kept worrying, checking his phone to verify that the very important package he ordered had been delivered, his own mother was bouncing on Connor's big dick, taking him from head to root on every bounce, her huge tits jiggling hypnotically. But they were being well supported by his big young hands, squeezing them roughly.

As her next door neighbor Doris puttered around the kitchen, fussing with the food, Polly was riding her own grandson reverse cowgirl. Her round, juicy butt was facing him, giving him a primo view of her shapely rear end, giving him the opportunity to spank her meaty ass and spur her on.

Dale worked his way around the house, chipping off ice, and if he had made his way just one more window further, he would have seen his nephew, Connor, on top of Dale's mother, Polly. He would have seen the young man's bare teenage ass as he pumped down into his own grandmother, making her squeal. He would have seen a young man in his absolute prime fucking an older woman who had done her best to prolong her own, despite her older age. He would have seen a young man, all muscles and bravado and big, thick penis, fucking an older woman who was all confidence and experience and mouth-watering curves. Her legs were spread and her hands were rubbing his back as he sawed his cock into her in an instinctual breeding rhythm, capped off by his ass flexing as he came into Polly's cunt once again. But alas, Dale saw none of it.

Twenty minutes later, as Penelope tapped her foot, ready for this festival to end so she could get back home and take out some of her frustration on her lazy son, that same lazy son had his own grandmother bent over in front of him on all fours as he pumped his still rock hard cock deep into her ready, willing ass, taking his big dick all the way to the root.

As Colin hurried the family towards the car once the festival was over, hoping to get home as quickly as possible to make sure the package he was waiting for had arrived, his mother was having a hard, anal

orgasm thanks to her grandson's beefy young cock, drilling out permanent property in her tight asshole.

When Dale was back on the ground and packing up some of the tools in the garage, mere feet above him, Connor was spanking his own grandmother over and over again, making her squeal with delight, causing her ass to flex around his swollen pole, ready to coax another big load out of him.

As the Calvorson clan drove home in a convoy of multiple cars, Polly was riding a wave of orgasm after orgasm, with Connor fucking her ass at a blinding speed, with the lustful fury that only a young man like him could give only to a woman like her.

And when the Calvorson clan pulled into the driveway, where they were greeted by a simple, nervous wave from Dale, the matriarch of their family was on her knees, jacking off her grandson until he blew one last massive wad of cum onto her both her grinning face and her huge tits. Her giant breasts got the brunt of it, and they were fucking covered with teenage jizz. He nearly collapsed when he was finished, the pleasure was so good. And as he panted for breath, she looked up at him, proud and satisfied, cum coating her elegant features. It was only when they heard voices downstairs that they were spurred into action.

A few minutes later, they emerged in the living room, coming down the stairs, looking only slightly worse for wear. Sure, their skin showed a bit of perspiration from their illicit activities, and their clothes and hair were only a bit out of place. None of their relatives could sense that mere moments prior, Polly had used her fingers to wipe the cum off her face before licking them clean. And when she realized the amount of jizz her grandson had coated her with was too much to take care of quickly, she simply rubbed it into her big breasts like a creamy lotion until it was all but gone. None of their relatives saw the sheen of cum currently coating her breasts, and certainly none of them suspected the massive amounts of seed currently nestled in her pussy, held there by her tiny little thong. And they were all used to Connor's slightly cocky smile, so none of them suspected he'd spent the last few hours reaming out his own grandmother's tight holes.

"Sorry, guys," Polly called out. "I had Connor helping me out upstairs... time got away from us a bit. Sorry we weren't here to greet you."

The only one who seemed sceptical was her daughter, Penelope. But she didn't say anything, other than to give them an annoyed look.

"How's the food coming?" Colin's wife, Juliet, asked.

"We fell a bit behind on that too," Polly stated.

"So, you ducked out on the parade, and you're still behind schedule?" Penelope asked skeptically.

"Well, you know how cooking can go sometimes," Polly said with a sickeningly sweet smile, hiding her annoyance with her daughter as she began stepping down the stairs towards the kitchen. "Besides, there's not much left. And now I've got you girls around to help me out," she said, conscripting her daughter and daughters-in-law for help.

"I take it Connor wasn't much help?" Penelope asked doubtingly, very willing to come down on her son for his chronic laziness.

"Quite the opposite..." Polly began, glancing back to him still standing on the stairs. "He was a BIG help! I might have to borrow him some more in the future."

Connor could barely hide his smile, and despite what he'd just gone through, his cock jumped in his shorts. Penelope pursed her lips in annoyance, unable to say anything. She just knew something here was off, that Connor was getting away with something, but her mother wasn't helping matters. Practically stamping her feet, she followed her

mother into the kitchen, vowing that Connor wouldn't get one over on her.

Connor was feeling pretty proud of himself. As he blended back in with his relatives, and Polly chatted up the women in the kitchen, any nagging doubts they might have had were quickly erased. None of them could suspect that their house had been the sight of something truly sinful.

Again.

Even though this was Christmas Eve, both Connor and Polly were thinking the same thing. For the first time, they didn't just get what they wanted for Christmas, they got exactly what they needed.

Best Christmas ever!

Chapter 5

Colin Calvorson was freaking out.

He had banked his entire Christmas gift-giving plan for his wife, Juliet, around this blender, the Neptune Deluxe Blender. That might sound strange, making the centerpiece of the gifts for his wife a kitchen appliance. But by all accounts, it was an amazing blender. Plus, Juliet was very health conscious and savvy in the kitchen, so having this blender to make smoothies or other stuff made it the perfect gift.

Unfortunately, it seemed like tons of other people felt the same way, meaning that it was one of the most popular gifts of the season. This sucker was near impossible to find, and if you found one, you were among the chosen few. You could not find it on shelves. You couldn't find it online.

But Colin had an in. He'd dug around, and found a source on a blender, on a site that was a bit, uh... under the radar. But nonetheless, he'd found one. Sure, the timing was gonna be a bit tight,

but he'd purchased one of these Neptune Blenders and it was on its way. But as Christmas got closer, he got more nervous, and he found himself calling the shipping company, trying to do anything to expedite things. Finally, the sucker was set to arrive today, on Christmas Eve, better late than never. The whole morning, both at the Church and at the parade, Colin had been checking his phone, making sure it was delivered. Finally, midway through the parade, it had arrived, and Colin wanted nothing more than to get back home and make sure everything was all good with the blender. Then, he could breathe easy.

So, seconds after arriving home, he marched to the living room, where a large box addressed to him was resting. He grabbed it, marched up to his old bedroom and ripped it open, looking down at the blender he'd spent so long trying to procure. And as he studied the box, his heart dropped.

What the hell was the 'Nepturn Deluxxxe Blernder'?

No... this can't be. He ripped open the box, examining the contents, hoping this was some sort of misprint. But no... no... no... this wasn't it. This wasn't right at all. This wasn't what he ordered. He'd been ripped off. Checking out the contents of the box, it was not what it was supposed to be. This was some cheap, shoddy knockoff. Not the real thing. The seller had guaranteed him it was the right thing, and Colin had paid a lot more than the standard cost to get this thing. Sure, the site he ordered from wasn't exactly an, uh... official website... but he expected better. And now?

He was screwed.

The centerpiece of his gifts to his wife was gone. He couldn't give her this trash. What would Juliet think if he gave her something that was so obviously garbage? Would she think he cared that little about her? No... he couldn't let that happen. He had to do something. Running back downstairs, he found his coat, pulling it back on, catching the attention of his wife.

"Where are you going?" Juliet asked sweetly. "We just got back..."

"Uh..." Colin began. "Christmas gift emergency."

"Oh..." she replied. "Well, if it's on my behalf, don't worry about it. I'd much rather have you stay around and hang out with your family." She said, stepping into him as she wrapped her arms around him, hugging him lovingly.

Juliet really was a sweetheart. The slim, short brunette was pretty as can be, with an incandescent smile, kind spirit, and unfailing patience. He was the type of guy who was always moving, always hustling, and she was so calm and patient and friendly. Working at a nonprofit, these qualities served her well. She was a good balance for him, to slow him down and let him live in the moment. Working in a pretty high-powered sales job, it was often difficult to turn that side of him off, and he'd learned a lot from her in that respect.

Despite all his hustle and confidence, he hadn't always had the most success in his personal life. At least in terms of forming real, personal connections with women. Sure, for years, as a handsome, fit, well-dressed young man who was brimming with confidence, he'd never had trouble getting action. And being a young, successful guy in his field of work who wasn't afraid to party, he attracted a certain kind of girl. Party girls, sluts, cunning young women who zeroed in on rich, handsome men. And while he was savvy enough to avoid being bled out of his hard-earned savings by these enterprising gold-diggers, his fondness for large-breasted women always kept himself within their reach. He'd spend a lot of times in bars, night clubs, and strip clubs, and leaving alone was never a problem for him. And for quite a few years, he enjoyed this life. For as successful as Colin was, he was immature, and had no issue living a life of making money, partying, and one night stands. But even he had to grow up, and he eventually realized that all these encounters were leaving him feeling hollow. He stepped back from that lifestyle, focusing on bettering himself, ignoring some of his more immature instincts. There were some growing pains making this change, and he still had that charm and braggadocio that always led him into trouble. But he was actually trying to do better.

And it had paid off.

Even he was surprised land a woman who was not only beautiful but kind and loving and patient and understanding. When he met Juliet and found himself falling for her, he kinda felt like he wasn't worthy of her. He was this guy who was all flash and charm, and she was this girl of true substance. She was too good for him. That was why he was always working to make sure Juliet didn't see any weakness in him, any flaw that might make her realize she could do better. He couldn't afford to blow it with her, which is why this gift was so important to him.

"Sorry..." he replied. "It's a BIG Christmas emergency."

"Oh..." Juliet said with a cute grimace, seeing that her husband's heart was set. "Well... hurry back." She said, smiling up at him. She was so cute. Shoulder length brown hair. Bright, loving hazel eyes. Creamy skin, with a light smattering of freckles. And, hidden behind her relatively conservative outerwear, she had a pretty nice body. Slim, with nice, firm legs, a cute butt, and nice, well-formed B-cup breasts. He couldn't wait to get this done and get back to her.

"I will," he replied, smiling and kissing his wife, not showing any of the panic he was feeling.

Not knowing what to do and where he was even gonna go, he found himself in his car, heading downtown. As he did, he developed a plan. He'd hit up some of the stores downtown, hoping against hope that maybe he'd get lucky and find an actual Neptune Blender. Maybe someone returned one last minute. Maybe so many people figured there wouldn't be one out there that there might actually be some in stock. He'd check the major stores, then some of the lower-tier stores. If he didn't find anything, he figured he could find a jewelry store downtown and pick up something. He didn't have an eye for that kind of thing, and Juliet wasn't necessarily one for outward displays of wealth, but it was better than nothing.

Hopefully, it wouldn't come to that.

But alas, Colin's hopes were dashed.

He went to every high-end store he could, and all of them were out of stock of these prized blenders. Some workers almost laughed at him for asking, but Colin didn't have time for that kind of thing. He just needed the blender. Store after store... out of stock. He always felt with enough work, he could make anything happen, but even he was beginning to panic.

He did have a thought, though. What about the Capital-Mart? Sure, it was pretty much a standard department store, a regional store that was often the main shopping location for people in this area, the type of place he loathed going, but there was an upside. With the arrival of the 'North Pole' plant nearby, Capital-Mart had paired up with them, adding to their supply these higher quality products. While it may seem like a place with zero chance of having the blender, Colin surmised there was a small chance of success.

Entering the place, he wasn't shocked to find it busy. People like him looking for last minute gifts. Families shopping for last minute supplies. And of course, as it always was in places like this, the dregs of the Earth were clogging up the works. Steering clear of these folks, he pushed his way through the crowds, eager to make it to the appliance section.

Even though Capital-Mart had always been kind of low-end in his mind, it had improved somewhat since his last visit. With the partnership with 'North Pole', they'd added some more modern looking displays and higher-end products to them. The place did look a bit cleaner, but some of the more unpleasant traces of the old store still came through. Moving with a purpose, he moved towards the back of the store.

He was surprised to see a whole big, fancy Santa display there, a large, decorated, ginger-bread house, with elves standing on either

side. And next to the big house was a Santa Claus sitting on a big chair with kids on his knee as he took their Christmas wishes.

As Colin walked by, he saw someone he recognized, Amy Daunshauer, a woman from the neighborhood, who actually used to babysit him in his younger days. He admittedly used to have a crush on her when he was younger. Hey, she was only like ten years older than him... it wasn't that crazy. And she had still maintained her looks, even though she was married with kids now. A nice body, a great butt, and spectacular breasts. Plus, she was still great looking, and her brunette hair looked well-styled and fashionable. She was still a babe. But from what he understood she was also very, VERY religious, which wasn't really his cup of tea. That would probably explain why she was seemingly having a disagreement with one of the female elves.

"You really think it's appropriate to be dressed like that with families around here?" Amy said angrily to the girl who could not be less interested in this conversation. In Amy's defense, this girl's outfit was pretty skimpy. Red thigh-high boots, which appeared to be made out of something resembling latex. She had on a matching latex red skirt which went about halfway down her thighs, poofing out in frills around her, while leaving her a good section of leg completely bare. Up top, she had a snug, latex green top, adorned with Christmas baubles and decorations, like an elf's top would. Only in this case, it was molded to this young woman's slim frame, showing off her large bust. It didn't show off a lot of skin up top, but it left some midriff exposed. She wore some frilly Santa gloves on her hands, and a cute, poofy Santa hat on top of her perfectly styled blonde hair.

"This is the standard uniform, lady," the young girl said dispassionately, not looking up from her phone. It was true. Colin had seen some other elves dressed just like this around, and while these outfits did seem a bit inappropriate, it did seem to be the standard. And this girl had a pretty stacked body, making it look a bit obscene on her. She was maybe 19 or 20, clearly taking a temp job while at home, and Amy confronting her only seemed to be a distraction from the texting she had been doing. She had long, firm legs, a trim belly, and a massive bust, making her look like she'd fit in more on a porno set than a department store Christmas display with what she was wearing.

"Well, you should put on some clothes..." Amy said. "A girl like you will be getting all sorts of the wrong attention."

"Lady," the girl began, looking up and meeting the older woman's eye line for the first time. "The only person giving me this attention is you. You come in three times a week, and you always find some excuse to chat me up about the same thing over and over again. If you're doing all this just because you want my phone number, all you have to do is ask..."

"I... what... how dare you... no..." Amy stammered, and Colin couldn't help but laugh slightly as the young woman totally shut Amy down.

Colin kept walking, moving towards the appliances, crossing his fingers, hoping for the best. But when he got there and scanned the shelves, his shoulders dropped.

Nothing.

They were all out, just like everywhere else. His last hope... dashed, just like that.

Colin brought his hand up to his head, rubbing the bridge of his nose, trying to use his clever mind to figure out what to do, but he was finding no answers. He was only interrupted from his turmoil by an inquiring voice behind him.

"Can I help you?" a friendly female voice asked. Looking up, turning around and putting on a polite smile, he looked at the woman behind him.

She was an attractive woman, very attractive, actually, maybe a couple years older than him. She seemed to be in good shape, slim and fit, but she did have curves, as evidenced by the set of very large

breasts Colin was trying his best not to notice. She had deep, crimson colored hair going down her back, the hue of her locks an unnatural shade of red that let him know it was probably a very good dye job. She a good base tan complexion, which had only paled to a small degree from the recent overcast weather. Her face was made-up, maybe a bit too much, but for her, it kinda worked. She had dark eyeshadow and mascara, with a thin layer of dark red lipstick coating her plump lips. She was wearing a pair of glasses, the frames made of chunky black plastic, making him think they were a fashion choice more than anything. She had on a shiny, dull-pink metallic top, buttoned up the front, tucked in to her black knee-length skirt. Below that, she had black stockings on her long, firm legs, ending with black high-heels on her feet. She had a nametag clipped onto her shirt, identifying her as Rachel.

"Do you need anything?" she asked, looking him over now that she had his attention. Figuring there was no harm in asking, he spoke up.

"Well, I ask knowing the chances are small, but is there a chance you've got one of those Neptune Blenders hidden away somewhere?" Colin asked. Her lips turned up into a grin.

"Hahahaha..." she laughed teasingly at the question, as if he was a fool for even asking. He only nodded knowingly at this. "You must be pretty desperate to be looking for one of those on Christmas Eve?"

"I got ripped off by the guy I bought one from online, and now I'm empty-handed..." Colin replied with a sigh.

"For your wife?" she asked. He looked up at her, a bit surprised at how quick she figured that out. "I saw the ring on your finger," she replied to his silent question. To answer her original question, he simply nodded. "Well, okay, hear me out. I do have a suggestion. Now, this department here isn't my area of expertise, but I think you'll find what you're looking for in the department I work in." She nodded over her shoulder for him to come with her, and seeing no other option, he opted to follow.

"I'm Rachel, by the way," she said, formally introducing herself as she began leading him across the store.

"I'm Colin," he replied, with a small smile and a nod.

"Not gonna lie..." she began, looking back at him and smiling. "We don't see too many people dress up to come here." Colin realized he might be overdressed, but he was used to it. He was a guy who always liked to dress well, even in more casual settings, and that applied here. He was wearing a couple hundred-dollar pair of shoes on his feet, a slim, well-tailored pair of dark dress pants. Up top, he had a dark blue, button up shirt with a matching blue tie. And he also was wearing a well-fitted suitcoat to complete the look. And over all that was a long, expensive coat to combat the wintry conditions. But even for him, he wasn't normally this dressed up on a regular day, but with morning services earlier, he had opted to wear his best.

And what also helped him stand out was that he was a very handsome man. Bright, playful blue eyes, well-coiffed dark hair, and a confident smile, he never had problems getting attention. In wanting to always look good, he spent a lot of time working out, giving him a well-muscled frame without going overboard. So, dressed up nice, and being naturally handsome, he stood out from the crowd.

"Ah... oh... thanks. I like to look good if I can," he said, a little embarrassed to be called out on it.

"I can see that," she said, looking over her shoulder with a smile before leading him onwards. For the first time, he looked at her from behind, noticing the small sway she added to her walk. The slim black skirt she had on clung to her round, full, perky ass, highlighting it as it shook side to side with each step she took. Side to side. Side to side. Side to side... Colin caught himself staring for a moment before shaking his head. He didn't normally do stuff like that anymore, staring at a woman that wasn't his wife... must be the stress of the moment. Ignoring the twinge from his groin, he looked straight forward, not letting his mind wander. And it was just in time, as she looked back at him just as he did so.

"So, what do you do?" she asked.

"I work in sales," he replied.

"Oh, me too!" she joked as her heels clicked on the floor, looking forward for a moment before glancing back. "By the look of you… I bet you work this big fancy job and drive a nice car and have a gorgeous wife. Don't you?" He shrugged and smiled. His job was pretty nice, and his wife was better than he could have ever asked for.

"Can't be all bad, working at a place like this," he replied. "At least you get to people watch." She looked back at him and gave him a sarcastic look, making him smile.

"It's not all bad," she granted him. "They really pumped up my department recently. Now, it's a lot more fun." A small silence fell between them, and before he knew it, his eyes fell to her perfect ass again. It was amazing how the full, firm cheeks pressed against her skirt, showing off its perfect shape… stop! Stop it! He wasn't that type of guy anymore, he told himself. Seeking to focus on anything else, he spoke up.

"You probably think I'm a terrible husband, having to go out last minute to buy a gift for my wife," Colin stated, successfully taking his attention off her ass for the time being. She glanced back at him and gave him a warm smile.

"I see a husband that cares," she said comfortingly, not making him feel bad for having to do this. "If you were my husband, I'd be more than satisfied."

"You married?" Colin asked.

"God no," Rachel said with a laugh. "I wouldn't be working here if I was. No... I'll be stuck living on a department store salary until a man comes along, sweeps me off my feet, and spoils me rotten!" she said with a grin. "I think our plans for Christmas Eve are pretty different. You'll be going back home to your wife, and I'll be getting barebacked by some random guy." Colin almost choked on his spit when she said this. Looking back at him and noticing his shock, she grinned again. "Colin, I'm joking..." she said with a laugh. Sensing his discomfort, she spoke up. "Sorry. I've been told my mouth gets me into trouble..." She looked away and laughed to herself as she continued leading him across the store.

Colin was still a bit taken aback by what she'd just said. To say such a thing and say it so shamelessly in the middle of this store, to someone she had just met, truly shocked him. Maybe this was her sense of humor, saying stuff that was shocking and unexpected. It would almost make sense if they were friends or something, and there was some familiarity there, but they'd never met before. Plus, it just seemed odd for a person to say that to a customer, but whatever. She didn't seem to think twice about her odd comment, and Colin wasn't prudish enough to be offended, so he kept following her.

Rachel led him off the main aisle, walking between racks of women's clothes. He thought maybe she might work in this area, but she wasn't slowing down.

"Uh... what section do you work in?" Colin asked.

"We're close..." she said, looking back at him and smiling. As she continued walking in front of him, his eyes looked at her dark crimson hair, shimmering slightly as it swayed, stealing his focus for just a moment. He only looked away when something else caught his eye.

Looking past her, towards the corner of the store, he noticed a feature there that must have just been added recently. Along the back wall against the corner, where there was once just a flat wall, now there looked to be something else. Some sort of decorative display, maybe an entrance to some sort of new, cordoned-off area. Surrounded by faux stone pillars, with a faux stone archway above, connecting them, seemed to be a separate room, hidden behind a pair of thin pink

drapes. Colin didn't have a lot of time to wonder about it, because it became clear that that was right where Rachel was leading him.

Sauntering forward, Rachel led him past the clothes towards it, and he kept following, despite his uncertainty. She pushed the thin sheet open and stepped in, and he followed behind her. And when he entered this closed-off area and saw what was beyond the drapes, his eyes went wide.

It was lingerie.

There was lingerie everywhere. It was like this little mini-boutique was attached to this regular, boring department store. Lit with warm light and decorated with a golden flair, it was quite welcoming. The carpet beneath his feet was a soft cream color. The decorations were primarily gold, mixed with some white and light pink. There were shawls and thin sheets of sheer material adorning the area to give it a bit a more boutique-y vibe.

This hidden lingerie department was comprised of racks of various items comprising the center of this little boutique, with a pathway down the middle towards the back where the register was. Along the sides were six displays, three on each side, separate displays to highlight specific lines of product. Some of these displays had mannequins wearing the product, while some were comprised of hanging racks of garments. Each of these displays were set in on a low shelf, allowing them to set other items on the display along the shelf. At the back of the boutique was the register, and there were some more displays behind it. Compared to the rest of this big department store, this section stood out, looking far fancier than the rest of the store.

But it was still adjoined to a department store, so there was a limit to how good it looked. Though for what it was, it looked pretty darn good. Now that they had partnered up with 'North Pole' and allowed them to help spiffy up their stores, they'd added a lot to clean up and modernize them. But this... this was unexpected.

Colin's were wide as he looked at the lingerie he was suddenly confronted with. Tiny, lacy, fancy looking numbers in all styles, sizes, and colors. Bras, panties. Booty-shorts and camisoles. Stockings. Nighties. G-strings. Thongs. And then there was stuff that Colin couldn't comprehend. Bundles of strings and patches that he supposed could be lingerie but he couldn't figure out how it worked.

"This isn't what I expected," he said, glancing around at this little oasis of lace and naughtiness tucked in the back of this regular department store. He found himself staring, despite his best efforts. He had to remind himself... they were just clothes displayed on racks, uh... metal racks, the ones you hang clothes on. Just seeing these little lacy underthings conjured plenty of lustful imagery, as evidenced by the twitch he felt from his groin.

"Yeah, when 'North Pole' joined up with us, they went all out to showcase their wares and brands," Rachel said, pointing at one of the many displays showing off the brand of these garments.

'Mrs. Claus'

The brand logo was all over the place back here, the Christmas-styled lettering on just about every sign and tag. On some of the larger signs were pictures of a model wearing the product. The main picture was of this model was her in a sexy Santa outfit, a stylish red coat with furry white lining. Down below, she had a matching red skirt, down to her knees, leaving a good section of smooth, tanned leg exposed. The picture was cut off on top to keep the model anonymous, letting the viewer see her sexy, inviting grin and the lower part of her long brunette hair. It was sexy, but decent, with nothing excessively risqué shown off.

But here, in the lingerie section, away from prying eyes, the model was more than willing to show some skin. There were big posters and banners proving this fact. In one picture, the skirt was gone and her coat was parted, exposing a white lace bra struggling to contain her massive breasts, and matching tiny panties that barely covered anything at all. This picture was showing a lot of cleavage and her entire flat belly, and with that body, you couldn't really blame her.

Again, the photo didn't show her entire face, but she was still grinning, and this one definitely seemed to be tinged with wickedness.

Another picture had the same model getting photographed from behind, in order to showcase her thong-clad butt in one of the 'Mrs. Claus' brand lingerie, all the while giving a cheeky smile over her shoulder.

There were all sorts of photos like this all over this section of the store, but Colin did his best not to gawk. He tried to do the patented male technique of not looking at any of the bras and panties or anything else, not wanting to be caught ogling the delightfully tiny garments. Even though there was no one else to call him a creeper except for Rachel, the woman who brought him here, he had reverted to instinct.

"Yeah, 'North Pole' is really excited about all the 'Mrs. Claus' lingerie. They put one of these boutiques in all of our stores," Rachel said, still walking ahead of him. "Certainly beats the shit we used to carry." Rachel stopped and looked at the man behind her. "I heard a rumor that they want to replace the big guy as the focus of all their branding... with her," she said, nodding at one of the signs with the smiling, scantily clad model. "Not just the lingerie, but everything they put their stamp on. Some say she's the actual Mrs. Claus..." she hinted, but Colin didn't really care about the invented lore they'd come up with for the busty model they'd hired. "And I must say, Santa Claus is pretty classic, but... Mrs. Claus certainly is eye-catching..."

For a long moment, a pause fell between them as she gave the befuddled married man a friendly smile. Finally, he spoke up.

"Um... this isn't exactly what I had in mind," Colin replied. He had never once purchased underwear for his wife. It was just never a thing for him and her. Juliet was never one for fancy underthings, as she was a more practical, unflashy woman in that way.

"Why not?" Rachel asked. "It'll be perfect! Women love having their men buy them sexy underwear!"

"I came here looking for a blender," Colin stated with a confused smile.

"Well, the fact that you came here on Christmas Eve looking for the most in-demand item of the season tells me you don't have a backup plan," Rachel replied, looking at him through her stylish specs. "So, why not hear me out? You clearly don't have any better options."

Colin wanted to deny her, but she had all but eliminated any argument he might make. It was true, he didn't have any other ideas, and he had to find something to get for his wife. Saying nothing, he simply sighed and shrugged his shoulders. Seeing his tacit agreement, she grinned.

"Perfect!" Rachel said, smiling. "Besides, it'll give me something to do. Not a lot of people go shopping for lingerie on Christmas Eve," she said, holding out her hands, indicating the otherwise empty lingerie section. It was just her and Colin. "So... what kind of lingerie does your wife prefer?"

"Um..." Colin said, feeling slightly uncomfortable at the prospect of sharing such personal details with this woman he barely knew. But, in terms of purchasing underwear, he supposed such things needed to be shared. "She has pretty simple tastes. Basic, cotton underwear, nothing too fancy," Colin admitted. It was true. She had her brilliant mind focused on much more important things than what kind of bras and panties to get for herself. She typically bought stuff in bulk, a six-pack of plain cotton panties, with simple, practical bras. Sure, she had some different colors of underwear, but most were of the same style, full coverage, plain and practical. She did have a few nicer things, stuff comprised of black lace, cut a little fancier, for some special occasions, like their honeymoon and their anniversary, or on date nights. But mostly, she kept it simple.

"Okay, okay," Rachel said genially. "Well, do you know your wife's sizes, or..." she began, but even she could see the obvious lack of knowledge on his face. "Or are you a typical husband who has no clue

about such things?" she asked with a jovial smile as she exposed this blind spot.

"Yeah... no clue," Colin admitted.

"Wow. I know clothes shopping can be boring, but you need to be a good hubby and know such things! Trust me, women melt when their man knows every inch of their body and can pick out just the right thing for them," Rachel stated. Seeing the baffled husband, she came up with a new tact. "Okay, well, just so we can get in the ballpark, and I'm the only one around... how does she compare to me?" She asked, standing up straight.

"Excuse me?" he asked, a bit confused.

"Well... is your wife skinny... or am I skinner than your wife?" she asked, pulling her silky top tight around her, allowing Colin to see her trim waistline. She was in good shape, her waist slim and fit. And while Juliet was no slouch, she didn't hit the gym regularly, which Rachel probably did, meaning the saleswoman had the slimmer, skinnier waist.

"Uh... you're skinnier, I think," he replied, looking away at this admission. "But not by a lot, you know?" He said. She nodded and grinned inwardly as he tried to save face for his wife's honor. But she wasn't done asking questions.

"How about her booty?" she asked, spinning so the man in front of her could look at her shapely rear end. "I know I've got some booty. How about your wife?" She asked, looking over her shoulder, inviting the married man to look at her first-rate ass. For comparison's sake, of course.

Even though he had gotten more of a look than he intended earlier, now that she was inviting him to look, he couldn't help but stare again. Each of the round, perfectly formed cheeks of her shapely rear jutted out from her slim frame, pressing against her thin black skirt.

The cheeks looked perky and firm and smooth, perfectly formed. It was fantastic. He looked away from her rear before he burned a hole in it with his heated gaze. He refocused on the job at hand. Juliet, by her own admission, didn't have much of a butt to speak of. Small, and relatively flat, it was often a thing she made fun of about herself.

"No," Colin said simply. "Not much booty."

"Oh... okay. That's okay," Rachel said, trying to keep things in professional tone, turning around to face him again. Straightening her top over her front, pulling it down tight over her large breasts, she asked her next question. "So, she's gotta match up pretty close to me up top, then, I'm guessing?" She asked, sliding one arm under her breasts to let him appreciate their size and shape. "I mean, I'm a double-E cup, so is she about that size, then?"

No man could resist the urge to look when a woman invites you to look at her chest, and that fact applied to Colin here as he let his eyes fall to Rachel's breasts at her urging. He was reminded of his partying days, when the girls would do everything they could to get his eyes on their tits. Being a boob-guy, he always struggled not to fall into that trap, and he fell into it again here. They truly were massive, pressing out against her silky top. Damn, it looked like she had stuffed two watermelons under her top. Jesus... and they were perky too. Bouncy and round and firm and so delightfully big. His cock twitched in his pants again, getting semi-hard. In his single days, he would have given just about anything to drown between those massive jugs, but he was not that guy anymore. Finally, he looked up into her waiting eyes.

"Um... she's a B-cup," Colin answered, the one specific size he was able to give about Juliet.

"Oh..." she replied, a bit confused. Her reaction was peculiar, as was her earlier assumption that his wife was busty. It was as if she assumed that a man like him, so handsome and well-dressed and clearly successful, deserved the best in his choice of woman. And if she wasn't super trim, and if she didn't have a shapely ass, then that meant she must have massive breasts. It was as if she took one look

at him and thought, 'Man, that guy's wife must have huge tits!' He didn't know why she made this assumption, and part of him wanted to ask, but he opted to not pursue this line of questioning too deeply.

"Ok, so I admit, the 'Mrs. Claus' brand does cater more towards larger bust sizes, because it's the fastest growing market by, like, an exponential rate," she explained. "And plus, it's been a market that's been criminally underserved for years. Trust me, I know. Girls with boobs my size would have to search out specialty boutiques and pay hand over fist for something even the slightest bit sexy. Now… well, they still cost a pretty penny, but they're so much easier to find now! Once the Christmas season is over and the sales pick up, I am gonna buy some myself!"

Colin could only smile and nod as she talked up both the product she was selling and her large cup size. He was definitely starting to feel like something was off about this whole thing, like she was being very forward about certain things about herself. But he was desperate, so he ignored any alarms being raised in the back of his mind.

"Oh!" she said, shaking her head, reminded that, while talking up her own breast size, she hadn't really responded to his situation. "The point is, even though this brand does focus on large cup sizes, we carry each product in every shape and size. From larger sizes, like mine, down to average and below average sizes, so we should be able to find something for your wife, no sweat!" she announced. She held out her arms to indicate he should follow her, and not knowing what else to do, he complied. Rachel led him over to the first display at a corner near the entrance.

As he walked over, he tried to will himself out of the semi-erection his glance at her chest had caused. Sure, she was attractive, and she a good body… a great body, honestly… like, damn her tits were huge… But, uh, anyway, he was a married man. Sure, in some ways, she reminded him a lot of the women he used to spend his nights with, and while those nights were hollow in many ways, they had left enough of a lasting mark to cause said erection. But it wasn't just her. He was stressed-out and frazzled, and with the business of the holiday season, there had been few opportunities for private time between him

and Juliet. So he was a bit, uh... backed up. But he'd developed a bit of discipline in these last few years, so he wasn't too concerned.

"Now, this is our most, uh... economical... line. It's simple, it's basic it gets the job done. It's... good," Rachel said. The display there was stuff far simpler than all the other stuff in the boutique. Cotton numbers, in various different colors and sizes. Nothing overly fancy, nothing overly skimpy. Stuff that was a little better than the average fare, better than the stuff Juliet typically wore, but not by much. It wasn't flashy, and for guys who cared about this kind of thing they would find such garments unimpressive. A bit of a boner killer. And while he wasn't too picky, his dick was finally softening. "But... this is Christmas, and I think we can aim a little higher, can't we?" she stated, and he couldn't help but agree as she led him on to the next display.

They were suddenly at the good stuff. Lace had entered the picture, as had some fancier designs. These designs, while not overly skimpy, were certainly nicer than the previous ones. These were made of fancier material, silkier and smoother, with lace trim, looking far more appealing than their predecessors.

There was a marked difference in quality between the first display and this one. Compared to this one, it felt like their, uh, 'economical line', was them not really trying. As if they were carrying something basic so people with less income could still come into their stores and get something 'fancy'.

"So, this is our basic line," Rachel said, standing next to Colin and looking up at him through her lenses. "It's simple, it's sexy, it shows some skin without going overboard, if that's not what you want. This is the type of stuff that's perfect for wives to wear for their husbands on special occasions." She said this with the positivity of a woman trying to make a sale, but he couldn't help but notice a bit of condescension in her words at the idea of wives only wearing fun stuff on special occasions. The bras and panties here reminded him of the nicer stuff Juliet had. Like Rachel said, the stuff she wore for him on special occasions. That being said, this stuff was still of better quality than what Juliet had. "But again, this is Christmas, and you're looking for something really special, so how about we move on to

something a little more... fun?" Rachel didn't even let him consider any of these products before leading him to the next display along the wall, deeper into this part of the store.

The next section of garments were definitely a step above what he'd been shown so far. Adding to what he'd seen before were full sets of lingerie, lacy bodices and stockings and suspenders. The bras and panties were far skimpier, as they entered the territory where thongs and g-strings were getting peppered into the mix. It had been a long time since he'd been so close to such tiny garments, back during his single days. Juliet was not the type who would ever where such things, and he never pushed the subject. But looking at them now, and seeing them again after so long, he couldn't help but think... had they always been so tiny?

"So, this stuff is the next step up," Rachel began. "I know, some of the stuff here isn't as skimpy as you'd expect." Wait, it gets skimpier? This is the demure stuff? "But this is a good step up from your normal fare. Like... when your girl wants to take things from special occasions to lots of fun, sexy times on a daily basis. Now... I know this might be a personal question, but are you a fan of women in thongs, Colin?"

He was a bit taken aback by this sudden personal question. Scrambling to find the right words, he came up with an answer fast.

''Um, I mean, I guess so. Who doesn't enjoy seeing more skin?" Colin said. Colin probably liked girls in thongs more than he wanted to admit, always enjoying how skimpy they were and the confidence of girls who could wear such tiny garments and really rock them. That being said, most of the girls he had come across who wore such things were during his immature period in life before he'd reformed himself, so he always kind of associated those wilder girls with these skimpy garments. However, he certainly wouldn't complain if his wife started wearing them, and he couldn't deny that his blood began pumping at being in such close proximity to them again. But he didn't want to come across too strongly to this woman he barely knew in his preference of this skimpier ware.

"I thought you might be a thong guy, Colin! Don't worry, I'm totally with you on that. I feel the exact same way!" Rachel said brightly, all

but confessing that she was a proud thong wearing woman, which to be fair, was completely true. "So, does your wife enjoy thongs or g-strings, or does she prefer more full-coverage, no frills type things?"

"Uh..." Colin began, shaking his head. "She doesn't really like thongs or anything like that."

"Did she say this to you?" she replied.

"Well, not really, she just never really wears anything like that," he replied.

"Maybe it's because you've never let her know what you like!" she said brightly. "That's why you should buy her something here! Something really sexy that gets the juices flowing! Here..." she said, leading him across the floor to the other side of this little boutique. "To be honest, that's all the standard, boring things. Let me show you the fun stuff!"

Following her bouncing, sashaying rear end, which again captured his gaze for a few fleeting seconds, the married man followed the saleswoman to the other side of the store. And even before he reached her, his eyes went wide at the garments she was standing in front of.

"Wow..." he couldn't help but say.

"Yeah..." she began with a laugh. "This is the good shit!"

Colin was mistaken in thinking the merchandise he had just looked at in the other displays was skimpy. Because this... this was skimpy. They had entered full-on thong territory. Teeny-tiny thongs, which looked like they would barely cover a thing. And not only were they tiny, they were lacy and mesh and practically see-through. There was a lot more mesh and other practically transparent stuff here, bras and thongs and lingerie sets. Sexy thin stockings, some of the fishnet variety. Matching high heels. Bras that seemed like they would barely get the job done, and even if everything was in place, it still seemed

like you'd be able to see everything. There was definitely a step up between this section of lingerie and the last.

"Uh... I don't know. I mean, it's nice, but... I feel like this is a bit beyond what my wife would like," Colin admitted, looking at all the various shapes and colors of these different tiny underthings. He could not imagine his wife in any of this. That being said, he certainly didn't mind what he was seeing, as his cock stiffened again seeing such filthy garments.

"I know these might seem like a bit much. And I know it all probably looks super slutty. But... damn, it's sexy, isn't it?" she said wistfully, looking at garments with the same awe as the married man was. "God, if they paid me more here, I'd buy, like... one of everything! It's, like, perfect for me!" Despite being a married man, he couldn't help but let his thoughts drift to the image she'd just conjured. And for how difficult it was for him to imagine his wife wearing something that skimpy, it was very easy to imagine Rachel dressed that way.

There was a tiny red matching set, bra and thong, hanging on the wall which caught his eye, and his mind's eye put those garments right on Rachel's hot body. Gone was the silky pink top and black skirt. In their place, those tiny little garments, highlighting her luscious frame. The red lace, see-through bra, struggling to contain her massive breasts, the soft flesh oozing over the edges. Through the mesh-like material, you could see her waiting nipples, the areolas round and smooth, the hardened nubs calling out to him through the fabric. The flesh of her fit, sexy belly was exposed as his eyes traveled down her form. Between her legs was a matching triangle of red see-through material, teeny-tiny, barely covering anything. Scooped low on her torso, it was a wonder you couldn't see any of her naughty bits with how little it was covering, but the practically transparent material took care of that, allowing him to see her puffy pussy lips and her small, sexy landing strip.

He then flashed to the multiple glimpses he'd gotten of her juicy, skirt-clad ass, and in his mind's eye, the skirt was gone. And now he could see the bare flesh. The perky, round, scandalous cheeks, standing out from her slim frame like a shelf. It was an ass that was built for thongs. And the tiny red thong currently hanging on the rack would fit

it perfectly. The thin band running around her torso, above the ridges of her full, round ass, meeting at a sexy lace triangle above her ass-crack. The tiny little string would disappear between the firm, full cheeks in just the right way, perfectly framing each flawless ass-cheek.

Colin shook his head, clearing these illicit images from his mind. Where did that come from? He couldn't quite shake the imprint in his mind from that sudden fantasy, and he couldn't deny that his cock was getting more solid in his pants. Yeah, on a physical level, he found Rachel attractive. But he was normally so in control and disciplined. Maybe in his frazzled state, he was a bit more vulnerable, but he had to get himself under control and lock these fleeting thoughts of wickedness down and out.

And it wasn't like Rachel was being overly flirty or teasing or anything like that. Sure, there was a sprinkle of that stuff. But for a gorgeous woman in a sales position, he couldn't hold that against her. He'd flirted to make a sale before. Granted, she had made a few comments that seemed a bit odd and possibly inappropriate, but that struck him as being a part of her personality more than anything else. She seemed like more than a handful, bold and bawdy and shamelessly honest. And even though she was doing her best to tamp that down, it probably came out every so often, despite her best efforts. Colin was a guy who tried to assume the best in people, and he tried to live up to the same standard, so he told himself that there was nothing inappropriate going on here. Refocusing on the task at hand, and vowing to keep those intrusive thoughts out, he resumed paying attention just as she spoke up again.

"So, what do you think?" she asked.

"Uh... I don't know," he replied. "This just seems like it's a bit... much. For my wife, I mean." She nodded her head at this completely expected answer. "Do you have anything else to show?"

"Well..." she began before pausing, smiling in amusement. "Yes, we have more, but it ain't any more demure than this. Frankly..." she said, leaning in to whisper to him conspiratorially. "The things in the

last couple displays are REALLY slutty. I don't get the impression that that's what your wife would like, but... I can show you anyway! Just for fun!"

She then went to step around him, but in attempting to let her pass, he moved in the same direction she did, so when she stepped forward she stepped into him. Or, to be more specific, her large, firm, bulbous boobs pressed directly into his arm, squishing against him as they collided.

"Oops... sorry!" she said, smiling politely, completely nonplussed.

"Sorry," Colin replied, trying to ignore the feeling of perfectly soft breasts pressed into his arm. She tried to step past him again and he tried to step aside, only to do that awkward dance again as they moved the same direction. Finally, lightly grabbing his arm, she held him in place as she stepped around him and led him forwards. Any thoughts he might have given this awkward moment were forgotten as he looked at the next display.

It was... it was indecent.

Displayed on a mannequin was an outfit that looked to be made out of latex or rubber or something stretchy. A tight blue top that zipped up at the front, showing off a lot of cleavage. Well, it would be if it was on a woman, although, that being said, the mannequin was surprisingly busty. The stretchy, shiny material was pulled tight across the mannequin's breasts, each of them forcing the material outward around the round 'boobs'. The top also left bare a lot of midriff. There was a skirt that went along with this outfit, a stretchy black skirt, clinging tight to the mannequin's legs, down about halfway down her thighs. The outfit was also composed of thigh-high blue boots and black gloves up to the elbows. Hanging next to the outfit was a very tiny g-string, blue in color, and seemingly made of the same stretchy material as the rest of the outfit.

Colin was shocked to see an outfit like this in what was essentially a department store, even if this was a fancy addition to it. But he was surprised to realize that the outfit also did look familiar.

"Is this..." he began. "Is that sorta what the, uh... 'elves' were wearing?" Colin asked, referring to the outfits the girls working at the Santa display were wearing.

"Yeah! Good eye! You know your stuff!" Rachel replied. "The ones they're wearing are the special Christmas variant. The colors and the skirts are a bit different, but they are otherwise the same. We have those for sale too," she stated, pointing back behind the counter, where one of the elves outfit was on display. Comparatively, that one was more decent than the blue one, but not by much. And it had that extra Christmas flair to it, while still looking like something that belonged in a men's magazine. "They are a big seller! You get all those bored, stressed-out married dads waiting while their kids are with Santa, wishing they could be literally anywhere else. And while they wait, they get to checking out the real merchandise, you know? The girls in tight, sexy outfits, flirting and teasing them. They get all worked up and soon enough, they just have to buy one to give to their girlfriends, so they can really work out all that stress!"

"Yeah, I guess..." Colin said, sensing something off with her wording but not thinking too much on it. "Seems like a bit much, though."

"Oh, yeah, I know," Rachel said with a laugh. "I just wanted to show it to you. But that's not even the best stuff..." she said, before guiding him gently with a hand on his back to the last display. "This..." she began, looking at the last set of garments. "This is the straight-up fetish shit."

He didn't even understand what he was seeing here. There was another mannequin set up, and the garment it was displaying was hard for him to wrap his mind around. It was a tangle of purple crisscrossing bands of material all over the mannequin's body, up and down and all around while leaving A LOT of skin exposed. Or at least it would be if it was on an actual woman and not a mannequin. Thin, tiny little strips of material went back and forth over its belly, and

upper chest, while its legs and arms were bare. The material crisscrossed its back as well, with one little strip of material running between the cheeks of its ass, leaving the rest of it exposed. The only areas that had material that was beyond these little strings were the tiny patches of material barely covering the front of its large breasts and at its crotch. And again, these little patches were miniscule, barely covering anything.

"Wha... what?" Colin said. He'd never seen anything like this. He didn't even know, like... what it was supposed to be used for. What was its purpose? It almost looked like a naughty sort of bikini, but it seemed way too flimsy and wicked to be worn anywhere else but in the bedroom.

"I know, hahaha..." she tittered, smiling as she looked at the garment on the mannequin. "They call this thing the 'Man Eater'. I know it looks pretty crazy, but I don't know... it seems like a bit of nice, dirty fun, doesn't it?"

"I... I couldn't imagine my wife wearing something like that," Colin said. "I can't imagine anyone wearing it, quite frankly," he stated, still baffled by what he was seeing.

"Yeah, I know, hahaha," Rachel said. "But hey, I'm in sales, I figured I'd give it a shot."

Colin had been so distracted by the outfit on the mannequin that he hadn't even looked at the other items on display. Hanging next to it was what looked to be straight-up dominatrix gear, leather boots, leather gloves, leather underwear, a leather bustier. And if it wasn't clear enough, hanging next to it was a thick leather lined paddle and a whip.

And that wasn't all of it. There was a bra which didn't cover anything, its sole purpose to lift up and showcase the pair of breasts it was supporting. There were crotch-less panties. There was a leather hood. There were a pair of panties that said 'Slut' on the back, and one the one next to it, 'Whore'. And sitting on the shelf of the display were little

containers of lube, and next to those were larger bottles of body oil. There was no mistaking what this entire display was all about.

"Man..." Colin began, shaking his head. "I can't believe they're selling this kind of stuff here. I mean... this is the store everyone in town comes to." Colin was no prude, far from it, but this all seemed to be a bit extreme.

"I know," Rachel said. "It's great, isn't it? Don't you just love the way things are going these days?" she added, grinning, completely unbothered and almost... excited... by having such lewd items in this store that families and all sorts of people went to. A silence fell between them as he took it all in. "So... what's your poison?"

"Excuse me?" Colin asked.

"What do you want to buy?" she asked with a big smile. Despite being slightly annoyed at the presumption that she had a sale locked up, he was indeed up against a corner. He had to buy something for his wife, and at this point, lingerie seemed like the only option. The question was which one to pick out.

"God... I don't know..." Colin said, rubbing his forehead. There was what he liked, and then there was Juliet would like, which were very different things. He'd given Rachel a decent description of his wife's tastes, so he thought maybe she could help. "What do you think? What do you like?" At this, she gave him a curious look.

"Are you asking me what type of underwear I'm wearing?" she asked with a small smile. Mortified to realize his question could be misconstrued that way, he responded quickly.

"No, no, no!" he replied, blushing. At this, she began giggling.

"I'm messing with you, babe," she replied, waving off his worries. "Cause, honestly, with me, there's no mystery. Trust me! Like, it's a

lace bra and a thong, like, every day. Hahaha!" she laughed, as if this was a normal thing to share with someone she'd just met. Trying again to ignore the image of her in her underwear, he tried to refocus on the subject at hand.

"What do you think would be good for my wife? I mean, obviously you don't know her, but I've described her a bit. I don't have an eye for this kind of thing, I need... a woman's point of view. What would be nice without being, like... this?" Colin said, gesturing at the purple bundle of strings on the mannequin next to them. She thought about it for a moment, bouncing her head back and forth as she was lost in thought, before coming up with a solution.

"Okay... I tell you what," Rachel began. "There's a place back in the corner where you can just sit down and relax. I'll put you back there, and then I'll go around and pick out a few things that I think you'd like. Then, I'll bring them back and let you get your eyes on them and then we'll see what you think. How does that sound?"

"Sure. Sounds good," Colin said, relieved that she was happy to take the lead on this and bail him out.

"Perfect!" she said, smiling. She then led him across the boutique towards the far corner, through the racks and racks of lacy underthings. "So, what colors does your wife prefer?" she asked.

"Uhhh... kinda muted colors. Nothing too garish." Colin replied.

"So, no neon, then?" she replied, and he nodded with a small smile. Rachel led him past the counter towards the corner, where there was a thick red curtain, a miniature version of the entrance to this place. She led him through the curtains, to a small closed off area with six more smaller curtained off areas, three on each side. Colin realized that this was a changing area, for women to try on the goods.

"Um..." he began, confused.

"Don't worry, no one else is back here," she assured him as she led him to the furthest changing room, pulling open a curtain to allow him entrance. "I'm just gonna stash you here, so, uh..."

"So, I don't get in the way?" Colin offered, figuring she wanted him out of the way so she could grab her suggestions with ease without him gumming up the works.

"Yeah, pretty much," she said with a knowing grin. She guided him into the changing space, and he was surprised by what he saw. It was certainly better than most changing rooms he'd been in. On the far wall was a small couch. On the wall to his left were some posts to hang things, and to his right was a big mirror with gold trim all around it. "So, just park it here for a bit and I'll pick out some goodies." He nodded at her as he stepped in, and as he went to take a seat, she tugged the curtain closed, leaving him alone. Feeling a bit warm, he pulled off his coat and set it over the arm of the couch before sitting down.

Finally having a moment to relax, he rubbed his head and sat back. And he was happy to be separated from Rachel, at least for a bit. Sure, she was perfectly nice, but she was a bit of a handful. And there was something about her, something that he couldn't quite put his finger on. Something about her that set some alarm bells off in the corners of his mind. Honestly... she reminded him of some of the girls he used to party with, not only in attitude but in physical attributes as well. That immaculate rear end... those big tits of hers. She was just like those girls he used to hook up with in his more immature days. But she wasn't nearly as upfront as those girls were. And she was holding down a job, which is probably more than he could say about some of the girls he'd hooked up with in the past. But the truth was, the fact that she so attractive, and her body was so mouthwatering... that wasn't fully what set off those alarm bells. Not completely.

It was just... some of the things she said. Little comments here and there. Then, there was some of the assumptions she made about him and his wife. Also, some of the things she did. Like... there was just something odd about her, something he couldn't quite put words to. A

vibe, almost. But he didn't want give it too much thought. She had been helpful, and the fact that she was going so out of her way was an act of kindness. Despite the few awkward moments they'd shared, once he picked something out, he'd be done with her and he'd never have to see her again. This would all be forgotten once he was back home with Juliet and the family and celebrating Christmas.

After a few minutes of being lost in his thoughts, he was shaken from his reverie by the sound of a curtain being pulled open in the changing room next to him. Realizing there was a woman in the stall next to him, he made sure to clam up and not make things awkward by not seeming like some creeper hanging out in the changing rooms. Waiting in silence, all he could hear were the small sounds of clothes rustling next to him.

Colin had all the pieces to put together what was about to happen. And if he'd been in a calmer state, he probably would have. But in his Christmas panic, he was too frazzled to think clearly. So when the curtain in front of him was pulled open, and he saw what Rachel had gotten up to, he was completely shocked and caught off guard.

Rachel was standing in front of him, smiling proudly, dressed only in lingerie.

Colin was truly shocked by what he was seeing, and before he could say anything, he had to take in what he was seeing. Her pink top and black skirt were gone, as were her glasses. And now, she was dressed in a black and grey lingerie set. Her legs were encased in pair of sheer, smooth black stockings, clinging to her long, firm legs, ending at her thighs. From there, she had suspenders connected to them, crossing her smooth thighs, ending at a black lace garter belt around her waist. Below it was her tiny pair of underwear, grey in color, lacy and ever so slightly see-through. The entirety of her flat, tanned belly was left exposed, her sexy navel capturing his attention for a moment. From there, he couldn't help but let his eyes drift upward to her large breasts, even larger than he had initially thought, struggling to stay contained in her grey lace bra. Just like her underwear, the garment was slightly transparent, allowing him to see a hint of her terrific nipples through the lace garment. The bra covered most of the fronts of her breasts while leaving a fair amount of skin showing, including

the entirety of her smooth, succulent cleavage. The way her two massive, bulbous breasts pressed together was mouthwatering, the smooth fleshy chasm arresting his vision. The skin of her smooth tits was pouring over the edges of the lacy material, threatening to escape. The upper halves of her large, tanned tits were left exposed to his vision as well, showing off a small tattoo on her left breast, a colorful tat of what looked to be a decorative skull.

That wasn't the only tattoo she had on her. On the underside of her right arm, between the wrist and the elbow, was a color tattoo of what looked like a pin-up model, on her knees, posing in a bikini, with her arms behind her back, jutting her large breasts out. And she had another tattoo as well, as revealed when she spun around and let him look at her back. It was probably none too shocking to find out that she had a lower-back tattoo, a tramp stamp. It was of a red and black butterfly, with black tendrils extending across the width of her slim back. But honestly, he barely even noticed the tattoo. Because spinning around brought attention to the fact the she was wearing a thong, and her ass was just hanging out for him to see.

And unfortunately for Colin, he was looking.

Her rear end looked amazing in a skirt, and it looked even better like this. Full and round and smooth, each tanned cheek looked amazing. Her ass stood out from her slim frame, perky and firm and perfectly shaped. And her ass-crack was just as fantastic, looking deep and smooth and mouthwatering. And not only was her ass amazing on its own, the thong made it look even better.

The miniscule grey bands traversed across the immaculate curves just above her butt, before meeting in a small triangle at the base of her back, just above the crack. From there, the tiny little string delved deep into her ass-crack, disappearing between the full round cheeks, only emerging near her pussy. Every little move she made caused her practically bare ass to jiggle. But he didn't have much longer to appreciate it as she spun around to face him again, a fact made more impressive by how smoothly she made the motion in tall, black high heels.

"So..." she began, holding her arms out, grinning proudly. "What do you think?" As she came to a stop, her boobs kept moving, causing them to sway and jiggle for a few more moments before coming to a stop.

"What are you doing?" Colin asked, eyes wide.

"What?" she asked, confused, as if all was normal. "I explained earlier that for every product we carry, we have it in all shapes and sizes. So, I figured I'd try on what I thought might be good for your wife, and then you can pick out whichever ones you really like, and then we can get it in her size. Come on... what do you think?"

"I don't think this is appropriate," he told her, trying not to look at her dressed like this. But honestly, he was failing this struggle. He couldn't take his eyes off her juicy exposed body for more than a few moments. Her long, smooth, stocking-clad legs. Her flat, sexy belly. And those massive, bra-clad breasts of hers, jiggling with every small move she made. And all of his efforts to keep himself under control had failed, as his cock had very quickly become fully erect in his pants, despite himself. He was lucky he was sitting down.

"Don't worry, its fine. I don't mind," she replied, as if he was more worried about her dignity as opposed to the fact that this was a woman dressed in next to nothing, and he was a married man. How could she be so relaxed about this? It felt like this was way over the line, but she was acting like everything was totally cool.

"Are... are you supposed to be wearing the, uh... product?" Colin asked. He wasn't sure why this was point he was trying to make, how it didn't seem kosher for her to be wearing the merchandise and literally nothing else. He was just looking for any way for this to end.

"Oh yeah, don't worry about that!" she said, waving off his concerns. She then put her hands on her hips and smiled at him again. "So... tell me what you think." Posing for him again, craving an answer, shamelessly inviting him to evaluate the illicit outfit she had on.

"I don't think this is right..." Colin stated, shaking his head, not wanting to look at her.

"Colin... I'm not gonna tell anyone," she assured him with a bright smile. "You're not gonna get in trouble, babe. I'm just helping you buy a gift for your wife. Trust me, most wouldn't give you this level of customer service. So, I ask again: What do you think?"

Was he wrong to think this was inappropriate? This was a woman he barely knew standing in front of him in lingerie. That was weird... right? She had acted like this was all under the auspices of a sale, but... was it possible she was angling for something more than that? Maybe it was obvious, but Colin was so caught off guard he couldn't say for sure. He was completely flabbergasted, and he wanted nothing more than to get away.

If he yelled and screamed and made a big scene, that would only draw attention to this strange situation, which he did not need. And if he did leave, he still wouldn't have a gift for Juliet. He had to figure out how to proceed. Well... she was acting like this wasn't unusual, and her demeanor hadn't really changed. Maybe... maybe this was how things went when shopping for lingerie. Maybe the rules were different than what he presumed. Nevertheless, the truth was, he needed to find something for Juliet, and this seemed like the only idea he had. She was acting like this was all normal. Maybe he was the one acting strange. Maybe this was all a false alarm. Even though this really did seem over the line, he composed himself, and promised to make sure that if things ceased being above board, he would walk away, Christmas gift be damned. He'd figure something out. Letting his eyes drift up to her, he finally responded.

"Um... you look, uh... good," he stammered, looking at her blankly, not letting himself examine her too closely.

"Well, I know that, but what about the lingerie?" she asked, gently reminding him of why they were here, urging him to really look at garments adorning her body.

"Uh, yeah, it's, uh... it's good," he said blandly.

"Aw, c'mon, give me some details. What do you like?" she asked. "Do you like the bra?" she asked running her hands over her large breasts and the lacy grey material of her bra. "Do you want it to show more skin? Do you want it to be a bit more see-through? Do you like the level of cleavage? I mean, I know that's more of a factor for me than your wife. But any cleavage is good cleavage, right?"

"Yeah, I guess," he responded to her question, eyes staring straight at her big breasts for just a moment. "I mean, the bra is, uh... nice," he said as diplomatically as he could. She smiled knowingly at this, before spinning around.

"What do you think of the thong?" she said, looking over her shoulder, grinning. His eyes went wide as his gaze fell to her perfect ass again. Despite being so tiny, the garment added so much to what he was seeing. A couple bands of material, a tiny little tangle of grey lace... that was all that was needed to showcase her perfect rear while also saying so much about her. There was a confidence to dress like this, to wear such a garment. To be unafraid to show what you got because you know what you got is so damn good it deserves to be shown off. To be so confident and bold, it was undeniably sexy.

"I like it, but... I don't see Juliet going for it," Colin said truthfully, his eyes remaining glued to her ass. Juliet was a self-assured woman in many ways, but not this way.

"Well..." Rachel began, reaching back and toying with the strap of the thong with her finger. "No offense, but what does it matter if she's into it? You said it yourself. You love thongs!" He didn't quite recall being that effusive out there with her, even if it was the truth. "Even if you didn't say so, it was pretty obvious with the way you were gawking at them out there, haha." Had he been gawking? "But the point is, if you get a thong for your wife, and she sees how you react to them, she'll become a fan. Trust me. If you look at her ass the same way you're

looking at mine, you two will be spending hours in bed, doing all sorts of BAD things!" she said with a laugh, teasing him for his heated gaze.

"Sorry..." he said, looking away, blushing.

"Don't worry about it," she said confidently, spinning back around so she was facing him again. "Trust me, I don't mind being looked at. If I did, I would have slapped you in the face an hour ago," she laughed, teasing him.

"What?" he said. He'd only directly looked at her body when she almost invited him to, and, well... maybe a couple other times. But she couldn't have seen him. There was right at the start when his eyes were glued to her ass. And sure, he'd glanced at her chest a few times when she wasn't looking. Did she know the whole time?

"Like I said, don't worry about it," she said with a friendly grin, her crimson hair shimmering as she straightened it. She looked down at herself and straightened the thin little bra straps struggling to contain her massive rack. "So... do you like the whole... ensemble?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, it's good, I guess," he stated. Sensing an opportunity to end this, he spoke up. "Yeah, I'll take it. Box it up for me." At this, she didn't even look up.

"I don't know..." she said, turning to look at the mirror to the side. "Personally, I'm not into this color. A bit too drab and dull. Where's the heat? Where's the excitement? I'm a bitch that likes color, so this... I'm not a fan. I can't recommend it."

"Uh, really?" he asked.

"I tell you what... let me show you what I have in mind. I have a bunch more options to show you," she assured him.

"Um, no, this would be fine. It's... sexy without being too crazy," Colin stated, hoping to be done with this.

"Are you this easy of a sell?" she teased with a laugh. "If I'd known that, I'd have just shoved the most expensive outfit I could find into your hands and call it a day!" She laughed at this, causing her boobs to jiggle. "So, okay, you wanted my opinion as a woman, and this is my opinion. We can do better. Just hang tight..." Before he could reply, she stepped out of the changing stall and closed the curtain, leaving him alone again. As soon as she was gone, he exhaled, not realizing he'd been holding his breath. He looked around nervously as he tried to will his now rock hard dick into softness. His mind knew better, but his cock had been loving what he saw.

This was odd, right? This wasn't right for her to be dressing like this for him, was it? It just seemed wrong. Indecent. Sure, she had a great body, a really great body. A perfect, firm ass. Mammoth, perky tits that jiggled and bounced with every move she made. Maybe she was an exhibitionist or something, and she took every opportunity she had to strut her stuff, even in front of a married man. But if this was something more than that, like maybe she was making a pass at him, she hadn't actually made a move yet. Right?

She'd just made some teasing comments. And pointed out her body's best attributes at every opportunity, while also establishing that her attributes were superior to his wife's every chance she could. And she showed him filthier and filthier outfits on the shelves, despite knowing his wife wasn't into such things, letting his thoughts run wild with the possibilities. And she lured him into a hidden corner to show off her hot body in tiny little underwear. Maybe... maybe this wasn't on the up and up after all. Maybe she was a bit shrewder than all those other girls, and was a bit more patient and cunning, luring him to his doom slowly as opposed to bludgeoning him with that outcome. If that was true, that would make her a very dangerous figure.

Maybe he should just leave.

Colin had finally come to a decision. Screw the gift. He was leaving.

As Colin moved to sit up, he was stopped by the curtain being pulled open. And any hopes of escape were immediately stopped in their tracks as there, in front of him, was Rachel, again in her underwear. But this time, it was like it was out of a dream. Because it was the exact same red underwear set he'd imagined her in before. And now it was right in front of him. He'd been moving to stand, but at this sight, he fell back into his seat, paralyzed.

"I like that reaction!" she said brightly, sauntering into the changing room and tugging the curtain shut behind her. She had looked spectacular in his imagination, but she looked even better in real life. The underwear looked tiny on her luscious frame. And since this red lace number was practically see-through, that meant he could see pretty much everything. The cups of the skimpy lace red bra held her large breasts like a pair of hands cupping them from behind, palming the massive, fleshy tits, covering just past the nipples while leaving the rest of the luscious smooth skin exposed. In between the cups of the bra was a thin red band of material holding them together, straining to hold back the voluminous force of her enormous tits. And since the material of the bra was see-through, he had a pretty good view of her fantastic nipples. He could see her large, circular, mouthwatering areolas, pink and smooth. And in the center was the hardened nub, straining through the thin lace material. Her breasts were so large that the underside of the bra wasn't up against her body, but pressed outward, a few inches from her slim torso, exposing the soft, creamy undersides of her massive, squishy boobs.

Her flat stomach looked just as good as ever, tanned and slim and fit, capped with her sexy navel. And below that, scooped very low, was the tiny thong, barely covering anything. The small triangle of material clung to her crotch while showing just as much as she could get away with. And it was as transparent as the bra, allowing him to clearly see her tiny little landing strip and a hint of the puffy lips of her pussy.

"I LOVE this one!" she said effusively, before turning so she could look at her ass in the mirror. "Fuck... my ass looks great in this!"

It was true. Her ass looked incredible already, but this tiny red garment really sent it over the top. Maybe it was the color that really made it pop off her skin. Maybe it was the fact that it was a bit smaller than the previous thong, but we're talking a matter of degrees in these small sizes. But whatever it was, it just worked. The red bands rode high over her hips, and the tiny red triangle of material looked immaculate. And again, the way the tiny little string disappeared between the firm, full cheeks was mouthwatering. Her round, firm ass just jumped off the page in this outfit, looking fantastic.

"That's the torture of working here, you know?" she began, turning back to face him, this time padding around in bare feet. As she came to a stop in front of him, her large heavy breasts swayed for a few moments before settling, the hefty, smooth flesh jiggling almost hypnotically. "I have all these thongs and bras and other things around here that are, like, perfect for me, and I can't afford them. I live off a department store salary, so I'm surrounded by all these things I'll probably never have." She pouted for a moment before smiling. "I don't know... maybe Santa will be kind to me this year..." she said, grinning, unable to stop glancing at her immaculate profile in the mirror. Remembering the topic at hand, she turned her face to look at him. "Oh! Sorry... what do you think?"

He looked at her, trying not to stare. All this exposed flesh had taken him from hard to throbbing, but he couldn't let that dictate his actions. He was starting to catch on to the fact this whole thing had gone off the rails. He pulled his eyes from her body and looked her right in the eyes. There was a shrewdness in her gaze, a cleverness that couldn't be underestimated. And as he looked into her eyes, he knew he couldn't let this keep going like everything was fine.

"I feel like this stopped being about me buying a gift for my wife," Colin said. She studied him for a moment before her mouth widened in a brilliant smile.

"Okay, I confess," she said, holding her hands up, the motion making her breasts bounce. "I'm a bit of a slut for lingerie! Haha... I mean, I'm a slut for a lot of things, quite frankly, but lingerie is one of the biggest. I guess I got carried away with dress-up here, haha. I mean, going by your descriptions, your wife would never go for something

this skimpy and sexy! You said she doesn't have a great ass like I do, so she probably won't work this thong like I can. And I know I have better tits, so she probably won't be able to fill it out like I do, and that's what really makes it work. But... you do see what I'm talking about with the color? Red, or anything bright, works much better than muted colors. Right?"

"Uh... yeah, I guess," Colin said, ready to be done with this. He felt like he was starting to see through her, and not just cause her lingerie was see-through over her delicious frame. He had caught some of her word choices, and he could see how much trouble she could be. This needed to end now. "Listen, Rachel... I need to be going. Can we just... pick something out? Something a bit more, uh... tasteful? We can make it red. And let's just play it safe and do no thong. Just normal, nice underwear. How does that sound?" He asked firmly, trying to keep things as diplomatic as possible.

"Oh..." she paused, studying him for a moment, trying to figure out exactly what was causing this sudden shift in his behavior. Then, her face turned into one of concern, which really contrasted with the fact that she was standing in front of him in a red lace transparent bra and a thong. "I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable. I thought we were on the same page. I mean, we're two mature adults. You're a married man who has no idea what he's looking for, and I'm a lingerie saleswoman who knows what she's doing. I thought this would be okay, Colin..."

"Maybe I'm guilty of making assumptions about you. I see a guy like you, so attractive and well-dressed, and I couldn't help but think... man, you must have gotten savage levels of ass when you were single!" she said, and as shocked as he was to hear this, he couldn't deny that it was the truth. "I guess I thought me dressing up like this would barely register on your radar. I mean, I wouldn't be dressed like this if I thought it would bother you." Despite his still present skepticism, her concern did seem to be genuine, so he took it as intended. Maybe this was all some colossal misread on his end, but nonetheless, he was happy that he put his foot down, and he was glad she understood and was seemingly backing down.

"That's okay," he said calmly. "Can we just pick something out and move this along? Juliet will probably start asking wondering where I'm at pretty soon."

"Okay," she said. "Let me go get changed, and I'll grab something like you described. I know just the thing!" she said brightly, before spinning on her heel and marching out, closing the curtains behind her, shaking her thong-clad ass as she did so.

Colin breathed a sigh of relief that this finally seemed to be wrapping up. It felt like she was leading things along to something he wasn't comfortable with, but he had put a stop to that and let her know she was crossing some boundaries. It seems like she was having a bit of fun by teasing him, taking a shot in the dark just in case something could happen. But when he stood his ground, she had respectfully backed down. However, he still couldn't ignore that straining coming from his crotch, his cock still swollen with need. Breathing deep, he tried calming himself down and putting himself together for the home stretch.

Colin waited patiently for her to return, eager to be done with this Christmas gift hunt and just return back to his family. He heard Rachel return to the stall next to him, probably to change back into her normal clothes, and he awaited her return with the gift for Juliet. And finally, as he heard her approach the outside of his changing stall, he looked up, eager to see what she'd picked out for him.

And when she pulled open the curtain, all expectations of what he thought he'd see were thrown out the window.

Between her fingers was a set of underwear. Lacy, red, nice-looking, while not quite as revealing as the ones she just had on, which is to say, the panties were a regular pair of panties and not a thong. The bra was just like he wanted, similar to the one she had on prior but maybe a bit more demure. It was exactly what he was looking for.

But he barely even noticed it.

Because yes, she had changed her clothes. But instead of going back to her work outfit, like he thought she was, she had changed into something else. Something that made his jaw drop. Something that she had called 'straight-up fetish shit' mere minutes prior. Colin couldn't believe what he was seeing.

She was wearing the 'Man Eater'.

The purple garment composed of tiny crisscrossing strings and miniscule patches. He had seen one on the mannequin, and at the time, the bundle of strings looked indecipherable, but now that it was adorning Rachel's luscious frame, he got a clearer picture.

His eyes were glued to Rachel as he examined what she was wearing, and she stood in place, letting the married man give her the once over. The thin straps were coiled around her fit frame tightly, traversing up along her torso, supported at her shoulders by two thin straps. Her outfit was insane, impractical in every way. That being said, with it clinging to her, it made her hot body look absolutely ridiculous in all the best ways.

Purple stretchy bands of material strained across and around her slim torso, crisscrossing her fit, sexy belly in a wild, seemingly random manner, the material glowing against her tanned skin. Her navel caught his gaze for a moment before his eyed drifted lower. The tiny triangle of stretchy purple material covering her nether-regions looked microscopic, barely covering anything, scooped low to show as much skin as possible. In fact, it was scooped so low you could see a hint of her tiny, little landing strip, a small tuft of dark hair just above the hem of the purple material. And that tight, stretchy material was clinging to her down there, giving him a clear imprint of her vagina's puffy lips. But with all that being said, he wasn't looking at any of this either.

He was looking at her breasts.

He had never seen a pair of large breasts showcased so perfectly. Jutting outward, firm and proud, those tits of hers were launching off

her chest. The only thing containing them was a stretchy triangle of material at the front of each of them, clinging to her massive melons, covering her nipples and a little bit of the surrounding areas and not much more, with a few thin straps of material straining to hold them in place. The sides of her bulbous boobs were completely exposed, both the outsides and the insides, and there was plenty of soft breast flesh on the undersides that were left exposed as well. And the soft, tanned flesh looked so smooth and inviting too, enough to make any man's mouth drool. They pressed together in the middle, and the chasm of cleavage formed there was absolutely obscene. Her breasts looked ridiculously massive like this. The purple patches of material were straining against the fronts of her big tits, molding to them, with the soft, succulent flesh oozing over the edges. And they were pressed so tight against her breasts that you could see the indents caused by her hard nipples, as well as her round areolas.

"What are you doing?" he asked, eyes wide, but unable to pull his eyes from her juicy body.

"What?" she asked, playing dumb. "Oh... this?" she said, glancing down at herself and the outfit she was wearing. Looking up and seeing his rapt gaze, she took the opportunity to spin around and showcase her backside for him.

Her ass looked ridiculous in this outfit. Each of the round, full, perfectly shaped cheeks of her heart-shaped ass were just hanging out, practically bare, jiggling ever so slightly as she moved. The tiny strings of this crazy garment both framed the upper ridges of her ass and thread in between the cheeks in the style of a G-string, while being fully connected to the rest of the outfit. There was just so little material there, allowing him to fully appreciate her perfectly formed, tanned, practically bare rear end. Right in front of him. Each of the firm, smooth cheeks were calling to him, his eyes arrested on them, barely able to look away. But he was able to look away, glancing upward at her tramp stamp, the black and red coloring looking almost poisonous, luring him to touch it even though it would be his doom.

Colin looked up further, looking at the thin crisscrossing bands of purple material stretching across her lithe, taut back, the color really popping against her golden tan skin. The only thing he could see was

her long, shimmering, deep crimson hair, shaking in an almost hypnotic manner as she began to move, spinning back around, turning to face him again, her huge breasts swaying in a mouthwatering manner as she did so.

"What are you doing?" Colin croaked, eyes rapt, his cock straining in his pants, screaming for attention.

"I was getting the gift for your wife from our basic line, and I started to think..." she said, glancing at the bra and panties between her fingers, which looked downright patrician compared to what she was wearing. "Why should a guy like you, who is so handsome, and so well-built, and clearly so successful, settle for a woman whose tastes are so... cheap?" she asked, before tossing the red garments between her fingers away, letting them fall to the floor like the trash she saw them as. Colin simply gulped, unable to say or do anything but remain in place and look at Rachel's juicy body.

"I've met so many guys just like you, Colin," Rachel began, taking a slow step towards him, her breasts quaking as she did so. "Guys who have it all and finally settle down. I bet before you got married, you could have gotten a girl every night if you wanted to. And I bet you did, A LOT. Haha," she teased him, taking another step towards him, her heavy boobs jiggling lusciously. "And the game always plays out the same. At first, you do the basic stuff with these total babes, testing out the waters. You keep screwing these queen goddesses, a new one every night, doing filthier and filthier things, taking it to new depths, having the time of your fucking life," she stated, and as memories of those wild days flashed across his mind, he couldn't disagree. She took another step forward, getting closer to him. "Eventually, the condoms are long gone, you're buttfucking some whore you've spoken six words to, as she eats the cunt of another girl, and you're doing coke off of some other slut's huge tits, and you've never been happier!" she said excitedly, bouncing up and down, his eyes dutifully watching her bouncing jugs. "And eventually, one of these sluts end up knocked up, and you're forced to settle down and put a ring on it and make her your queen for life. That's how it always ends."

"So," she continued. "Color me shocked when it turns out you're not married to a queen, but a... but a commoner. Some peasant girl who tricked you into thinking she's what you wanted, when she's not."

"Hey!" he said, angry, ripping his eyes from her rack just long enough to look up into her eyes and convey his annoyance.

"I'm sorry, but someone has to say it," Rachel stated, taking another step towards him, her feet now near his. "I've never met her, but I don't like her. I can picture her in my mind, and I'm not impressed by what I see. Colin... you could have the best! You are worthy of so much more! A woman who knows the best, is worthy of the best, who could fit into your lifestyle without you having to change a thing. You could still be having all the same fun you used to, partying and drinking and fucking to your heart's content, and she would be right there with you, keeping up with you. You so clearly love spending that money of yours on your wife, but her tastes are so cheap it almost makes you feel bad about your success. Why not have a girl who loves having money spent on her? Who makes you feel like a king when you shower her with expensive gifts and fancy jewelry and the best clothes! Who would wear so much crazy hot lingerie that you wouldn't be out there looking at a simple thong like a starving man! A girl whose idea of fancy isn't eclipsed by our 'basic' line. A girl who wouldn't stop you from fully exploring the depths and darkness of absolute, all-consuming lust, but would instead join you for the ride into sin. And Colin... I'm that girl! So... why don't we just make it happen! Right here and now! Colin... why don't me and you just get it over with and fuck?" She asked with her arms spread, smiling moving another step towards him.

Her intentions were now clear, if they hadn't been before. Her goal was seduction. Seduction of Colin. Looking up past her massive, bulbous peaks, her diamond hard nipples standing proud beneath the thin, stretchy material, he found his words.

"Rachel... you shouldn't be doing this. This is a bad idea," he croaked, ignoring the fact that his cock was probably harder than it had ever been in his entire life. He was right. This was a really bad idea. Now that she had made her intentions known, he felt stupid for letting himself end up in this position. Of course. She'd been flirty and

teasing this whole time. Alarm bells had been ringing throughout their discussion, but in his desperation, he'd ignored them. And now, here he was, backed into a corner, with Rachel's juicy, barely clothed body standing between him and freedom.

But damn, she looked good.

It would be so much easier to ignore her and write her off now if she didn't look so fucking amazing. And now that her mask was gone, and she'd let her evil intentions reach the surface, it was hard to ignore the fact that evil was a damn sexy look on her. Combining that with that ass, those legs, that belly. Those tits! Like, the whole luscious form was incredibly, undeniably sexy.

"But baby... bad ideas are the best ones..." she teased, stepping between his legs, boobs quaking as she moved. "And don't pretend you haven't let a few bad ideas run across your mind as you and me have been talking. I see the way you've been looking at me. I think you want this more than I do!"

"Stop! STOP!" Colin said, holding up his hands to stop her. "I'm a married man. You may be an attractive woman," he said, before letting his eyes fall to her breasts. "Very attractive... but, uh... I can't do this! We can't do this!"

"There's that wife of yours again, ruining your fun," she announced. "Is this what you wanted out of married life? I mean, God... that sounds like torture, having a spouse who gets in the way of your excitement. Who doesn't give you everything you want? You work so hard, and do so well, and do everything you can to make your wife as happy as can be... why doesn't she do the same for you? What's the point of being a success if you don't get to go home to a hot piece of ass every night? You deserve that, Colin. You deserve the best. You deserve a girl who can satisfy your every wicked desire. You deserve a girl with a nice round ass and huge tits, who can fill out every naughty bit of lingerie you can imagine. I saw that from the second we met. Let me give it to you. Let's me and you have some nice, dirty fun..." she teased, stepping up close, putting her fingers under his chin, lifting his gaze from her chest to her eyes, at least temporarily.

"Rachel..." he whispered desperately, looking up at her gorgeous face, meeting her cunning gaze with his nervous one. His mind knew better, it really did, but his cock was as hard as iron, screaming out for pleasure, affecting his thinking. He had never been this turned on, even in his younger days. Maybe having gone what felt like an eternity without cumming, or having gone years and years without having the type of nasty sex he truly preferred, he was left in a vulnerable state.

Part of him wanted this. Really wanted this. That part of him knew what was happening from the start and had been leading him towards this moment from the very beginning. Even though he knew better, even though he had a wife he loved back home, every fiber in his being was telling him to do this, damn the consequences. But he couldn't quite shake the nagging voice in his mind, that alarm that he himself had instilled through years of discipline and self-improvement the only thing preventing him from giving in. He knew it was wrong. He knew what the consequences would be. He knew this could end very badly. Which was why that alarm was still ringing in his head through all of this. And that, and only that, was the lone thing stopping him. It was the only way to silence the alarm.

Well, not the only way...

"Rachel, please..." he begged. "We can't..." he said, trying to sound as firm as possible while looking straight into her eyes. But it was coming at a great struggle. Because she was in such close proximity, standing right in front of him, even looking up at her gorgeous face put her mountainous rack on his periphery. And she could see how badly he was struggling not to look at her big tits, so she made up his mind for him.

"Here..." she began, sliding her fingers from under his chin around his face to the back of his head, digging her fingers into his hair. As she did this, she took another step forward till she was right up in his space, forcing him to look down to the massive mounds of tit flesh on a collision course with his handsome face.

"Rachel, wait!" he called out, but it was in vain, as she pulled his face forward. For a moment before they collided, he looked at her massive, jiggling breasts, and the cleavage in between. Taking in this sight, he realized he was being pulled towards his doom, and in that moment, the moment of truth, instead of fighting against it, he submitted to it. He accepted his fate.

He embraced it.

Colin couldn't stop the contented, almost relieved sigh that escaped his mouth when she pressed her massive, firm boobs against his face. Feeling the soft flesh pressing into his handsome features was an incredible sensation that sent bolts of concentrated pleasure throughout his body. He scrubbed his face lightly against the chesty redhead's mammoth rack as she held him in place, her chin resting on top of his head.

"I've wanted to do this from the second I saw you," she said, scrubbing her huge tits against his face as she held in tightly in place, with both arms wrapped around his head. "You looked so handsome, but so stressed out. I just knew that you needed a big pair of tits in your face to make you feel better. Do you feel better now, Colin?"

A small noise of bliss arose from his throat. He scrubbed his face against the smooth skin of her bulbous jugs, reveling in the pure softness. They felt incredible. It had been a long time since he'd experienced anything like this, back in his younger, single days. Scrubbing his face across the soft, sexy breast fresh, he remembered why he'd fallen so deep into this kind of thing years prior. It felt like a drug entering his system after years of sobriety, sending every nerve in his body into overdrive, and making his cock throb with excitement. He got less and less tentative, his face fully embracing the perfect pair of tits in front of him, rubbing his face against both mammoth jugs and nestling his nose into her smooth cleavage.

"Here," she began, moving to step back ever so slightly. His face moved to follow its fleshy prison, but a gentle grip on his scalp by her held him back, allowing a few inches between him and her jutting tits. "I know how to make this even better." Pulling one hand from the back

of his head, she reached down to her chest to pull one of the straining patches restraining her big tits to the side, then the other, releasing her bare tits to his full view.

And he was viewing.

They looked even bigger bare than they did covered up. They were fucking massive! Like, the size of melons, literally. Full and round and smooth and fleshy, they looked fucking incredible. They vaulted off her chest, perky and firm, riding together lusciously. He'd seen so much of them already, but now he had his first view of her nipples, and they were fantastic. Perfectly sized, dark pink areolas, capped with rock hard nipples, pulsing with lust, begging for an eager mouth.

His mouth was watering.

"Go ahead, babe..." she cooed, before stepping forward. His mouth opened on it's on accord, just in time to be stuffed with one of her perfect nipples. Within seconds, his lips had formed a tight seal around the hard nub and his eager tongue began laving it with his heated saliva.

"Fuck!" Rachel called out as the married man sucked on her giant breast. Scratching at his hair lovingly, she looked up and bit her lower lip in stifled pleasure. She pressed more of her big tit against his face as he sucked at it eagerly, before she pulled back and popped her nipple from his mouth, switching it out with the other one. "Yes!" she moaned as he eagerly attacked her other nipple, sucking at it, coating it with his saliva. "Bite the nipple... bite it!" she seethed. He complied, biting down on the hardened nub with the perfect amount of pressure. "Yes! Yes! You're so good at this!" she sighed, patting the back of his head. Colin was completely lost in the redhead's massive jugs. Fully immersed in her boobs, all doubts and worries were forgotten as he sucked at the hard cap.

"Mmmm... I bet wifey can't compete with this," Rachel sighed, scratching the back of his head lovingly. It was true. Juliet's breasts never seemed smaller than they did at this moment, with a pair of real

big fucking tits against his face. He never knew how badly he missed this kind of thing till right now. Despite his years of good behavior and discipline, this affirmed to him why he was a breast-man, and why he would always be a breast-man. No matter what he did, he would always come back. "Isn't it SO much better being with a woman who has big, perfect tits like mine?" His mouth was too busy to speak, his lips eagerly switching between both her hard nipples was all the answer she needed. In his haze, his old talents were rising back to the forefront of his mind, and these talents were being utilized on Rachel's huge breasts.

"Yes! I just knew it would end this way," Rachel sighed as the married man's mouth tugged at her hard nipples. "I just knew you'd be all over my big tits if you had the shot. Fuck... you just seemed like that type of guy, Colin." She felt his eager tongue circling her nipple as she said this. Looking down at him, eyes closed, entirely focused on the task at hand, namely worshipping her giant tits, she was eager to take this to the next level.

"Here..." she began, pulling her hands from his head, him no longer needing the help to stay focused on her huge boobs. Reaching down past his head to grab his wrists, she took a small step back and pulled his hands upwards, mashing them into her boobs, so he was now cupping them. "Here, you hold these," she said, as her hands went to work on his clothes, tugging at his tie and unbuttoning the buttons on his shirt.

Colin's mouth pulled back from her nipples and his eyes opened wide. He couldn't believe it. His hands were on Rachel's tits! For the first time in years, his hands were on a pair of massive jugs. Pressed lightly into their undersides, his big palms were supporting their weight, and fuck were they ever deliciously heavy! Playing with them lightly, testing their weight, it was a few moments before he gave the massive, perfect jugs a tentative squeeze. Hoollllllyyyyy shit! They were so God damn soft! Fuck! He squeezed them lightly, testing their delicious pliability, before squeezing a little more firmly, then a little more firmly, then a little more, before he finally just dug his fingers into the soft, squishy breast flesh. They were amazing!

"Holy shit!" he said in awe, both looking at and feeling the soft, succulent flesh pouring through his fingers. The soft, full udders

ballooned outwards with every firm squeeze, a sight he couldn't get enough of. He did it again and again and again till the lust overtook him and his mouth leapt forward, attacking her nipples once again.

"Ahh! That's it, babe," Rachel sighed as the married man lost control while playing with her huge tits. As this happened, her nimble fingers tossed aside his now undone tie and unbuttoned his shirt, pulling it apart and tugging it down his shoulders, unable to fully remove it because his hands were still busy with her giant rack. She then grabbed the hem of his undershirt and tugged it up to his neck, forcing him to finally release his hands and mouth from her chest just long enough for her to remove both his shirt and his undershirt. As soon as his hands and mouth were free again, they went right back to her big breasts, sucking and squeezing to his heart's content, like a starving man in paradise.

"Don't stop, baby, don't ever stop!" Rachel moaned. "I know how badly you need this. I want you to suck my big fucking tits till you fall in fucking love with them! Yes! Till you can't fucking live without them! Ughh! Till you'll do anything to have them! YES!"

Colin was lost in between the redhead's huge breasts. His mouth never stopped sucking, licking, or kissing the perfect breasts, soon coating them with his saliva. And as he did so, his big hands kept palming her big boobs, squeezing them firmly, savoring the feel of her silky-smooth breasts pouring through his fingers. Juliet and his marital vows, and Christmas, and his years and years of self-control... all that stuff were the furthest things in his mind. All that mattered were titties. Rachel's massive fucking titties.

Rachel took advantage of his lustful daze. With him distracted, she was able to reach down with both hands and make contact with his very evident bulge for the very first time. At this, the married man jumped, as if an electric shock coursed through him. Getting the slightest bit of pleasure after so much teasing increased his fervor, he began sucking her tits with even more passion.

"Oh my God!" she moaned out as both hands felt his straining dick through his dark pants. One of her eager hands began eagerly groping

his impressive nine-inch length as the other held the base of it in place. "Of course you're fucking huge! I just knew you would be! Fuck... this is so perfect! I love it!" She slid her hands up quickly, deftly undoing his belt and the button at the front of his pants before yanking down the zipper firmly. Glancing down at his expensive looking underwear, she didn't take much time to appreciate it. She was more interested in the juicy, throbbing bulge those tight boxer-briefs were barely containing. Hooking her fingers under the hem of his underwear, she quickly yanked those fuckers down, revealing his bare cock to her eyes for the very first time.

"Holy shit!" she gushed, eyes wide as she stared at the big fat piece of married meat now exposed to her. It was huge! Nine inches long, nice and beefy, smooth and throbbing, with a thick, prominent tip and a pair of huge, semen filled balls, it made her mouth water. She'd been with a lot of guys, but few matched up to the manhood she was now staring at. "Oh my God..." she sighed, sliding one hand down and letting her nimble fingers encircle the throbbing pillar. "Jesus, it's so warm," she said with a brilliant grin, that fact the first thing that jumped out at her. She began lightly stroking it, the size and strength of it sending bolts of pleasure through her merely by touching it.

This pleasure was enough to pull him from his breast-filled haze, causing him to fall back against the couch and breath deep. As things reached this stage, and the pleasure was being returned to him, it felt even more real. Leaving the soft prison of Rachel's breasts, he was able to think a bit more clearly, but his cock was almost numb with the pleasure of Rachel's talented hand. It was enough to keep him in place, but his mind was clearing up. For the first time in a while, Juliet returned to his thoughts. Trying to ignore the hot-bodied woman currently jacking him off, he spoke up.

"Rachel, wait..." he said, but he didn't have time to say anything else. Rachel's lips leapt to his, colliding in a sudden, open-mouthed kiss, her tongue sliding into his mouth before he knew it. Pressing her mouth into his hard, she forced him to take her slithering tongue, coiling around his as she forced him into swapping spit. And despite his protestations, it didn't take much to get him reciprocating the fierce kiss, mashing his tongue against hers before sliding it into her waiting mouth. As their tongues dueled in their locked mouths, her smooth lips slid against his. As their mouths attacked each other's,

she could feel how excited he was getting, his cock swelling with delight as she continued stroking him. She could almost feel him ready to burst, so sensing that explosion, she tightly gripped the base of his thick weapon and pulled her mouth from his.

"Oh my God, baby," she sighed, leaning in close to him, whispering in his ear as she panted for breath. "You have no idea how wet I am right now!" It was true. She was fucking gushing. Standing up enough to give him a good view, Colin was able to see her juices leaking past the tiny little triangle covering her eager pussy, running down her legs. "I can't wait another second, babe! Me and you need to do it right now!" At this, she pulled the patch of material covering her soaked cunt to the side, revealing her bare pussy to him for the first time. The small, cute puffy lips. The sexy little landing strip. Her throbbing clit. Covered with her juices, it shined in the light adorning this small changing area. Colin was transfixed by this sight for a moment, only shaken from his daze when Rachel moved forward, kneeling on the couch, straddling him, moving in close to him.

"Wait... wait... wait..." Colin panted, wanting to slow things down, trying to ignore the luscious weight of her big, naked tits now pressing into his chest. But she was undeterred, kneeling over him, raising herself up, and reaching down, snaking her fingers around his huge dick again, pointing it up towards her waiting cunt, hovering inches above it. It was only as she began lowering herself, and the dripping head of his swollen cock met the entrance to her bare, gushing pussy, that he was able to get her attention. "Rachel!" She paused in the act, looking down at him curiously, a Cheshire cat grin on her lips.

"Oh... you want to stop?" she asked teasing. Panting, with her big bare tits now just under his chin, he spoke up.

"Rachel... we can't do this... I can't do this! Please!" he begged, finding one last fiber inside himself that was fighting for himself and his marriage.

"What?" she asked naively. "You don't want to have sex with me? You don't want to FUCK me, Colin? Cause I think this..." she said,

slapping the head of his throbbing dick against her gushing cunt, splashing her juices onto his dress pants. "Says otherwise."

"Rachel... I want to... fuck, I want to... but I can't! We can't do this. Please..." he begged, finding some of that discipline that pulled him back from the brink in his younger years.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "It feels like part of you REALLY wants it!" she said, her words causing his cock to pulse in her hand. She slightly rolled her eyes at how obviously he was lying, but then her face adopted a dark, scheming tint to it.

"Shame..." she began, lightly shaking her bare breasts against his upper chest, her hard nipples scraping against his bare skin. She was still toying with his dick, circling the tip of it against the outside of her waiting cunt. "I was so close too! Nine inches away..." she teased with a grin, glancing down at the swollen cock jutting out from his crotch. "Cause... once I got you balls deep inside my slutty little cunt, I would have owned you forever. I would have fucked you so good you would have forgotten about your wife and your family and all that shit. I would have fucked you so good you would love me and only me. I would have made you cum so hard you'd let me control your heart..." she teased, slapping his throbbing dick against her dripping cunt again. "Your soul..." she said, slapping her cunt again. "This big fat cock of yours..." she teased, teasing his cock against her pussy again. "I would have fucked you so well you would have fallen in love with me, just from hot sweaty sex. Fuck..." she sighed slapping her cunt with his cockhead again. Despite everything, his cock was throbbing with every word she was saying. "You would have been obsessed with me! Shit... you would have lived to please me and only me! You'd have taken all that cash that you spend on fancy clothes and nice things for your wife... and you'd spend it on me instead! Fuck... you'd have spoiled me rotten! Yes. But... but I guess that can't happen now. So close too... just nine inches away from having the rest of my life taken care of..." she teased, glancing down at that weapon of his standing proud, pointing right up towards her waiting pussy. God, as wrong as it was, he wanted to fuck the living daylights out of this bitch more than ever. Every word she said was hitting him just right. But he knew better, and it seemed that his last-minute defense had gotten the job done, as despite the teasing, she hadn't carried this any further.

But then Rachel glanced back at him, and her lips twisted into a smile so wicked it sent a jolt of lust through him. And in that moment, he knew what was gonna happen next.

"Rachel!" he called out, putting his hands on her hips, ready to push her away, but it was already too late. Before he could do anything, she began lowering herself down onto his waiting cock. "Wait, wait, wait, ahhhhhhhh... fuck!" he groaned as the swollen head of his throbbing dick slid inside her soaking wet cunt. His hands fell down to the couch as the tight, wet walls of her eager cunt stretched around his swollen cockhead, paralyzing him with pleasure. Holy shit! Fuck... FUCK! She was so goddamn tight! He almost jumped out of his skin it felt so good! Damn... it had been a long time since he'd felt something this good! He didn't know if he'd ever felt anything this good. Juliet was nice, but she was nothing like this. Not even close.

"Sorry babe," Rachel said as she lowered herself onto the married man's pillar. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she groaned loudly, her small tight cunt stretching to the brim so it could swallow his beefy weapon. Pushing herself down further on it, she continued. "Damn... fuck. Sorry. I just can't let you make such a terrible, unhealthy mistake. I can't allow such a fucking hunk let his best years be wasted on a woman who doesn't deserve you. Ugh... fuck! Fuck... damn, you're big! You're worthy of so much more than her! You can have such a better life, baby! Shit! Oh my God!" she squealed as she took more and more of his thick, lengthy dick inside her, about halfway down now. "And, fuck... fuck! It doesn't hurt this would really make my life better too! Fuck! I can't just let a dick like yours out of my sight without riding it like crazy, now can I? Hahaha... fuck!" she screamed out as she had about 7 inches of married dick lodged inside her.

Colin was almost numb with pleasure. He could barely move. He could barely think. It felt so FUCKING GOOD! Holy shit! The more of his manhood that slid inside her, the better it felt. Seven inches of thick married cock was being smothered by her tight, wet, nasty cunt, gripping it tightly, massaging it, driving him crazy. His cock was swelling in a way it never had before. He'd felt some good stuff before, but not in a long, long time. And never like this. Maybe because it'd

had been years since he'd had some real, nasty pussy, but now that he was indulging in it again, it had never felt better.

"Fuck..." Rachel sighed, biting her lip in barely restrained pleasure. She kept wiggling her hips, shifting around to take more and more dick inside her. "Fuck, fuck, fuck... ahhhhh!" she groaned lightly, clenching her eyes shut as her ass hit his thighs.

She'd taken his entire length inside her.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" she groaned, wiggling her butt against his lap as she adjusted to his thick pillar. Her front was pressed against his, her huge breasts pressing into his bare chest. Her tight pussy spasmed as it adjusted to his impressive size, coating his post with her gushing juices. Even as she stayed in place, her pussy marinating around his thick married penis, she was so turned on her juices were soon coating his balls. "You feel that, baby? You feel that cock of yours buried in my CUNT!? Fuck... that makes us lovers now, hon. You like the sound of that, babe?"

Colin was lost in a haze of pure bliss. He didn't want this. He had tried his damndest to resist her twisted wiles, yet here he was, succumbing to her. And despite his mind being in hell, his cock was in fucking heaven. Rachel's tight pussy felt so fucking good! Holy fuck, was it amazing! The best ever! His cock was throbbing in delight buried in Rachel's white-hot snatch, her tight cunt squeezing his cock in just the right way. The pleasure was so great it felt like it sapped his will to fight back. All he could do was sit there and take it, sit there and let this wicked slut inflict indescribable waves of pleasure unto him.

"This is what you wanted from the start, wasn't it?" she spat out. "You left your wife at home cause you were so fucking desperate for real sex, even if it's with a trashy lingerie saleswoman at a fucking department store! Yes! You've been dying for it for years, haven't you? Just waiting for some slut like me to see the real you and bring it to the surface! Fuck... well, wait no longer. Me and you are lovers now, and you will never be the same!"

At this, she raised herself up in his lap. Her tight cunt was gripping his swollen weapon like a vise, doing everything in its power to keep his big dick buried inside her. The tight lips were stretched to the max around his throbbing pole, gripping his thick pillar as she raised herself up, leaving his smooth, thick married shaft coated with her slick juices. Lifting herself up further, she rose up so just the tip was inside her. This also caused her huge, fleshy breasts to slide over his handsome face, resting there for a long, delicious moment. Then, she dropped down, taking his entire lengthy pole in one quick go.

"Fuck!" she cried out as her ass slammed into his thighs.

"Ohhh!" Colin groaned as a wave of intense pleasure coursed through him. Rachel did this again, and again, and again, driving that pleasure into him. Working herself into a quicker pace, she began to get into the rhythm of real fucking.

"Oh my God!" she sighed, bouncing on his swollen pole. As she rode him, her huge, fleshy jugs bounced against his face, the smooth, luscious weight of them only adding to his pleasure. "God damn that's a good dick. Fuck!" she groaned, continuing to bounce.

"Fuck..." the married man sighed, barely able to articulate words as he was being fucked senseless by the whore on top of him.

"Talk to me, babe," she panted. "I want to hear how much you're loving this!"

He was too far gone to speak. Feeling a new level of pleasure than he'd ever felt before, it caused memories to come rising to the surface. Wicked memories of the things he'd done with women like Rachel. The nasty, wicked sex he used to have. The brutal, nasty language he used to let fly from his lips, such a far cry from the man he was now.

"Fuck, I want to make you yell and scream, baby," Rachel moaned out, seeing the struggle he was going through as she kept bouncing on him. She began to work up a sweat, her smooth skin soon slick with

perspiration. Her huge tits were bouncing like crazy, quaking against his face as he clenched his jaw and tried to withstand the intense fucking. "You can be yourself with me. We're lovers now, it's okay. Fuck! Trust me, I can handle it. I'm your slut. Your whore. Your mistress. Yes! We have a connection you and your little wife could never have! Yes! Fuck! Don't we, babe! Aren't I better at sex than your wife?"

"Oh..." he sighed. There was no question about it. Juliet was great at many things, but she was pretty average in bed. He loved her for so many other things, but he'd be lying if he said he was fully satisfied with how things were in the bedroom. He could never be anything close to the man he used to be with her. She wasn't about that kind of stuff, and for what he'd been into, that'd be a lot to ask of any woman. So, yeah, Rachel was better at sex, but he didn't have it in him to say so, at least not yet. But despite his silence, his body was not so still. He began meeting her rapid bouncing by bucking up into her in an ever so slight way, and his hands had risen from his sides to grip her hips lightly as he rode him.

Rachel then leaned back slightly and held him by the back of his neck, allowing him to look at her entire luscious form as she rode him. She still had on the 'Man-Eater', the thin purple bands crisscrossing her torso. But her tits were hanging out, her pussy was exposed, and her ass was too, so it was effectively useless. His shirt was gone, leaving him bare-chested, but his dress pants were at his thighs, so he wasn't completely naked either. But neither of them had time to stop and undress completely. The sex was too good.

This new position allowed him to watch her huge tits bounce in an almost hypnotic fashion as she rode him. His eyes were locked on her bare breasts as he held onto her hips for dear life, trying to withstand the intense fucking.

"God, this cock is SO GOOD!" she called out, driving down into him, taking his dick inside her up to the balls smoothly on each bounce. Her breasts were bouncing in such an immaculate way that Colin couldn't help himself, sliding his hands up from her sides to resume groping her massive boobs.

"Haha! You love my big tits, don't you?" she asked with a bright smile as the married man slid his hands all over her massive bra-busters. "It's okay. They're pretty perfect! No one would blame you for loving my perfect tits. Especially when you're married to a woman with such, small pathetic little boobies..." He stayed silent as his eyes became hypnotized by her perfect, bouncing nipples. Seeing him so enraptured, she continued hammering at his fidelity. "C'mon, baby, say something! Admit that my tits are better than your wife's. Fuck... I mean, we both know it's the truth. Might as well just say it..."

She kept bouncing on him, taking his entire length inside her tight pussy every time. He'd been with girls almost as tight as her, but none of them could take his full size inside them. None of them, except for Rachel. Which is to say, every bounce she took was a new experience for the married man. And that, combined with the feel of her massive, fleshy breasts in his palms, and her perfect, hard, hypnotizing nipples bouncing right in front of him, was enough to coax a word from between his tightly clenched lips.

"Yes..." he croaked, gripping the redhead's massive jugs. "They're better..." At this admission, her face lit up and she began bouncing faster.

"YES!" she groaned in delight, riding him harder, rewarding his admission with pleasure. "See, honesty is the best policy! Fuck! If your honest with me, ugh... and yourself... you'll be rewarded. Yes! Trust me! I'm honest with myself every fucking day about what a fucking slut I am, and look what fate brought to me!" she gushed, riding his big dick firm and fast. "Years of lying to yourself got you a wife with no tits who barely makes your dick twitch! Ughh... yes. Yes! And now that you're honest with me, and yourself, you're getting the best sex of your life! Fuck!" He wanted to deny it, but it was the truth. Especially after years of denying himself this kind of thing, returning back to it was a delicious poison that he couldn't get enough of. Driving up into her, gripping her huge jugs firmly, he looked up at her with a fire in his eyes, causing her to smile.

"Be honest with me about one more thing... ugh. Oh. Fuck fuck fuck! This is so fucking good!" she continued, riding him roughly, her entire body coated with sweat by this point. "Who do you like more? Me... or

your boring, dull, nasty wife?" she spat out, driving into him fully, grinding on his full length every time. "Sure, you might have convinced yourself that you like her brain or her spirit or whatever. But you REALLY like my big boobs, and honey... I think we both know which matters more to you! Haha! Yes! We both know you think I'm a better woman than your wife, just because I have really big tits! Right... fuck... fuck... RIGHT?" she demanded, dripping with sweat as she ground on him, arching her back so her big boobs overfilled his palms.

Despite the wickedness of her words, every one of them filled him with a bolt of concentrated lust, spurring him even further into action. Colin was still pumping up into her even harder and groping her massive, bulbous boobs as firmly as he could. And as she spoke, he kept his eyes on hers, blazing with heat as they fucked. He wanted to deny her, to shut down her wickedness and prove that the strength of his marital vows meant more than such filthy delights.

But if he did, he would be lying.

"Yes!" He relented, the temptation to submit fully too strong to resist. And as soon as he did, he was rewarded by a fresh rush of endorphins flowing through his veins. Looking to continue this new found thrill, he kept it going, finally finding his words. "Yes! I like you so much fucking more than my wife just because you can fill out a fucking bra better than her!"

"Yes! YES!" she squealed in delight, bouncing on him at even more hurried pace. The married man leaned forward and captured her hard nipple between his lips again, sucking her huge, sweat-covered breast as she rode him. Clutching his face to her rack, causing the soft flesh to squish against his features, she spoke up. "You settled down and got married to a woman because you thought you were supposed to. Ugh! Some boring girl who's nice and sweet and has a good job. You thought that was all you deserved, but baby... you're worthy so much more! You deserve a girl with massive jugs and a perfect ass who does all the nasty things you dream about. Don't you... ugh fuck... don't you?" Pulling his mouth from her nipple with a pop, he sat back and looked up at her.

"Yes!" he growled, the admission sending a jolt of pleasure through him.

"You don't want a little Suzy homemaker!" she added, leaning forward so her heavy breasts were sliding against his face again. "You deserve a hot piece of arm candy that dresses up in nice clothes and has a perfect body that makes everyone else super jealous! Don't you?"

"Yes!" he said again, almost panting with lust as she spoke. She was clearly speaking to some long dormant, deep, dark part of him, a part he had done his best to suppress and silence. When he was younger, he always envisioned himself with some hottie, some ten out of ten, super stacked babe. And even though that was a shallow thing to want, and that it was an immature thing to ask for, part of him never let that go. During his promiscuous phase, as he availed himself in all that warm, smooth flesh, he never had a problem then. As he fucked babe after babe after babe, he never had a problem. It was only after looking at himself from afar, seeing where his life was, and viewing it through the lens of other people, society, family... only then did he feel the weight of expectation on his shoulders. Only then did he feel hesitancy in his lifestyle. Only then did he feel some sort of regret and shame. If it was up to him, at his most basic core, he would still be living it up exactly as he used to. And it was this part of him that Rachel was speaking to. It was that part of him that she had zeroed in upon. The cursing, rutting animal beating in the heart of every married man alive, the beast eager to just fuck and fuck and fuck with the most eager, beautiful women he could find. And it took a keen eye like Rachel's to see that that side of him was far more prominent than it was for most men.

And only a clever slut like her could make that side of him roar.

"This is your Christmas gift this year, babe," Rachel sighed, still riding him for all he was worth. "Not any silly gifts, but the thing you really wanted. Pussy! Raw, nasty, slutty cunt! Something your wife could never give you..."

"Oh my God..." he groaned. "This is amazing!" Her pussy was indeed amazing. It felt so good, working every square inch of his big cock over

perfectly, like the experienced slut she was. It was a wonder he hadn't cum yet, probably drawing on his experience and stamina to withstand such fierce fucking.

"Jesus!" she moaned loudly, coming to a stop with his dick fully inside her, grinding on his rock-hard post, squeezing his cock hard with her well-trained cunt muscles. Her huge boobs were pressed into his upper chest, just below his chin, her nipples scraping his neck. Her pussy quivered around his pole as she stayed in place, flexing herself around him. She leaned down and pressed her plump lips softly into his own, kissing him firmly and lovingly as she ground around him, before pulling back and giving him a brilliant grin. "Oh my God! You're the best! This is, like... the best sex I've ever had, and I haven't even cum yet! Here, let me just spin around so you can hit the sweet spot. Really make me scream." At this, she leaned back and spun around on his lap, keeping him inside her while she moved, until her back was facing him, and her legs were spread lewdly around his own. Glancing back at him, she grinned and began bouncing again.

"Oh..." Colin said, his head rolling in pleasure as she resumed bouncing on him again. His eyes gazed at her taut back, and the crisscrossing bands of purple material clinging to her. He also got a good view of her round, bare ass jiggling as she rode him reverse cowgirl.

"Ahhh! Oh my God! Right there! Right there! Yes!" she squealed in delight as his beefy married dick began scratching new places deep inside her. Looking at her from behind, he could see her massive bare breasts jiggling at her sides, so large they were, and he couldn't stop himself from sliding his hands around them and groping what he could greedily. Feeling this, she began bouncing faster, using her toned thighs to lift her luscious frame at a rapid pace and ride the married man fiercely.

"Oh my God!" Colin said, his body energized with pleasure. For a guy who'd gotten used to missionary for years and years, having this gorgeous woman riding him so roughly was an incredible feeling that he couldn't get enough of. Gripping her huge breasts, he drove up into her, meeting her hard bounces with his own.

"Ughhh! Fuck!" she screamed out as the married man pounded his cock up into her, her gushing juices splashing out of her as he drilled her. Reaching back and holding out her arms, he took the hint and slid his hands from her tits and grabbed her hands in his, allowing him to support her as she leaned forward. With renewed leverage, he began fucking up into even harder. "Yes! Yes! YES!" she screamed in delight. "Fuck me! Fuck me like a fucking slut! Yes!"

Colin had come into this store so composed and put-together. Now, he was almost unrecognizable, his face twisted into a mask of lust as he fucked the wicked slut on top of him.

"Take it! Take that fucking dick!" Colin groaned, completely lost in the moment. He would never say or do anything close to this with Juliet, and being able to fully unleash the beast after so long was thrilling. He couldn't get enough. "You like it! You like that married cock you fucking whore?"

"Yes! I love it! I love it!" she moaned. "I love your big fat cock! I love it so much more than your wife does!"

"Ugh! Damn right!" Colin moaned. "She doesn't take it like you do!"

"That's why you belong with a slut like me, babe! Fuck!" she moaned as he fucked up into her hard, his thick cock slamming into her smoothly, as if built to do so. "Sluts like me need a good hard dicking, like... three times a day! Fuck! Yes!" The filthier her mouth got, the harder he fucked her. She was speaking his language, and he couldn't get enough.

"Oh my God! This is so fucking good!" Colin seethed, his cock nearly numb with pleasure as he fucked her, her ass rippling from the intensity of the hard fucking. Her cunt felt amazing! So fucking nasty, and so fucking good. His balls were boiling.

"Ugh! Ughhh! Oh..." she sighed. "Oh my God! This is amazing! Colin... fuck... I think I fucking love you! Yes! Fuck! This is so God damn good! Fuck... I think this is love at first fucking sight! Yes! I fucking love you! Oh my God! This is such good dick! Yes! Yes! Do you love me, Colin? Ughhh... do you love me??"

It was obviously ridiculous. He was a married man. Sure, he was currently fucking another woman, and nothing they had done together would normally be construed as love. But, despite all that, he was so lost in the heat of the moment that there was only one answer he could give.

"Yes! Yes! I fucking love you!" Colin admitted to this lingerie saleswoman he'd known for two hours.

"Oh my God!" She moaned, her pussy gushing at this admission. "Yes! Do... ughh... do you love my hot body?"

"Yes!" he admitted, his cock swelling with excitement.

"You love my long legs?"

"Ugh... yes!"

"You love my tight cunt?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"You love my perfect ass?"

"God dammit... yes!"

"And do you love my big tits?" she moaned out, looking back at him with a sharp but heated glare.

"Yes!" he called out, ramming up into her even harder at each admission.

"Do you love me more than your wife?" she asked, stopping for a moment, squeezing down hard on his cock with her cunt muscles, demanding an answer.

At this point, there was only one answer he could come up with.

"Yes!" he admitted. "I love you more than my wife! Fuck! Yes!" He didn't even know if this was true or not. Because deep down, he knew no matter what, he was going back home to his wife tonight. This was fun, and it was good, despite how wrong it was. And even though he might beat himself up for what he was currently doing, right then, it was too hot to care. In the heat of the moment, during probably the best sex of his life, it was the only answer he could give.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she moaned, before pulling her hands from his and leaning forward, resting them on his knees, allowing her to control the pace again. Resuming rising and falling on his big dick, her luscious body jiggling in all the right places, she glanced back at him, eyes blazing with heat. "Babe..." she began, panting, as he met her bounces by driving up into her. "I think we need to take this to the next level... shit... fuck. Hon... we need to talk about starting a family."

"What?" he said, her words cutting through the heat of the moment, raising those alarm bells once again, causing his driving hips to pause.

"I want to have your babies, Colin!" she announced, rising and falling faster and faster, this admission turning her on. "I'm fucking serious. I want all your babies! Yes! All of them! I want us to make a baby right here and now! Oh my God! Yes!" Her pussy gushed again at this as she bounced on him even more quickly.

"Wait..." he paused, trying to slow things down. Was she serious? She sure seemed like it. And as fun as this was, something like, uh... that, would make things far more permanent. He couldn't do that. No. As hot as this was, he was going home to his wife tonight and for every night in the future. Putting a baby in this wicked slut's pussy... that would change things. His conscious, rational mind still had enough influence at the moment to take control of his mind through the haze. However, his cock loved this new level of depraved filth, throbbing in her nasty, eager, fertile cunt once again, desperate to impregnate this evil slut.

"Babe... ughh... I love you, and you love me, so let's just fucking do it! Let's make a baby right fucking now!" she moaned out, clearly loving this idea. She turned to look at him, this view allowed him a great view of the side of her massive breast. Meeting her gaze, he saw that her eyes were blazing with heat. "Oh... yes. I want it! I want to have your babies! I want to be your woman! I want to be your bitch! I want to be your wife!" She bounced like an animal, her ass slamming into his lap.

"Wait... wai..." he tried to fight it, but it felt too damn good. His balls were boiling. His cock was tingling. Even if his married mind knew better, it might not be its decision anymore. Rational thought leaving him, he began pounding up into her once more, their bodies slamming into each other as he went into overdrive.

"Oh... yes! YES!" she moaned out of his acceptance. There was no way this wasn't ending without him firing off a giant wad of cum deep inside her waiting cunt. Sensing that her complete victory was imminent, she spoke up.

"I can't believe we're gonna make a baby, Colin," she announced, using her grip on his knees to really drive into him on each bounce. "I knew you liked me, but wanting to put a baby in my belly is pretty amazing!" She was clearly ignoring the fact that this was her idea, but he stayed silent and continued pounding up into her as she bounced on him. "I can't wait till your baby is inside me, Colin. Then I'll be your woman for real! I'll be your arm-piece! Your trophy wife! Your piece of ass! And you'll be all mine. A stud who gives me babies... fuck... who

worships me... yes... who spends money on me! Fuck! Fuck!" Despite himself, her filthy words spurred him into pounding up into her even harder. "You're gonna spend money on me, babe? Fuck... I am gonna be the mother of your children. You'd fucking better spoil me rotten! Yes!"

"Oh my God!" Colin groaned, unable to suppress the shudder of excitement coursing through him at this. He'd been confronted with plenty of gold diggers in his time, but something about Rachel being that way and announcing it so brazenly was intoxicating. Grabbing her hips, he really bore down on her, drilling her broiling hot cunt as he approached an oncoming climax. At his renewed efforts, her body began shaking with pleasure.

Unbeknownst to either of them, a new presence was approaching. While their combined moans had been rather loud, the sounds only really reached the entrance to the lingerie section. And as Rachel had stated earlier, no one's shopping for lingerie on Christmas, so the area had remained empty. But it wasn't a customer who had entered this area, but an employee. A blonde employee adorned in one of the company's sexy elf costumes. In fact, she was the same girl who Colin saw earlier, talking with the woman from his neighborhood. The young blonde college student, DeAnna, was balancing on her high-heeled boots smoothly as she sauntered between the lingerie displays, resisting the urge to pocket anything.

DeAnna was a bit confused as to why the area was empty. Even though they were getting close to closing, there was no way Rachel had left, because Rachel was her ride, and she would never leave without her. So, inquisitively, she began to look around, only to hear a noise from the direction of the dressing rooms. Intrigued, and mighty curious, she made her way that direction, fully knowing what she was about to see. Smiling as she heard what were clearly noises of sex, she went to the last dressing area and poked her head through the curtain.

There was her friend Rachel, clothed in one of those crazy 'Man Eater' things, basically naked, with her huge boobs hanging out and her cunt exposed, just riding some dude. DeAnna knew her older friend was proudly slutty, but this was something else. Granted, the dude

was fucking hot, and he was fucking up into her like an animal. And in his defense, Rachel looked pretty amazing, and laying eyes on her friend's big tits for the first time, watching them bounce and jiggle as she rode him, she certainly couldn't blame the man for giving in to her.

Rachel began grinding down on his beefy dick, swiveling her hips as she ground on his post. His eyes were closed in rapturous pleasure at this, meaning he was too distracted by what he was doing to look and see the sexy blonde watching the action. But Rachel wasn't, and as she ground on the married man's huge dick, her big boobs swaying as she did so, she looked up and saw her friend peeking her head in.

DeAnna, while having a huge grin on her face, gave a look to Rachel that said, 'Really?' Rachel smiled and glanced back at the hunky man behind her, as if saying 'Can you blame me?' DeAnna brought her hands into view so she could point at an invisible watch on her wrist. Rachel nodded and mouthed the words 'Fifteen minutes.' Shaking her head in amusement, DeAnna tugged the curtain closed, letting the two lovers go at it.

"Babe... I'm gonna fucking cum soon..." Rachel moaned. This position really allowed her to control the angle his dick was pounding into her, so he was really hitting the right spot. She was gonna gush.

"Me too... fuck..." Colin groaned. He'd done his best to hold off, but with everything she'd said, and the way she was riding him, he wasn't gonna be able to hold out any longer. He could feel her cunt juicing his swollen weapon. She was really close.

"I want it, baby, I want it!" she sighed. "I want that fucking cum! Please! Do it! Give it to me! Don't save any for your wife! Drain those fucking nuts inside me and give me a baby! Please! Please!"

Despite his apprehension, her words were drawing him onwards. Drawing him closer to the edge. Closer to a whole new life. At any point before, if he stopped and just walked away, he could cling to the hope of continuing his life as normal. But the longer this went on, he

got closer and closer to filling this slut's pussy up with cum and raising the very distinct possibility of entering into a whole new world with this wicked whore. His mind thought one thing. His dick... his dick felt differently.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" Colin groaned, eyes closed, his hips a blur as he pounded his cock into her slut pussy. His balls were about to boil over. His cock was tingling. Closer... closer... closer. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Ah! Ah! AH!" she moaned, her pussy quivering with excitement.

"UGH! UGH! Fuck, fuck, fuck! FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHH! FFFUUUUUUCCCCCCKKKK!" Colin grunted as he lost control, his cock violently firing off a giant wad of cum deep into her waiting cunt. And this was enough to send her over the edge.

"Aaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! YYYYEESSSSSSSSSSS!" she groaned with his entire length inside her, her cunt spasming around his throbbing pole as it fired off inside her. Her cunt walls locked around his shaft, her juices coating it as she came right alongside him. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! Yes! I feel it! I feel it!" she groaned as the married man fired off jets and jets of thick cum deep inside her slutty cunt. Again, and again, his cock flexed and fired, his balls forcing every drop of cum out of his system and into her pussy.

"Yes! Yes! Holy shit! Yes!" Colin groaned, humping up into her as he kept cumming. He'd never cum harder in his life than he was now, spilling what felt like a gallon of cum into her waiting pussy. And he was still cumming, his swollen pole firing off so much creamy seed inside of her.

"Oh my God! This is the best! Yes!" she squealed in delight. Rachel was a girl that had had A LOT of sex in her time but knowing that she was conquering this good married man and making him hers was an intoxicating sensation that she couldn't get enough of. She had stolen him from his wife and coaxed a giant load of cum into her pussy

instead. That kind of victory sent a fresh wave of pleasure through her.

The two lovers kept jerking and flexing as they came together, the cum currently filling her pussy establishing the fact that this was something beyond just a quick fling. Humping into each other, grinding against one another, they rode out this wave of pleasure together for what felt like forever. So perfectly matched were they that they came down from their high at the exact same moment. Colin collapsed down into the couch, and Rachel collapsed against him. Both panted for breath as their sweaty bodies pressed into each other as they recovered, barely conscious. There were enough neurons firing in his addled mind to reach around and grope her huge, sweaty breasts one more time, squeezing them softly as he came down and tried to regain his strength. She had exhausted herself as well, panting for breath but otherwise frozen on top of him, not moving.

Finally, she began to stir, turning to look over her shoulder where Colin's face was, bringing her lips to his, giving him a soft, loving kiss.

"Merry Christmas..." she said softly to her new lover. And it was these words began to coax his slumbering, conscious mind back from its slumber.

It was a few minutes later when they both got moving. Leaning forward and putting a little more pressure on his now deflating cock, she sat up, his cock sliding out from her tight pussy. The thong band of her outfit, which was supposed to be between the cheeks, had been pulled to the side through the course of the action, meaning it was her bare ass that he got to watch sashay side-to side as she stood up and walked out. Tugging the curtain open, she shamelessly stepped outside, where anyone could see, naked and coated with sweat, saliva and cum. Glancing back at him, allowing him to again stare at the side of her bulbous rack, she gave him a wicked grin and tugged the curtain shut, leaving him on his own.

It took a few minutes before Colin really got moving. He had leaned forward, his head in his hands, as the gravity of what he'd just done hit him. What the fuck? What the fuck? What had he done? Did he actually just do that? How could he be this stupid? As he began to

panic, he did his best to calm himself. Standing up, he did his best to clean himself up as he pulled his clothes on. Looking at the mirror, he thought the sin he'd just taken part of was obvious on his face, but in the hustle and bustle of the holiday, he could only hope no one would recognize it. When he got home, he knew he'd have to book it straight to the bathroom, so he could clean up and not let his wife smell the sex on him.

Finally, pulling on his coat, and grabbing the two little garments that Rachel had brought to him to buy for his wife, he stepped out, walking out towards the store nervously, afraid to confront the wicked temptress who'd imposed such sin upon him.

Of course, Rachel looked great. She was back in her original outfit, the pink top and the black skirt, with her glasses back on, as well as her high heels and stockings. Only by taking a closer look at her could you see a bit of evidence of what she'd just been up to. The sweat on her face. Some slightly running makeup. Her hair a little mussed. But other than that, she looked great. She grinned as he approached, carrying the two garments, and as he began to move towards the register, she stopped him in his tracks.

"Where are you going?" she asked, putting her hand on his chest.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, you're not done shopping yet," she said with a huge smile. Seeing his confusion, she continued. "I mean, since I gave you such an incredible Christmas present, and since the gifts you're buying for your wife are so... cheap... I figure that you'll have a lot of money left to spend on me and, uh... return the favor." She said, giving him a sharp look. "A LOT of money..." she warned, and for the first time, he sensed some true malice in her words. Too exhausted to put up much of a fight and knowing that she kind of had him by the balls, figuratively and literally, he relented. Considering he'd just fired off a load of cum deep inside her, and had possibly knocked her up, he didn't have much of a leg to stand on. With a small nod of submission, any malice on her face was replaced by a friendly grin.

"Okay, so..." she began, ready to lead him around the store, adopting a very excited girly tone. "Working here, and being surrounded by all these amazing things, you'll forgive me if I go on a bit of a shopping spree here. So... well, first, there's this," she said, pulling her top to the side to show off her upper left chest, revealing that she still had on the 'Man-Eater' beneath her clothing. "And those other ones I showed you, the grey and the red, you should probably pick up those for me too. Now..." she said, pausing to think over her options. An eager smile adorned her lips as she glanced at Colin, and then the shopping spree really began.

Pointing at plenty of different outfits, saying "this one" over and over again, she led him throughout the store. And him, like her dutiful man, followed her, holding on to each thing she wanted. Lace, latex, rubber, leather, her preferences ran the gamut. The common threads were that they were all skimpy and all filthy. Thongs, G-strings, bras, and stockings. And all sorts of other things Colin couldn't fully describe. Filthy, nasty garments, all which would no doubt look great on her luscious frame. She saw some of the dread on his face as his hands got full of these tiny underthings, so she spoke up.

"Don't worry, babe. This won't be money wasted. You'll be seeing me in all of them at some point..." she teased. He didn't know if this would prove true, but at this point, he didn't have it in him to put up a fight. The outfits in his hands kept piling up, and when she finally threw one of those sexy elf outfits on top, she seemed to be done.

He felt unbelievably guilty at having been sucked in to this. He was spending a fraction of money on gifts for Juliet than he was for Rachel, this woman he barely knew. And what he was buying for Juliet seemed so dull in comparison to the stuff Rachel wanted. It all combined to put a new round of guilt on his shoulders. That being said, when she handed him his credit card, and she rang up the huge bill for the stuff he was buying for her, a dark, previously unknown thrill coursed through him at the knowledge of being taken advantage of in this way. As wrong as it was, part of him did get a weird sort of pleasure of enabling a gold digger like Rachel.

Rachel rang up the sizable bill for Colin, and the measly, inferior one for Juliet. She packed her own gifts in this big fancy bag, which she set behind the counter, and the gift for Juliet in the most basic bag imaginable. This very obvious statement of superiority was not lost on him. Before handing him back his credit card, she spoke up.

"Oh, and one more thing..." she said. "I would very much like your phone number." He paused, not sure if he wanted to give that to her, but she spoke first. "I mean, I have your credit card, and your full name, so I could probably find out everything about you with a little digging. But you could really save me some time and effort, babe..." she said, a bit of that malice returning to her voice. Angry, he scribbled his phone number onto the receipt, giving her one last annoyed look. At this, she gave him another knowing, teasing grin. Grabbing the stuff for Juliet, he turned on his heel and walked away. Sensing his guilt, she called out to him.

"Remember... the people that get rewarded are the ones who reward themselves..." she said, reminding him of the fact that he'd just rewarded himself in that slut's juicy body. And right then, he certainly didn't feel like fate was rewarding him for those wicked actions. "Oh... Merry Christmas!" she called out cheerfully, making him roll his eyes. Feeling angry and upset with himself, he pushed his way past the curtain and back into the store, walking past one of those Santa's helpers who'd been working with the store Santa, who was waiting outside the lingerie section for some reason.

As Rachel began packing stuff away in the lingerie section, taking care of the register and the displays as the store began closing up, her friend, DeAnna, pushed her way in, looking at the busty redhead with a huge grin.

"Girl, I've got a story for you," Rachel said with a big smile. Rachel regaled her friend with the entire tale, and when Rachel finished up and shut the lights off in the boutique, she finished up her story, bragging about the money she'd just coaxed out of a married man. DeAnna laughed and then spoke up.

"Well, I've got my own story," the young blonde began. "You know that bitch who keeps coming in and talking about my outfit? Well, I finally told her..." she began as they exited out of the side entrance of the store, the words she stated next a secret between her, Rachel, and the blowing winter wind.

Colin beat himself up his whole drive home about how easily he'd been pulled back in to his old ways. Stupid. Stupid. He'd never made a worse mistake. He'd figure out how to move past this, to never let himself fall into this trap again. He'd figure out how to make it up to his wife without blowing up his own life in the process. He loved Juliet; despite everything he'd said in the heat of passion with Rachel. He promised himself he'd never make this same mistake. Not again.

Not ever.

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It was a very different Christmas dinner that night than any other for the Calvorson family.

Colin returned home and got all cleaned up and changed before anyone even knew he'd returned. Juliet was happy to see him, because she was a sweet, good, loving wife, sending a whole new wave of guilt through him. But he put on a brave face, not betraying any of his inner conflict, smiling and joking throughout dinner, putting on that classic Colin bravado.

Dale was the opposite, quiet and in his own head through most of the meal. His wife talked with other people in the family, and his daughter seemed miserable even being there. Just like her dad.

Polly seemed to be in great spirits. Not only was everyone hyper complimentary of the food, she seemed to be having a good time sitting next to Connor. Little did anyone else know that her hand was currently in his lap, firmly rubbing his straining bulge. Connor looked

confident as always, but he couldn't hide the occasional wince of pleasure at his grandmother's busy hand.

On the other side of them was Penelope, looking sceptical and suspicious of this newfound strong bond between Connor and Polly. She didn't suspect the truth, no, far from it, but she could definitely sense something was off, and she was trying to get to the bottom of it.

Their Christmases were often boring clandestine affairs. But something about this specific Christmas, something in the world, something in the air, made this one different. Polly's sons had both cheated on their wives on the same day in especially wicked ways. And on top of that, Polly had banged her stud of a grandson. This Christmas had changed this family permanently, and the affects it would have down the line would surely be impactful.

And it would all come back to this single day.

Chapter 6

Sylvia Morris was as pleased as punch to have her entire family back home under one roof. The brassy, chesty, 46-year-old took years to come terms with the fact that she was a mother. And now, she was an empty nester. Sure, her husband, Roger, was still around, but there was nothing like having the kids back home. While it had taken years for her to adjust to the idea of being a mom, she had always relished the job, and she had given it her all every step of the way. She truly loved being a mom, and she loved her kids. So, despite the challenges she had felt adjusting to motherhood, it was, in many ways, the time of her life.

And now, with them all being back home for the holiday, it was just like old times again. Sure, things were different, as her kids had grown up jobs and were in relationships. But for Sylvia, with them being home again, it was like nothing had changed.

Her youngest, Liam, was the apple of his mother's eye. The 24-year-old son was handsome and clever and whip-smart. He'd been a bit bookish in his younger years, and it was at her insistent urging that he put himself out there so he could find a nice girl and get the attention a great young man like him deserved. And since leaving home, he had done so. He'd become a lot more confident, and he had come back home with his cute new girlfriend, Jess, in tow. And not only that, he had just landed a great job, writing for this big-time website. And he had already done pretty well there, landing a big interview with the head of the 'North Pole' plant that very morning. Overall, things were looking up for young Liam.

Sylvia's daughter, Deb, was no slouch either. The 26-year-old was doing pretty well for herself too. She was a very talented artist, which wasn't exactly a profession with great prospects, but she had made the most of it. She did all her work on the computer, and with her being adept at that kinda thing, she really cooked up some good stuff. Most of it was original work, some of it by request, but she sold it all herself and made some good money. She'd even done commissioned work for movie studios and other really popular things. She did have a day job at an ad firm, doing graphic design, but she really thrived doing her own work. Sylvia was very proud of her success, and she was happy to have her back home. And the best part was that she had brought her hunky new husband, Jonathan, with her.

Oh, that Jonathan...

What a beautiful hunk of man her daughter had landed. A former college football linebacker, before he blew out his knee, he still definitely looked the part. Tall, handsome, and square-jawed, he still had plenty of those sculpted, bulging muscles that he had cultivated in his playing days. You take one look at him, and you think he's all muscle and testosterone, just a muscle-head. But honestly, he was the furthest thing from it. Well, he did still have his more masculine pursuits, but he was a sharp, intelligent, hard-working, and principled young man. Pivoting away from his football career, he found work at a very successful company, working in sales. He had enough cleverness and charm to get through to anyone, and he could always fall back on his sports background when dealing with a lot of the more bro type people he often met. His company had commissioned work from the

ad firm that Deb worked at, and that was how they ended up meeting. A year later, they were wed.

They were an odd match in a lot of ways. He was 6 feet and 4 inches tall, and just a big, jock-looking dude. And Deb was a kinda short, slim, mousy girl with glasses. He was this football guy, and she was the nerdy girl in the back of the class. He was not the type of guy she usually went for, so there was something beyond just his good looks that attracted her to him. And it was true. Behind all those muscles, he was a sensitive soul, with an appreciation for art and other creative pursuits. A guy who liked to laugh. A guy who stood up for the little guy. A far cry from some of his peers. Despite their differences, they were a great match for each other, and they were very much in love.

Sylvia was pretty big fan of him herself.

She still remembered the first time she met her future son-in-law. She was used to the sort of shrimpy, nerdy, hipster guys that Deb tended to date. So Sylvia was surprised to find herself looking up at this tall, strapping young man her daughter had corralled. And what a man he was. Almost immediately, she felt an affection for him. During their first meeting at a restaurant, she found herself hanging on every word he said, laughing at all his jokes, unable to take her eyes off him. She could tell she was laying it on a bit too much, so she pulled back as to not scare him off. But nonetheless, she immediately felt a strong connection to him. And a few months down the line, when Deb announced they were engaged, Sylvia found herself even more excited than her daughter that Jonathan was about to become part of their family. She would welcome any excuse just to spend more time in his presence.

They say that for a guy, you have to win over the mother if you want your marriage to succeed. And Jon had gotten the job done there. By the end of that first meeting, he'd charmed Sylvia. Quite frankly, without really trying, he'd practically charmed the pants off of her.

Yeah, Sylvia found her new son-in-law very, VERY attractive.

She knew how bad that sounded. But... god damn, if he gave the word, she'd have spread her legs for him in an instant. It didn't matter that he was her daughter's husband. He was that hot! Damn... his chiseled features. That body. His butt. He was mouth-watering. And it didn't take much time around him, with her eyes studying his crotch, for her to confirm that he was packing a very large johnson between his legs, to her great delight. Hours after their first fateful meeting, Sylvia was masturbating to thoughts of this handsome young man who had just entered her life, thanking the hands of fate that had brought him into her life.

The funny thing about this whole thing was that Jonathan was not the type of guy who normally appealed to her. Even in her younger days, while she got her fill of attention from the jock type guys her own age, she always found older men much more appealing. That's how she ended up with Roger, a man almost twenty years her senior. A cunning little tease at 19, she'd had an affair with the older man, a rich, handsome lawyer. And when he knocked her up, he did the right thing and put a ring on her finger and locked her hot little ass down. His hefty bank account allowed her to live without having to work, and 26 years and two kids later, they were still going strong.

Well... mostly.

Roger used to be a lot more fun in his younger years, more than keeping up with his younger wife. Tall and fit, the age gap never got in the way of her lust for him. It only enhanced it. But time had taken its toll, and age had slowed him down. While he had fought off any major weight gain, his hair had gone from a delightful salt-and-pepper to completely white. And while he had done respectably well at fighting off the biggest signs of aging, namely not getting too many wrinkles, in terms of his mind, he'd become a grouchy old man, not up for any fun stuff anymore. While him and Sylvia still got along, it'd be a lie to say the spark was still there.

And unlike him, she'd only become more vivacious and bubbly as she got older, not acting like a woman in her forties. She'd aged fantastically, to the point where you could argue she looked even better now than she did in her younger years. Looks-wise, she had done her damndest to fight off the wear and tear of aging, meaning she

had very few wrinkles on her gorgeous face. Sharp and playful eyes, pouty lips, creamy skin with a natural olive complexion, plus her long, full, shiny chestnut hair made her a very attractive woman, even at 46. That was no exaggeration. She still turned heads to this day.

And her body only put her over the top.

Sylvia had always been good about staying in shape, to keep her body as appealing as possible, and she had kept that up even as she got older. Her waistline was slim, and her belly was fit and taut. Her legs were long and firm as well, meaning she could pull off wearing yoga pants like a younger woman with no shame at all. That was certainly aided by the fact that she had first class rear end. Each of the round, firm, perfectly formed cheeks stood out from her slim frame proudly. Large, perky, and more than a handful, the twin globes of her ass-cheeks got attention wherever she went. She knew how to work it too, choosing outfits to highlight her perfectly formed, heart-shaped butt. And she often chose to wear high heels, just because they would help showcase her hot mature ass so well. You always knew when she wanted people to check out her butt, just by checking out her choice of footwear.

And there were also certain other features that she liked showing off even more. Features even more prominent than her perfect ass.

To put it bluntly, Sylvia had really big boobs. Like... REALLY big.

For a woman with such a great body, especially at her age, the fact that her boobs were her most notable features was really saying something. They were huge! Large, full, and firm, Sylvia's breasts were an impressive double E-cup. And she hadn't succumbed to the dreaded sag either, her boobs vaulting off her chest, perky and smooth and terrifically round, still possessing that youthful jiggle. She liked to choose slim, tight tops to really show them off, and she wasn't above showcasing a healthy amount of smooth, succulent cleavage. Not as much as she used to, mind you. She is a mother and her kids were adults. But if she ever had an excuse to show a bit of juicy cleavage, she certainly wouldn't shy away from doing so. She liked having eyes

on her, and if she ever wanted a bit of attention, she'd bust out a low-cut top to pull men's eyes away from other girls and onto her.

On top of that, she was a born charmer. She was just as vivacious and full of energy as she was in her younger years, but it was that added level of experience that put her over the top. She was smooth with her words and flirty by nature, able to win over most within minutes of meeting them. And in the rare occasion her personality failed to win someone over, her body would. Needless to say, these talents had made her very popular in life, especially in her younger years. And she took advantage of this popularity, being shamelessly promiscuous in her youth, which led her to gaining the experience required to land an older, experienced man like Roger, who spoiled her rotten and gave her the great life she was now living. Her life had been pretty easy, as she'd been able to win over just about everyone she'd ever met.

And she was currently in the process of winning over Jonathan, her son-in-law.

He'd been a challenge, that's for sure. One of her toughest yet. He'd seemed leery of Sylvia since the day they met, which made her have to really step up her game to charm him. It'd been slow going, admittedly, but she knew she'd win him over eventually. Why? Well, it was simple. It was OBVIOUS he had a thing for her. So obvious! He got so tense and nervous around her, to the point it was clear that he feared what he'd do if left alone with his hot mother-in-law for too long. It was clear he had a bit of a crush on his mother-in-law, deep down, but that was okay.

She had a crush on him too.

It had been a challenge, winning her son-in-law over. Yet, slowly but surely, she felt like she was making progress. Even though he'd been quiet about it, Sylvia knew they were in a sorta, 'Will they? Won't they?' thing, like you see in the movies. She saw it, not so much in his words, but in his eyes, and in his nervous actions. But that was gonna change. They were about to go from won't, to will. Sylvia was feeling really, really hopeful about their relationship going to the next level, and soon. They so rarely spent time together that she was really

hopeful she could seal the deal here, while she had him in her house, where they could have some alone time together.

It was Christmas, and Sylvia only had one gift in mind.

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"So, how'd the interview go?" Jonathan asked Liam, his brother-in-law. Jon was seated on the sofa at his in-law's place, next to his wife, Deb. Liam had just gotten home from his big interview at that 'North Pole' plant. He'd just gotten changed and was now seated across from Jon and Deb, sitting on the other sofa, next to his girlfriend, Jessa.

"Uh... fine," Liam said vaguely.

"Get some good stuff?" Jon asked jovially.

"What?" Liam asked, confused, looking momentarily panicked. "What do you mean?"

"The interview..." Jon clarified, confused by how cagey Jon was being. "Get enough for a good article?"

"Oh, uh... yeah," Liam said, looking a bit relieved. "It'll be, uh... good."

"How is the place?" Jon asked curiously. "The plant?"

"It was, uh... it was, impressive," Liam replied.

"Yeah, that place looks huge," Jon said. "We passed it on our way into town."

"It's hard to miss," Deb replied. "That place is an eyesore."

"But it went well, though? The interview?" Jon asked.

"Uh, yeah. Why?" Liam asked. Jon shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know..." Jonathan said. "That place kinda skeeves me out. I've run into a couple of people working for them, and... I dunno, they just seem shady. Plus, you just hear the stories about them..." he glanced at his wife and she nodded. Both had read articles about some of the rumors about 'North Pole', and neither liked what they had heard.

"No... no," Liam said, looking a bit nervous. "They were, um... they were, uh, good. Hey, so, my family took good care of you while I was gone?" Liam asked his girlfriend, turning to face her as he quickly changed the subject.

"Oh, yeah, they were great!" the perky blonde Jessa said with a grin, glancing at Jon and Deb. Not too long prior, Jonathan had been the outsider to this Morris clan, so he knew what Jessa was feeling. Liam and Deb were very similar in a lot of ways, both being a bit quiet and intellectual, but very fun once they got brought out of their shell. Their folks could be a... handful... to put it lightly, but Liam and Deb were both pretty normal. Jon certainly felt like he stood out, just being this tall, hulking guy surrounded by these quiet, introverted intellectuals, and Jessa was similar in a lot of ways. A very pretty, outgoing blonde, she definitely stood out compared to Liam. Jon and Deb had presented a kind front, welcoming her to the house warmly, in what could be very awkward circumstances.

"Deb showed me some of the stuff she's working on. She's so GOOD! I might have her put something together for our place." Jon smiled with pride as he glanced at his wife. Deb had had her laptop open to show some of the art she had done lately, and Jessa had been really impressed. Jon took great pride in how talented his wife was artistically, and he had always encouraged that side of her, even when others had told her to focus on more practical things.

"Don't worry, Liam," Deb began. "Your crazy family didn't scare your girlfriend away," She said with a smile, making all four of them laugh. Then, suddenly, a new presence emerged from the kitchen, and Jon's levity dissipated.

Speaking of crazy family…

"It's so nice of that 'North Pole' company to give you this gift basket! They can't be so bad," announced Sylvia, Jon's mother-in-law, as she stepped towards them, her high heels clicking on the wood floor, gift basket in hand. As always, she looked perfectly styled, dressed up beyond necessity. Most people dress for comfort on a day like this, Christmas Eve, as they took care of the cooking and gifts and all the other Christmas tasks. Not Sylvia. She always had to look her best.

As mentioned, she was wearing high heels, high-heeled sandals to be exact, which seemed like an odd choice considering she was just gonna be in the house all day. Adorning her legs were a pair of stylish, slim jeans, clinging to her long, firm legs. Up top, she had on a tight, short-sleeved, figure-hugging black top, showing off her slim belly and large bust. And while her top wasn't obscene, it did show off a bit more cleavage than expected for a family get-together.

Forcing Jessa and Liam to budge over, she sat next to Liam's girlfriend and set the gift basket on the table between the two couches. She'd already gotten into the basket a bit, as she'd pulled out a cute Santa hat and put it on her head. She had also helped herself to a candy cane, gripped between her nimble fingers. As she glanced at Jonathan, she slid the candy cane between her plump lips. Jon looked away quickly, not giving her the glory of making him squirm.

"What'd you get?" Deb asked, leaning over to examine the contents of the basket. Taking advantage of the distraction, Jon joined her.

The basket was stuffed with little treats. Some of it was food. A small bag of candy. A cellophane wrapped bundle of Christmas cookies.

There were also little Christmas-themed gifts as well. Some little decorations. Little toys, and a miniature nutcracker. Jon's eyes fell to an item that caught his eye. Grabbing it, he lifted it so he could read it.

"Electric Mistletoe..." he read out loud from the label before reading the description. "Christmas is a time for love! Share that first kiss the right way, under 'North Pole's' special 'Electric Mistletoe'. They say, during the Christmas season, if you share a kiss under this special mistletoe with that certain special someone, the one you're meant to be with, you'll feel that jolt of electricity that only comes from true love. A jolt that, once unleashed, will never go away. Two souls, joined as one, for all eternity! All you have to do is share a juicy kiss under the 'Electric Mistletoe' and submit to the feelings of love that will arise, and you will be rewarded. With the 'Electric Mistletoe', and a little bit of 'Christmas Magic', you can experience true love today!" Jon paused as everyone took this in. "Well... this is some pretty powerful stuff!" he said with a laugh. The clump of mistletoe in his hands, adorned with a few Christmas bows, looked like every other bundle of mistletoe he'd ever seen. It didn't look special in the slightest.

"Why is it 'Electric'?" Jessa asked. Jon spun around the mistletoe, examining it.

"I don't know... I don't see a plug," he said, making them all laugh lightly. Except for Sylvia, who laughed a little harder than the rest, making her son-in-law a bit uncomfortable.

"Seems like a bit of false advertising to me," Jon said skeptically. This thing only added to his feelings about 'North Pole', with something being off about them. This thing right here seemed like snake oil, a fraud, something to lure easily deceived people in and take their money. Jon shook his head, annoyed, before seeing something else on the label. On the back of the tag was more text. 'Warning, the effects of this mistletoe are very, very permanent. True love, once found, can never be denied. Merry Christmas.' Jon rolled his eyes at this. "I tell you... I don't like this company." Jon looked up, just in time to see Jessa nod in agreement and Liam look away.

"Oh, they're not so bad, are they?" Sylvia said, pulling the candy cane from between her lips. "I was at the Capital-Mart a few weeks back. 'North Pole' has really cleaned that place up. They added all these renovations and these big, fancy displays, and they sell some really good stuff there now. And I tell you, I dealt with the most delightful young woman over there who really sold me on a few things. I was won over."

"Well... I'm still skeptical," Jon said, before lifting up the mistletoe between himself and Deb. Smiling, they gave each other a soft, loving kiss under the mistletoe. Pulling back, he smiled sadly at his wife. "Sorry, my love... I didn't feel any jolts of electricity."

"Me neither..." Deb said. "I guess that means we're not meant to be."

"Well, we had a good run," he said, smiling at his wife as she smiled back. Tossing the mistletoe to the side, they leaned forward and kissed each other again. Pulling apart again, Jon spoke up. "Yeah, still... nothing."

"Well, you tossed the mistletoe away. You did it all wrong," Deb said. "Things like this are why we aren't meant to be." They all laughed at this, and as Jon sat back, he looked up to see Sylvia looking right at him. Looking away quickly, his smiled dissipated again as he tried to ignore her. Sylvia thought she was being subtle, but she wasn't.

Jon had Sylvia read like a book.

Jon was not stupid. It didn't take long after meeting her for him to realize that she had a bit of a crush on him. He didn't know for sure what level that crush was at, if it was just a bit of affection and light attraction, or if it was something far more explicit. Either way, these feelings were inappropriate. Jon couldn't believe someone her age would behave this way. And it wasn't like it was hard to see. She acted like a lovestruck teenager around him. He didn't know how anyone else didn't see it. Maybe it was because he had a bit more of a trained eye.

In his college days, he'd been young and stupid and hooked up with some girls he wasn't exactly proud of hooking up with. As a relatively well-known football player in school, it was inevitable he'd gain a lot of attention. And this is why he had an eye for this kind of thing, when girls wanted something from him beyond just friendly conversation. And Sylvia, his mother-in-law?

Yeah, she wanted more.

It wasn't even that subtle. Jon still remembered the wide-eyed surprised on her face when Deb introduced them, and he swore she gave him the once-over right then. And if she hadn't, she'd done it many times since. Even from the start, she'd been touchy-feely, putting her hands on him whenever she got the opportunity, rubbing his shoulders every chance she could, just overall being too handsy. She would laugh at some of his jokes too hard, as well. Like, she would laugh like he had told a 10 out of 10 joke, when it was maybe a 4 out of 10 at best.

It got more blatant. Whenever he'd try to give her a kiss on her cheek as a greeting, she'd always go for his lips. She'd always get really dressed up when he was around, in tight figure-hugging clothing, to the point where even Deb noticed, wondering why her mother was so overdressed. And when the opportunity arose, she was eager to show skin.

The previous year, Sylvia and Roger had invited them to a beach house they were staying at. Even though Deb wasn't a huge fan of the beach, being more of an indoor girl, the young couple accepted. And while his wife was conservative with her choice of beach ware, a cute, stylish one-piece, her mother's choice was not so conservative. Sylvia had taken the opportunity to bust out a hot pink two-piece bikini, showing off a lot of skin. It wasn't obscene or anything like that. It covered her up where it counted, and it could pass without being viewed as obscene. But with the curves she had, she was almost spilling out of it. Now, don't get him wrong. She was a gorgeous woman, especially for her age, and she had a great body. Jon could admit that. She was very fit, even for her being in her mid-forties. She

had long legs, a nice butt, and enormous breasts. She certainly had the body to work a bikini like that. Every step she took, her boobs jiggled, and threatened to escape the bikini cups. And whenever she walked away, you could see the round, firm cheeks of her rear end struggling to be contained by the bikini bottoms. And throughout that whole day, she made it a point to really strut her stuff around him, taking every opportunity to show off her exposed body and luscious curves when she knew he couldn't avoid looking. It just seemed wildly inappropriate, but no one else seemed to notice. Maybe they were used to her in a way he wasn't. He wasn't about to raise a fuss in front of everyone, despite his annoyance with this whole thing.

The contrast between mother and daughter was really highlighted. Deb was quiet and introverted, while Sylvia was loud and gregarious, both in personality and in choice of outfits. Sylvia had these insane curves, while Deb was a bit slimmer. She certainly didn't inherit her mother's big breasts or her shapely ass, but her petite b-cups and her cute butt were more than enough to keep him happy.

That was the moment, there at the beach house, that really emphasized that what was going on between them wasn't just in his head. She was his mother-in-law. Yet, every signal she was giving him was that she wanted him. She had never taken things beyond this flirting, but he had never played along long enough for things to reach that level. From the start of this, he kept his distance, more put-off than anything by this odd affection. She had kept it up, undeterred by his constant rebuffs of her little games.

At the start, he wondered if he was just being conservative in a way he usually wasn't, getting annoyed just because this older woman was dressing fashionably. But after dealing with this so many times, he knew that something off was happening here.

Jon remembered talking to Roger once, and he would say that Sylvia had a gift of being able to win over anyone. And to Jon, this seemed crazy. She was so obvious in her flirting with him, yet no one else could see it. Despite her intense beauty and raw physical appeal, he had never once been tempted. He'd been put off by her from the start and had never even gotten close to being won over by her.

So, Jon's mother-in-law was being flirtatious towards him. What was his response?

Well, firstly, he kept his distance, never volunteering for any family meetups unless required. When they did have to be in the same room, he kept his distance, making sure never to be alone with her. It was in situations like that where she was more aggressive in her flirting, and he didn't want to give her the chance. She would often volunteer him for some task that would involve putting him and her together, alone. Yet he had a talent for deferring or slithering out of these sticky situations by bringing someone else along. He'd hoped she'd get the message eventually, but alas, there she was, sitting on the couch opposite him, fellating a candy cane, hoping to get his attention. Well, he wasn't playing along, never giving her the pleasure.

No one else had ever noticed her. Jon certainly wasn't about to volunteer to his wife that her mother was constantly hitting on him. Deb could sense that he didn't exactly have warm feelings for Sylvia, but she just chalked it up to that being the standard feelings a guy has towards his mother-in-law. And Liam was often too involved in his own stuff to sense anything off with his mother either. And at this point, Roger was probably so numb to his wife's flirtatiousness that he hadn't noticed anything amiss.

"I tell you, this is the best candy cane I've ever had. I swear!" Sylvia announced, sliding the spit covered treat from her mouth, holding it up in the air. At this announcement, Liam looked away, and Jon only gave her a light smile. As she took another lick, she closed her eyes and took in the flavor, her body swaying as if she'd taken a stiff shot, before a shudder went through her. Jon shook his head lightly at Sylvia's overacting. It couldn't taste that good. Just Sylvia trying to be the center of attention again.

"These cookies are really good too," Jessa stated.

"Oh!" Sylvia began. "I was about to get to baking some cookies of my own. I could use some help... Jon?" she volunteered for him. But at

that same moment, Roger entered the room, winter coat on his shoulders, about to head outside.

"Sorry, I was about to help out Rog with shoveling the driveway," Jon stated. At this, Roger turned to him and smiled as his son-in-law volunteered to help, and Sylvia hid her frown behind an empty grin.

"I can help," Jessa volunteered to Sylvia, trying to be friendly.

"I can help too," Deb offered. Glancing at him for a moment, Sylvia smiled at the two young women and nodded.

"Sounds good," she stated.

As they all, save Liam, stood up and made their way to their respective positions, Deb noted the gender imbalance.

"Women in the kitchen, men doing the big, strong man stuff," Deb joked. A proud feminist, it would have been a surprise for her to not notice this, but she took it in stride and good humor.

"Me man. Dig snow," Jon joked, talking like a caveman. At this, they all laughed.

And Sylvia, as always, laughed just a little louder.

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Jon had always dreaded these family get-togethers for the constant Sylvia radar he was forced to have, but after this much time, he'd gotten good at avoiding her attention. Now, he was never impolite, and when she kept things on the level, he was happy to interact with her. But as soon as he sensed things were going to that other level, he checked out.

Luckily, on a busy day like this, it was easy to avoid her attention. He spent an hour or so outside with Roger, cleaning up the snow off the driveway and the sidewalks. By the time they got back inside, the girls were so wrapped up in the cooking and baking that Sylvia didn't have the opportunity to flirt with him. And honestly, things went great. They got to all hang out like family, and even when Sylvia and he did interact, it was on a normal familial level. Jon only wished it could always be like this.

Jonathan wished he didn't have to deal with her teasing and flirting on a regular basis. He wished he didn't have to be around her and dread the moment she put her hands on his shoulders and rubbed him in a far too intimate way. Or when she'd find an excuse to squeeze past him, and totally accidentally rub her big boobs against his back. Or when she'd be cleaning around him and would totally just happen to have to bend over with her legs straight, pointing her butt at him in the process. It would nice to be able to be around his wife's family and not have to be on constant alert.

The day was fun. And Christmas Eve dinner was fantastic. A well put together meal, one of the best he'd had. And through it all, Jon was able to relax and spread his attention in a way he rarely was able to whenever Sylvia was around. He got to talk to Liam, and get to know Jessa a bit, and listen to Roger and some of his tales from his time as a lawyer. Overall, it was a pretty stellar day, and Jon had a small hope that maybe the rest of his time at the in-laws' would go smoothly.

Once dinner was done and night set in, things began quieting down, and they were all in the living room, relaxing. Sylvia had baked a pie, so they were all snacking on the delicious dessert as they conversed. And it was nice. It was exactly the type of familial interactions Jon would prefer over what he got. And Sylvia was acting normal, so Jon hoped that maybe she'd finally gotten the message.

Roger had already gone up to bed for the night, so it was Jon, Deb, Liam, Jessa, and Sylvia enjoying the evening. Sylvia was immersed in the conversation, as were the rest of them, so Jon saw an opportunity. All of them had finished their desserts, so as everyone else was

distracted by the conversation, he quietly gathered up the plates, and took them down the hall and into to the kitchen, looking for a moment alone.

They had a pretty nice kitchen. They'd had it renovated a few years prior to really modernize it, and it showed. All the shelving and cupboards were made from warm golden wood, matched with black marble countertops. The appliances were all a silvery color and very fancy. They had a big kitchen island in the middle, and they had this apparatus above it that allowed you to hang pots and pans and other kitchen essentials from.

Jon took the stack of plates in his hands and set them in the sink. Relishing the moment of privacy, he began washing them. At home, one of the chores he always took care of was the dishes. And honestly, he never minded the task, which is why he didn't hesitate to do it here. Finding a few more leftover pots and pans and some of the china from Christmas Eve dinner, he began washing those too. Looking forward through the window out into the night, with the snow falling to the ground in the chilly night air, he felt at peace.

Then, a voice behind him.

"Oh, look at you," Sylvia said, entering the kitchen, her sudden presence making the younger man stiffen up. "What a husband you are! Lord knows you'd never catch Roger volunteering to do the dishes." He stayed silent as he kept at it, until she spoke up again. "You don't have to do that, you know? I can take care of it."

"It's fine," Jon said, focusing on the task at hand. "It relaxes me." It was true. There was something very peaceful about this, as strange as it may sound, at least to him. The peace and quiet and focus... it was nice. At least, it would be nice, if he was alone.

"Well, fair enough," Sylvia responded. "Lord knows you need to relax a little. You always look so tense. You know, I do give excellent shoulder massages." She said, moving towards him.

"No!" he said, a little too loud. "I mean... no. It's okay. I'm fine."

"Okay, okay... well the offer's always open," she added. Clearly, she was taking advantage of being alone with him for the first time, beginning the tease all over again. She'd obviously taken none of his rejections as a reason to stop. "You sure you don't need any help?" At this, Jon turned off the faucet and looked back at Sylvia, seeing her leaning forward over the island, just watching him, not doing anything else.

"I'm just finishing up," he said shortly. Grabbing a towel, he began drying off the dishes. She couldn't resist involving herself, grabbing some of the dried dishes and putting them away. He finally reached some of the nicer dishes and dried them up, having a stack of them ready to put away. "Um... where do these go?"

"Oh... those go in that cabinet in the dining room," she replied. Jon nodded, and quickly gathered them up and walked away. The dining room was directly adjacent to the kitchen, connected by a small, snug, open doorway. Luckily, Jon was walking alone, and after finding the cabinet his mother-in-law was talking about, he put the nice plates away. He began moving back towards the kitchen with his head down, only to stop with a jump as he was met at the entranceway to the room by his mother-in-law.

"Oh!" he called out with a jump.

"Just wanted to make sure you found it alright," she said, leaning on the doorframe, standing a little too close to him in the cozy entranceway. Even though she was standing close to the far edge of the doorframe, her big boobs were jutting out, dangerously close to him. She made no effort to move out of the way as he tried to get past her, almost asking him to make contact with her giant boobs in order to escape. She just stood there, looking up at him expectantly.

"Sylvia, do you mind?" Jon asked firmly, making his intentions to get by crystal clear as he began to step forward, towards the kitchen, trying to force her to move. Instead, she just stood there, blocking his progress, reaching up to put her hand on his chest, impeding him.

"Wait, Jon. I mean... look," she said, smiling, pointing up at the top of the entranceway. Jon, mildly annoyed, looked up above him, only to see the 'Electric Mistletoe' hanging above him. Sensing this was all some plot to end up in this position, his annoyance turned to anger. He'd had enough of these little games with her. This day had been going so well until now. As his eyes drifted back down to look at her and give her a piece of his mind, he began speaking.

"Sylvia, I'm getting tired of..." he began, looking to meet her eyeline, ready to finally let her have it... but he was already too late.

Sylvia acted first.

Before he could finish speaking, Sylvia leapt forward, savagely pressing her open mouth against his. Taking advantage of his parted lips, she slid her eager tongue into his mouth, sliding against his before he knew it. She then stepped forward, pressing up against him, wrapping her arms around his neck, clutching herself tightly around him, never breaking their lip lock.

"Mmmppphhh!" Jon groaned in shock as he was forced back against the edge of the doorway as his wife's mother forced herself against him. He was suddenly forced to deal with his mother-in-law's energetic tongue in his mouth, mashing against his, dancing in his mouth. Now that she'd crossed the first barrier, she was taking advantage, her tongue swirling in his mouth, forcing a deep French kiss on her handsome son-in-law.

Jon was in shock. What was happening here? One second, all was normal, and suddenly, his mother-in-law was attacking him. Her plump, smooth lips, mashing against his. Mouths open, allowing for their tongues to duel. That being said, it wasn't much of a duel, with her talented tongue completely overtaking his as she forced her way

into his mouth. His mind was in panic, unable to deal with what was happening. His mother-in-law was kissing him. His mother-in-law! And it was not a gentle peck, but a deep, nasty tongue kiss. Lips sliding across lips. Cheeks hollowed as their mouths formed a tight seal against each other. Heated saliva being swapped. His wife's mother was French kissing him under the mistletoe, and for a moment, he couldn't do anything but just take it. He was in shock, so surprised that he couldn't fight her off.

But then, a funny thing happened.

Earlier, when he had put the so-called 'Electric Mistletoe' over his and his wife's head as they gave each other a peck on the lips, they felt nothing special. None of the promised electricity. Just a normal kiss. The mistletoe didn't add anything, because how could it? It was just some dumb, decorative thing with a fancy label making false promises. But here and now, under the 'Electric Mistletoe', sharing a wicked, illicit kiss with his mother-in law...

He felt sparks.

There was no other way to describe it. A bolt of electricity coursing through his entire body, lighting up every nerve ending, energizing every muscle, getting the blood pumping. He'd never had a kiss like it. Not with his wife. Not with any other girl. Only with his 46-year-old mother-in-law, under the mistletoe. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before.

That was why he couldn't fight back. It was as if as soon as their lips locked, his brain shut down. He immediately succumbed to the illicit kiss, falling into it. As their lips smacked into each other, as they swapped spit, as she kept her tongue deep in his mouth and made him take it, he kept falling deeper and deeper under her spell. He wasn't actively participating in the kiss, his tongue not sliding into her mouth yet. But he was certainly going along with it, not fighting back in the slightest. If the tall, young, well-built former athlete wanted to break this kiss, he could. Yet as it went on longer, he kept falling further. His body was racked with electric bolts of pure, concentrated pleasure, coaxing him into keeping this kiss going, to the point where

when she finally broke the kiss, pulling back from him and easing her tongue from his mouth, his lips followed, unconsciously. But Sylvia pulled back enough to break the kiss, their lips connected by a single band of spit, but it might as well have been a spark, the kiss was so electric.

"Wow!" she gasped, looking up at him, panting for breath and grinning wide. "Well, that was long overdue! Wow!" Jon's eyes were closed for a moment after that kiss ended before finally opening them, looking dull and overwhelmed as he backed into the dining room to put a little distance between him and Sylvia. Finally, he found his words.

"What was that?" Jon said shakily, unable to process the electric make out session with his mother-in-law.

"Oh, hon... don't play coy now. You know you wanted that as bad as I did," she teased, biting her lip lightly as she stood in the doorway and looked up at him.

"What?" he replied, still confused.

"I mean, we both know about this little crush you've had on me since we first met," she stated. "Trust me, I feel it too. Me and you doing this... it was inevitable!"

"No... no," he panted, still confused. Him having a crush on her? What was she talking about? She was clearly projecting these feelings on him, but... he had just made out with her. What the fuck just happened? Why didn't he fight back more? "I... I... no, you! You did this. You kissed me! What are you doing?"

"Hon!" she said with a grin, running her hand over his chest teasingly. "You made it pretty obvious earlier. Making this whole big deal out of the mistletoe right in front of me. It was pretty obvious you wanted it to be you and me under it."

"No..." he stammered again, shaking his head. How could she make this all about her? She was lying, or... manipulating this whole thing just to make it like this was all some big thing about him trying to get in her pants. It was the opposite. She was trying to get into his pants!

"Honey, you don't have to be coy," she stated, stepping forward and wrapping her arms around his waist, pressing herself against him again. "We were both imagining this exact kiss when you were reading off the tag on the mistletoe. And... wow! That stuff worked. Yeah, I felt sparks! Did you?" She looked up at him expectantly, and as much as he hated what had just happened, he couldn't lie. He did feel a certain electricity. Seeing his silent agreement, she grinned wide. "You see? I guess you and me are meant to be..."

"Sylvia..." he said, finally trying to step back, but she stayed clutched to him, not letting him escape her grasp. "This is a mistake. This... I don't want this. You are misreading... literally everything!" he said firmly.

"Am I misreading THIS?" she asked, wiggling her taut belly against his crotch, revealing to the married man that his cock was as hard as iron in his pants. This small friction against his throbbing weapon made him wince as electric bolts of pleasure coursed through him, just like the ones he'd felt during the kiss moments prior. This was enough to spur him into defensive action, putting both of his big hands on her shoulders and pushing her back firmly, breaking her grip on him. As she stumbled back, her big boobs bounced, and her very evident hard nipples caught his attention. He shook his head to clear his vision.

"Sylvia! Listen!" he said firmly, his voiced raised only to a harsh whisper, not wanting to get the attention of the others in the living room. Through everything, he hadn't realized that the strongest affect the kiss had on him was that his cock was throbbing in his pants because of it. That kiss had caused his nerves to be lit afire, his muscles to twitch, and his cock to throb. Unfortunately for him, at least unfortunate in this very specific scenario, he was blessed with size, nine and a half inches and very thick, and his straining bulge was very evident to his mother-in-law's eyes.

"Don't try to act like you didn't like it! I can see how much you LOVED it," she replied, eyeing up his clothed member with twinkling amusement and dark intentions. "Babe, you have no idea how horny I am right now! I've been horny all day just being around you! Just like you with me!"

"No... no... NO!" Jon said, as firmly as he could without raising his voice. "None of what you think here is the actual truth. Sylvia, you're my mother-in-law! I'm married to your daughter!" he stated, still speaking angrily but quietly, trying to get her to see reason.

"Oh, hush," she said, waving this very legitimate argument with a wave of her hand. "Honestly... who cares? When there's an attraction like the one between us... we can't just ignore it. We can't deny it. And if we keep things bottled up, it'll explode even bigger! We can't let Deb get in the way of this, or it'll be so much worse for her."

"Sylvia..." he began, truly shocked at how not an issue this was for her. "How could you say that? I love Deb. I know you do too. This would be so wrong. It would destroy her!"

"She doesn't have to know," she said with a grin. "A girl like her isn't asking questions with a man like you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused.

"Just... a girl like her should feel really, REALLY lucky to land a man like you," she said delicately. "She's probably not looking to ruin a good thing by asking questions. You could be doing all sorts of bad things behind her back and totally get away with it! I'm surprised you're not already..."

"Sylvia..." he said, shaking his head. He knew what she was saying. That Deb was beneath him, by whatever metric she viewed things. That Jon could do better. He was amazed she could think about her own daughter that way. "This..." he began, pointing between the two of

them. "This is insane! It's not gonna happen. I love Deb. I'm happy with Deb. I'm satisfied with Deb!"

"Oh honey..." she said, tilting her head slightly, almost mockingly. "You can be honest to with me. I'm your mother-in-law. I know my daughter, and I know she doesn't match up with me. I mean... just look at me." At this, Sylvia posed in front of him, arching her back to really jut out her breasts. "It's not too often that a man's mother-in-law has a body like mine."

Posed like this, her boobs looked absolutely massive, bursting to escape her tight black top, the crevasse of cleavage bulging out from the low-cut part of it. Her hard nipples were very evident through her top, displaying how turned on she was. She did a little turn, just enough to showcase her jean-clad butt for him. Full and round, her perky ass looked great. And the heels she had on really helped show it off, the cheeks testing the tight confines of the thin denim.

"Deb..." Sylvia said, turning back to face him fully, the motion making her huge breasts jiggle. "She has a... good body. She has that nice, cute little butt. But I've got a hot ass. She has little boobies. I have big tits! Face it... I have a better body than my daughter! A guy like you, so tall and handsome and built, who's probably been with all sorts of girls... of course you want the best. You deserve the best. So no one would blame you for wanting to get your hands on my hot body. It's pretty much perfect."

"I... I can't believe you're doing this, Sylvia," he muttered, head in his hands, looking away from her body, despite her open invitation to stare.

"C'mon, babe..." she began. "There's not a chance my daughter can keep up with you where it counts. She has her good qualities, but she does not strike me as the type of girl who is particularly creative in bed. Jon... we both know you can do whatever you want with me, and I'll love it." She said.

What she said wasn't exactly untrue. Sure, he'd had a good time when he was younger, and he'd done some things with those girls that he hadn't done since. That being said, he was perfectly happy with his sex life. And his wife. And his married life. It was true. It wasn't like this was some front, and he actually wanted to be having hot, nasty sex all the time. That stuff was fun, sure, but it was all stuff he was willing to leave in the past. Deb made him too happy to really care about such things.

His resolve renewed, Jon escaped his thoughts and refocused on the matter at hand. Glancing down at Sylvia, she looked up at him, smiling wickedly with those lips of hers. Those soft, plump, smooth, kissable lips. Despite the wicked words she was saying, Jon found himself suddenly transfixed by her mouth, the same one he'd been kissing minutes prior. For a moment, he found himself drawn to her, a jolt of excitement coursing through him as he unconsciously took a small step towards her. Then he caught himself.

"Sylvia... this can't happen..." Jon said, trying to put his foot down. For so long, he'd been so steadfast in his ability to dismiss all of Sylvia's flirting. And now, after that sudden kiss, his mind was in turmoil. He could barely think straight.

"Of course it can't," she replied. "I mean, not right now, with everyone awake. But that doesn't mean we can't have some more fun now..." she said, taking a step towards him expectantly. Jon reached out and put his hands on her shoulders, stopping her. She pursed her lips, and again, his eyes were drawn to them.

"Sylvia, please..." he said, begging her to stop. He didn't want to do this. He didn't. But some... force, some compulsion inside him wanted to kiss her again. Maybe it was the memory of the sensations she had shown him during that first heated kiss. Feelings he had never felt before, sensations of pure pleasure. Of course, it was natural to want to feel them again. But he couldn't. Not with his mother-in-law. No. Never.

She was his wife's mom! You don't French kiss your wife's mom! Not ever. Sure... she was attractive. Very attractive. But she was 46. But

she didn't look 46. She had the body of a woman half her age. Her breasts... her ass. They were every bit as perfect as she boasted. But no... that was no reason to give in. That was stupid, immature thinking. This had to stop. Not just the, uh... kissing. All of it had to end. The teasing. The flirting. Jon had to put a stop to it now, despite the raw, physical reaction she had caused in him. No matter how amazing it felt, no matter how much that kiss had set his body on fire, it couldn't happen again.

"Sylvia... stop!" he said firmly, holding her back. Stopped in place, she looked up at him. "I know you think this is fun, that this is some sort of game. But it isn't! This has to stop. No more flirting. No more teasing. No more... this!" Jon said, glancing up at the mistletoe. "I love my wife... your daughter. This can't happen. I don't want this, and we can't do this to Deb. So please... stop." He said. Looking up at him, she scowled. But she stopped trying to move closer to him, so finally, Jon thought he might have gotten through to her. She looked away as she stepped back, looking down.

"You're probably right. This would be a really bad idea," she relented, sighing. She then looked up at him, her lips twisting upwards. "Shame... that was a really hot kiss. I'll be thinking about it for a long time..." she said, raising her eyebrows teasingly. She moved to step away before stopping. "But don't pretend you didn't feel what I felt. Don't pretend you didn't feel electricity. Don't pretend that me and you wouldn't have been special. The best either of us would have ever had. I know it, and you know it. And every day, for the rest of our lives, we'll be thinking about it. We'll both be wondering what could have been." She said this confidently, looking up at him, and upon her last words, she licked her lips. Coating them with her heated spit. Making her plump, smooth, sensuous lips shine in the dim light. For a moment, it looked like her shining lips were bristling with electricity.

Jon didn't know what it was. Whether it was the truth in her words. Or the fact that his body was still brimming with the same energy and lust caused by that first searing kiss. Or maybe it was just the sight of her glistening lips. But in the moment where it finally seemed like she'd gotten the message, and was about to give up and walk away, a surprising thing happened.

It was Jon who acted.

Without thought, without hesitation, without regret, Jon stepped forward, closing the gap between he and Sylvia. His lips met hers in a fiery kiss, open mouths colliding roughly, tongue sliding against tongue. And this time, he was actively participating in the kiss, letting his tongue slide into his mother-in-law's mouth. Their arms wrapped around each other as they pulled themselves in close, letting their bodies press roughly into each other. Their open mouths formed a tight seal as their illicit kiss resumed.

Jon couldn't explain it. He knew this was wrong. All logic and reason told him so. Yet... here he was. In the moment of truth, when it seemed like the war was won, he surrendered. He couldn't explain it. Some force inside him, some desire that was exposed by that earlier fiery kiss, had reared its head again. It had pushed past all logic and reason and seized control of his actions, and by an almost unholy magnetic pull, it had drawn their lips together once again. He'd touched something that he never knew existed, a pool of heated, concentrated lust. He'd gotten a sample... a taste... of the waters of sin, and in the moments afterward, he'd been scared by what he'd felt. But that pool of sin that had been stirred inside him wasn't done with him just yet, reaching out and grabbing him, pulling him back despite his best efforts, trying to drag him beneath the surface. And now, lips locked with his 46-year-old mother-in-law... he was drowning in sin.

Lips locked, mouths sealed together, cheeks hollowed, tongues dueling, they were both really going at it with this nasty kiss. Despite his prior objections, as soon as his mouth met hers, he couldn't stop himself from participating. The pull to sin inside him was impossible to fight off, and now that he was exposed to the wicked lust of this heated kiss, he couldn't stop himself from indulging further.

Their bodies melted against each other as their arms wrapped around one another. Her huge breasts were pressed against his chest, ballooning against him. Her arms wrapped around his back as his wrapped hers, pulling each other in as their mouths savagely attacked the other. Unlike the first kiss, he was far more active, sliding his tongue into his mother-in-law's mouth, letting his tongue truly duel with hers as they mashed against each other. Her plump lips slid

pressed against his as they swapped spit. And through it all, that electricity that had been there was coursing through them, electrifying them both. His muscles had tightened and his nerves were streaming with pleasure. These same feelings were coursing through his mother-in-law's luscious frame as they made out, and the more they kissed, the better it felt. More jolts of pleasure ran through them as the kiss got nastier, and neither of them could resist the electric lust now flowing through them.

Very quickly, these two were making out like horny teenagers, mouths attacking each other savagely, swollen lips pressed against into each other roughly. Spit was leaking from their mouths, making the kiss extra gooey. And their tongues were really fighting for control, going from her mouth to his, back and forth, dueling madly as they slid against each other. And as they furiously made out, their bodies got into the action, and their hands began acting on their own accord. Sylvia lifted her leg, and in the same moment, he hooked his hand under her knee, holding it up as she pressed herself even tighter against him. This allowed her to grind up against him, riding his leg as they made out. And he was responding in kind, sliding his swollen dick against her fit belly, the pressure sending jolts of pleasure coursing through him. And through it all, they kept making out, barely coming up for air during the nasty kiss.

All those objections in Jon's mind were long gone. His thoughts weren't focused on anything but the pleasure of this nasty, fucked-up kiss. He'd never felt this turned on in his life. He had a fair bit of experience, as he'd always been popular with girls, but nothing compared to making out with his mother-in-law. Some part of him still registered that this was wrong, that he shouldn't be making out with his wife's mom, but at this point, it didn't matter. It felt too good to care. Despite the fact that he had never felt any great affection towards Sylvia, despite the fact that he'd never enjoyed being around her, he was making out with her with a passion he never knew existed. The electricity of the lust flowing through him was better than anything he'd ever felt.

The living room was filled with the voices and laughter of Deb, Liam, and Jessa, trading stories and having a wonderful evening. And on the other side of the house, on the edge of the kitchen, the only sounds filling the room were those of muffled moans and sucking sounds as

Jon and Sylvia's mouths attacked each other. They ground against each other like animals, and their hands were starting to wander. His slid around to cup her firm ass, squeezing it greedily. And hers slid between them, massaging his throbbing pole through his pants. They moaned into each other's mouths as things got taken to the next level.

An onlooker would have no doubt where this was heading. Sure, he was this tall, well-built, handsome young man. And she was this hot-bodied older woman, much older than him. But the way they were going at it, lips parted, tongues buried in each other's mouth as they humped against each other... an onlooker would have no doubt that this was gonna end with sex. And with the passion they were making out at, the sex would no doubt be hot and nasty. But Jon was a bit too overwhelmed to see this conclusion. He was too lost in the pleasure to think about what was coming next.

But not Sylvia.

Finally, she pulled back, lips swollen, mouth open, panting for breath. His eyes were closed as he sought out her mouth again, but she only gave him another quick kiss before pulling back again. His eyelids opened, revealing his addled, lust-filled eyes. She could practically see the sparks of electricity in his pupils. He tried to kiss her again, but she pulled back.

"No... no... wait," she said, still catching her breath. Looking up at him, eyes blazing with lust, it took every fiber in her rational mind not to just jump his bones right there. "We can't do this..."

"What?" Jon asked, slightly angry. After all this... now she gets hesitant? But Jon was quick to find that this was not the case.

"Listen... babe, I want it too, but not now. They're all still awake..." she said, glancing back towards the living room. Their voices were still echoing through the house. "Let's me and you meet up later. At midnight. When everyone else is asleep upstairs, let's sneak back down here. There'll be nothing stopping us..." she teased before stepping forward. As she did so, she reached down to grope his

bulging, clothed cock again. She brought her lips to his ear and spoke again. "If a kiss felt that good, just imagine how amazing it'll be when me and you fuck..."

Jon's blood ran cold as this statement sobered him up ever so slightly, a shiver running up his spine. Fuck? Were they seriously... no. They couldn't. Yes, the kissing was bad, but actually fucking? That was a line they couldn't come back from. Was she seriously planning on taking things all the way?

Jon stayed frozen in place as Sylvia stepped back, looking at him confidently, giving away no questions or doubts on her end. She wanted to fuck him, and now that he was in her clutches, she was ready to seal the deal. Smirking, she turned and began walking away, heading towards the living room, shaking her ass side-to-side with each step.

Jon didn't move. He was still trying to process what had happened. One second, he was ready to reject Sylvia once and for all, then the next, he had his tongue down her throat. He had never had the slightest urge to do anything physical with Sylvia, despite how objectively attractive she was. But why did he kiss her? It was like some almost unnatural force had taken over, spurring him into action despite any objections his mind might have. Pulling him into the lustful morass until he was so deep he couldn't escape. Till the objections of his mind didn't matter when compared to the all-consuming electric bolts of lust coursing through him, empowering him, instigating him into lustful, wicked action... not letting up till he was voraciously making out with his mother-in-law, dueling tongues, swapping spit, attacking each other with their mouths. He couldn't explain it, he couldn't justify it, but he had done it. And he could not forget it.

The memories of what had just happened were imprinted on his mind. The feverish kissing. Her soft lips. Her talented tongue. Even her wicked saliva. The feel of her body against his. Her massive breasts against his chest. Her perfect, firm ass against his palms. Her flat belly against his bulging cock, putting just the slightest amount of pressure against him. And her talented hands on his bulge, driving him crazy, making his cock throb and setting his balls to boil. Even now, his cock was hard as a brick in his pants, and his blood was still

pumping. No matter where things went from here, he would never be able to get over the fact that he had made out with his mother-in-law. No matter how annoying and frustrating she was, at one point in his life, he had succumbed to her. He had given her what she wanted.

But not again. He wouldn't make that same mistake again. He couldn't. For the sake of his marriage, for the sake of his own soul, practically, he couldn't do this. He couldn't live with himself after committing such a betrayal. But that was his mind talking. His body, which was still buzzing, was disagreeing with his brain. His body was telling him 'Yes, yes! Fuck that hot bitch! Rail her hot ass and make her scream! Rip off her clothes and feast on those big, succulent tits of hers. Fuck that bitch hard, fill her up with cum, and betray your wife with her own mom!'

Luckily, his brain had regained control.

He knew he had to face the music, and there was no point putting it off. Steeling himself, cleaning up and making himself look like nothing was off, like he hadn't just made out like a horny teenager with his mother-in-law, he took a deep breath, calmed down, and walked back into the kitchen, before turning and heading back to the living room.

And still hanging in place, slightly swaying from the heated air circulating throughout the house, was the 'Electric Mistletoe', hanging innocently, almost forgotten.

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Luckily for Jon, no one seemed to catch on that anything had happened to him while he was out of the room. What had happened was so ridiculous... what could they possibly see that would make them suspect what he'd done with Sylvia? That being said, he was pretty silent, lost in his thoughts, going over what had just happened repeatedly.

Sylvia seemed unbothered by what had just happened, actively participating in the conversation, smiling and laughing. Despite the conflict inside him, every time he glanced at her, a jolt went through him. He couldn't help but let his eyes drift to her chest, at her big, round breasts straining against her tight black top. The knowledge that he could get his hands on those was a persistent thought he couldn't let go. That knowledge was enough to keep him staring. He was sure she caught him a few times, and her wicked little smirk kept his cock throbbing. Luckily, he was smart enough to arrange himself so his hard bulge wasn't visible to everyone. But through it all, from the second he locked lips with Sylvia to now, his cock had not gone down in the slightest.

Luckily, the rest of the evening was pretty uneventful. Jon didn't move from his spot on the couch, not wanting to give Sylvia the opportunity to try anything. He participated in the conversation when he had to, but otherwise, he was in his own head. Finally, everyone kind of agreed at the same moment to call it a night, and Jon was eager to get away. Giving a brief good night to his relatives, he marched upstairs to Deb's old bedroom, where he and her were stationed while staying there. Minutes later, he had changed into some thin pajama pants to sleep in. He slid into bed, hoping for sleep to come and help him escape all the poor decisions he'd made.

He would not be so lucky.

Like an excited kid on Christmas Eve, he was struggling to sleep. At midnight, with Deb sleeping easily next to him, his eyes were wide open. He hadn't even gotten close to falling asleep. He was still lost in his own thoughts. Still replaying the things he did with Sylvia. The 28-year-old was excited, but in the wrong way. Lifting up the sheet to look down, he could see his pillar still throbbing, standing proud like a tower underneath his thin pajama pants. That sucker was keeping him awake, preventing him from relaxing fully. The longer this went on, the more he realized this was a situation that had to be taken care of before he could sleep. He hated to beat off, knowing who was responsible for putting him in this state, but he needed rest. Sighing, he sat up and stood, pulling on a shirt before moving towards the door.

Wanting to remain silent, he walked softly, emerging from his room, opening and closing the door gently. He was about to make his way towards the second floor bathroom for some, uh, privacy, but he thought better of it. That bathroom was directly next to Sylvia and Roger's room and using that one would announce that he was awake to Sylvia. Again, he didn't want to give her even the slightest chance to try something, so he thought one step ahead, padding downstairs to use that restroom.

Luckily for him, the movement was almost enough to calm his nerves and clear his head. By the time he hit the first floor, he already felt a bit better, giving him hope that he might not actually have to jack off before getting some rest. Yeah, he was still rock-hard, but at the moment, it felt like less of a distraction.

Hoping that he could will himself out of his intended purpose of coming downstairs, he considered heading to the kitchen to get something to drink. He wasn't stupid though, so he spied things out, making sure Sylvia wasn't down there, ready to jump out from the shadows. Luckily, he saw no lights on. He saw no movement in the shadows, and didn't hear any noises, so he dubbed it safe to proceed. Padding lightly through the living room towards the kitchen, he flipped the light switch on and headed to the fridge. Grabbing a glass and putting it into the water dispenser built in to the fridge, he filled it halfway before bringing the glass up to his lips and sipping the cool water, coating his parched throat.

Finally alone, pacing around the kitchen, sipping water, he began to finally calm down and breathe a bit easier. He had fucked up earlier, but he hadn't done anything he could not come back from. Sure, what he had done was really bad, but things had stopped before it got worse for him. This wasn't the end of the world, just a really bad mistake, and he vowed to himself that it was one he would never make again. Newly empowered, he sipped more of the water. Breathing easier, he looked past the kitchen island, out the window above the sink, finding comfort in the falling snow in the black evening. He felt calm… at peace.

Until something caught his eye.

Above the island was that rack apparatus that allowed for Sylvia and Roger to hang pots and pans and spoons and ladles, stuff like that. And what did he see there, right in front of him, on the other side of the island, hanging on a previously unused hook?

The 'Electric Mistletoe'.

His eyes widened and he set down his glass on the cool marble. What was it doing here? How did it get here? In a flash, he suddenly remembered the description he had read off the tag earlier, about its potency and the strong effects it would impart to the people kissing underneath it. Was that it? Was this the explanation for the electricity of the make-out session he'd just shared with Sylvia? Was this what provided the otherworldly force that coerced him into locking lips with his mother-in-law? It sounded crazy, but it was the only possible explanation. As little mind he paid to things like magic and superstition, it made more sense than anything else. And this truly wasn't a situation where he had some deep, dark attraction to Sylvia, and this was just him making an excuse for his own bad behavior. No, as attractive as she was, he had never felt anything beyond annoyance for her. It was this... this trinket. This mistletoe. It had to be. It was this that had caused all his problems. He wanted to destroy it, to rip it down and tear it into a million pieces, but after what he'd already experienced, he didn't even want to touch it. But how did it get there?

"Hi there..." a voice from behind Jon said, causing him to almost jump out of his skin. He spun around quickly, turning to face the hallway leading to the dining room, and there stood Sylvia, stepping out of the shadows.

"Sylvia!" he said, shocked. As she emerged from the darkness, his eyes went wide as he saw what she was wearing. She had on a thin, sheer white nightie with lace trim adorning her luscious frame, low-cut on top and ending just below her butt, held on her shoulders by two little spaghetti straps. The slim, slinky garment was draped over her hot body, hugging her in all the right places, really showing off her hourglass frame. But such a garment was not meant for a woman with such mammoth breasts, which meant it was really straining to contain

her big boobs, clinging to them. And because it was sheer, it was see-through.

And Sylvia wasn't wearing a bra.

Jon's eyes went wide. Through the sheer, he could see everything. Everything. Meaning, Jon was getting a view of Sylvia's huge breasts for the very first time. Massive and round, vaulting off her chest, they looked amazing. They were so full that they formed a natural chasm of deep, deep cleavage. There was almost no sag, with her jugs standing proud like a girl's boobs half her age would. And they shared the same, smooth olive complexion as the rest of her. And best of all, the sheer material allowed him to see each of her succulent nipples. Each massive breast was capped with a hard, rubbery nipple, surrounded by a smooth, perfectly sized pink areola. The sheer material clung to the expanse of her big tits, bursting to escape.

They looked incredible.

Unfortunately for Jon, this wasn't his wife presenting this incredible image, but his 46-year-old mother-in-law. As amazing of a sight as this was, he could not let himself enjoy it.

"I see we're both in the same boat," she said with a smirk, slowly approaching, her fleshy tits jiggling with each step she made. He had been finally calming down, but now that he was back in Sylvia's presence, with her dressed like that, his cock had reversed course, standing proud beneath his pants, hard as a brick, calling out to her, very clearly visible to her eyes.

"What are you wearing?" he asked, panicked, trying to keep his eyes up.

"Oh, this?" she said, looking down at herself and the nightie she was wearing. "It's new! It's that new 'Mrs. Claus' line 'North Pole' is selling. I figured I'd try it out tonight. You seem like the type of guy who would appreciate an outfit like this. What do you think?" Inviting him to look

again, he couldn't help doing so. Looking past her huge breasts, somehow, he looked at the rest of her for the first time.

This outfit also showed off her fit belly, exposing her sexy navel through the thin material. And down below that, Jon was able to see that she was in fact wearing underwear, but it was one that really fit the wicked image she was presenting. An extra small, low-scooped, ice-blue thong, it barely covered up much of anything, covering her naughty bits and nothing else. Knowing his eyes were on her, she spun around in front of him, spinning on her bare feet so he could look at the back of her. Jon's eyes went wide as he looked at his mother-in-law's ass in a thong for the very first time.

Her ass looked incredible. Heart-shaped and firm and round, it was mouth-watering. It always looked fantastic stuffed in whatever tight pants she chose to wear, but it looked even better like this, perky and juicy. Jon couldn't stop staring. The tiny little bands of the thong stood out against her olive skin, riding along the upper ridges of her ass-cheeks. A tiny blue triangle was where these bands met, directly above her ass-crack, and that third point of the triangle pointed down, a thin string connected to it disappearing between the cheeks of her juicy ass.

"I think I have my answer," Sylvia announced with a big grin as she looked back at her son-in-law gawking at her perfect rear end. Shaking himself from his reverie, he found his words.

"Were you just hiding down here?" he croaked, his back against the kitchen island.

"Same reason you are, I suspect," she hinted, still approaching.

"Have you been down here the whole time?" Jon asked. She smiled at this.

"Sorry," she said. "It's fun to watch you squirm..." she teased. As she got closer, he turned and backed away, avoiding her by following the edge of the island.

"Sylvia, you've got the wrong idea. We can't do anything..." he said. His pillar was swaying very noticeably as he walked away from her, and she couldn't help but let her eyes drift to it for a moment.

"Right, I can definitely see I've got the wrong idea," she said, teasing him, his cock clearly calling out to her, despite what Jon said. "Listen... we both know what's happening here. That's why we both came down here..."

"I came down here to use the restroom..." Jon said, still backing up and around the kitchen island as she followed.

"Yet... you never made it, and you hung around the kitchen, as if you were waiting for someone..." she teased, smirking.

"No, it was just... I..." he began, but he was interrupted.

"Couldn't sleep because you were just so fucking horny you couldn't think straight," she finished. "Trust me, hon, we're in the same boat there. I couldn't sleep I was so excited. I just had to come down here to see if you'd be joining me. But deep down, I just knew you would..." Jon remained silent as she continued talking, and she kept following, circling the island. "So... you found an excuse to come downstairs, even though you knew we'd agreed to meet down here tonight. And you stayed down here, as if almost compelled to by something deep inside you, waiting for me to show up. Don't pretend like you don't know what's gonna happen next..." Jon kept backing away, trying to avoid her confident stride.

Was it true? Did the same force that compelled him into that illicit lip lock bring him down here? Did it generate the unease inside him in order to get him out of bed? Was it rewarding him for his acceptance by allowing him to feel better once he was out of bed and downstairs?

Did this force stop him from sneaking off to the bathroom to take care of his current predicament, keeping him ready for his mother-in-law? Was this twisted, chaotic force doing everything it could to bring him and Sylvia together, despite how destructive it would be? As ridiculous as all of this sounded to Jon, something beyond him was going on here, and it seemed like the only possible explanation.

"Babe, there was nothing stopping me from coming down here and finishing what we started. I've never been so certain of any fact in my life," Sylvia said, still following him, her huge, heavy breasts jiggling hypnotically beneath her sheer nightie. Watching him continually backing away, she laughed. "Honey... you don't have to be nervous! We both know what we came here to do..."

Sylvia stopped, and Jon stopped moving in kind. They were now on opposite sides of the kitchen island, her standing right under the 'Electric Mistletoe'. She leaned over the island, facing him, jutting her tits out, really testing the strength of the sheer garment. He couldn't help but let his eyes drift down to them for just a moment before looking back into hers.

"Sylvia, think of your daughter..." Jon said, appealing to her motherly instincts.

"Babe, you weren't thinking of my daughter when you had your tongue down my throat," she announced, and despite his regret at that memory, his cock throbbed in his pants. Seeing his discomfort, she continued. "I can't stop thinking about that kiss. Me and you, under the mistletoe... really experiencing that Christmas Magic. I'd certainly love to do it again. The house quiet, snow falling on the night before Christmas... just feels right, doesn't it?"

"Nothing about this feels right..." Jon said, shaking his head, not moving. For a moment, an expression of annoyance crossed her face. Finally, she refocused herself.

"Jon, look at my breasts..." she told him, and her command being permission enough for him, his eyes looked down right at her big

boobs, entranced by her exposed nipples through the sheer. With him watching, she reached up and cupped her massive jugs, squeezing them lightly. "Do you like them?" she asked, and he couldn't find anything to say, his mouth watering at the sight of her juicy titties. "I think you do. And you should. Not every man is lucky enough to have a mother-in-law with perfect tits. Makes staying with the in-laws not so bad, right?" she teased, squeezing her boobs again, the succulent flesh oozing between her fingers. "Stuck with the in-laws in a busy house, with all the hustle and bustle of the holiday, it can be tough. But at least you get to watch my big boobs jiggle around the house the whole time. Makes all the stress worth it, I'm sure, haha."

That had never been Jon's thinking at all, but, here in the moment... yeah, he was transfixed.

"Well..." she began. "If you come around here and join me, you can put your hands on them," she offered. "Your hands... your mouth..." she teased, drawing each word out. "Frankly, you can do just about whatever you want to them." Jon gulped at this offer. He knew better. He did. But he physically could not look away. The sight was too irresistible. He couldn't stop staring.

"Sylvia, we can't..." Jon stated, trying to sound strong, but the fact that he was staring at his mother-in-law's tits the whole time weakened his argument somewhat.

"No one would blame you for wanting to get your hands on them..." she added, bouncing her breasts in her palms. "Especially when Deb has such itty, bitty titties. You're probably dying to get your hands on a nice big pair like mine, aren't you? Even though I'm your wife's mother, you still want to get your hands on my hot body. So, come on over..." she said, pulling her hands from her breasts and spreading her arms, inviting him closer. Despite Jon's avid gaze, and his cock screaming out for pleasure, he didn't move. Despite every fiber in his body yearning to join her, he stayed in place.

"You've got the wrong idea, Sylvia," Jon began, steeling himself. Where to start? "I'm happy with Deb. I'm happy with everything about her. I

don't spend my days around here staring at your chest. And I don't intend to do anything with you now."

"Well, then why did you kiss me earlier?" she said, correctly pointing out the hypocrisy in his actions.

"I don't fucking know!" he replied, still confused by what happened there. He then looked up at the mistletoe hanging above her. "Maybe it's that," he said, pointing at it. "I don't know what the fuck they put in that thing, but what happened earlier was not what I wanted. And I am not going under it again." She gave him a curious look.

"Honey, it's just some cheap little decoration," she said, his fear of the 'Electric Mistletoe' amusing to her. "Sure, it has a little bit of 'Christmas Magic', but babe... you've got to take responsibility for your own actions and desires. You have a thing for your own mother-in-law. Just accept it, and we could have a lot of fun together."

Had Jon lost his mind? Admittedly, his hypothesis did seem insane, and he probably looked like a madman he was so frazzled at this point. He brought his hands up and rubbed his forehead with his palms, hoping to wake up from this nightmare. When he finally looked up, he was shocked to realize that he was standing in a different spot in the kitchen. Somehow, when he was rubbing his head in his hands, in his daze he had ended up moving across the kitchen. To his dismay, he realized he had moved around the kitchen island, dread filling him as he realized he was now standing directly next to Sylvia, with nothing between them. She had turned to face him, her and him on either side of the hanging mistletoe.

What the fuck? Jon didn't even remember moving, let alone walking all the way around the island and near to Sylvia, the woman he was trying to stay away from. How did this happen? This crazy force that had drawn him into that kiss earlier, seemed to take over again as soon as he let his guard down, bringing him closer to his wicked, hot-bodied mother-in-law.

"I like where this is going," she purred, looking at him, seemingly readying herself for her son-in-law's advances. Jon was frozen in

place, unable to form words as his whole world seemingly collapsed around him. Was he even in control of his own actions anymore? He didn't plan to keep making out with Sylvia after that first kiss she forced upon him, but he had. He didn't plan on coming down here to the kitchen, yet here he was. He didn't plan on engaging in any of Sylvia's wicked games, yet here he was. And he didn't plan on getting any closer to his scantily dressed mother-in-law, yet, he was now standing mere feet in front of her. And through it all, his hard cock was still throbbing, standing out between them beneath his pajama pants. No matter what he did, no matter how hard he fought against this, forces beyond his control were bringing them together. And this force would not be satisfied until his big, thick dick was buried deep inside her.

Was Sylvia right, and that all his actions were his own, his subconscious desires for her coming to the surface? Even though that answer seemed to be the most logical, he honestly believed it wasn't true. He had never once fantasized about screwing his mother-in-law. At most, he could acknowledge that she was attractive, but that was it. And yet, he kept following this path that he knew was leading to her. Something more had to be going on here. Something beyond his control.

She smiled at his turmoil, and he gulped in response. He wanted to fight back, to say something, but by acknowledging what the goal of this 'force' was, he almost accepted his fate. What was happening was so beyond his understanding that he had no hope of fighting against it. It was an effort that was in vain. The more he struggled, the more he was pulled in closer. Now he was right in front of the one woman he wanted nothing to do with, and he didn't know how he was gonna avoid the inevitable.

What else could he do but surrender?

At the moment, Jon was truly feeling the weight of the force working against him, stronger than ever before. His will to fight against it was being worn down, and it was showing. His eyes slowly drifted downwards, from his mother-in-law's gorgeous face to her massive, round tits. His eyes drifted across her succulent peaks, admiring their round shape. God damn, why did his wife's mother have to have such

big perfect tits? He then stared at her nipples, the hardened nubs pushing out against the sheer fabric, screaming for attention. Well, they certainly had Jon's attention, his mouth watering just by looking at them. His eyes fell into her cleavage, that deep succulent crevasse between her massive, soft breasts, and it felt like he was falling into the deep, inescapable darkness in-between, never to escape.

And through it all, the 'Electric Mistletoe' hung just over his head. Jon was now as close to it as he was earlier, during that illicit kiss, and his mind was in just as much turmoil as it had been then.

Sylvia could see her son-in-law giving in. His eyes stayed glued to her breasts, and she could practically feel his intense, heated gaze in her cleavage. Like a magnetic pull bringing them together, his head sagged, bringing his face closer to his mother-in-law's enormous breasts. Slowly, his face descended, moving closer and closer to Sylvia's rack, but before that collision could happen, she acted first. Leaning up, Sylvia brought her lips to Jon's again.

Sparks practically leapt between their lips as they finally mashed together again.

Surrendering completely to the wicked forces bringing them together, Jon slid his tongue into his mother-in-law's mouth. Her slippery tongue slid over his as it delved deep into his mouth. Their mouths formed a tight seal as, once again, mother-in-law and son-in-law began making out. As they swapped spit once more, their bodies pressed into each other savagely, grinding against each other. He humped his pulsing weapon against her luscious body, and she scrubbed her giant tits against his chest.

Jon was almost drowning in lust. His mind was a whirlwind, barely capable of cognizant thought. All he could do was follow the pleasure he was feeling and let that guide him along this new path.

Sylvia was feeling that same wicked pleasure coursing through her, but she was far more in control of herself. And as much as she was enjoying the fierce kiss, she wanted to take this to the next level, and

fast. She had been as horny as sin all fucking day, and she was desperate for relief.

Sliding her lips from his and putting her hands on top of his head lightly, she guided him along. His lips kept searching her out, kissing along her jaw and down her neck as pushed him down further. Gaining enough reason to know what was coming next, he opened his eyes just in time to see that his face was on a collision course with Sylvia's massive breasts. And before he could react, his face was lodged in his mother-in-law's cleavage.

"Ohhhh..." he sighed, a contented groan as he lightly rubbed her face between her large breasts.

"That's it, baby, that's it," Sylvia cooed. "Get used to this, Jon," she added, pressing his face down into her tits. Seeing he wasn't going anywhere, she released her hold on him, freeing up her arms. Quickly, with nimble fingers, she pulled the thin spaghetti straps holding up her nightie off her shoulders. Grabbing the hem of the slim garment, she tugged it down over her giant rack, leaving it bunched up around her midriff, revealing her bare tits to her daughter's husband for the first time.

"Oh my God..." Jon sighed, pulling back enough to look at them. He'd already practically seen everything thanks to the slim nightie, but there was just something about seeing them in the flesh that made it even better. God damn, freed from their constraints, they somehow looked even better. Round, and firm, and... fuck, they were just fucking huge. They vaulted off her chest while maintaining that perkiness and full round shape. They were amazing. With his mouth salivating, he could wait no longer. Jon dove forward and attached his open mouth to one of his mother-in-law's hard nipples.

"Ahhh!" she sighed, biting her lip. Jon attacked that hardened nub eagerly, sucking at it, licking at it, biting it lightly with his teeth. Sylvia was alight with pleasure at this worshipful treatment. He knew just what to do to make her squirm with pleasure. This was exactly what she needed. And the best part?

She felt those same sparks with his mouth on her in other places.

Her hot body was filled with bolts of wicked pleasure as her hunky son-in-law sucked on her big tits, his mouth causing a delicious tugging at her hardened nubs that drove her absolutely crazy. Each eager suck filled her anew with incredible pleasure, to a level she'd never experienced before.

Jon was lost in Sylvia's big breasts. Damn... he'd been with some busty girls in his younger years, but nothing like this. Her breasts were amazing! He didn't realize how much he missed this kind of thing. Deb had her positive qualities, but she did not much up to her mother in cup size, and Jon didn't know how strongly that mattered to him till right at this moment. He switched between breasts, giving the other one the same adoration he'd given the first. And as he did, he brought his hands up. His big, strong, manly hands. In a flash, they moved upwards, and before he knew it, those big hands of his made contact with his mother-in-law's massive, fleshy tits for the first time.

"Oh my God!" he groaned in awe, and he had good reason to be awed. His mother-in-law's breasts felt amazing in his palms. Squeezing them tentatively, feeling his fingers dig into the soft, luscious flesh for the first time... it was amazing. They were so soft! And they were firm as well. Really fucking firm. The lush flesh oozed through his fingers as he gripped them, squeezing them more firmly every time, soon really getting in there, really digging into his mother-in-law's huge breasts with his big hands. And each squeeze sent jolts of pure, concentrated lust throughout his entire body, driving him crazy with desire. He kept squeezing her big boobs, over and over again, and as her massive jugs ballooned outwards at this treatment, her perfect, hard pink nipples were calling out to him again. So, Jon dove in head first once more, taking her nipple into his mouth.

"Yes, yes!" Sylvia cooed as her son-in-law slobbered all over her big breasts, feasting on her nipples like a starving man. His mouth was fiercely attacking her big tits, licking and sucking as his big hands kept eagerly squeezing them, over and over again, unable to get enough. The issue he was finding was that he was so tall that all of

this required him to lean over significantly to get at Sylvia's big jugs. Sensing this, she gently pushed down on his shoulders, urging him to kneel, to fall to his knees in front of his mother-in-law.

And Jon did just that.

Falling to his knees aligned his handsome face with Sylvia's breasts a lot better. Having her breasts slightly above his face allowed her to really take control, bending over slightly and wrapping her arms around his head, pulling his face into her massive tits, smothering him with them. And he took it in stride, sighing from deep in his throat, his mouth still eagerly sucking at her hard nipples, and his hands still squeezing greedily.

"Ah! That's it babe!" she sighed, biting her lip. "Suck my big tits! We've both wanted this for so long!" she moaned. "I know it must have been torture having a mother-in-law with such big, perfect tits when my daughter has such mosquito bites, but now my tits are all yours baby. You can have them whenever you fucking want! Yes!"

His worshipful treatment of her big breasts was driving her crazy, filling her with a wicked lust even she had never experienced before. Maybe it was the wickedness of their in-law status, maybe it was because this was on Christmas Eve night, or maybe it was because they were under the 'Electric Mistletoe', but this... this was something special. Even though she had been especially horny all morning, this was putting her over the top. Her hot body was racked with lust, every nerve ending on fire with electric pleasure. She was literally dripping onto the floor she was so turned on, and that is what caused her to end this amazing breast worship, as she was eager to take things to the next level. Pushing Jon back ever so slightly, his mouth made an audible pop as her nipple was pulled out of it, and when she pulled his hands off her perfect tits, his palms felt empty.

Jon's mind was so addled with lust he could barely function. Nothing mattered, other than pleasure. Only what made him feel good. Those feelings were so strong and so fucking potent that any other concerns were meaningless. Deb didn't matter. Nothing else matted. Only lust. Every one of his senses were so on fire with lust that taking the fuel

for said lust away, even for a moment, made him desperate with need. He wanted to take her perfect, spit-covered nipples back into his mouth again, but she held him back with a hand on his forehead. The normally intelligent, well-reasoned young man felt like a dullard, addicted to pleasure, unable to function without guidance from an experienced hand. Looking up at Sylvia, he waited for her next command.

"Here..." she sighed, reaching down and tugging her slim nightie up over her hips, exposing her soaked thong to him. She was so wet that her inner thighs were coated with her juices. Reaching down, she hooked her finger in the front of her thong, pulling it to the side, exposing her dripping wet cunt to her daughter's husband for the very first time. It looked amazing. Plump, youthful lips. Shaved almost completely bare, save for a tiny little landing strip. And her pussy was coated with her delicious, searing hot sex-juices. Jon's mouth watered. "Eat my pussy, baby. I want to feel your mouth on my fucking cunt!"

Now, having the guidance the lust-addled young man needed, he complied with her request, his mouth leaping forward, attacking her pussy with the same fervor he'd done with her big boobs.

"Mmmph!" he groaned as his mouth collided with the older woman's dripping cunt. Mouth open, his lips forming a tight seal around her dripping pussy, he extended his tongue, entering his mother-in-law's cunt, sampling her intense sex-juices on his tongue for the first time. Beneath the lust filling his body and driving his actions, at his core, where the true Jon still lied, he could recognize the insanity of his actions. He was on his knees, going down on his own mother-in-law. He barely felt in control of himself at this point. Lust was at the wheel, this crazy force compelling him into actions he'd never thought he'd do. But at his core, Jon was still there, reluctantly along from the ride. The good, kind, soulful young married man was still there, shielded from the influences of the wicked force compelling him into such an indecent act, hopeful that this force would eventually leave him so he could rise back to the surface. But even this Jon, the kind, rational, thoughtful young man that he was at his core, could admit that despite his negative feelings towards Sylvia, he couldn't deny one undeniable truth.

Her cunt tasted amazing.

Damn, why did such a wicked woman have to have such a spectacular tasting cunt? Fuck, it tasted good. His tongue was avidly entering his mother-in-law's vagina, tasting its delicious flavor, gathering her delicious juices on his tongue. Savoring it. Swallowing it. Seeking out more. Each time his tongue slid into her waiting pink hole, a new bolt of lust rushed through him, making his body almost vibrate with excitement. And her delicious cunt's flavor was so potent that even the core of Jon was slowly getting addicted to the taste.

"Oh my God!" Sylvia sighed, biting her lower lip. "Yes! I've wanted to feel that mouth on me from the second I met you! Fuck!" Each stab of his tongue sent another lightning bolt of pleasure through her, taking her closer to the edge. "Oh my God, you're so good at this!" It was true. Jon was talented at eating pussy, at going down on a woman, but he never expected to be using these skills on his mother-in-law. His mouth and tongue were busy, licking along her plump lips, stabbing into her tight hole, and teasing her clit, not going straight for it like some might, but teasing it, making her squirm.

Jon was kneeling in front of her, hands behind her knees, pulling himself close as he attacked her tasty cunt with his mouth. She reached down and grabbed his scalp, holding him against her, grinding her perfect cunt against his handsome face, coating it with her gushing juices.

"God damn, yes! I can see why my daughter married you! Haha! Fuck, your tongue's amazing!" she squealed, grinding herself lewdly against her son-in-law's mouth. Her juices were practically gushing from her horny cunt, but her daughter's husband was right there, swallowing them down.

Jon had never sampled a better tasting cunt than hers. Not any other woman. Even Deb, his wife, couldn't compare. Each gulp of her copious juices clouded his judgment further, where even the true Jon was being affected, becoming just as addicted as the rest of him. He slid his tongue upwards to her hard clit, circling around it for it bit

with his tongue, teasing it with his lips before really bearing down on it.

"OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!" she moaned, humping against him lewdly. Luckily, this house was well-insulated, meaning that sound didn't travel across it very well. Even so, she was pushing her luck. But the pleasure was too good. Lightning strikes of pure lust were coursing through her. She was gonna cum, and soon. Her cunt was dripping, coating his lips and chin. "Keep going! Keep going! Yes! Yes!" She kept grinding her cunt against him, her body shaking at a level of pleasure and desire she'd never before experienced. His mouth was only getting more into it, attacking her clit, licking and sucking it while also teasing her gushing cunt further. The closer she got to cumming, the sweeter her juices tasted, urging him further, every bit of him now clouded with the lust and heat of the moment. "Eat that cunt! Eat that cunt! Eat your fucking mother-in-law's cunt! Eat it because it's better than your wife's, my daughter's. Eat it because it's all you've dreamed of doing since you met me. Make me fucking cum you fucking asshole! Yes! YES! God! I love it! I love it! Your mouth belongs on my clit! Yes!"

The luscious mature brunette kept humping against her son-in-law's face as she got close to the edge, gripping his scalp roughly as she did so. And Jon's mouth was still fervently attacking his mother-in-law's gushing cunt, his entire body and soul consumed by the act. Every moan from his mother-in-law sent a new pang of electricity flowing through him. His body was keyed up in a way he'd never known possible, so he kept at it, her pleasure adding to his pleasure.

"Eat my cunt! Eat it! Yes! Fuck! Fuck! You like that? You like that better than my daughter's cunt! Yes! I bet you do! You wouldn't be eating me so well if you didn't! Fuck!" Sylvia moaned, her body quivering with excitement. She was getting closer and closer to a big orgasm. "Fuck! Fuck! Oh my God! Babe... yes! I want to cum against this fucking mouth! Yes! I want you to swallow all my fucking juices. Yes! I want you to gulp it down and beg for more! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh my God! Oh my God! Yes! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHH! AHHH! AHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHH! YES! YES! FFFFFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCKKKKK!"

Her body was racked with a huge orgasm, finally having release after an entire day of being on edge. She was trying her best to stay as quiet as possible as to not wake up the house, but her pleasure was too good not to vocalize. Her nails were digging into his scalp roughly as she ground harshly into his face, her cunt quivering as her juices gushed out of her. Her entire body was shaking as she came, and her cunt kept flexing, forcing out even more of her sweet nectar. And through it all, his mouth was right there, mouth sealed around her cunt as she gushed her divine fluids. And just as she wished, he swallowed her juices and waited for more.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she moaned, squealing with excitement. Her juices kept squirting out of her cunt, filling her son-in-law's mouth with her tasty nectar. She kept cumming and cumming, having one of the biggest orgasms of her life. "Yes! Fuck! I love that fucking mouth! Yes! I love it! I love it! I love you! Fuck! Fuck!"

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of pleasure, her orgasm began to lessen. She released her grip on his scalp, causing him to fall back, lips swollen, gasping for breath as he sat on the kitchen floor. She stumbled slightly, resting one arm on the edge of the island to support herself, still recovering. She leaned down, resting her elbows against the kitchen island, panting as she came down from her high. The nightie was still bunched up around her midriff, her huge boobs still hanging out and her thong still pulled to the side. She was bent over as she caught her breath, and in doing so, she pointed her practically bare ass right at him.

Jon's eyes were glued to his mother-in-law's ass. Even though he had just gone through a major life event in going down on his wife's mother, and he should be looking for some time to recover, he wasn't. He hadn't gotten the same release that she had, and his body was still filled to the brim with lust, wicked desires, and no rational thought. All that mattered was pleasure, and how he could get his next fix. And looking forward at Sylvia's perfect ass, he had his answer.

Without a second thought, Jon pushed himself up and into a kneeling position and moved up behind Sylvia, his face near her rear. She was still facing away from him, facing the other way as she recovered from her gushing orgasm. And as she did so, Jon's eyes stayed glued on the older woman's ass, wicked ideas rising to the surface, things he'd

never considered doing before. Jon had never eaten ass before, but looking at his mother-in-law's perfect rear end, his mouth was practically drooling. Taking Sylvia by surprise, Jon used his big hands to grab her perfectly formed ass cheeks and pull them apart, revealing her tight, clean asshole to his avid gaze. And before she could react, he dove in face first.

"Oh... OH! Fuck!" she moaned in shock. She was certainly not planning to demand this of him, at least not at this point, but she was very pleasantly surprised. As she felt her son-in-law's tongue slide tentatively across her asshole, she leaned over the edge of the kitchen island, really giving him full access.

Jon had never done this before, but now that he was doing it, he was diving in completely without fear or hesitation. As he slid his tongue against his mother-in-law's asshole, he was surprised to find that even her asshole tasted good. Damn... what a fucking woman. What a connection they must have for him to find both her pussy and ass so delicious. He doubled down, stabbing his tongue against her tight asshole, each incidence of this indecent act sending a new bolt of lust coursing through him.

"Oh my God, oh my God! Yes!" Sylvia moaned as her son-in-law rimmed her asshole. "Get up in there, babe! Get in my fucking ass. Right where any good son-in-law belongs. On his knees, kissing his mother-in-law's ass. Yes!" She raised one foot off the ground and brought her knee up closer to the edge of the counter, really helping him to get in there.

Jon wasn't shy about this in the slightest. His jaw was wedged in his mother-in-law's ass-crack, his tongue sliding across her tight asshole, circling it, teasing it, coating it with his spit. His eager mouth was making the older woman squirm in delight.

"Fuck! You are so good at this!" she moaned. "I never thought you'd be up for something this nasty! You are full of surprises! Yes! Fuck! I'll have to keep that in mind!"

Each time his tongue slid across her butthole, an electric jolt of pleasure went through both of them, the wicked force inside them only energized further by this indecent act. The more depraved it got, the better the words, as more lust and heat filled them at this.

And coincidentally, they were both currently under the 'Electric Mistletoe'.

When they had kissed under it before, both had felt sparks that had energized them into making the kiss truly filthy and nasty. And when he sucked her big tits under the mistletoe, those pangs of lusty electricity coursed through them both as he worshipped her massive jugs. Only that time, those bolts of lust traveling through her emanated from her nipples. And when Jon had gone down on her beneath the mistletoe, those pangs of electric lust began at her cunt, traversed through the rest of her hot body, and returned to her cunt, sending her over the edge to one of the biggest orgasms of her life. And now, he was rimming her ass, and those same bolts of pleasure were filling her luscious frame, this time caused by the eager mouth worshipping her asshole.

All under the mistletoe.

From the start, despite not being a superstitious person, as soon as Jon had read the tag earlier, Sylvia just had a good feeling about the mistletoe. And from the moment their lips locked earlier, she'd become a believer. She couldn't explain it, but she'd already had some of the hottest moments of her life beneath the mistletoe with Jon. And she knew he felt it too. As much pleasure as she had felt, she just knew he'd felt that same level of lust and pleasure. But unlike her, he was still filled up with that heat and lust, almost to the point of bursting. Looking down, she could see his massive weapon through his thin pajama pants, hard as a brick. So full of heat. And lust. And cum. A weapon that huge and hard and ready was built to pleasure hot wet, nasty cunt. It would probably feel incredible for him, and it would feel just as good for her. His pleasure and hers were the same at this point. And if they did it under the mistletoe... just imagine how good it would feel.

Filled with renewed energy, Sylvia acted. She pushed him back, pushing his face away from between her ass-cheeks. She brought her foot back down and spun on her heels, turning to face him. Panting for breath, he looked up at her, completely addled by the lust of the moment. With him watching, she leapt up and took a seat on the edge of the kitchen island, her huge bare tits jiggling as she did so. He watched as she spread her legs lewdly, exposing her nasty, mature cunt for him again. Looking down at him, her lips twisted into a snarl.

"Jon... I want you to fuck me!" she commanded, licking her lips. "I want you to fuck me, right here under the mistletoe. We both know it will be hotter that way..." This caused Jon to look up at the mistletoe. The 'Electric Mistletoe'. The cause of all this madness. When he saw that sucker hanging up in the kitchen, earlier, he'd been afraid of it. Now? Now... he was too far gone to care. He was so consumed by lust that all he could do was obey.

On shaky legs, Jon got up to his feet. Sylvia's eyes remained locked on his throbbing weapon as it swayed in his thin pants. He stumbled forward as he regained his balance, falling closer to Sylvia. Before he knew it, she grabbed him by the jaw and pulled him in for another nasty kiss. The lips that had just been pressed against her asshole were now against her lips, but she didn't care, as their lips spread for each other and their tongues mashed together, swapping spit again. For a few moments, their lips smacked together as they made out. But she was eager for things to go to the next level, and she wasn't gonna wait another second. Pushing him back, she spoke up.

"Take off your clothes," she added, reaching down to grab the hem of his shirt, pulling it up, revealing his fit bare chest to her. She'd seen it before, for example when they went to the beach, but never in such an intimate way. He still looked a bit confused by the high levels of potent lust pumping through his veins, meaning he needed to be coached along a bit. As she reached forward to let her hands run down his taut, masculine chest, she spoke to him again. "Take off your pants, Jon. Let me see your cock! Then I want you to fuck me with it."

Even though every part of him was overflowing with hot-blooded lust, this command got through to the small shred of the true Jon still left beneath the lust-crazed mess he currently was. His wife's mother was

asking him to show her his cock. His wife was sleeping upstairs, and he was down here, with her mom, who was sitting in front of him, legs spread, tits hanging out, ready for sex. The true Jon didn't want any of this, but his needs and desires were so out of control that he couldn't possibly imagine not going through with what she was asking of him. He was in so deep and was so desperate for relief that he couldn't physically bring himself to walk away. His feet felt glued to the floor, and the floor felt tilted towards Sylvia. He wanted to fight back, to do anything to stop this, even just look away. But that same force felt like it was holding him in place until he did what it wanted of him. It felt like this outcome was unavoidable.

He loved his wife. He had never once wanted to cheat on her before. Ever. Especially not with her mother. But... he'd done so many awful things with her already. And everything that he had done with her had felt so perfect. So right. Her lips, her mouth, her tits, her pussy, even her ass, it all tasted amazing to him. And looking at her again, legs spread like a slut, her huge, perfect tits hanging out... she looked spectacular. He didn't want to do this, but... she looked so appealing. So appetizing. It would feel so good, and it would give him exactly the relief he needed. His cock was screaming to be freed, to enter her cunt and finally have the blessed release he so needed. Maybe if they weren't in such close proximity, he might have been able to think more clearly. Through his thin pants, his cock was jutting outward, pointed right at her waiting cunt, less than a foot apart. His cock was drooling all over itself, leaking pre-cum at a copious rate, causing his pants to cling to his cock head, giving the older woman a very clear indication of what he was packing. His cock wanted inside her... badly. His body was desperate for release. And his mind was doing what it could to justify cheating on his wife with her mom.

He'd done so much already. Did he actually think he could walk away at this point and still be innocent? If he went to his wife and said, 'Hey, I didn't actually cheat on you, but I did make out with your mom, then I went down on her till she came, and then I rimmed her ass. But hey, I didn't actually fuck her.'... how would she react? She'd divorce his ass on the spot, with good cause. In terms of the weight of his actions, he'd gone too far already. Pulling back now would not give him any sort of high ground here. So, in all honesty, there should be nothing stopping him from following through. From fucking his hot-bodied mother-in-law. Burying his thick, throbbing cock deep inside her waiting cunt. From fucking her brains out, making her scream in

delight, and cumming deep inside her, finally draining his bloated balls and finding the peace that he needed. There didn't seem to be a reason not to follow through at this point.

And above him, throughout this whole thing was the 'Electric Mistletoe', a specter above the pair, casting its pall over both of them.

And it had done its job.

In the moment of truth, Jon surrendered to the inevitable. Even though there was enough of him left at his core still untainted enough to be having these doubts, his raw driving physical needs overrode them. That pure fire inside him was slowly dimming, and it was all thanks to his mother-in-law, and her hot body.

With her watching with a confident grin, Jon hooked his fingers into his pants and slowly tugged them down. She watched with eager delight as the root of his massive dick was exposed to her, adorned with a well-trimmed shock of pubic hair. He kept pulling his pants down, revealing more and more of his thick pillar, and her eyes went wide with delight. The hem of his pants was still keeping his dick contained, keeping it holstered in place, showcasing his thick, pulsing shaft without fully unleashing his weapon. Finally, with his pants seemingly halfway down his thighs, his cock was released from its constraints, bouncing upwards, arresting the older woman's vision. Eventually, it came to a stop, sticking out from his crotch, nine and a half inches of thick and throbbing married cock, pointing directly to his mother-in-law's waiting cunt. Looking down at it, Sylvia could practically see it pulsing. Beyond that, she could see, hanging beneath the swollen weapon, the pair of gigantic, cum-filled balls encased in his smooth sack.

Sylvia's hands were still resting on his chest, but at this reveal, she slid them down, letting her fingers wrap around the root of his meaty weapon, feeling it throb beneath her fingers.

"Wow," she effused, smiling wide at the huge cock in her grasp. Looking up at him, eyes flashing, she tugged him forward, allowing

him to step out of his pants, leaving him completely nude in front of his mother-in-law. She pulled him in close till he was standing between her spread legs, the head of his cock mere inches from her waiting cunt. She looked up into his eyes with playfulness, and she could only see beaten down submissiveness in his. He was fully broken, and now, he was hers to enjoy. Yanking him forward a little more, he stopped when the head of his cock was brushing against the lips of her mature cunt. Leaving it poised there, she released her hold on him, letting her hands rest on his shoulders, waiting for him to act. And as she waited, her eyes stared into his.

"Fuck me, Jon!" she urged him. So bursting with lust and need, there was nothing he could do to stop the inevitable. He had to do this. He needed to do this.

With silent assent, Jon pushed forward, pushing his thick cock-head against the entrance to her cunt. He found some resistance, trying to push himself inside her. But finally, her pussy yielded, spreading around the head of his cock and allowing entrance.

"Oh my God!" she moaned, clutching his shoulders. Holy shit! He was huge! Fuck! Even though he just had the head inside her, his thickness was incredible.

"Mmmmmm..." Jon groaned as the first bit of contact was made to his thick married weapon. He'd been hard as concrete since that first kiss, and now, he was finally getting some blessed relief. He pushed in further, pushing in a few inches of cock deep inside her, until he had to stop. "Fuck!" he sighed his head collapsing against the older woman's shoulder. It felt so fucking good! Holy shit! Her cunt was amazing! And so fucking tight! Holy shit! Her cunt was squeezing the life out of every square inch of cock buried deep inside her, and it felt incredible. It had never been like this before. He'd never felt anything like this. Not even close. Bolts of lust were traveling up his lengthy cock, driving him almost insane with pleasure.

Sylvia felt the same way. Her cunt was being stretched in a way that she hadn't... possibly ever. It felt so Goddamn good, and there was still so much to go.

Jon clenched his jaw and pushed onwards, forcing more of his thick penis deep inside her waiting hole. As tight as her cunt was, she was so fucking wet she smoothly took his swollen shaft inside her. Her cunt lips were splayed obscenely around his thick pillar as it took his sizable dick over halfway into her pussy. Her tight little cunt was being slowly filled up, and that intense feeling was enough to make her scream out.

"Fuck! Yes!" she screamed in delight, her pussy quivering around his big cock. The walls of her cunt were smothering his married cock, squeezing every inch of it, making him throb in pleasure.

"FUCK!" he seethed, the pleasure causing him to pause, his cock about two thirds of the way inside her. He looked up into her eyes, finding a satisfied but teasing glint in hers. His face screwing up with purpose, and a tinge of anger, he suddenly heaved forward, slamming the remainder of his nine-and-a-half-inch dick deep inside, till the lips of her cunt were wrapped around the root of his cock.

"AHHH!" she squealed loudly, her entire body quivering as it adjusted to his massive size. Even at this point, the pleasure was so intense she saw stars. It truly did feel like her body was electrified with lust.

He felt the same way. For the first time in his life, he had his entire cock buried deep inside a woman. No woman, not Deb, or any of the girls before her, had ever taken so much of his cock. Not only did his mother-in-law take more than any other girl, she'd taken the whole thing. It was incredible. His entire cock was buzzing with pleasure, almost vibrating it was so overstimulated. Her tight, wet cunt was driving him crazy, and he slowly began to move, grinding against her as they both adjusted to this new level of pleasure. Nothing in his life had ever felt this good. And after touching this ultimate livewire of pleasure, he needed more. Pulling back, he slid his bloated weapon out of her about halfway, his smooth shaft shining with her juices. Finally, he slammed his cock inside her again.

"Ahhh!" she moaned, before moaning again and again as Jon began pumping his cock into her.

"Shit!" he sighed as he began taking more and more of his cock out of her as he drilled her, soon making her take the whole thing on every pump.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she groaned as she took his entire length again and again and again. Jon was in a zone, fucking her harder and harder without breaking his stride. Looking down at her, teeth clenched, pumping into her, his eyes fell to her huge, bouncing tits.

"Oh!" he sighed before diving headfirst against her bare tits, scrubbing his face against his mother-in-law's massive udders, bringing his hands up to squeeze them as he did so. Lost in his breast-induced fervor, he kept driving his cock into her amazing pussy, the tighter than tight hole clenching his big dick like nothing ever had before. He gripped her huge boobs roughly, using them as leverage as he drove into her.

"Yes! Yes! Do it, honey! Fuck me!" she sighed, legs wrapped around his waist, arms around his neck, aiding him in the intense fucking. "Give it all to me, babe! You've wanted this for so long, hon. I remembered how you stared at me and my body for so long. How you always teased and flirted with me. How excited you got whenever I wore a bikini, or other tight clothes. It was always so obvious that you wanted me, despite being married to my daughter. We both know you married her just to get to me. Well... now you've got me hon. So, do your best..." she urged him. Her words rang out as false to him, but, well... he was here, fucking her, so maybe he was the one who was wrong.

They worked up a good sweat as they fucked. He continued scrubbing his face against her massive, jiggling tits as he drove into her. The married man kept his palms full of Sylvia's amazing breast flesh, gripping them firmly as he drilled her. Jon knew he should slow down, but the sex felt so fucking good he just couldn't stop. He couldn't pace himself, fucking at full sprint. His body was on fire with pleasure, and his hips were quickly a blur as he pumped in and out of his mother-in-law's vagina just about as fast as he could manage.

"Fuck my nasty cunt, Jonathan! Fuck it hard!" she urged him, her bare ass sliding against the counter as they fucked hard. "You're fucking your 46-year-old mother-in-law! You're cheating on your wife with her mom! Fuck! Get your fucking money's worth!"

Her nasty words spurred him on, fucking her even harder, his big, heavy balls slapping against her ass. Her cunt was dripping with her juices as they fucked, splashing out of her and onto the counter. She was so turned on right now she could barely think straight.

"Fuck! Fuck! Yes! This is the best! The best fucking sex ever! Yes!" she squealed. Her body was as turned on as his, every nerve singing in pleasure. "I just knew you needed the good stuff! Fuck! You are so out of my daughter's league... god... yes... I'm amazed you actually married her. I knew you two weren't meant to be. Me and you are a far better match. That's why I always knew this would happen." Through his lustful haze, he looked up at her, eyes blazing with fire at her words. But he never stopped or slowed down. He kept pumping his massive dick inside her, pleasuring her hard.

Her head rolled in pleasure. She was almost dizzy, this felt so good. Her mind flashed to the path that had led him to her. She thanked fate for whatever brutal footballer injured him, because without him, her and Jon would never have gotten together. If his football career had kept going, he'd have been rich and famous, with some gorgeous oversexed babe on his arm. That was the destiny his life was leading towards, and it was one that he totally had earned. Instead, he had gone domestic, married a nice girl, got a good job, and walked right into Sylvia's clutches. Instead of ending up with some busty model, he ended up with his hot-bodied 46-year-old mother-in-law.

It was perfection.

"We were destined for this, baby," she sighed. His head rose from her giant bare breasts, still maintaining his grip on her huge boobs as he fucked her. "You're a perfect ten, and so am I. Doesn't matter that you're married to my daughter! Doesn't matter that I'm almost twenty

years older than you. When people like us spend so much time together, it always ends in fucking!"

Jon seethed, and despite his overwhelming lust, he felt a bubbling anger at her words.

"No..." he panted, trying to stand up for himself, as insane as that seemed at this point And, in response, her words took on a tone of almost mocking.

"Don't try and pretend that you don't like me more than Deb!" she spat out, her huge tits quivering as he kept fucking her hard. "If you did, you'd be giving the dick to her tonight, not me. If you loved her so much, why were you making out with me on Christmas Eve? Why did you sneak down here, knowing I'd be waiting? Why did you suck my tits, Jon, even though you knew you shouldn't? Are you telling me you like her itty, bitty pair more? Ha! I doubt that. Fuck! Mmmm... fuck! If you did, you would have gone back up to her. But what did you do? What did you after sucking on my tits, Jon? You went down on me! Fuck! Ughhh... If a guy really loves his wife, he doesn't eat out her mother's nasty cunt until she gushes into his mouth! He doesn't bend her over and rim her tight asshole afterwards. And if you truly love Deb more than me, you wouldn't be giving me the best sex of my life! So, shut up and fuck me until you admit that you love me!" She then used her best weapons, her big tits, on the offensive, grabbing his head and pulling him face first into her cleavage again. She held him there tightly as he kept pumping into her.

He couldn't stop himself. Her words filled Jon with anger and fury, yet despite all that, he wanted nothing more than to fuck the living daylights out of her until she screamed on his big cock. His boiling anger only turned him on more, and he couldn't stop himself from falling deeper into the heat and lust of the moment. His hands refocused on her breasts, squeezing them over and over again. She slid her big boobs all over his face, and feeling her nipple going across his cheek, he opened his mouth and captured it into his mouth, biting down on it.

"Ahhhh! Yes!" she screamed. "What a good son-in-law you are, biting your mother-in-law's nipple! Fuck! Damn... you're such a good fuck!

Yes!" she held him in place against her tits as they drove into each other, her ass sliding on the marble countertop. She then brought her lips to his ear, a new plan hitting her cunning mind.

"Don't you remember baby?" she cooed, looking to press her advantage, her body quaking as he drove his full length up into her. Her tits jiggled against his face as she clutched him tightly against her rack. "Don't you remember all the moments we shared... before today?" she asked. Not sure what she was referring to, he kept blindly pumping up into her as his hands and face stayed busy with her breasts. "When we first met, as soon as Deb stepped out of the room, you began looking right into my cleavage. I caught you, and we joked about it, and I offered to give you a peek if you just asked?" As her words invaded his lust-addled mind, he was aware enough to know that this never happened.

"Or... fuck! Fuck, that's good dick!" She sighed. "Or the time when me you and Deb were watching that movie about the guy that had to cheat on his girlfriend with a bunch of different older women just to get back to her? It was supposed to be a comedy, but the way you were looking at me, it was no joke to you. Uhhh... yes!" Jon didn't remember that. Well, he remembered the movies, the series of movies, actually, but he had never watched them with her. Why would he? Those movies were very R-rated, with lots of pretty explicit sex scenes with young hunks and older actresses, and plenty of nudity. He would NEVER watch that with his mother-in-law in the room. Despite his confusion, his cock was still a blur, fucking into her roughly, his dick throbbing in delight.

"Or that time... ughh! Ughhh! God!" she moaned. "Or when were all swimming, and you kept urging me to join. Deb didn't catch on, but I just knew you wanted to see me in a bikini. And honey, you were drooling when I marched out in that little pink number! Haha! Yes! Fuck! You had to duck in the water to, uhh... cool off, but as soon as I got out and lied down on the deckchair, you marched out right in front of me in those board shorts, and they were just clinging to you... I could see everything, Jon, and you knew that. That gave me a lot of good memories, Jon," she sighed, moaning in his ear. That hadn't happened either. Well, he did remember the occasion, that day by the pool. He didn't recall asking Sylvia to join them, but maybe he did, out of politeness, certainly not for any underhanded reasons. And he

made it a point not to stare at her. And he definitely didn't get in the pool because he was so turned on. But at some point, he probably got out of the pool, and he couldn't speak of his state, he doubted it went down the way she said. But this memory was more muddy than the others. Maybe it had happened in some ways, but not how she said.

"Fuck... ugh!" she sighed.

"Oh..." Jon groaned, as her dripping wet snatch quivered around his big dick.

"Remember that time you 'accidentally' texted me a picture of that big cock of yours in your underwear?" she asked, still driving against him as he fucked up into her. "I didn't say anything, and you didn't follow up, so you gave yourself plausible deniability. But I knew the truth, and you knew what it would do to me." That didn't happen either... well, wait. There was a time when he and Deb were being especially passionate, texting each other sexual pictures. Jon seemed to remember a time where she didn't respond to something he had sent... he couldn't have sent something to Sylvia instead, right? No... no. Could he? In his confusion, she pulled back from him ever so slightly so she could scrub her big, sweaty tits over his face, the weight of her soft, succulent flesh sliding against him.

"Fuck, fuck! Keep fucking me just like that!" she seethed, her body glowing with perspiration. He was relentless pumping into her, his cock almost numb with excitement, despite this barrage of falsehoods. "Remember that time when Roger took you out for drinks, and you came him so delightfully buzzed." He remembered having a bit too much to drink when he and Roger went out to have bonding time over the summer. While it wasn't like he had gotten blackout drunk or anything close to that, he didn't remember a whole lot the next morning. "You never let loose like that, so I enjoyed talking to you that night, just one on one." This sounded vaguely familiar, but he was sure nothing bad happened that night. "And I got to hear your true feelings. You kept looking at me and saying that sometimes, you wished you weren't married. I mean, you were REALLY looking at me, and I knew exactly what you were thinking about. You were thinking about ripping off my clothes and feasting on my hot body! You wanted

to feast on my big tits and pump me full of dick, just like you are now! Yes!"

"No!" he spoke up, standing up straight, pulling his face from her chest but leaving his hands there, wanting to defend himself despite the fact that he was still squeezing her huge tits and pumping his full length into her dripping cunt roughly, his balls slapping against her ass. "That never happened!" Jon pounded into her harder in anger, following his wicked desires despite his inner conflict.

"You sure?" she asked, looking up at him. "Are you.. fuck... fuck... fuck! Yes! That feels so fucking good! God yes! I love this fucking cock! UGHHH!" she gasped, interrupted by pleasure, her cunt squeezing around his cock perfectly, spurring him into fucking her harder. "Are you sure that never happened? Fuck! I mean, we are fucking right here and now! Yes! You're fucking my fucking brains out! UGHHH! You think it's impossible that you flirted with me that night, or plenty of others... fuck... with how hard you're fucking me now? You think it's impossible that you might have 'accidentally' sexted me, seeing how willing you were to pound me with that big, fat dick the first chance you got? Ughhh! You think it's impossible that you wanted to see me in little clothing, looking at how insane my body is driving you now? Fuck! Yes! You think it's impossible that you might have put on a very dirty movie with lots of fucking, considering all the bad things you're doing with me now? Face it, Jon. You've always been hot for me! You've always wanted to fuck me, and everything you've ever done has been leading to us getting together! Yes! You've always wanted to betray your wife and fuck her hot mom instead! Yes! Yes! Don't try and deny it! Or... fuck! Or are you just gonna write this off as doing this because of some magic fucking mistletoe?"

At this, Jon's eyes looked up above them, at the 'Electric Mistletoe'. Still driving into his mother-in-law's pussy, he did consider the point she was making. What made more sense... Jon having some deep seeded desire for Sylvia from the moment they met, or some magic Christmas decoration? Obviously, the former. Yet, through this whole thing, he'd been blaming the latter. Was it... was it possible that she was right? That she was telling the truth, maybe not in the situations she mentioned, but in general? That he did in fact have some secret desire for his mother-in-law? It certainly made more sense than the alternative, but he knew it wasn't true. He knew it.

Sylvia knew she was fibbing a bit, exaggerating the truth. But she knew he was holding back a little, despite how amazing the sex had been so far. But in a flash of insight from somewhere in her cunning mind, she realized why. He still didn't understand what was going on here, not in the way Sylvia did. He'd been fighting against these feelings for so long, and seemingly out of nowhere, suddenly, he was doing this, fucking her, and he didn't fully understand how or why this was happening.

So, she had to give him a reason to.

That's why he was he holding back. That's why he hadn't fully committed to their affair yet. For this to become something beyond a one-time thing, he had to understand why he was doing this. Or better yet, he had to find a way that made sense to him and justified his current actions. And while she knew he had never been that outward with his attraction to Sylvia, she knew it was there. She was sure of it. So, maybe if he started to believe he had been so outward and obvious about it the whole time, he might believe. Yes, she had been exaggerating with her little stories, but she had an ace in the hole.

The 'Electric Mistletoe'.

Sylvia couldn't even begin to understand how that thing worked, what kind of wicked magic that empowered it. But she knew it was for real, despite the apparent skepticism she communicated to Jon. She could feel its electricity, and she knew he did too. And one other thing she knew, deep down.

The 'Electric Mistletoe' was on her side.

It wanted this to happen. It wanted her and Jon to come together. It wanted this to become a permanent thing. It had been the key to making this affair finally happen tonight, the thing that brought his deeply hidden desires to the surface. The thing that drove him into action. The thing that caused him to slide his big married cock into

his mother-in-law's waiting cunt. So, while it might seem like her lies to Jon were obvious, somehow, someway... she just knew the 'Electric Mistletoe' would pick up the slack. She just knew it would help her out.

And she was right.

In a flash, passing through his mind in but a moment, images appeared in Jon's mind. Flashing across his vision, consuming his full attention, playing out as if he'd seen them before. What he saw was confusing, hard to parse immediately, images that seemed familiar yet distant. Images that were so crystal clear that they couldn't be figments of his imagination.

They could only be memories.

Jon was confused as he returned to the moment, looking down at Sylvia as he continued driving his dick into her, their bodies meeting roughly, but his mind was elsewhere. Jon tried to sort through what he'd just seen. What the hell was that? The pleasure running through him was incredible, but in the moment, the memory that flashed behind his eyes had his attention. His body was on autopilot, fucking her eager, tight, clutching hole as his mind searched for answers. Trying to recapture what he'd just seen.

FLASH!

The memory... again! He could see it clearly. Jon and Sylvia, meeting for the first time, during the period he and Deb were dating. She had come to visit Deb's place in the city, and Deb had to step out of the room to take a call. Jon and Sylvia began chatting amiably, as he hadn't really talked to her, and he was the new boyfriend trying to win over his girlfriend's mom. But he was trying to stay polite, as his wife's mom was wearing a very cleavagey shirt, and he was struggling not to stare. Every chance he got, when she would look away, even for a moment, he would sneak a peek. Damn, that was a lot of cleavage. Her boobs were just huge! He could not stop staring. Eventually, he was caught, to his great embarrassment. Who wants to be caught

checking out his wife's mom? Yet, she took in stride, even looking down and tugging her neckline down a bit further as she joked about him looking, providing a nut-busting glimpse at her big, mature breasts. Eventually, with a confident smirk, she just said that if he wanted a peek, all he had to do was ask. Deb entered the room moments later, ending this heated moment, but it was the first time Jon's cock throbbed for his mother-in-law.

Wait... that actually happened? How had Jon forgotten all about that? How? That went down exactly how she had explained it. Now that he remembered, the memory felt so real. Of course she thought how she did if that's how he'd behaved back then. But how had he forgotten that?

Returning to reality, shaking those memories from his mind, his eyes drifted down to his mother-in-law's massive, bare tits, covered in sweat, bouncing and jiggling in such an immaculate way, almost hypnotizingly, lulling him into a daze, coaxing more memories to the surface.

FLASH!

At Jon's apartment, a few months later, he had Deb over, and Sylvia was in town too. They were all sitting in the living room, watching a movie. Jon always got so turned on being around Sylvia, so he couldn't resist putting on a very sexually-charged movie, one of those from that series where these younger guys, either married or with girlfriends, end up in these crazy situations where they have to have sex with older women. As crazy as the premise was, and as zany as some of the comedy was, the sex scenes were supposed to be notoriously raunchy. Deb didn't know much about these movies, so she was embarrassed when the sex stuff began happening, but Sylvia seemed to know a lot about them. As this went on, she kept giving out gossip about some of the things she heard about behind the scenes with these movies, cause these films were notorious for that kind of stuff. The story she told was about how one of the older actresses ended up dating the main young actor in real life after the movie, despite their age difference, with the rumor that she was currently pregnant with his baby. One of the other rumors about these movies was that they were put together solely as an excuse for some of these

older actresses who both really wanted to do nude scenes and have scorching hot sex scenes with these hot young actors. That rumor made sense. These films still casted women that were the 'Hollywood' type of older woman: gorgeous, no wrinkles, huge breasts. But... some of the women in these movies were older woman who were, to put it lightly... not 'Hollywood' beautiful. But these women were rumored to have a lot of pull in the industry, which would explain how they ended up in these movies, pairing off with hot young guys for nasty, aggressive sex scenes where they bared all.

And the other big rumor about this series of films is that the woman they cast in the next movie, this really respected, award-winning older actress, and the female director, were both fighting with the studio to see how much they could show without it being, like... straight up porn. For the sake of accuracy, they wanted these sex scenes to be as explicit as possible, even if it meant showing... A LOT. It sounded crazy, but that was the hot rumor.

Deb knew nothing about any of this, and seemed embarrassed by this awkward moment, but Jon and Sylvia both really enjoyed watching these sex scenes together while sharing this hot gossip, making a promise to see the next movie together.

Jon's head cleared as he returned to the present. No... that actually happened? How had he forgotten this? It still seemed wrong, but the details felt so crystal clear that they had to be real. He remembered every bit of that night, including the heat he felt watching the sex scenes next to his mother-in-law. How could he have been so mistaken about this?

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" Sylvia begged, arms around his neck, really giving her leverage to slide against him as he fucked her. He looked down at the tight lips of her amazing cunt, stretched around his girth, not wanting to let go of his thick cock. Just seeing her like this... it was insane. The more he thought about it, the more he couldn't believe it.

FLASH!

Jon and the rest of the family, by the pool. Everyone was having fun, dressed down by the pool and relaxing, except Sylvia, who was still in her regular clothes. Jon kept asking her to join them, and Sylvia kept deferring. It wasn't that she was being shy, it was more that she was thinking Jon was being really obvious about what he wanted, namely seeing Sylvia's hot body in a bikini. Finally, after so much badgering by her son-in-law, she relented. And when she emerged, all eyes were on her. She looked amazing in the pink bikini, her luscious curves spilling out of it. While the bikini was decent, her hot body made it look filthy. The triangle patches straining against the fronts of her huge breasts, exposing a lot of skin. Down below, the bottoms were scooped very low, exposing her trim midriff and sexy navel. The bikini bottoms were decent, covering up her ass, but the firm cheeks were unwilling to be contained, spilling out from the bikini bottoms, giving a tease of what she had. Jon gawked at her in this outfit, but luckily, no one noticed. He remembered Sylvia strutting her stuff, swimming in the pool for a bit, the water making the bikini cling to her luscious form. To keep things decent, when she left the pool, she wrapped a towel around herself before sitting down in one of the deckchairs. Jon figured after a show like that, she deserved to have the favor returned. When he stepped out of the pool, he made sure to do it in front of Sylvia, his shorts heavy with water, making sure she got a good glimpse of the affect she had on him. He still remembered her little approving smirk.

Jon was back in the moment again. Wow. He didn't remember it that way at all. But... it felt so real. The thoughts... the images. He remembered so clearly the way her giant breasts jiggled in that perfect bikini. He remembered how amazing her ass looked. It was all right there, crystal clear.

Jon shook his head, clearing these thoughts. Despite his confusion, Jon wasn't slowing down, pumping his entire length into Sylvia as hard as he could. The fact that he was feeling his balls slapping against his mother-in-law's ass sent him into an existential tailspin. How could this be real? How could any of this be happening?

FLASH!

Jon, at his house, alone, as Deb was out with a friend. He'd been sexting with his wife, but what he'd been getting back had been pretty... uninspiring. His wife didn't exactly have the most lustful body in the world, not like her mom, although she tried. But nothing that really made the effort worth it, so Jon was getting pretty bored. Feeling bold, he had the idea of sending something to someone who he knew could give it back to him. Under the pretense of sending it accidentally, he sent a good photo showcasing his bulge to Sylvia. He knew she'd get a jolt of pleasure out of it. Sending it to her was certainly no accident.

Jon shook his head clear once again. No... he didn't remember doing that at all! But, it did line up with actual events. He had been sending sexts to his wife, so it was possible he sent something to Sylvia too. He didn't remember it before, but... this memory seemed real.

Jon and Sylvia were now clutched together, arms wrapped around each other as they fucked. Her huge, sweaty breasts were sliding against his bare chest. Her lips were near his ear as she sighed in pleasure. Clearly, he'd been right about her being a very appreciative of what he was packing. And judging by how real that memory felt, she was right about it having actually happened. What else was she right about?

FLASH!

Here, in this house, after him and Roger went out to the older man's favorite bar. As soon as they got home, Rog went right up to bed. Deb had already gone to bed too, leaving him and Sylvia as the only ones awake, a fact which excited the buzzed younger man. As she cleaned up, noting his diminished state, she turned up the tease, knowing they were alone. Jon remembered following her sashaying rear end into the kitchen. Due to his buzz, his lips were a little looser, and he couldn't help but wolf-whistle as he entered the kitchen and saw her bent over, putting some pans down into a lower cupboard, her juicy round ass filling out her slim pants in a really perfect way. She smirked as she glanced back at him, but she stayed bent over, pointing her butt right at him, shaking it for him ever so slightly. And as Jon kept staring at his mother-in-law's perfect ass, he couldn't help but let slip, "Damn, Sylvia, if I wasn't married...". She stood up, smiling wickedly, saying, "Well, you don't have to let that stop you..."

He smirked lightly, the heat in his eyes evident. "You know," she began, putting a hand towel away. "I think I like drunk Jon a lot better. I'll have to keep that in mind. I might take advantage someday," she said, raising her eyebrows. "Sylvia, you can take advantage of me anytime."

Jon was back in the present again. Wow... it all felt so clear. How... how had he forgotten this? Had he repressed this, out of some shame for his wicked attraction to his wife's mother? As crazy as it sounded, it seemed to be the case. This wasn't the fault of some silly mistletoe. It was his own faulty mind that was to blame.

If all these memories were indeed true, that meant he couldn't even trust his own mind anymore. Clearly, something was going on with him, and it was all rooted in this thing between he and Sylvia, and it had been going on for a long time. It's the only thing that made sense. Here he was, pounding away at her tighter than tight cunt, after having made out with her, eaten out her delicious pussy, and rimmed her tight asshole. His actions spoke louder than his words, or in this case, his thoughts. And if he couldn't trust himself anymore, then there was only one person he could trust.

Sylvia, his wife's mother.

Mere hours prior, he couldn't stand this woman. Annoying, pushy, and overly flirty, he couldn't stand being in her presence. But now... everything had changed. Everything had been flipped. Her actions and behavior matched up completely to the memories that had arisen in his mind. There had been this ongoing thing between them, and it was only now rising to the surface. She was the only constant in this whirlwind of heat and passion, and in his desperation, she was the only one he could trust. She was the only one he could believe in. More than himself. More than his wife. More than anyone else. Just Sylvia, his mother-in-law. And in his desperation, with all these conflicting feelings, still holding back despite the fact that he was drilling her tight pussy, there was only one thing he could do... submit. Submit to the feelings driving him into this lusty encounter. Submit to the wickedness deep inside him. And most importantly, submit to Sylvia, his 46-year-old mother-in-law, and every one of her

wicked desires. He would do whatever she wanted, now, without question.

And just like that, the 'Electric Mistletoe' had done its job. It's 'Christmas Magic' had forged a new relationship. Enflamed by the wicked desires of the older woman, it had taken action, using it's 'Magic' on the young married man, driving him so insane with lust and need that he was willing to submit to a woman he previously could not stand. And in doing so, he allowed every part of him, mind, body, and soul, to be completely infused with the 'Christmas Magic', influencing his actions, altering his memories, guiding his behavior towards it's wicked goal. Sylvia and Jon were obviously such a perfect match for each other, and the mistletoe was simply the gentle nudge they needed to finally come together.

Its magic was in his blood now, and anything that went against its wicked will would affect him negatively, making those thoughts unpleasant. Unwanted. Things like his marriage, his love and loyalty to his wife, and his previously negative feelings towards his mother-in-law... none of those pesky thoughts mattered anymore. They were so boring, total boner-killers, so why should they matter? Why not just... silence them? Push them away forever. Makes sense, right? Why should he torture himself with such things? And in the same breath, since those negative feelings were ground away, shouldn't the opposite be true? Shouldn't those feelings inside him that go along with the will of the 'Christmas Magic' be emphasized? Shouldn't all those wicked feelings be souped-up tenfold? Shouldn't submitting to the 'Christmas Magic's' wicked will be made so worth it that no one could ever go back? Well, in Jon's case, the answer was clear.

Submission... submission was rewarded.

A giant bolt of electric lust hit his body like a lightning strike. His body flexed and tightened. His nerves were lit afire as wave after wave of lust burst through him, allowing him to reach a new plane of pleasure he'd never known existed. His eyes were wide open, but in the moment, all he saw was light. A bright, white beacon of lustful pleasure. And in that moment, the Jon that existed before this moment was gone, and in its place, a Jon reborn. One of fire, heat, and wicked electric lust.

"Ahhhh!" he groaned loudly as these waves of pleasure lit his body up. His muscles stiffened, his back arched, and he sank his dick all the way up to the root in Sylvia's pussy, maximizing his pleasure in his mother-in-law's tighter than tight cunt. Acceptance and submission gave him this new pleasure. Submitting to this forbidden lust and going along with it gave him the greatest feelings of bliss he'd ever experienced before. And he'd just scratched the surface of submission to Sylvia. And if he embraced it even further... God knows how amazing that would feel.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me!" Sylvia urged, leaning back, hands around his neck.

"Oh my God..." Jon sighed, pumping into her even faster, his cock throbbing with pleasure. "This is amazing!" The lust that coursed through him as this vocal admission only excited him further, and he couldn't help but let the next words slip from his mouth. "I've wanted this for so long!" He didn't even know if this was true anymore but admitting to it felt fucking amazing.

"AHHHH! YES!" she squealed in delight, laughing wickedly. "I knew it! Fuck! Yes! Yes!"

"Yes! Yes! Fuck!" Jon sighed, moaning in pleasure as the electric lust coursing through him caused him to fuck his mother-in-law like a relentless machine, never stopping, never slowing down. The pleasure at his previous comment still streaming through him, some more 'admissions' rose to his lips. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! I've wanted this since the moment we met! As soon as we met, I stopped wanting Deb, and only wanted you! Fuck!" His body jerked in pleasure at this, each admission only adding to his lust. And as he pounded away at her, he was so rock fucking hard that it felt like his cock had grown an inch in size.

"Haha! Yes! I knew it! I fucking knew it!" she announced, her cunt quivering around him. "Such a bad boy! A guy like you shouldn't be doing such wicked things with a woman my age, let alone his mother-

in-law! But that's what makes it better! Oh God! Yes! Aren't I better than my daughter! Ugh! Fuck me baby! Fuck my nasty cunt and make me cum! God! Yes! Aren't I a better fuck than my daughter?"

"Ughh! God!" Jon moaned. "Yes! Yes! You're better! So much better! Fuck!" It was true. It had never been like this with Deb. Not even close. She was good, but this... with Sylvia... this was on another level. She was the best! He didn't know such pleasure was possible. And the realization of Sylvia's superiority only energized him further, filling him up with even more lust and energy, which he was using on his mother-in-law, pumping her full of dick, making her squeal.

"Ugh! Yes! Yes!" she moaned. "You think I'm hotter than my daughter?"

"Yes!" he groaned, new bolts of electric pleasure coursing through him.

"Better looking than her?" she asked.

"Fuck! Yes!" he admitted.

"You think I have a better body than Deb?" she asked.

"Yes!" he said, fucking her harder.

"A better ass?" she added.

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes!" Jon groaned.

"Better tits?" she demanded.

"Oh! God! Fuck yes! Your tits are amazing! I've always thought so! They're so much better than Deb's!" he groaned, this admission of how

his wife was inferior empowering the magic inside him even further, almost even more than when he was talking up Sylvia. "Deb doesn't even have tits! She's flatter than a board! She's pathetic compared to you!"

"Fuck! FUCK!" she squealed, her cunt quivering around his swollen pole, clearly loving hearing her daughter be run down by him. "Yes! Yes! My daughter is nothing compared to me! Yes! I'm a better woman in every way! That's why you love me more than her!" His balls were boiling with these words.

"Ugh! Fuck!" he groaned, pumping into her harder, their bodies colliding roughly, making her entire body shake and her huge tits bounce. "Fuck! God damn! Yes! At the wedding... ugh... I had to stop myself from stealing her dress, ripping your clothes off, and putting your hot body in it! Yes! I SO wanted to marry you instead!" This memory rose to the surface as fast as he could speak of its reality, and admitting to it made his balls boil.

"Haha! Yes! Yes! Fuck!" she groaned, her head falling back in pleasure, her entire body vibrating in excitement. This move made her arch her back, jutting her huge, round, glistening tits up for him. He couldn't stop himself, diving forward again, sliding his face against her massive udders as his hands eagerly squeezed them. As his mouth captured one of her nipples and bit down on it, she moaned out in response. "Yes! Yes! AHHHH!" she screamed, her voice filling the kitchen. "Ugh! God! I felt the same way! You looked so fucking good in that suit... ugh God! I wanted to be right up there with you, and kick Deb out of the way! Fuck! I wanted to steal her ticket and take her place on your honeymoon! Yes! I wanted to be the one riding that big dick in paradise!"

Clutching his head to her chest, she took control of the action, sliding into him. His position lessened his leverage, taking some of the power away from his thrusts, but the added lust of having his stacked mother-in-law's huge, sweaty tits against his face made his cock throb. He was getting close, as was she. She pushed him back, his face covered with boob-sweat, and she brought her lips to his, meeting in a fiery kiss. Tongues met with pure passion, swapping spit eagerly

as he pumped into her, before she slid her mouth from his, bringing her lips to his ear.

"Babe, I want you to do it!" she seethed, her hot breath hitting his ear, her tits sliding against his chest. "I want you to cum inside me! I want to feel my daughter's husband's big dick pumping a gallon of thick cum deep inside me! Yes! YES! Imagine how good it will feel, hon, to fill up your own mother-in-law's nasty cunt with cum! Fuck!! Fuck! Yes! Yes! That's where this has been heading from the start! From the second we met, we were destined to fuck! Ughhh! Fuck! Yes! You were destined to betray your wife and fill her hot mom up with cum instead! God! Ugh! In the end, when it matters the most, this always ended with you choosing me over her! Now make it official! Make me your woman! Your true love! Your slut! Never fuck my daughter again, pump me full of cum, and make a baby in your mother-in-law's slutty pussy instead!"

"Oh god!" he sighed, his cock throbbing, electricity filling him, charging up, like an oncoming lightning strike. Her request was just about the most forbidden thing possible. Betraying your wife, fucking her mother instead, and giving her a baby... a baby born of betrayal and sin, not of love and companionship. Needless to say, the wicked magic flowing through his veins loved it, and it was ready to reward this ultimate betrayal with the ultimate pleasure. His balls were broiling. The rockets were ready to fire. Even if he wanted to stop now, which he didn't, he was already over the precipice. This was gonna happen. Jon was about to experience the greatest experience of his life, and it was gonna be alongside Sylvia, this woman he used to hate, but secretly loved all along. He was gonna have the greatest orgasm of his life, and it was gonna be in his mother-in-law's pussy. "Oh my God! Oh my God!" he moaned, pumping his full length into her on every stroke, his cock as hard as iron.

"Yes! Yes! Do it! Cum inside me! Fuck me with that big dick and cum inside me! Yes!" she groaned, leaning back again, hands around his neck. "Cum in my tight little pussy, and I swear I'll have the biggest orgasm of my life! Yes! Yes! Make my nasty cunt cum! Don't you want to make your mother-in-law cum? Haven't you dreamed of making your mother-in-law scream? Yes! Yes! YES!" she squealed, her cunt squeezing down on his swollen, rock hard shaft, trying to coax a huge load from his swollen nuts.

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes! I want to make you cum so bad! I've dreamed of making you cum at the end of my cock! Yes! Oh my God! Ugh! Fuck!" he groaned at a fever pitch, humping into her hard, his balls ready to boil over. Her cunt was spasming, ready to cum as well.

"I'm gonna make you cum better than my daughter ever could!" she boasted, voice almost hoarse. "My nasty cunt is so much better for you than my daughter's! It's the only thing that can make you happy now! You need it! You love it! You love it and you love me! So make that nasty cunt cum! Make me fucking scream! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Oh God!" he groaned, a jolt hitting him at the root of his cock. It was happening. His hips were a blur as he pounded into her, unable to be slowed down at this point. His thrusts were so hard he was making her tits shake. Her cunt somehow felt even tighter now, gripping his cock, massaging it perfectly, coaxing him towards the edge, coaxing the cum from his balls. And finally...

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" he groaned, his balls ready to fire off. "I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Fuck! Fuck! Oh my God! Yes! Yes! Oh my God! Sylvia! Yes! YES! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum in your nasty fucking cunt! Yes! Yes! I love it! I love it! UGH! UGH! UGGGHHH! AHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! YES! YES! SYLVIA! SYLVIA! AHH! AHH! YES! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! AHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHH! FFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!"

Lightning struck! His body lit up with heat and light and pure energy. Every nerve ending was set on fire with pleasure. All of his muscles flexed and tightened, his back arched, and he buried his entire cock up to the root inside her.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" he screamed out as an indescribable rush of pleasure hit him. His entire body was united in one purpose, to give him the biggest orgasm of his life, and insuring that he would fire off his load as deep inside his mother-in-law as possible. His muscles tightened, his body flexed, and the massive wad

of cum that had been cooking in his balls since that first fateful kiss finally exploded out of him, firing out of the tip, a giant stream of thick, potent cum. And as Sylvia felt the first wad of jizz inside of her, that set her off.

"AHHHH! YES! YES! YES!" she screamed out, her cunt flexing, locking down around her son-in-law's swollen pole as a huge orgasm hit her. "FFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCKKKKKKK!
YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSS!
YYYYYYYEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she moaned as her pussy squeezed her son-in-law's swollen pole. The room disappeared behind her eyelids, leaving only light and pleasure. It was... amazing.

"UUUUUGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH! GGGGUUUUUUUHHH!" he groaned in pleasure, his cock firing off again and again and again. His body was almost numb, he felt so good. The two illicit lovers were humping against each other, sweaty chests sliding against one another, lost in sin as they both just kept cumming. Her cunt was spasming in pleasure as she came, and his cock was flexing as he came again and again inside her. She could feel his cock at work, pumping thick, potent sperm deep inside her, and that was enough to send another wave of pleasure coursing through her.

"AHHHHH! YYYYEEEESSSSS!" she groaned in delight, her body shaking. She could feel his big dick, firing off inside her, again and again and again, his warm, creamy cum splashing inside her, filling her up. "Yes! Yes! Give it all to me! Give me all that cum! Yes! I feel it in my womb! Fuck!"

"God! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" he moaned, his cock firing off from what felt like an endless reservoir of thick, plentiful seed. It just never stopped! With Deb, he'd be long done by now, completely satisfied, but this was beyond anything he knew was possible. And now that he knew about it, he didn't know how he could go back. He kept humping into his mother-in-law as more and more cum kept firing off, each jet of jizz as long as the last.

"I love you! I love you! Ahhh! Yes!" Sylvia squealed as she kept cumming hard, wave after wave of pure pleasure hitting her, driving her absolutely insane. "Oh God! Oh God!"

"Uggghhh! God! You're the best! The best ever!" he groaned, still driving into her as he rode out this insane orgasm. Every fiber in his being was focused on firing off thick wads of cum out of the head of his dick, and for what felt like an eternity, that's all his body was doing. Thick cum was shooting out of him, filling her mature, experienced cunt up, literally. Even for as fertile and eager her grasping cunt was, she was not ready for the amount of cum he was firing off. His thick, potent seed began leaking out of her tight hole, leaking down her ass and onto the countertop.

"I love it! I love it!" she groaned, reaching down to strum her own clit, making her tight cunt quiver around him further, prolonging her pleasure. This was so good, and neither wanted it to end. Their pleasure felt endless, and they could not stop riding it out, humping against each other. Minutes later, after cumming for what felt like forever, they finally both collapsed, panting for breath, the brilliant light of pure pleasure finally leaving them both as they began returning to reality. Jon was on top of his voluptuous mother-in-law, bodies mashed against each other, a thin layer of fluids between them, a nasty cocktail of sweat, spit, and cum, both hers and his. She was on her back on the countertop, and he was on top of her, panting, his face resting against her bulbous rack, his thick cock still lodged in her satisfied cunt. Neither moved as they recovered from the best, nastiest, most illicit fuck of either of their lives.

And above them, the 'Electric Mistletoe' hung.

Eventually, minutes later, at the same moment, both began to stir. Looking up at him, eyes rousing through her almost drunken-with-pleasure haze, she was surprised to see him a bit more conscious and aware than she was. And she was surprised by another thing.

His cock was still hard as a rock inside of her.

With an energy she didn't know he had, he leaned up and stepped back, sliding his throbbing meat out of her clutching hole, followed by a thick wad of cum from inside of her. Acting with an almost robotic efficiency, he grabbed her legs and pulled her forward till she was forced to stand on her two shaky legs.

"Wha..." she stammered, but Jon was quicker. Spinning her around, he bent her over the edge of the counter, so her perfect ass was being presented to him on a platter. Surprised but excited, she lifted her head and looked back at him.

The magic had done its thing on him, working him up into a lustful insanity. But the thing was, it had almost worked too well. Even after the biggest orgasm of his life, he was still ready for more. He wasn't anywhere close to finished. And Sylvia would be the lucky beneficiary of his current state. Stepping up behind her, he reached forward and grabbed her ass-cheeks, pulling them apart, exposing her asshole to his eyes once again. Flexing his hips forward, he lodged the head of his rock hard weapon into place, nestled against her asshole. His cock was soaked with their combined juices, and her tight hole was slick with both perspiration and the cum that had leaked out of her pussy. So, both were ready for what was about to come next.

"Oh my God..." she sighed, her voice a bit hoarse now. "Do it, Jon! Fuck my tight ass!" He was so blinded with all-consuming lust that he wasn't waiting for her to give him the go-ahead, but hearing her say it only added to wickedness of the moment. Flexing forward, his cock head slid into her tight asshole. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she groaned as her tight asshole stretched around his big, thick weapon. It had been years since she'd been fucked in the ass, but Jon was a perfect candidate for such an honor. He is SO the type of guy you give up your ass to, and she was eager to do so. Still bent over, body quivering with refreshed excitement, she shivered as she felt the younger man's huge dick filling up her asshole.

"Mmmmmpphhhh..." Jon grunted from deep in his throat as he experienced a new pleasure. He'd never fucked a girl in the ass before, but in his lusty haze, this just felt like the right thing to do. Even he was amazed at his current state, this level of stamina, but his driving passion soon overrode any amazement. He was laser focused on the

task at hand. No doubts. No questions. No concerns for anything else beyond the powerful needs of his cock and balls. He was gonna fuck his mother-in-law up the ass, and there was nothing on this planet that could stop him.

"Jon! Fuck... you feel so fucking huge..." she moaned, lifting her head off the counter, looking back at him with lust in his eyes. And for a moment, she didn't recognize what she saw. She saw none of the hesitance, the nerves, or fear. She saw nothing but lust. If there had been anything holding him back before, there was nothing holding him back now, and for a quick second, she didn't know what to expect. Then, he reached forward, grabbed her hair, wrapped it around his fist, and used it as leverage to rear back and drive his cock up to the root inside her hot ass.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh! Fuck! Fuck!" she groaned, her body shaking in desperation as her son-in-law's big cock filled her tight asshole to the max. She looked back, hoping for a moment to adjust to his size, but looking into his cold, focused eyes, she realized she'd find no mercy there.

The 'Christmas Magic' had changed him. And Sylvia was about to meet the all new Jon.

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The snow was falling as night really set in. In the Morris household, Roger, Liam, Jessa, and Deb were all upstairs, sleeping comfortably, shielded in the well-insulated house from anything that would wake them up. Everything was seemingly quiet. It was the Christmas Eve night you'd always imagine. Well, except... what was happening downstairs. What was going on down there was truly extraordinary.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Sylvia seethed in pleasure. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

She was still bent over the kitchen counter, presenting her ass for her son-in-law's use. And boy, he was using it.

Jon was a fucking machine, drilling her tight ass with fury, never slowing down, never letting up, never showing mercy. His hands were on her hips, holding her, using her hot body for leverage as he pumped into her again and again and again.

At first, Sylvia was kind of expecting this ass-fuck to be a quick languid cooldown after the main event. That shit they'd done before... that was serious fucking, the type that takes you out of action for a while. But not Jon. He was empowered with a new stamina this night, and this fuck was just as legit as the previous one, and it was going on for almost just as long. He was merciless, fucking her ass as hard as he could, really staking out ownership of her tight ass. It took her some time to adjust, but once she did, her ass welcomed him like an old friend, providing a perfect fit for his excessively large manhood. Her asshole was driving him crazy, its tight grip smothering his big dick with pleasure, slowly coaxing another heavy load from his balls.

His hips were a blur as he drilled her. Never letting up, her ass kept colliding with his torso, causing her perfectly formed, round cheeks to ripple and jiggle lusciously. He still kept her hair in his hand, yanking her back as he fucked her hard. But the other hand would often take action, unable to resist the temptation to spank her hot ass.

SPANK!

"Yes! YES!" she screamed out in pleasure as her daughter's husband spanked her, slamming her ass back into him even harder than he was driving into her.

Throughout this whole thing, more repressed memories kept rising to the surface.

He remembered a moment at his wedding during the reception, after Jon and Deb had their first dance. He took pride in being able to do so

passably. Being an athlete made him good on his feet, but he had taken some dance classes before the wedding to ensure he wouldn't embarrass himself. Once their first dance as man and wife was complete, other people joined them on the dance floor. Finally, after dancing with some bridesmaids, and some female friends, Sylvia wanted her turn. Dressed in an expensive-looking, cream-colored dress that flattered her luscious body, she looked spectacular. The color of the dress matched her complexion well, to the point where from afar the dress almost made her look nude, a sight that made his now-married dick jump in his dress pants. But now they were dancing, and she made sure to press herself right up against his body as they moved, meaning Jon could feel her large tits pressing into his chest. And that wasn't all she was doing, as her fit belly was applying steady pressure to his stiff, ready-for-his-wedding-night cock. So taken aback was he by all this that all his lessons were forgotten, forcing her to guide the married man through his paces. He looked down at her after she pressed herself into him, and he could only look at her knowing eyes for a moment before letting his eyes drift down to her expansive cleavage. She looked up at the tall younger man and said, "I can't wait to see all your moves." Now on the same page with each other, they began moving together as one.

No one raised an eyebrow at a man and his wife's mom dancing, as it was tradition, but no one was watching close enough to see quite how close they were dancing. They couldn't see her pressing her belly firmly against his bulging weapon. They couldn't see her scrubbing her giant boobs against his chest. They couldn't see his hands subconsciously drift downwards, resting ever so slightly against the upper ridge of her ass. Even though he was the one who'd taken the classes, she was the one truly leading this dance, guiding it along to each new stage. At one point, she had turned around, so her back was pressing into his front as they danced, which meant her butt was pressing against his crotch. Or to be more accurate, she was grinding her perfect, juicy ass against his very needy married cock as he looked down over her shoulder and straight into her mouthwatering cleavage, his dick getting harder by the second. He barely noticed her step away from him when the dance was done, so paralyzed with lust was he. She turned back to face him and kiss him on the cheek, and even though she whispered "Enjoy your wedding night," her message was clear. She was all he was gonna be thinking about that night, and even though Jon very vigorously consummated his marriage that night with his wife, it was his wife's mother that was front and center in his

mind. And, seeing how things had progressed to what he was doing right now with Sylvia, this seemed quite fitting.

But this wasn't enough for Sylvia. It was as if she wanted to assert her claim in Jon early on in his marriage, even if this didn't bear fruit until years later. As Jon and Deb were sitting on the beach during their honeymoon, enjoying the sun, Jon got a text from Sylvia. "Wish I was there," she texted. "Always looking for an excuse to bust this out." She sent along a selfie taken in her bedroom, wearing a very skimpy pink bikini. The pink bikini cups struggled to contain her massive boobs, and the bottoms looked miniscule, exposing her long legs and fit belly. And Jon didn't know if this was deliberate, but there was a mirror behind Sylvia when she took this selfie, exposing the fact that her bikini bottoms were in fact a thong. His breath caught in his throat, and his cock lurched in his trunks. This outfit was showing so much smooth, sexy skin, that even sitting on a beach, surrounded by scantily clad beautiful people, it was this that made his eyes go wide.

"Damn..." he texted back to her. "I wish you were here too..."

Jon couldn't believe he had buried these memories to the point of not recalling them in the slightest. That's how afraid of his true feelings he was. But now that those feelings had been unleashed... these repressed memories were rising to the surface, like a crumbling dam releasing the water from a blocked-off river. These flashes of memories kept cascading across the forefront of his mind, one after the other.

Like the time they all went out shopping, and Jon was forced to watch her perfect rear end in front of him all day, shaking side-to-side, her tight pants molding to it, driving him mad. She knew exactly what she was doing, as every so often, she would stretch her arms, exposing the very visible whale-tail from her thong formed above the hem of her pants. And she would always glance back at him to make sure he noticed. And he did... every time. Having to watch her perfect ass all day drove him nearly insane with lust, so when they got back to the house, as soon as they were alone, with her bending over slightly to put some of her new purchases away, he reached out and spanked her hot ass. He still remembered the small moan she let slip from her throat at this. It gave him plenty of masturbation material for weeks afterwards. And now, he got to spank it again, this time completely

bare. And he couldn't get enough, spanking her over and over again. He would never be able to forget the way it jiggled as he did so.

More memories kept rising, ones that didn't seem real, but with the clarity of hindsight, he no longer had any doubts. Like that time he walked into the bathroom for a shower only to find his mother-in-law, covered with water, a towel barely covering up the goods. He still remembered the sly smile she gave him when she offered, "Are you gonna need help washing your back, caused I'd be happy to join you?" Jon knew better than to give in at that moment, but God the prospect of sharing a shower with his naked mother-in-law sounded exciting.

Or the time when they were all sharing the hot tub out back, and her drink had ended up behind him, so she had to lean over him, in her bikini, which involved both putting her tits on his chest to reach over him, and putting her cleavage right under his chin as she grabbed the glass. Later, when she was ready to set her glass back down, Jon offered to take it back, only to put it where it had been before, letting her know she could do the same thing again, namely putting her tits in his face, to get it back. The message was clear between them, judging by their shared smiles. And yeah, Sylvia found herself very thirsty that night.

Or the time Jon had to pick her up from the airport when she was visiting them in the city. Sylvia was very appreciative, and offered to take him out to lunch, or out to a movie, or anything he wanted as a token of appreciation. And coincidentally, she was also wearing a low cut top, and he was really struggling not to stare. Inevitably, his gaze was noticed, and she took a brand-new tact in her offer. "How about, instead of me spending money, I just show you my bare tits?" Jon's dick jumped at this offer, and her wicked smile only made his balls churn more. And while things stayed in a more jovial tone, with this seeming like a joke more than anything, there was a tinge of reality to it. They kept finding excuses for her to not show him her breasts each time, saying "Well, I could show them now, but you really need to be somewhere where you could really relax and appreciate them." They kept joking about it throughout their trip, and as she was leaving, she apologized, saying "I'm sorry I didn't get to hold up my end of the bargain. But rest assured..." she paused, cupping her tits through her top. "You'll get to see my big boobs someday." Well, now, she had lived up to her word, and as these memories came to the surface, he was

able to take advantage of his newfound access to her body, reaching under her to cup her big, naked, sweaty breasts. It was Heaven.

All these memories kept coming to him, only energizing him further, driving him onward into more lustful action. He didn't know how long this went on, the whole night became a blur. And the whole time, all these memories kept coming, as if playing out right in front of him as he was fucking Sylvia. At one point, it even felt like he was literally seeing things in front of him, two women in scantily clad Christmas outfits, standing near the Christmas tree, watching them with huge grins on their faces. That didn't make sense, but after everything he'd been through, very little made sense anymore. Regardless, by the time he looked back, they were gone. It was him, Sylvia, the 'Electric Mistletoe' and the memories of them that kept rising to the surface. The more he remembered, the closer he got. And combined with the fact that he was fucking just about the tightest hole he could imagine, his mother-in-law's hot and eager asshole, he was pushed over the edge.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he groaned, his cock throbbing, about to lose it, when she leapt into action. She pushed him back, sliding his cock out of her tight ass smoothly. Before he knew it, she was down on her knees, staring straight down his lengthy weapon. Reaching up, she grabbed it in her slim hand and began jacking it vigorously.

"I wanna swallow it!" she begged eagerly, jacking him off. His cock was numb again, ready to pop, and her talented hand was taking him to the edge.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Ah! AHHHH! YES! Here it cums! Fuck, fuck, fuck... AHHHHHHH!" he groaned, as he felt the boiling hot cum rising to the tip. And just as the first stream hit the tip, his mother-in-law's talented mouth enclosed his pulsing cock, her lips sliding halfway down his shaft, just in time for him to explode. "Fuck! FFFUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" A broiling rocket of jizz exploded out of him, landing straight in his mother-in-law's throat. She bobbed on his shaft as he kept cumming, her mouth filling up with hot, thick cum over and over again, which she swallowed eagerly. Her lips formed a tight seal around his meat as she inhaled his semen, gulp after gulp.

Looking down at her, he met her eyes as she looked up at him confidently. The fact that she had gone ass-to-mouth in an effort to swallow his cum drove him crazy, and more lightning-strike-like pleasure rushed through him, powering up the jizz that rocketed out of his balls and into his mother-in-law's mouth. Again and again he fired off, coating her tongue, filling her cheeks, painting her tonsils, before she would swallow it and make room for more. Her hand slid up to lightly massage his balls, coaxing more semen out of his dick and down her throat. Finally, his balls twisted up for one last volley of cum, and she swallowed it eagerly, with a very pronounced gulp. Finally, he stumbled back on shaky legs, sliding his bloated prick from her mouth.

"Jesus, Syliva..." he said, amazed by how filthy she had proven herself to be. After his first cum, he'd been taken over by a lustful fury, resulting in the brutal ass-fucking he'd just provided his mother-in-law. This time, he felt a bit calmer, coming down slightly from his lustful high. Well, at least most of him was. Because as Sylvia stayed in place on her knees, she was still looking down the barrel of his cum-cannon, still in action mode, ready to fire. Looking up at him with that teasing smile of hers, she got to her feet and curled her fingers around his still rock hard shaft.

"C'mon...' she said, beginning to pull him towards the living room. "We're not done yet." With an eager, impressed smile, he followed, with her nimble grip guiding him forward.

In the previous fucks, Sylvia had let him take out his lust-fueled rage, but in her own subtle way, she'd kinda controlled the pace of the action. And this time, she was ready to really assert her control from the start. Because as he was wearing down, she was just getting started. Pushing him down on the couch in the living room, his pillar still standing proud, she quickly straddled and mounted him, taking his big dick inside her tight, mature cunt once again. The edge taken off their lust for each other, they had the chance to take their time and really test their mettle. She rode him, relentlessly, never slowing down, never letting up. Her eager cunt gripped his shaft like its life depended on it, never letting go. Her juicy round ass kept slamming into his thighs as they fucked. And through it all, his big hands stayed occupied with her enormous breasts, squeezing them to his heart's content.

On one side of them was the Christmas tree, bathed in darkness yet still standing proud. On the other side was the big picture window, presenting a Christmas tableau, snow falling softly in the darkness. And between these holiday images were Jon and Sylvia, fucking on the couch, as good of an example as any of the illicit Christmas sex that was becoming more commonplace nowadays. Whether it be a 'Christmas Magic' infused mistletoe, or candy canes, or just something in the air ever since the new administration took over up north, this kind of thing was becoming all too common. In the darkness you could see them in silhouette, her luscious, mature form bouncing on his hard, well-muscled frame. A mother-in-law and son-in-law were fucking, and they were having the time of their lives. They just kept going at it, only changing positions slightly, either with her leaning down or him leaning up, all in order to get his mouth on her big tits some more.

Hours ago, Jon HATED this woman. Hated his mother-in-law, for how forward and slutty she always was. But now, after a little bit of the Christmas spirit got to him...

"Yes! Yes! Sylvia! I fucking love you! You're the best! Fuck! The best ever!" Jon moaned, gripping her mammoth tits in his palms, squeezing away.

"Do you love me more than Deb?" she asked, bouncing on him roughly.

"Yes! So much more! I wish I'd married you instead!" he moaned, toying with her nipples between his fingers, his cock throbbing in her cunt.

"Then prove it!" she spat out. "Fill me up with cum and give me a baby! Put a baby in your mother-in-law's nasty cunt! Don't give any to Deb. Ever! I want all your babies! Make babies with your slutty, huge-breasted mother-in-law instead of your pretty, kind, dull, flat-chested wife! Do it because I'm better than her! Do it because you love me more than her! Yes! Yes! Yes!" she said, her cunt quivering around him.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Yes! Yes! I'm gonna cum! Yes! Yes! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! AHHHHH!" he groaned as another huge orgasm hit him. She ground down against him, taking all of his throbbing dick inside her, just in time for the first jet of cum to hit her. And at the same moment, another orgasm shredded through her, wracking her luscious body with pleasure, coaxing even more cum out of him and into her waiting cunt. The electric bolts of lust hitting them were as strong as ever, with orgasms just as good as the previous ones that evening. She eventually collapsed against him, their bare sweaty chests gliding against each other's, arms entwined, clutched together as they rode out this hard, life-changing orgasm. And the best part was, the mistletoe was still in the kitchen, which meant that it's affects were now permanent, even when not under it anymore. And as his dick sprayed more and more potent cum into her fertile cunt, bathing her eggs with his thick seed, both of them were hoping for the same thing.

A Christmas miracle!

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By the time they peeled themselves apart, bodies coated with sweat and cum and spit, exhaustion began to hit them both. They'd just run a marathon on each other, and it was finally catching up to them. Both were shocked to see it was almost 4 AM, mere hours away from the sun rising. Both knew it was time to end it, unfortunately. Luckily, they had gotten most of their burning lust out of their systems, at least for the moment. With that being said, his cock was still mostly hard, and they could probably go one more time if they really wanted. But they both knew that they were pressing their luck, and with her soft command to put his weapon back in its holster, he pulled back on his clothes, putting his well-used dick away. For now.

As the adrenaline wore off, both struggled to make it back upstairs, both physically exhausted. Cleaning up enough as to not stink of sex, they tried to appear as if all was normal as they entered their respective rooms. They were practically asleep by the time each hit their mattress.

****

Christmas morning at the Morris household was like most others. Things got started a bit later, as both Sylvia and Jon seemed groggier than usual, for some reason. But eventually, they made their way downstairs to celebrate the day and open gifts. All seemed normal, the gifts were good, with a few fun surprises. But the big story was Jon and Sylvia.

Sylvia wondered where things would stand in the morning. She was confident in herself, but she knew what had happened the previous night had gone behind just her. Would the magic of the mistletoe be worn off? Would Jon be more clearheaded? Would he be wracked with regret after repeatedly filling up his mother-in-law with cum over and over again as he vowed his undying love to her?

For her part, Sylvia felt absolutely great. She'd just gotten her brains fucked out by her hunk of a son-in-law, one of the hottest men she'd ever seen. There were zero regrets. Sure, she'd fucked her daughter's husband, but for sex that good, it was worth it. Jon was bound to cheat on Deb eventually. Sylvia was just glad it was her on the receiving end of it. But how would Jon feel?

Well, she didn't need to worry.

Jon was making eyes at her all morning, taking every opportunity to stare at her huge tits or her awesome ass. She could feel his eyes on her, so she was happy to indulge him every chance she could.

As Jon tried to focus on his wife opening a present, he couldn't help but look over her shoulder at Sylvia. She was positioned behind Roger, and no one else was paying attention to her at the moment, the others wrapped up in their own things. Knowing this, she stole Jon's attention, leaning over slightly, exposing her cleavage in the old blue t-shirt she was wearing. Most people would wear something loose and comfortable for a morning like this, but not Sylvia. Her top was snug,

made of a thin, comfortable material, clinging to her luscious, perfect breasts while providing a view of her mouthwatering cleavage. Down below, she was wearing a pair of comfy, low-rise sweats, the hem barely rising above the upper ridge of her butt, showing off a bit of her midriff while the material hugged her perfect, juicy ass. Needless to say, she looked incredible even dressed down, and she knew it.

With only Jon watching, Sylvia cupped her own boobs, squeezing them lightly, making the massive, smooth jugs push out against the confines of her tight t-shirt. Jon wasn't watching as his wife's face lit up with a smile at the gift he had given her, far more interested in her mom's mouthwatering cleavage, his eyes practically hypnotized by the sight.

She only turned up the pressure as the morning went on. Roger bought her a really nice, slinky black dress as a gift, and she was very eager to try it on. She left the room for a few moments to change before returning, ostensibly modeling this for her husband, but it was Jon getting the real show. As she posed for Roger and the rest and got their opinions, Jon just so happened to be sitting on the couch behind her, his face about a foot away from her perfect round ass. Damn, this dress made her ass look incredible, the thin smooth black material glued to her rear end, emphasizing its perkiness and perfect shape. She preened for the crowd, trying to act cute and coquettish for them as she posed like a model, but Jon knew this was all for him, each move making her flawless round ass jiggle lusciously. She could no doubt feel his eyes glued to her ass as she glanced over her shoulder at him and smiled teasingly. And if there was any doubt that this show was for him, they were erased when she turned around to grab a hair brush off the table behind him, a motion which involved putting her boobs right in front of his face. The dress was tastefully low-cut, but bent over right in front of him, her massive jugs hanging down, her cleavage looked endless. It felt like his eyes got lost in the valley between her giant boobs. After a few moments of this view, she sat up straight, a knowing smirk on her lips.

Jon had to stay seated to hide his impressive erection, but with his mother-in-law flouncing around all morning, he was struggling to get his erection to die. Even after she changed back into her t-shirt and sweats, just being in her presence was enough to keep him on edge and send his mind back to the night prior. She didn't address him in

any way that might give anyone else a hint of the nature of their relationship. They hadn't addressed the events of last night at all since they'd woken up, and Jon couldn't help but wonder if what they did was just gonna be a one-time event, just getting their years of lust for each other out of their systems.

Eventually, they did get a moment that erased any doubts. Sylvia took a seat next to Jon on the couch, a moment's respite from the hustle and bustle of the morning. Sitting in silence, both could feel the heat coming off each other as they bathed in each other's pheromones. Sharing hungry glances, it was clear both were remembering what they had been doing in this same spot mere hours prior. It probably was also obvious judging by the fact that her nipples were throbbing beneath her top, and his bulge was very, VERY evident to her eyes. They smiled at each other, and both knew they were on the same page.

Luckily, no one noticed them making gooey eyes at each other for the rest of the morning. They didn't notice a lot of things, quite frankly, none of the telltale signs of what had happened the night before. The countertop on the kitchen island, where so much had happened the night prior, was not as pristine as it normally was. In fact, Sylvia remembered that she hadn't scrubbed down the countertop where everything happened. She might not have remembered it if not for the fact that she found Deb there, making a quick snack right there on the countertop, the bread for her sandwich resting in the same spot where the action had taken place. Where Sylvia's ass had been resting. Where it had been sliding on the counter during the rough, nasty fuck that had occurred there, sliding on a combination of her sweat and their combined sex-juices. And right there, Deb was making a sandwich, unknowingly resting in the same spot where such wicked actions occurred. Smiling inwardly, Sylvia said nothing as her daughter finished up and took a big bite. Once she was gone, Sylvia cleaned up the counter and silently pocketed the still hanging mistletoe, kissing it for all it had done for her.

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"Where's Jon?" Deb asked a few hours later. Things had worn down, and all of the family was being lazy, laying about in the living room, watching a movie.

"I think he's helping out your mom..." Jessa said.

"You know, it's funny, I think he's finally starting to warm up to her," Deb said, noting how friendly he'd been to her mom all morning.

"Well, you know your mother..." Roger said from his recliner. "She has a way with people..."

And he was right. Hidden in the kitchen pantry, away from prying eyes, were Jon and Sylvia. Finally alone again, their passions burst outwards. She had leapt into his arms, legs wrapped around his waist, his hands on her bare ass as she bounced on his married dick again. And of course, through it all, they were making out. Locking lips again, tongues sliding against each other, hands all over each other's bodies, they were going at it. And hanging above them, appropriately, was the 'Electric Mistletoe', for that extra added spark.

Sylvia always asserted that she was able to win over anyone. And while it might have seemed like she would need a miracle to win Jon over, all she needed was a little bit of 'Christmas Magic.'

Lips locked, bodies grinding up against each other, these two were really feeling the spirit of Christmas now.

Chapter 7

Frank Carroll was glad for a moment of peace and quiet. The 34-year-old wasn't one for busy situations, so family get-togethers like this weren't his cup of tea. He much preferred calm, quiet days at home, or at work, or spending time with his wife and daughter.

He'd been with Denise since high school. Yeah, they were high-school sweethearts. He was the quarterback, she was the cheerleader, that old story. They'd paired off quickly, and had been inseparable since, through the ups and down, the good times and the bad. They were good for each other.

Frank felt lucky to have such a great wife. He knew that he wasn't the most gregarious guy in the world. He knew he could be a bit serious and lost in his own headspace. But Denise just saw something in him that he didn't always see in himself. She was so kind and supportive, and when he had to admit to himself that he didn't have a future in athletics and had to find a new path, she was right there, ready to pick him up when he got too down. For that, he loved her more than anything.

It didn't hurt that she was such a looker. He still remembered how good she looked on the sidelines, and looks-wise, she hadn't really lost a step since. Slim, athletic, blonde, with a big bright smile, sharp blue eyes, and deep golden tan, she was a stunner. She still had that gymnast's body that she had back then, long legs, a pert, round butt, and petite breasts. Even after having a baby, she'd done a good job of getting back into fighting shape quickly.

Even though he'd given up on-field pursuits, he'd always been good at staying in shape. It helped him in his work, and at home, so he didn't see any reason not to do it. He'd always been disciplined in that way, and it had really paid off. Tall and well-built, his wife's eyes always lit up when she saw him. And for good reason. He was a handsome man, with blondish brown hair, light skin, and cool blue eyes. He wasn't a chronic smiler, so when his face did light up, it was infectious.

His calm, disciplined demeanor helped him in his working life. He'd been a police officer for about 8 years now. He knew cops had often got a bad rap, sometimes with good reason, but he liked to think he was one of the good ones. He kept his cool, did his job, and did his best to keep things professional and not let situations escalate get out of hand. Frank always had an innate sense of justice, so he took to his job well, doing it fairly and justly. When he saw a citizen breaking the law, he would do his job, but he would do his best to do it calmly and with empathy. But when he saw one of his coworkers taking

advantage of their badge, he would say something. He took his work seriously, and he did it well, rising the ranks and gaining a healthy respect from his fellow officers.

He loved his work, but that being said, he did relish having a bit of a break here at the holidays. Getting away from it all, focusing on his family, it was much needed. Even if being here back home, surrounded by his extended family, was the price he had to pay for that break, he would take it. And now, during his time off, he was savoring getting away from it all. He even took the chance to be a little rebellious, letting his face remain covered with a few days of beard growth. For work, he liked staying clean shaven. But the beard gave him a bit of ruggedness, which really worked for him.

"Daddy..." Christiana said, coming up to him as he sat on the couch, something in her hands. "What's this?"

Christiana was the light of his life. Three-years-old, she'd been a bit of a surprise, but a welcome one. Frank never knew how fulfilling having kids would be till he had his own, and he'd taken to fatherhood well.

Being a father was brand new territory for him, one he was completely unprepared for, and for this he looked to his older brother, Dan, as an inspiration. While Frank wasn't the most emotional guy in the world, he did greatly admire his older brother. He was a strong, steady, unflappable man. A good husband to his wife as he maintained a great marriage to a really special lady in Connie. And he was a great dad as well, always there for his kids, being a positive force in their lives, devoting himself to raising them right. Frank vowed to do as good of a job as Dan had.

Fatherhood gave him the focus to work hard, to provide for his daughter and give her a good future. Denise had decided upon getting pregnant that she would step away from her career to take care of their daughter. She had a good job, working at a pretty nice office, but her child superseded that. The goal was to get through these early years, and when Christiana entered school, Denise hoped to get back to work then.

"What is that?" Denise asked, seated next to him. Seeing what his daughter was holding, Frank smiled.

"That..." he began, laughing lightly. "That is the tree topper. For the Christmas tree. That's been in our family since... God... forever." It looked its age. It was this little straw person, clad in a cloth blue dress. It was, admittedly, pretty creepy. "There's this whole story with that. Right Mom?" he said, glancing up at his mother passing through, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Don't joke," Doris said.

"Yeah, it's supposed to protect us from, what... ice witches? Ice banshees?" he asked.

"Ice Sirens," Doris finished. "It's a story my grandma used to tell me. Women out in the snowy wilds, luring wayward travelers to their doom. You put this on the tree, and it keeps them away. It protects the house."

"Are they real, Daddy?" Christiana asked, worried.

"No..." he said assuringly, shaking his head. "Some weird, old German fable or something."

"Hey, we've been putting it on the tree for years. Never had a problem," Doris said.

"I've never seen a tiger out there either. Doesn't mean that protects us against those too," Frank said. His mother rolled his eyes and lightly slapped his arm.

"Oh, stop with that," she said. Frank had a habit of dismissing fairy tales and flights of fancy like this.

"Are there tigers out there?" Christiana asked, concerned.

"No. I was just joking," Frank said. "No tigers, and no Ice Sirens either." He explained this confidently, assuaging his daughter's fears. She smiled lightly at him. "Hey..." he began, leaning towards her. "You should give this to your Uncle Tim. Have him put it on the tree."

"Don't pick a fight," Doris warned. Frank smiled.

"Tim hated that thing when he was a kid," he explained to Denise. "Used to freak him out." He glanced up at his mother. "Fine. I'll fix it." Frank grabbed the tree topper from his daughter's hands and stood up, approaching the tree. His niece, Gwen, stepped out of the way as he moved towards the tree. And as he got closer, his younger brother, Tim, entered the room.

"Hey Tim, help me out," he said, grabbing his attention, holding out the tree topper to him. Tim glanced towards him absent-mindedly, only seeing what was in Frank's hand when he was right up near him.

"What do you... JEEZ!" he yelled out, jumping back. From the far side of the room, Dan laughed loudly. "Dude! That thing still freaks me out!" Tim said, stepping far away. Frank smiled at his brother, laughing to himself as he moved towards the tree, leaning up to put the tree topper in place. It wasn't a sturdy fit, but it stayed there.

Frank didn't subscribe to a lot of stuff that wasn't tangible. Stuff like this, other superstitions and old wives' tales. He didn't waste any time thinking about such things. His mother still subscribed to a lot of this stuff, but he never bought it.

And this included Christmas.

Frank was that kid that figured out Santa wasn't real at a young age. He even told a few of his friends when they were all young, in a bit of a smug move, crushing their spirits. Seeing their reaction made him realize the hurt he had inflicted, and his mother had to sit him down and explain that it was okay to let people believe in things, in something beyond themselves, and he took that lesson to heart. He still didn't believe in any of that stuff, but he was willing to bite his tongue and let others have their fun. Sometimes, those feelings would slip out, but he did his best to keep them to himself.

He wasn't big on the whole Santa thing either, not liking the idea of lying to his child. But Denise told him to loosen up, reminding him of his mother's lesson. Seeing Christiana's face light up at Christmas, and when she sat on Santa's lap at the mall, it silenced any doubts. He still thought the whole thing was kinda stupid, but he wasn't about to take the smile off his little girl's face.

He wasn't about to tell her that Santa wasn't real.

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So, here's the thing. Santa was totally real. Santa Claus, Mrs. Claus, the reindeer, the elves, all real. Maybe not in the form most people imagined, but they were all real. Santa wasn't a jolly old fat man, but a young, handsome man. His wife was his same age, young and pretty and loving. And the elves weren't like the ones you see on Christmas specials. Okay, admittedly, the reindeer were about what you imagined, but the whole thing was very different than what most think. All these different groups worked together to make Christmas special for everyone around the world. And the night of Christmas Eve, it was their time to shine.

For hundreds of years, their operation hadn't changed. For lack of a better term, it was very old school. Mrs. Claus handled the naughty or nice list. The elves built the toys. Santa, or Nick, as he preferred to be called, delivered them, and the reindeer provided the transportation. The North Pole was both their home and the home base for their

operation, and it was like something out of a storybook. Christmas lights. Almost constant snow. Old fashioned homes, with old-timey lanterns lighting the cobblestone streets. Everyone was happy, full of Christmas spirit, satisfied with both their work and their lives devoted to this wonderful holiday. As the world changed and evolved, the system, their life and their home, none of it ever changed, even though it seemed a bit outdated at times. It was a good thing they had going. It worked.

But inevitably, it had to evolve, as all things do.

And the change was quick and brutal.

One Christmas morning, not too many years ago, Saint Nick came back to the North Pole, but he didn't come alone. On his arm was a woman, a gorgeous woman with melon-sized knockers and a smirk across her plump lips. She was clad in clearly hastily put on clothes and Nick's heavy overcoat. Most of the crew was there to meet him as he landed, as they always did. But they were stunned into a confused silence as he escorted this unknown woman to a small, unused cottage nearby, locking the door behind them. This was supposed to be a moment of celebration, the culmination of a year of hard work. Instead, it was one of confusion and awkward silences, the elves looking to each other in confusion, not sure what was happening. The Christmas year always ended with Nick giving the final gift to his wife once he returned home. Instead, when she emerged, ready to greet her husband, she was greeted by awkward glances from the Christmas Elves and muffled moans from inside that cottage. Everyone knew what was happening, but no one wanted to say it. Even Mrs. Claus didn't want to admit it, but the crestfallen expression on her face at these muffled moans let everyone know that she understood as well. And when Nick eventually emerged, clothes slightly askew, crooked smile on his face, that woman standing in the doorway, watching as he handed over a small bag containing his Christmas gift to his wife. Confused, she opened it, but her heart dropped when she saw its contents.

A lump of coal.

The woman burst out laughing, and Mrs. Claus ran off sobbing, crushed. And the North Pole was upended into chaos for the first time ever.

A town normally full of joy and spirit was reduced to hushed whispers and rumormongering. In the days afterward, Mrs. Claus tried to convince herself that her assumptions were wrong, that this was all some big practical joke, trying to find any way to justify why the man she loved would do such a thing.

From Nick's house, fighting was heard from within its walls as Mrs. Claus tried to get her husband to see reason, to remember their love and their years and years of happiness. But Nick was past reason at this point, blinded by other, more important things. No one knew for sure what went down in those screaming matches, but they all knew the outcome. Within days, Mrs. Claus was led away from their North Pole home, clad in a dark coat, dragging a trunk of her belongings. She cried, she stepped up into the sleigh and was shipped away to God knows where, never to be seen again. Agatha Claus, friend to all, sweet wife and wonderful boss, a pretty, stout, loving woman who'd been a loyal wife for hundreds of years at this point, just thrown out like a piece of trash. Within days, Nick and this new woman, Beatrice, were wed in a secret ceremony. And just like that, there was a new boss in town.

The residents of the North Pole were nervous about this new leadership. Any change would make them anxious, but such a huge change had them almost scared. They all LOVED Mrs. Claus, the old Mrs. Claus, and this new one seemed like a far cry from that one. The thing that worried them most was the fact that Mrs. Claus had a huge role to play in running the show up there. Agatha was always there, willing to provide help and guidance even during the slow parts of the year, doing her job kindly and lovingly. Yet, this new one seemed way more interested in causing Nick and herself to shirk their duties entirely by spending private time together. The elves were left on their own for a long time, and after a while, they were seeking some guidance and leadership on how to proceed.

And, well, they got it.

For a good period of time, Nick and Beatrice were out of sight, doing their own thing behind closed doors, disappearing from those around them, more concerned with their own needs. But eventually they emerged, slowly reintegrating into the populace. For Nick, it was him resuming his role and having to do his job again. And with the addition of Beatrice, it was his duty to finally show their operation to her, an operation that she would have to play a huge part in. Nick started introducing Beatrice to everything they did up there, all the work that went into making Christmas happen. And while Beatrice seemed nowhere near as book-smart as Agatha, it didn't take her long to get acclimated and get an idea of the bigger picture here.

Beatrice was no expert businesswoman, but even someone with the lightest bit of corporate experience like her could see that their process was woefully out of date and could be greatly optimized. With the resources they had, tangible, financial, and magical, they could do a lot better.

Nick had always had provided a guiding force through the daily work of their Christmas enterprise, but now that Beatrice had entered the picture, he had become so thoroughly dominated by his new lover that he let her do pretty much whatever she wanted. Saint Nick was not in charge of Christmas anymore. Beatrice, who mere months prior had been a single, trashy slut living on her own, who had been on the 'Naughty List' since she was a teenager, was now the CEO boss bitch of everyone's favorite holiday, Christmas. And she had a few changes in mind.

The big discovery she made was the existence of a legitimate business arm of their operation, North Pole LLC. It didn't even have its own brick and mortar location. It was just a way for them to conduct business and acquire certain goods from legitimate businesses without exposing their own existence. It was a small part of their entire operation, as they preferred to build everything in-house. This, Beatrice realized, would become the centerpiece of their new direction. Since they'd been around so long, they had a vast nest egg of cash that was going unused. So, Beatrice poured that cash into the business arm, taking North Pole LLC from a minor thing to the main arm of their operation. Instead of the old ways, of having all of their

products built by one single factory in the North Pole, they outsourced it, building factories all over the world that could both build their standard products plus all sorts of new products. Products that were very generalized, as well as things that were very specialized. They used these new factories to both build their goods and distribute them easier, using them for staging presents for the big night. Plus, they were able to put people to work building the gifts that would go to other people, instead of having to rely on the Christmas Elves to build everything. And, being publicly known allowed them to have more access to well-known brands and goods, saving time and money, plus allowing them to get all these brands under their purview.

Also, being an open, well-known company, they were able to recruit the best and brightest minds to create new and better products, and not having to rely simply on the Christmas Elves to come up with new things. These great minds, combined with their access to Christmas Magic, allowed them to truly revolutionize, making products that most people couldn't even imagine existing yet. Very quickly, the company was growing.

The biggest change was a philosophical one. Gone were the days of them being beholden to family themes and so focused on gifts for children. Instead, they would have a renewed focus on presents for adults. Hand-in-hand with that, Beatrice was coming from a world where sex sells, so Christmas would have to adapt to these needs. Hot nasty sex was the thing most adults wanted, so they should embrace that, centering a major line of their products on sex-related goods, things that turned people on and brought people together. Nothing would make people embrace Christmas like the memory of coming together with your true love. And in the same way Santa was the center of branding for all the old Christmas advertising, Beatrice was happy to step up and take the mantle as the head model of this adult brand.

Alongside this, and maybe most importantly, Beatrice had gained control of the list, the 'Naughty or Nice' list. The magical list that kept a running tally of people's good and bad deeds, and ranked them accordingly, from nicest to naughtiest. Using the magic gifted to her by being Santa's chosen mate, she could watch people in their journey through life, through their various good and bad deeds. The story was that the old Mrs. Claus always had her heart warmed by watching the

best and brightest and their many good deeds. But frankly, Beatrice found all these people dreadfully boring, getting far more interested in the misdeeds of the naughty. The more this went on, the more unfair she found it that all these delightfully naughty people were getting penalized, and these boring old nice people were the ones getting all the rewards.

But those were the old ways, and she set the rules now.

Now that Beatrice had control of the list, she simply changed the formula for what constituted 'Naughty' and 'Nice'. To her, being nice meant being boring, not embracing fun, not having fun, not living life to its fullest, or preventing others from having said fun. And the people that did live it up, that did live life to its max, or at least have the potential to do so, they were rewarded. Essentially, according to Beatrice, if people were embracing their nastiness and having hot, sweaty sex, they were to be rewarded. And just like that, the algorithm for the list was completely upended. So pretty much all the adults on the 'Naughty List'; were the ones being rewarded, and those on the 'Nice List' were being penalized.

Needless to say, there was some pushback from the people at the North Pole for this reversal of their core philosophy. Not just the seeing their jobs being outsourced, but this embracing of sex into their previously puritanical holiday. Beatrice made it clear that this was their new direction. If people wanted out, they could get out, but they would never be able to come back. But if they hopped on board, they would be rewarded in spades.

Some left, not agreeing with this new direction, mostly the old fuddy-duddies who couldn't embrace the future. Beatrice was happy to kick them out into the snowy wastes, never to see them again. But more than you would think stuck around, either out of obligation, or out of genuine agreement with their new direction. Even these Christmas Elves who'd been there for years with Agatha could see that Beatrice was the future.

Now, let's clear up something about the Christmas Elves. When you imagine them from the stories, you imagine tiny, elfin folk with high, squeaky voices. This was quite simply not true. A fiction created by

storytellers. In truth, they were pretty much the same as normal people. The main difference aesthetically was that they had pointy ears, like their fantasy brethren. They also were tapped into magic, allowing them to do their work. So, in proportions, they were same size as normal people, and could have the same diversity as normal people, in skin color, size, shape, whatever metric you used.

For years, the work flow had kinda gone down gender lines among the Christmas Elves, with the males doing 'man-work' and the women doing 'woman-work'. The men would use the hammers and tools and do 'man' things, while the women would do the sewing and knitting and writing. The male elves were usually the overseers of their production, with only the occasional woman elf in a leadership position. This was not done out of any malice or discrimination by the old administration, nothing like that. They were just old fashioned in that way.

Well, Beatrice was not about that shit.

Much in the same way that she embraced the truth that sex sells, she also embraced the fact that women were the future. Women were on the verge of running the show, and it was time for her to lead the way. While she kept the male elves in their same spot, handling a lot of the brawny work, she elevated a lot of female elves to positions of leadership, positions they were more than worthy of having.

The funny thing was, with all these changes, the one person doing far less work was Santa Claus himself, Nick. One of the things Beatrice wanted to do was take some of the weight off his shoulders on the big night. Instead of running him ragged on Christmas, she wanted to spread the deliveries out a bit, and help him out. So, with all these new plants and distribution centers, Beatrice decided to use some of these female elves in positions of power to help make deliveries on the big night, women she could trust with this job. While Nick would still handle the major cities around the world, the girls would assist in the other parts of the world, dropping off gifts there. Some speculated that Beatrice simply loved hot, sweaty Christmas sex, and wanted her man at full strength for the big night. And hey, if it was true, could you blame her?

Christmas was their anniversary.

Christmas had changed in so many ways since she had taken over. The North Pole itself was near unrecognizable. What was once a cozy little hamlet had been replaced by big, grey factories and technology. The warmth and color were gone, replaced by cold, efficient business. The only splashes of color you would see were the branded posters of Mrs. Claus hanging up across town, clad in red lingerie, with her trademark smirk, a reminder of the new boss in town. Every year, as the big day kicked off, she would give a speech above the main factory floor at the North Pole, flanked by some female elves, adorned on either side by branded banners, displaying her body in lingerie, a reminder of her intense beauty. She would give her speech to all the workers below her, reminding them of the hard work they had to put in. It wasn't a warm and friendly bit of motivation like what Agatha used to give them, but a cold, almost dictatorial one.

Despite this, despite the overtaking of the old ways by big business, despite invalidating hundreds of years of hard work, despite completely upending the Christmas system and turning it into a near dictatorship with her running the show, if you took a poll of the Christmas Elves, you would find her to be far more popular than Agatha. Well, it wasn't due to her personality. Frankly, she was an evil, cutthroat, unpleasant bitch who barked orders to her workers, and demanded loyalty to the cause. Plus, she had made their greatest friend, Nick, into her own personal plaything, to the point where he barely ever interacted with them anymore. Only with her. Yet, why was she so popular?

Well, for the female elves, she was empowering them, allowing them to live in modern excess and the prizes that come alongside that. And for the male elves, despite her being a brutal, unrelenting taskmaster, who was never nice to a single one of them, just being in her presence was intoxicating. Her power, her body, those tits! Just being able to get a glimpse of those massive jugs in her revealing clothes was enough. Seeing her hot body in lingerie on the posters lining the walls was all the motivation they needed to give her their best efforts. The Christmas Elves around the world were giving it their all, not for the

smile they put on people's faces, not for the spirit of the holiday, but for Beatrice.

For Mrs. Claus.

That included the elves stationed at the new Deerberg 'North Pole' plant. They were handling the gift delivery to their territory, the part of the country that their plant covered. That included Deerberg itself. To help the big man out, a pair of female elves would each get a pair of reindeer and a smaller sleigh to ferry gifts around to the houses they were covering, leaving him to handle the major routes and big cities. For those handling the Deerberg route, it was a pretty cushy gig. An easy, quick night. It was also an opportunity to train their new up-and-coming elves.

Which is why two female elves had just entered the Carroll house.

Fourth Street was a good place to start their route. The two elves had already visited most of the houses on the road, handing out presents to each of them. The gift list was an ongoing, constantly updating list, usually not finalizing until mere hours prior, sometimes even up to the moment the elves were on a family's roof, ready to haul in gifts to the house. And the Fourth Street list had been updating a lot in the last day, forcing the elves to check their list, essentially a tablet that they carried with them, before heading into each home. And their delivery to the residents of Fourth Street had gone pretty smoothly so far.

To Kevin Burkhouse, who'd just gotten into a car accident, a voucher to cover said damages, only usable at one of the 'North Pole' approved dealerships. He'd been on the boring old 'Nice' list all year until the night prior, when he banged some slutty college student after she hit his family car with her own. So, to show him that such behavior was to be rewarded, and that he shouldn't feel the slightest bit of regret for his actions, for both the dirty deed and the fact that he had opted to cover for the girl who hit him and pay for the damages, he was given this gift to cover up the costs. To show him that someone out there was willing to reward him for such behavior and to encourage more of it in the future. Of course, the girl that hit him, Jamie, was given a similar voucher, only hers was for enough to practically get her a new

car for little cost, to show that her actions were to be encouraged as well.

And for Kevin's wife, who had spent day after day at home caring for her two small kids? A lump of coal. She might be able to write it off as a gag gift, but under Beatrice's leadership, being like her, a boring old wife, a ball and chain... that was not to be rewarded. Being the one to hold back such prime hunks of men was not behavior to be encouraged, so they were the ones who missed out on the gifts of Christmas.

The elves were very busy at the Calvorsons as well. If there was any question that the Christmas spirits were on Polly's side, the fantastic kitchenware she received let her know that the Mrs. Claus approved of what she could cook up. And Connor was rewarded too, gifted the newest and hardest to find tablet on the market, preloaded with a membership to a premium pornography site, one secretly bankrolled by 'North Pole', a site that specialized in MILFs and older women and commonly posted incest themed scenes, just to make sure Connor's encounter with his grandmother would never stray too far from the top of his mind. And despite being a huge bitch, Penelope, Connor's mom, was given a gift as well, a sexy set of 'Mrs. Claus' lingerie. Because despite her bad attitude, and the shared dislike of her being one of the main factors that brought Connor and Polly together, Penelope... she had potential.

Dale Calvorson received a gift as well, receiving a CD of popular Christmas songs sung by a very popular new female singer, who was known to both very hot and VERY slutty, just like the two young harlots he'd hooked up with.

Colin was also given some gifts. First, a Neptune Blender, although its intention was for it to be given to his wife, it was truly a gift for his benefit, to help cover up his affair and give him an excuse by having such a panic the night prior. They were getting this gift to him in a very clever way, in a manner that would prevent him from asking too many questions as to its true source, as well as really cementing his betrayal by exposing how pointless his whole misadventure had been. And hidden deep for Colin was one last gift, a deluxe 'Mrs. Claus' catalogue, just to see how much filth the company sold, and no doubt

causing him to imagine the wicked Rachel in such amazingly slutty underthings.

But for the rest, such as Dale's wife and daughter... coal. And Colin's wife, despite the blender, was included, ending up with big lump of coal in her stocking.

Despite not being a fan of the holiday, Christmas was a big fan of Bruce. He was rewarded for his actions with brand new and very expensive camera equipment, a whole recording setup. Just frankly, really fancy stuff, so he could capture that delightful footage of his in crystal clear clarity.

And for Lacey, she was rewarded for her dedication to the holiday by being gifted a few sets of very skimpy, very filthy lingerie, to really showcase the brand new her. To show off her body as it deserved to be showcased.

And for Lacey's husband, who held her back and kept that juicy body under wraps... coal.

They had more gifts to pass out at the Morris home. For Liam, who had been very busy earlier in the day, was gifted a voice recorder, similar to the one that he took to his meeting that morning, which ended up getting broken during that meeting. This one was even better than the last, and it was branded with 'North Pole' logos. All his most private work notes would soon be recorded on this 'North Pole' branded device, where it would no doubt be secure.

For Jon and Sylvia, well, haha... they did have a few gifts ready to give to them, but by the time the two elves showed up... they got a good view of those two, uh... fully embracing the new spirit of Christmas, watching them from mere feet away as they went at it. Pivoting in their plans, the two elves slipped a special candy cane into each of their stockings, so their fun could continue.

For the rest, Roger, Jessa, and Deb?

Coal.

The two elves visited the boring doctor at the end of the street, giving both him and his wife coal, before moving on to Janet Winston's house. The elves left a special package for her, along with a note. In the package, a very sexy pair of lacy black underwear, a thong, naturally, and a matching black bra. A 'Mrs. Claus Premium' product, the stuff not sold in stores. And the note said, 'Put these on, go to sleep, and when you wake up, you'll feel like a whole new woman. Enjoy, darling...'

For most of the gifts handed out on Christmas, they were enchanted in such a way that the parents/gift givers in the house would think that gifts from Santa were in fact from them. Parents would take responsibility for the gifts Santa gave their children, spouses would take credit for the gifts given to the other, and for those on their own, a 'secret admirer' that might not actually exist. Sometimes, these people were tricked into thinking that someone else had given them the gift, and this was usually done in the cases where the gifts they were being given weren't the nicest, a gift being given to them to prove a point. For example, if a badly behaving man got a bad gift, he might be convinced that it was from that in-law he didn't get along with, as opposed to its actual source, Santa. But sometimes, especially in recent years under the new Mrs. Claus, she wanted it known who was responsible for giving these gifts to them, even if it meant exposing their existence in the process.

Needless to say, Mrs. Claus was a big fan of Janet Winston, and she wanted her to know it.

Finally, the two elves arrived at the Carroll's and got to work, hoping to finish up this last house on the street and move on quickly.

It was not meant to be.

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The two elves, Patrice and Morgan, were getting right to work at the Carroll's. This was the first night they were working together, and they were starting to get into a bit of a groove. Patrice was the more experienced of the two, and Morgan was her trainee. So Patrice was checking the list and pulling the gifts from the gift bag, and Morgan was putting them under the tree.

As stated before, these elves weren't like the ones from the stories. They weren't three-foot tall dwarfs with high-pitched voices. They were of normal height, normal stature, normal in just about every way. The only telltale signs of their elf-hood were their pointed ears, but even that was pretty subtle. It was truly their access to magic that set them apart, but upon laying eyes upon them, you wouldn't see that. You wouldn't take one look at them and think they were Christmas Elves.

But in this case, looking at these two elves, you might think they were something else entirely.

To put it simply, Patrice and Morgan were both stunningly gorgeous.

Morgan was the younger of the two elves. A platinum blonde with a golden tan, blue eyes and plump lips, she was incredibly attractive. She also gave off the vibe at being a bit emptyheaded, a bit of a bimbo, and well... let's just say this wasn't entirely unfair. But she had a good spirit, a willingness to learn, and most importantly, a fantastic body. That was enough to get her the job as a trainee for these deliveries.

Patrice was the older of the two, appearing to be about 30 years old. A gorgeous, tall, fit, dark skinned black woman. She was far more imposing than her coworker. Long, dark hair, with hazel eyes bristling with sharp intelligence, you could tell she was not one to mess with. Combining that with her spectacular, statuesque body, it was easy to tell she was the alpha of the pair. And there were other signs of that as well.

Ever since Beatrice had taken over, a lot of things regarding the elves had changed. Before, under the old establishment, they did good, honest work, wearing comfortable, warm, conservative, Christmas themed clothing. Well, now, under the new administration, with the Christmas Elves occupying a far more prominent role, especially the female elves, their work load had changed.

As did their outfits.

Beatrice respected women who knew what they had and showed it off shamelessly, and that philosophy had become company policy. With the elves being so out there, taking part in the delivery of gifts, there had to be certain protections put in place. Nick had the experience of delivering gifts, and he was very good at not being caught. At least, mostly. Beatrice had caught him, but she was a queen bitch, so of course she did. But in case these girls were caught, they had to be sure they were putting their best foot forward.

Which is the reason why Patrice and Morgan were wearing super slutty Christmas Elf outfits.

The two elves wore matching outfits. Made out of an almost latex-like material that clung to them, colored red with white trim, these outfits showed a lot of skin while clinging to their most curvaceous areas. On their feet were long, black, leather high heeled boots up to their knees. Above that, a good amount of leg was left exposed before you reached the skirt. Slim, and clingy, it hugged their thighs and perfectly showcase their rear ends. The short sleeved top was adorned like a Santa's jacket but far more revealing and sexy. It showed off a lot of their chests, being very low-cut, while also leaving their midriffs completely bare. The stretchy material would have to almost stretch out across their upper halves to contain their curves, hugging them. The only thing holding the top together was one single button in the front, often straining to contain their very large busts.

These outfits were delightfully trashy in all the best ways.

They served a dual purpose as well. One, these girls just looked spectacular in them. But two, it gave them protection in case they were caught. If two women in standard Christmas outfits were caught in someone's house, the homeowner would think they were burglars dressed in a Christmas theme. But, if the home owner comes downstairs and catches two gorgeous sluts in tiny little outfits, with their tits practically hanging out... well, they might not be so upset at this invasion. They might even welcome it.

Beatrice made sure that only her best girls went out for these Christmas deliveries. And by best, she meant the hottest. The sexiest. To meet this dress code, you had to be able to fill them out. The homelier of the elves helped out in different ways in the shop, but the truly hottest and sexiest of them were put on the front lines. Women like Patrice and Morgan.

Morgan looked like a bikini model. Despite being slim and fit, she had curves where it counted. A round, full ass, and excellent, round, bulbous double E-cups. She was built to wear next to nothing, which, considering the new dress code, made her perfect for the job. Her golden tanned tits were spilling out of the tight, figure-hugging top, the stretchy material clinging to her big jugs, digging into the soft flesh ever so slightly. And her butt looked spectacular in the slim, stretchy skirt, the material showcasing her heart-shaped rear. She looked absolutely incredible, enough to make any man drool. But as good of a body as she had, Patrice's was even better.

Patrice was taller than Morgan, with longer, firmer legs. She was even more fit than Morgan, as well, which was quite an impressive feat. Her ass was rounder and shapelier, making it difficult for the tight skirt to contain. And her breasts were somehow even bigger than the blonde's massive pair. Double F-cups, almost blimp-like on her chest, they looked obscene, but they only added to her intimidating appeal. In just about any place she was in, with tits as big as hers, she controlled the room.

Patrice had worked for the previous administration, simply as a cog on the wheel at one of the toy factories. But when the turnover occurred, Patrice was one of the first to get on board with Beatrice. Patrice was too logical and too independent to enjoy the old fashioned ways of the old Mrs. Claus, when things could be done so much better. That,

combined with Agatha's conservative outlook on a great many things, such as her strict no contact rules with the people of the world, never sat right with her. When Beatrice gave her first speech detailing her outlook on things, while some were nervous, Patrice was nodding along vigorously. She was eager to sign up, and eager to go along, quickly becoming a trusted ally of the new boss, which is how she ended up with such an easy route on Christmas.

Because of the ease of her route through Deerberg, it allowed room for training. This was Morgan's first year running gifts on Christmas. Patrice was a pro at this point. She'd be the perfect person to learn from if she wasn't so severe and intimidating. Morgan felt like she was kinda walking on eggshells around Patrice, at times. That being said, she was doing her best to impart her knowledge to the young blonde, but it came at a bit of a struggle, as Morgan was something of a ditz. But Patrice trusted her abilities enough to know she could get the blonde into tip-top shape.

Not all the female elves who wanted to run gifts met Beatrice's strict standards physically. They did have options, though, as their access to magic gave them the ability to make certain... enhancements... to their figures. Only certain elves among them could perform these enhancements, so the cost was steep, to the point where some of them opted to go down south and get these enhancements done the human way. But for both Patrice and Morgan, no enhancements were required. Both of them were blessed with hot bodies, making them perfect for the job.

That being said, Patrice was very much questioning the choice to bring Morgan aboard. She had the body for it, sure, but, well... let's just say, she wasn't quite a natural at the job.

"No... not that one... Morgan!" Patrice warned as she watched Morgan taking gifts to the wrong stockings. Morgan looked back at her with a vacant, confused look across her beautiful face, a look that Patrice was already getting annoyed by. Patrice pointed at which gifts went where, having to stop her a few times till she finally got things right. Patrice turned away and rolled her eyes.

This was much easier with a competent coworker. With her previous partner, they had this whole thing down like clockwork. The process was simple, or at least, it should be simple. You park the reindeer on the roof. They didn't need such contrivances as chimneys to get into a house, as their magic allows them to apparate inside as long as they were in close enough proximity. Once inside, they put down protection charms to make sure they weren't caught in the act, then they got right down to business. With one of them on the list, and the other handing the gifts out, two totally prepared elves could knock out a house like a well-oiled machine. Working with Morgan... let's just say, things were not going smoothly for Patrice.

Morgan was trying, Patrice could grant her that. She was doing her best, but she was clearly nervous. They didn't know each other that well before being assigned together, and they'd only had a few personal conversations about their lives. All Patrice knew was that Morgan was a bit of a party girl, and she would often jump on one of the transport sleighs so she could party in one of the cities among actual people. Patrice wasn't too impressed by any of the conversations she'd had with Morgan, but every so often, Morgan would say some comment or allude to something she did with a guy that made Patrice think there might be more going on with her than what met the eye. But for the most part, her initial impression of the blonde had been proven accurate.

Taking her attention off Morgan for a moment, Patrice looked back at the list and shook her head. Looking over the profiles for the Carroll family, there was so much wasted potential here. Dan, Frank, Kevin... they were all fine-ass white men, just her type. Even the younger one, Max, he was damn hot too. If she wasn't stuck babysitting Morgan, she might take the time to wake one of them up for some dirty Christmas fun. Beatrice certainly approved of this type of thing, the spreading of Christmas spirit, but Patrice was enough of a pro at her job to stay focused on the task at hand. Although, looking at these profiles again... damn, what a waste.

These brothers seemed to share a common flaw, one of marrying, boring, dreary, flat-chested women. Even the former cheerleader, Denise, wasn't exactly impressive up top, which to Patrice seemed like a prerequisite. All those guys could do so much better if they just tried. Probably didn't help that their mom, Doris, was a loser just like

their wives. And Dan was passing on this character flaw to his son, as he was with some boring little thing too. The only one in this house that seemed to know the score was Gwen, Dan's daughter. But even she needed a bit of a push.

The gift selection for this bunch was pretty boring, for the most part. Coal for Doris and the wives. Candy canes for the men, the special kind, obviously, just so they start thinking with the right head. The only interesting one was the one for Gwen. Patrice grabbed the small box meant for her and glanced at the attached note.

'I saw this and couldn't help but think how good it would look on you.

Love,

Dad'

Patrice smirked as she glanced at the contents of the box. They had some great handwriting specialists up north, so this note looked exactly like her father's penmanship. Turning around, Patrice grabbed a small bag and sauntered over to the blonde.

"Here," she said, handing over the bag of coal to the blonde. "Put these in the women's stockings. I've got to take this upstairs." Morgan nodded, but somehow, even at such a simple order, she looked nervous.

Turning around and rolling her eyes, Patrice stepped away, heels clicking on the floor. She wasn't too worried about the noise, as their magical protective charms muffled the noise they made to other people. Still, she didn't want to push her luck. Ascending the stairs lightly, boobs shaking in their tight confines, she moved across the second floor towards the narrow staircase leading up to the third floor, moving towards the small room Gwen was in.

Most gifts ended up either under the tree, or in a stocking, but occasionally, some required special instructions. In this case, this gift had to be left in her room, as it required a certain level of... privacy. Luckily, Patrice was good at this, deftly sliding up to the young woman's room and setting the gift down near her, in a place she couldn't miss it come morning. Moving to exit the bedroom, she closed the door without making a noise. Proud at her silence, she began heading back downstairs, the only sign of her presence a near imperceptible whine of the floorboards beneath her boot-clad feet as she walked past the bedrooms on the second floor. But it was enough.

In a nearby room, a pair of eyes opened.

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Frank was a pretty light sleeper. He put it to his cop training, as even on his off days, he could never quite turn his cop brain off. So, sometimes, even the slightest noise could wake him and set off his alarm bells.

The creak of the floor was enough.

Eyes opened, he gathered his bearings enough to listen for a repeat of the noise that woke him. He heard it! Another creak. A bit farther away. Sounded like someone walking away. Listening close, he heard the sounds of someone walking down the stairs. He figured it was one of the kids, or maybe Tim, spying out the Christmas gifts under the tree. Glancing through the dark towards the other end of the room, he made sure Christiana was still asleep in her little mini bed she was using. And yes, he could see her clumped up in the sheet. Frank shook his head and tried to ignore the sounds and just go back to sleep. He closed his eyes, almost fading back into slumber, before a new sound carried up from downstairs, a subtle one, one you probably wouldn't hear unless you were listening for it.

Voices. A conversation.

Frank sat up, confused, glancing at the clock. It was too late for anyone to be up, let alone talking. His cop brain began working. There were robbers in the house, stealing gifts from under the tree! The perfect night for a big haul! No. No. No. Don't be ridiculous. It would be stupid to break into a house with so many cars parked out front. Plus, Deerberg wasn't known for a lot of break-ins. There was no doubt a reasonable explanation for the noises. Maybe one of the kids got up, and their parent caught them. Or maybe his mom was still up, and someone else heard and joined her. It had to be something like that. Frank didn't want to revert to cop mode at his mom's house in the middle of the night. He just wanted to relax and go to sleep, trying to ignore any doubts and get some rest.

Two minutes later, Frank angrily sat up out of bed, mad at himself for not letting it go. He had to check it out, make sure the coast was clear, just so he could get some peace of mind. He thought about the possibility, no matter how small, that there were some burglars in the house. If that was the case, he wasn't about to head down unprepared. He hadn't brought his weapon into the house, preferring to leave it in the trunk of his car. But even if he had, he was not about to walk through the house with a loaded gun, not with such so many people around, and not for a situation that was most likely nothing. But he didn't want to be unprepared. Considering that he was currently staying in his old room, he knew that his old baseball bat was in the closet. Retrieving it as silently as possible, he slipped out of the room, moving to head downstairs.

Stepping down the stairs, barefoot, wearing thin pajama pants and an old t-shirt, bat held in his hand, he tried to calm his mind. But as he got closer to the first floor, the voices began to get clearer. And he realized that these voices were unfamiliar. Holy Shit! They were getting broken into. His cop brain now activated, he stepped silently down the rest of the stairs and moved to the edge of the living room, out of sight behind a wall. He could see that a light had been turned on in the living room, and he could hear voices coming from within. And now, he could listen in.

"You about done?" one voice said, a female voice, firm and commanding.

"Uh... yeah, I think," said another female voice, this one a bit ditzy. What? Two women had broken in. That wasn't what he expected.

"Morgan, no, that's the mom's stocking! That goes in the daughter's stocking!" the first voice said, annoyed.

"Oh, shit! Sorry, sorry!" the ditzy voice said. Frank was confused. Who were these two? Taking a chance, Frank peeked around the corner, not knowing what to expect. And what he saw... it certainly wasn't what he imagined.

The two burglars were indeed women. But, they weren't dressed like any burglars he'd ever seen. They were dressed like Christmas Elves. But... not normal Christmas elves. They were... well, quite frankly, they looked like strippers. Strippers in sexy Christmas outfits, barely covering anything. Frank couldn't explain why they would dress like this. Seemed impractical for the task at hand. But he didn't have time to think much about it. He was distracted by the bodies those outfits were barely covering.

Look... Frank was a married man. Happily married. But he was still a man, and he wasn't immune to the occasional glance at a pretty lady. He didn't make it a habit, obviously, and his wife was probably more likely to spur him into looking at a hot woman they came across than he would himself. But in this case, staring at these two women in his mother's home, wearing what they were wearing, no one would blame him.

His eyes fell first to the blonde woman. On her feet were a pair of long black leather boots, up to her knees. Above them was a generous sight of her bare, golden tanned legs, the flesh smooth and firm. That led to her skirt, a slim, ultra-tight, stretchy skirt, barely covering her ass. The material was glued to her rear end, showing off its round, full, perfect shape. Above that was more bare, golden skin, as her entire midriff was left exposed. Flat, and taut, and sexy, his eyes were temporarily arrested by her exposed navel. But his eyes didn't remain there long, as they drifted upwards to her amazing breasts.

Frank wasn't one to be overly affected by such things, but damn... they were huge. Vaulting off her slim frame, round and full and firm, Frank couldn't even begin to guess their size. And her top, a stretchy, rubbery latex type thing, which looked like a sexed-up version of a Santa Jacket, molded to her big jugs, clinging to their perfect, round shape. The top forced her big breasts together, forming a massive canyon of deep cleavage, her tanned tits pressing into each other in the best way. And the top was very low-cut, scooping low to show off some skin, clinging to the front of her boobs like a bikini top would, doing enough to cover up from the bottom of her breast to just above her nipples and not the slightest bit more. Her boobs were oozing over the edges of the clingy top, and each step she took made them jiggle as they strained to escape.

Frank was able to find the iron will to look up at her face, only to find her face held up its end of the bargain, as beautiful as the rest of her. Shiny blonde hair, falling to her shoulders. Smooth, golden complexion. Alluring eyes. Plump, silky lips. She was a bit over made-up, with a lot of eye shadow and heavy gloss on her pouty lips, but it matched the stripper-like image she was presenting. The only thing that looked relatively normal about her was the puffy red Santa hat on her head.

To his surprise, it seemed like she wasn't taking anything, but was in fact putting some wrapped gifts under the tree. And as she walked away from Frank's vantage towards the tree, she spoke up.

"I'm still not used to these outfits," the blonde said, tugging down at her skirt, preventing it from exposing her ass.

"Get used to it," the other woman said, barely paying attention to her blonde friend. For the first time, Frank looked at this other woman. And if his eyes went wide at the sight of the blonde, his eyes grew as big as half-dollars at the sight of her.

She was stunning. Absolutely stunning. A tall, fit, gorgeous black woman, with dark, smooth skin. She stood out. She was clad in a matching outfit to her blonde friend, but it somehow looked even better on her. She was taller, so more of her long, firm legs were

exposed. Her skirt was just as tight and skimpy, but this woman had an even shapelier, rounder ass than her blonde friend. And the tight skirt was struggling to contain that much booty. Her fit stomach was taut and smooth with a subtle line of feminine muscle. God, she was sexy.

And then there were her breasts.

Wow. Just... wow. The blonde's boobs were huge. But somehow, the black woman's tits were even bigger. They looked insanely huge, especially on her fit body. Her top was struggling to contain such massive breasts, stretched out so far from her chest that if you looked from beneath her, you could see some bare titty-meat. Her cleavage was a fucking mile long, it seemed, deep and dark, her huge black tits pressed together in an inescapable crevasse of pure softness. The soft, smooth flesh was pouring out of its tight constraints. It was a wonder that such massive tits could be contained by such a skimpy garment. Her rack was exerting so much force that Frank could practically see the single button holding the top together straining, trying to not to fly off and free those titties to the world.

He wasn't normally a guy to get so enraptured by a pair of tits like this. Sure, he liked big boobs as much as the next guy, but this woman... well, both of these girls... they were on another level. Plus, they were here at his mom's house, a place they didn't belong, dressed as they were, with their tits just pouring out of their outfits... anyone would be momentarily mesmerized.

But finally, Frank was able to pull his tractor beam-like gaze from the black woman's big breasts, looking up at her face. She was gorgeous as well, with sharp, intelligent eyes, and smooth, pillow-like lips, forming a natural sneer. She seemed far more stern and cold than her blonde friend, only adding to her appeal. The only thing that cut through this image was the Santa's hat on her head, the exact same as her friend's.

Who were these two? What were they doing? Why were they dressed like this? What was going on here? Well... Frank wasn't about to wait

and find out. Steeling himself, he turned the corner, stepping into the living room.

"What are you doing here?" Frank called out. With his voice breaking the silence, the blonde nearly jumped out of her skin, turning to face him with wide eyes. The black woman's eyes lifted up from what she was doing, looking at the man who had just stepped in the room.

For a woman who was always so confident and in control, even Patrice was taken aback by this sudden intrusion. In the few years she'd been doing this, she'd never been caught. Not even close. But suddenly, right at the beginning of the night, she'd been caught. How?

Frank watched as the black woman's head tilted and her eyes narrowed. She began glancing around the room, searching out for a vague something, before a revelation hit her.

"Did you forget to do the silence charm?" she asked to her blonde friend. The blonde's eyes went wide as an embarrassed look crossed her face. The black woman stared her down. "Have you forgotten it the entire night?" she asked, upset, and the blonde's cheeks reddened. "Have we been doing all our deliveries with zero silence charms? Morgan! Any of them could have caught us!"

"I... I'm sorry, Patrice!" the blonde, Morgan, said. "I forgot!" She remembered all the other spells. The various protective spells, like the bubble spell, which prevented people from beyond a certain distance away from seeing them. And the spells that helped them get their job done, like the slowdown spell, which made time pass slower for them as they did their work inside houses, passing out gifts, only progressing normally when they were outside. But for some reason, Morgan just forgot about the silence spell.

"You forgot?" the black woman, Patrice, said, stepping towards her. Frank couldn't help but notice her huge black boobs jiggle as she did so.

"Hey!" Frank interrupted, clearing his head, getting back to the point. "What are you doing here?" he asked firmly. Both of them looked at him, unable to find any words. "Answer me!" he demanded, quietly but firmly. Patrice was a pro at this, but she'd never had to deal with being caught, and her blood was pumping in momentary panic. She couldn't gather her thoughts quick enough, allowing the blonde to interject.

"We're elves," Morgan stated, as if this was a reasonable reply. "We're delivering gifts for Santa... for Christmas." She put on a slight smile, hoping to cool Frank's anger. At the same moment, as she grinned at the man who caught them, she unconsciously brought her arms forward against her breasts, making them balloon outward against the tight, stretchy constraints of her top.

"What?" he asked, confused, trying not to look at her tanned cleavage.

"OH!" Morgan began, seeing his confusion. "Santa's real. We live at the North Pole. And we help him deliver gifts!" She explained helpfully, putting on a big, seemingly friendly grin. A silence fell in the room as Patrice elbowed the blonde in the side, annoyed at her for volunteering this information unbidden.

"Seriously? That's your story?" he asked, confused, not believing a word of it. "Why are you actually breaking in to this house? And why are you dressed like this?" he said, the baseball bat still in his hand.

"I... we're Christmas elves," Morgan said again, a bit jumbled as to why he was still confused. "See our ears?" she said, turning her head so he could see one of her ears. Yeah, her ear did look a bit pointier, like the stories you always hear. But that wasn't enough proof, right?

The black woman was still silent, staring him down, trying to figure out her plan. He couldn't help but glance at her, trying to get a read on her, her calmness letting him know that she might be the one to be concerned about. But his eyes couldn't help but be drawn to her massive black tits again, jutting out, looking like overfilled water balloons, stuffed into her tight top. God damn, they were huge. And round. And they had that perfect level of jiggle that let you know they were all natural. They were so perfect even a blind man would stare.

He couldn't help but feel a jolt in his groin as his dick awakened in his thin pants. He looked away quickly, trying to get control of himself, hoping she hadn't noticed. He refocused on the task at hand, not seeing the flash of amusement crossing her face.

"You gotta do better than that," Frank said. "You expect me to believe that you two work for a magic make believe Christmas man, dressed like that?" he asked, letting his skepticism for Christmas and Santa shine through. "Or, is the more likely case that you two are breaking into my mom's house and robbing us blind?" He was always good at reading the tone of an encounter, in case things went wrong. And with these two... he wasn't scared or worried. He was more confused.

"We haven't stolen anything, Frank," Patrice said calmly, speaking to him for the first time as she stared him down. Frank tightened up at this.

"How do you know my name?" Frank asked, looking right at her, unblinking, upset. These two didn't strike him as the type to do research on their marks.

"Because you're on the list," she said calmly.

"What list?" Frank asked.

"The 'Naughty or Nice' list!" Morgan interjected. Frank shook his head.

"You're really sticking with this story?" Frank asked, almost impressed at their devotion to this wacky alibi.

"It's... it's the truth," Morgan said with a nervous grin.

"So... you're telling me that that you work for Santa Claus, who is real, apparently, the beacon of all that is good and nice... And you're dressed like that?" he asked, eyes glancing down at their chests

despite knowing better. It was just to make his point, he told himself, not an excuse to look at their perfect tits.

"It's the new dress code," Morgan said, tugging at her top, trying to pull it up to cover herself a bit more. "I'm still not used to it."

"Do you like our outfits, Frank? I think you do," Patrice said, a small grin crossing her lips. Frank glanced down again at her mountainous breasts, for just a moment, despite himself. He sensed he was losing control here, and he had to regain it. He shook his head, trying to ignore her question.

"Okay... I'm just gonna call the police," Frank said, preferring to do things by the book since he was currently off duty in a town he had no jurisdiction in. Luckily, there was a phone on a nearby table, and he moved to grab it. As he did, the black woman began mumbling something under her breath with her eyes closed, getting his attention. "What are you doing?" he asked, stopping and looking at her. suddenly, a ripple burst from near her, like a small soundwave traveling through the air, making his ears pop. His eardrums buzzed for a moment, making him rub his ears, and when his hearing cleared, he was struck by a notable silence. "What was that?" he asked.

"Silence charm," Patrice said simply. "Like she was supposed to do. Now no one outside this room can hear us."

"What?" he said, still confused. Shaking his head, he ignored her and grabbed the phone, only to hear no sound coming from it. He looked up at her, perplexed.

"It interferes with technology too," the black woman explained. "Just so we're not recorded or caught by any alarms, or... have the cops called on us..." she stated, smirking slightly, raising her eyebrows. "Is that enough proof for you?"

"What proof?" he asked. "You probably just ripped out the phone lines," he explained.

"Frank, there are reindeer on the roof right now," the black woman said calmly.

"Seriously?" he asked, almost annoyed at how much they were sticking to their crazy story. "Dressed like that, you two are probably, I don't know... strippers, or hookers... looking for something to sell." Suddenly, the black woman whistled, not too loud, but loud enough. Then there was what sounded like horses' hoofs stomping on the roof. This shocked Frank, and he jumped slightly at this sudden, unexplainable noise. No... it couldn't be...

"No!" he said, confused. Santa wasn't real! None of this stuff was real. But... damn, those did kinda sound like reindeer hooves on the roof. This was a trick or something. Had to be. "No. If Santa was real, you wouldn't be dressed like that!" he, said, still harping on the point.

"It's seriously the dress code!" Morgan said.

"You sure seem obsessed with what we're wearing..." the black woman stated with a small smirk. She was starting to feel like she was getting more in control of the situation. Frank was clearly confused, back on his heels. She loved making men uncomfortable, and with her body, she was used to it.

"Because... because you both are, like... spilling out of them," Frank said, trying to avert his eyes from all the juicy flesh they were displaying, not wanting to get caught in that trap. "If you two are robbing us, those outfits are impractical. And if you're story is true, it makes even less sense!"

"Old Saint Nick got remarried, and his new wife's a real piece of ass," the black woman stated. "But she's so much more than that... she's a ruthless, cutthroat cunt of the highest order! She's the best! So, things have changed up north, and that all comes from her. She likes having her girls display their best assets. Do you agree?" Despite the danger of the current scenario, she couldn't help but let her eyes drift over the

man in front of her. Even dressed down, he looked good, his thin, comfy clothes over his tall, fit form. She had seen his profile on the list, including a picture, so she knew a little bit about him. She always enjoyed a man in uniform, and he looked as good in one as he did dressed down. And he had grown in a bit of a beard, which really worked for him. Patrice was enjoying what she was seeing in front of her. If this hadn't happened, or if they had more free time, she might even make a move on him. She was into it, and she sensed that deep down, by the way he kept staring at her tits, that he would be too, which is why she couldn't help but tease him slightly with her comments. But alas, she couldn't afford to waste any more time. And besides, things had gotten beyond funny business at this point. She focused on the task at hand, trying to get her way out of the mess Morgan got them into. Luckily, they had some methods to get out of situations like this, if she could just be subtle about it.

"Just... okay," Frank stammered, ignoring her, trying to figure out what to do. "I don't care what you guys say. You guys aren't fucking Christmas elves."

"We can prove it. You see?" Morgan said, running over to the big gift bag sitting on the table, pulling out a wrapped gift before he could say anything. In his work, he never let a suspect's hands leave his line of sight. But things were so off the reservation at this point that he was having trouble sticking to the normal rules. "We're delivering gifts. We're not taking anything. We are what we say we are."

"Yeah, and then there's this," the black woman began, moving to reach into a small side pocket of the gift sack, but this time, Frank spoke up.

"Hey!" he called out, stopping her in her tracks with his voice. "Keep your hands where my eyes can see." She rolled her eyes and made a show of lifting her hands up.

"Okay, Officer..." she said mockingly, assuaging to his request, annoyed that her plan had been foiled. She then pointed to her nearby tablet and looked at it. "I can tell you that you're on the..." she paused, reading off the list "Ugh, the 'Nice list.' You've done good for the

community, you've never once taken advantage of the power of your badge, and you are devoted to your wife and daughter." Patrice sneered. She looked up at Frank. "Boring. You're no fun."

These were all true. He always tried to do his job right, and help out whenever he could. And, obviously, he loved his wife and daughter more than anything. They were his world. But anyone who knew him or his family would know that. He was still not convinced.

"And, uh..." Morgan began, seeing that he hadn't been won over yet. "We can do magic. Like... we can do this..." she mumbled something and gave a flourish with her hand, and for a few moments, snow began falling inside the house. Frank eyes widened. How... how was this possible?

"And this..." the black woman began. She said a new incantation under her breath, before pointing at Frank and shooting what appeared to be beams of light, like mini-fireworks, out of her fingers. They served no purpose and had no effect. It was purely for show.

Frank couldn't explain what he was seeing. Suddenly, these two women were performing magic, like actual magic, beyond mere sleight of hand. It didn't make sense. None of this did. But... it did support their story. No... NO. This couldn't be real. Santa wasn't real. None of this was real. It couldn't be!

"No! You are not Christmas elves! You two are robbing us!" Frank said, angry, not having any better explanation. "I don't care what tricks you two do. This ends with you in jail." But seeing how he was starting to get upset at the things he was seeing that he couldn't just explain away, Patrice began pushing her advantage.

"Frank, this ends with us doing our job, and you not remembering a damn thing..." the black woman said confidently, in what could only be perceived as a threat. He looked at her, not knowing what to do, sensing that he was losing his control over the situation. Finally, he gathered himself up and found a plan.

"Okay..." he began. "If I can't reach the cops, I'll take you there myself." For the first time, he made a move towards them. He still had the bat in hand, but he wasn't gonna use it. No matter what parlor tricks these two could do, he figured he could detain them swiftly. He got the vibe they weren't gonna put up much of a fight. He'd had years of experience in police work, and these two were women in skanky outfits that claimed they were Christmas Elves. It should be easy.

How wrong he was.

As he started moving towards the two women, looking to subdue them, Patrice realized that things were reaching a crux. Suddenly, a jolt of inspiration hit her. It was a risk, certainly, and it might mess up her schedule, but she needed to take full control of the situation now. She weighed her options as the married man approached her, until finally...

"Fuck it..." she said, coming to a decision. Reaching down to her chest, she deftly undid the single large button holding her top together. Before anyone could stop her, her top blew apart, revealing her massive, bare breasts to the married man. Nothing she could have said could have slowed him down.

But this stopped him in his tracks.

Wow. They were absolutely mammoth. Just gigantic... and round... and smooth... and big. They were so fucking massive! He couldn't get over how huge they were! Some might say they were too obscenely big, but in the moment, to Frank, they were perfect. Vaulting off her chest, almost the size of fucking volleyballs, firm and full and round, they somehow fit perfectly on her tall, slim, imposing frame. Despite their intense size, they were perky as hell with very little sag and hard upturned nipples. God, even her nipples were perfect. Hard, suckable nubs, standing proud, surrounded by dark, round, perfectly sized areolas, eager for a hot, wet mouth. They were indeed perfect. Her entire rack was perfect. The perfect, sexy, dark black skin. The size. The shape. Each massive breast, so full and so round, so big they both

spilled off her sides and pressed into each other in between, forming a natural chasm of soft, endless cleavage. Her flesh was so smooth and dark, and her cleavage was so deep, that it felt like it was of an almost endless depth that you could never escape. They were fucking perfect. Frank was enraptured.

"What do you think of these, Frank?" Patrice asked confidently, arching her back to really show off the size and shape of her big black breasts. Frank never took his eyes off of her exposed tits, but he found enough will to speak out a few words.

"It doesn't... matter," he croaked out, unable to pull his eyes from her huge boobs, and unwilling to pay any compliment to these clearly amazing tits, despite his apt stare.

"C'mon, Frank..." she urged him, sliding her hands up and cupping her big breasts. "You can tell me the truth. Do you like my big tits?" Still looking at them, he formed an answer.

"No," he said, not looking away, trying to ignore the jolts of lust emanating from his crotch.

"Oh, Frank..." she said, mildly annoyed as she squeezed her own big boobs lightly. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised. You're a do-gooder, nice-list white-boy who married his high school sweetheart. Only ever been with one girl, and never used his badge to take advantage of all those bad girls you come across. A guy like you would never admit to the fact that he prefers girls with big tits."

It was true, Frank thought. All of it. Well, maybe not the last part. But yeah, Frank was a good guy. He tried to do good in his life and work. Sure, he'd come across some bad girls in his time, ones who made offers of the explicit variety to get out of trouble, but unlike some officers, he had never gone down that road. He was too loyal to Denise, the one and only girl he had ever been with. He couldn't imagine ruining that. And not even the biggest, most perfect pair of tits he'd ever seen could ruin that. But damn, Patrice's pair were really big...

"No..." he began. "I don't prefer girls with big boobs." Patrice rolled her eyes at this.

"Hon, all men like girls with big tits better," she affirmed with a confident smirk. "I think deep down, even though you barely know us, you already like both of us more than your wife, just cause our tits are SO much fucking bigger than hers!"

"No..." he said, baffled by such a ridiculous assertion. "Boob size isn't important. Size fucking doesn't matter." He had never once been overly affected by a big pair of tits in any major way, let alone use that as a metric to evaluate women.

"Breast size does matter, Frank," Patrice stated, bouncing her tits in her palms. "It matters when you have tits the size of mine. And it matters when you're married to a woman who couldn't even fill a training bra, even after having a baby. Were you let down when Denise's tits never got big and swollen after she got pregnant? I bet you were. Have you always been let down by how pathetic her chest was? Aren't my tits better in every way?" These slights against his wife woke him up a bit, stirring his anger.

"You need to stop talking about my wife," Frank said angrily, finally pulling his eyes from the black woman's exposed chest to her confident, smirking face.

"And you need to start talking about my big tits!" she replied. "Frank, living your life on the nice list is SO boring. Not even a life worth living. You haven't lived it up in the way you should. In the way you deserve. So... why not start here? Come over here, put your hands on my tits, and give them a squeeze. These tits are your gateway to the naughty list, baby! So let's get started..."

"Not gonna happen," Frank said simply, his resolve strong despite the throbbing of his erection.

"C'mon, baby. We both know you want to. The way you've been looking at them. The way you kept talking about our outfits and undressing us with your eyes. You've clearly wanted this from the start," she replied, but he didn't. He simply stared her down, not willing to play her game. For a moment, a silence filled the room. Through this whole thing, Morgan was off to the side, watching this heated conversation while frozen in place. Frank stared down Patrice, and she looked right back at him, unflinching. "Put your top back on," he demanded firmly, using his experience as a cop to speak with true authority. But she wasn't affected by such a demand.

"No," she said simply. "You can come over here and arrest me, officer. And try not to slide your hands all over my big tits while you do so..." He rolled his eyes at this, as if he would actually do that. That being said, he didn't know what to do here. He didn't want to get closer to her, because she might use the close proximity to pull him into something he didn't want. And they clearly weren't listening to any of the rules he was trying to lay down. All the while, Patrice just stood there, back arched, showcasing her big black tits for him. With a confident grin on her face, she stared at him and shook her tits lightly side-to-side, daring him to touch. But he wasn't about to back down, and neither would she, so they were at a détente.

"Patrice..." Morgan said quietly, finally interjecting into proceedings. As she spoke, Patrice never looked away from Frank. "Maybe we should just go. I don't think we want any extra attention." At this, Patrice turned to look at the younger blonde, mildly annoyed. She looked into her eyes, holding her gaze for a few long moments, as if communicating some wordless message, before glancing at the blonde's chest. "Are you sure?" Morgan asked, and the black woman just kept staring the blonde down. Finally, she relented.

Morgan turned to face Frank, pulling his attention just in time for her to reach forward and undo the button of her top, sending the sides of it flying to her sides as her massive, tanned breasts burst out from within. Frank's eyes went straight for her big breasts. While not as absolutely massive as Patrice's they were far larger than just about any other pair of breasts he had seen. They were just huge. Round, and smooth, with a perfect golden tan and a succulent line of silky cleavage in between. They were firm as hell, standing proud on her slim frame, her hard, pink nipples twisted into rock-hard nubs. Frank,

just like with Patrice, was momentarily transfixed by Morgan's massive tits.

And that was all Patrice needed.

With him distracted, she slid her hand towards the gift bag, towards the small side pocket she'd been aiming at before. But this time, with him staring at the blonde's big tits, she was successful, gathering some of its contents into her palm. Sliding her hand out without detection, she was ready to act.

"Hey Frank..." Patrice called out, pulling his attention back to her as she extended her arm, holding out her hand, clenched in a fist, palm up. And as his eyes turned to look at her, she opened her fist, revealing a small mound of reddish powder. He had just long enough to note this fact before she made her move, leaning forward and blowing on the small mound of powder, sending it into the air and right into his face.

He backed up as he breathed in this substance, sending him into a coughing spell. He almost doubled over coughing as this mystery powder coated his nose and throat. It burned as he tried to cough it out, but it was already too late for that. It was already taking affect, and as he kept coughing, he had one hand on the couch to hold himself up. Patrice smiled and relaxed. As Frank struggled for breath, she was breathing a little easier.

"What was that?" Morgan said, as stunned as the married man by this new development.

"That, Morgan..." Patrice began, grinning wickedly. "That is our emergency plan. Our last-minute, all-else-fails escape plan." Frank was still coughing from the powder.

"Will he be okay?" Morgan asked, concerned, rubbing his back, her still exposed tits swaying as she did so.

"He'll be okay," Patrice said. "It takes a bit for it to grab hold. But he'll be fine. Better than fine, actually."

"What is it?" Morgan asked.

"That..." Patrice began, rubbing the remainder of the powder on the outside of the gift bag. "That is our patented memory powder. They don't tell you about it at first, as it's not something that we should have to use if we do our job right. And it's... not something that should be used lightly." Patrice stated, before glancing at Morgan. "In case we ever get caught, a little puff of this and those memories go... away. Just like that," she snapped her fingers at this statement. "Our own special design."

"It..." Morgan began, smelling the air. "It smells like gingerbread."

"Indeed it does," Patrice said. "You know how everything we do has to be Christmassy..." she said with a smile. "But, besides smelling nice, the powder prevents the afflicted from making new memories. Just turns off that part of his mind, at least temporarily. Long enough for us to get our work done. Plus, he won't remember any of this. Catching us. All of this..." she said, gesturing towards her exposed breasts. "All the proximity memories will be forgotten."

"Well, then... we're all good then, right?" Morgan asked.

"Yes, dear. We're good," Patrice said as she watched the married man slowly recover. "But..." she began. "There is a secondary affect that very few know about. An affect they would never tell you about..." Morgan seemed a bit confused by this. "With the part of their mind that records memories turned off, that exposes the part of their mind that's... raw. That's pure. Raw, un-distilled mind, free of any filters of society and propriety. It's a mind at it's most vulnerable. At it's most honest. At its most... changeable. Now, normally, we are supposed to just get them back up into their bedrooms and finish the job, cause even though he can't make memories, his pure, animal brain is at the forefront, completely exposed. That makes a man very vulnerable. So, instead of just taking him back upstairs... why not have a little fun

first? Now we're not gonna make him do anything he doesn't already want to do, it's just a matter of making him admit his true feelings. Not only does the powder render him completely unable to say anything but the truth, anything that happens to him now, while forgotten, can manifest in the future in so many wonderful ways."

This was a lot for Morgan to take in, so she didn't fully understand what her friend meant. But as Patrice turned to face the married man, she was about to.

"Are you okay, Frank?" the black woman asked, not actually that concerned. Frank was no longer coughing, but he remained bent over, one hand on the back of the couch, breathing deep, regathering his breath. At this question, he looked up and glanced around, looking slightly panicked.

"What's happening to me?" he said, looking around, feeling a sensation he could barely describe. He could feel the memories of this whole encounter slowly slipping away, like water between his fingers. He had never felt anything like this before.

"Don't worry, baby," Patrice said, evil in her voice as she reached forward and grabbed his arms, rubbing them, trying to calm him down. "Just getting your mind in the right place so we can have a true and honest conversation."

Frank could still remember some parts of this crazy encounter, but the harder he tried to recall specific details, the more they would just disappear from his mind. It was such a strange sensation, and it was freaking him out, for good reason.

"I... I... I... can you undo it?" he stammered, still a bit shook as he felt memories literally disappearing from his mind.

"I'm afraid not, dear," Patrice said, still rubbing his arms in an effort to calm him down. "But don't worry, you'll be just fine. You won't

remember a lick of this come morning. But first... I got a few questions..." she said, grinning wickedly.

Frank kept trying to hold on to what he knew. These two were... Christmas Elves! Yeah! Or at least they claimed to be. Santa wasn't real... right? No. No. None of this was right. They... they shouldn't be here. No. Something was wrong with this. They shouldn't... they shouldn't... or should... wait, what? Were they supposed to be here? Did he invite them? He... he couldn't remember? What was happening to him? The confusion was completely disorienting. His eyes drifted across everything in front of him, before asking the most pressing question.

"Why... why are you topless?" he asked, staring at her bare black breasts.

"Oh, that?" Patrice asked, turning on a friendly, girly, smiley tone, a far cry from her normal, taskmaster-like tone. "Well, you came down here and caught us, but you couldn't stop looking at our big breasts, you naughty boy!" she said, laughing. "You kept talking about our outfits, admiring our tits. And, well... we figured you wanted a little peek of the goods. So, tell me Frank... do you like my breasts?"

Before, despite his heated gaze at her exposed chest, he never once could admit to enjoying the sight. But now, after the powder, there was nothing preventing him from sharing his true feelings. His pure, unfiltered animal brain was at the forefront. And as Patrice boasted, the powder put him into a state where he physically could not lie. His animal brain was in control, unbound by any logic, feelings, or societal pressure, so there was nothing stopping him from speaking his true feelings.

And his true feelings on Patrice's rack?

"Yes!" he said, staring them down, the heat in his eyes evident. "They're amazing!" He was still gripping onto those few remaining strands of reason before it disappeared, so he knew this admission was wrong, but he couldn't stop himself from saying this.

"Do you LOVE my big tits?" Patrice asked again, cupping her big boobs again, pointing them at him, really wanting to drive the point home.

"Yes. I love your big tits!" he admitted.

"I knew it!" Patrice said, grinning wickedly. "That's why you came in here, wasn't it? You didn't know us... you didn't know why we were here... you thought we were robbing you... but we had really big boobs, so you gave us a chance. Right?" she asked. Even though his memories of entering this room were hazy, her logic seemed sound.

"Yes..." he admitted, nodding, never looking away from her big black boobs.

"Do you like them more than your wife's breasts?" Patrice asked, jiggling them in her palms in a hypnotic fashion. The normal Frank could never answer this question truthfully, but this exposed, addled and honest Frank?

"Yes," he stated, truthfully. There was really no doubt about it. Patrice had these massive, round, perfect tits! And his wife had those small, half-formed little boobies.

"Denise's boobs seem pretty pathetic in comparison, don't they?" Patrice asked, still palming her huge globes.

"Yes..." he replied honestly. "Pretty... pathetic..." he panted, watching rapt as Patrice pinched her own nipples, her questions coaxing him into establishing this truth in his mind.

"Do you like Morgan's tits?" Patrice asked, guiding his gaze over to her blonde friend's big breasts. Morgan was a bit caught off guard by being inserted into this conversation but was quickly able to pose for

the married man, pushing her large tanned breasts outwards. Frank looked at them with the same lust he did with Patrice's.

"Yes," Frank said again.

"Do you like them more than your wife's itty-bitty set?" Patrice asked as his eyes remained arrested by Morgan's pink nipples.

"Yes."

"You'd be hot for just about any girl with monster jugs, wouldn't you?" she asked.

"Yes," he panted.

"Look back at me, babe," Patrice urged him. He complied, eyes falling right back to her bare chest again. "Have you ever seen a pair of tits as big as mine?" she asked, using her arms to balloon her massive black breasts outwards.

"No."

"They're the best you've ever seen, aren't they?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You've wanted to get your hands on them from the second you saw me, didn't you?" she asked, sliding one arm underneath her rack to hold them up for him.

He could still recall the second he first looked into the room and saw these two women in a place they didn't belong. He still felt how wrong that was, but despite that, the truth won out.

"Yes..." he stated, admitting to wanting to get his hands on Patrice's massive tits from that very moment. Because, the truth was, he did.

"Do you want to squeeze my big, perfect tits, Frank?" she purred, looking down at her exposed chest.

"Yes," he said truthfully. Staring at her tits, it was honestly the only thing his animal brain could think of doing.

"Do you want to suck on my tits, Frank?" She asked, sliding her nimble fingers to her hard nipples and pinching them. "Do you want to wrap your lips around these perfect nipples and suck to your heart's content?"

"Yes..." he panted, his mouth watering at the prospect. All those moments of confusions and anger at these two women was practically gone. All that was on his mind now were her exposed breasts, and the lust they conjured in him.

"You want to have sex with my big tits, don't you?" Patrice spat out. "You want to slide your big dick between them and fuck my giant black breasts until you fire off hot, sticky cum all over them, don't you?"

"Yes!" he said, the heat in his voice clear. It was true. Despite all the bluster, and the façade he had put up from the very start, at his core, the animal inside him wanted nothing more than to tit-fuck this gorgeous black, big-titted bitch.

"Well, why stop there?" Patrice asked. "You want to have full-on sex with me, don't you? Even when you wanted to arrest me, you wanted nothing more to rip off my clothes and have hot, sloppy, nasty sex with me, didn't you?"

He knew it was wrong. He knew he was happily married. He knew something about this was wrong. Yet the words rose to his lips despite himself, speaking to a truth even he wasn't fully aware of.

"Yes... I want to have sex with you..." he admitted, shocking even himself. And this admission made her eyes flash with dark designs.

"Well, we'd better get started, then..." she began, tossing her Santa hat aside and putting her hands on her hips. "What are you waiting for?" she asked, daring him, staring him down as she shook her chest side-to-side lightly, making her huge boobs jiggle hypnotically. "If you want to touch my tits so bad, then... do it..." she urged him.

"I want to..." he said, still staring rapturously at her exposed jugs, leaning forward.

"But wait..." Patrice said, putting her hand up, suddenly slowing down proceedings. "If you put your hands on my perfect tits, then... then you won't be on the 'Nice' list anymore. If a married man starts squeezing another woman's big black tits... well, you'll probably end up on the naughty list!" She tried to act serious, but she was smiling inwardly, knowing exactly where this was going.

"Yes... naughty..." Frank said, distracted, eyes locked on the black woman's chest. Such concerns were beyond him at this point. For a moment, he just stared, and silence filled the room. He kept gazing at Patrice's tits, and she kept looking at him, waiting for him to act. And Morgan, off to the side, frozen, wanting to see how this whole thing was gonna shake out.

But the problem for Frank was that all those pesky memories of these two were all but gone at this point, leaving it as him being alone with these two gorgeous, topless large-breasted women. He didn't remember that these two didn't belong in this house. He didn't remember that they were claiming to be Christmas Elves, working for Santa Claus. And secondly, his animal brain was at the forefront, and that part of him was feasting on the sight in front of him without fear

or regret. Any part of him that would have objected to this request had been silenced, comatose somewhere in the back of his mind.

He didn't really stand a chance.

Finally relenting, he took one heavy step forward, moving closer to Patrice, putting him within arm's reach. Her eyes lit up when she saw him lift his hands and reach forward, and tentatively, as if approaching a wild animal, he let his palms make contact against her big, jutting tits.

"Oh..." he moaned from deep in his throat as his hands slid against her smooth, black breast-flesh. His hands slid along the sides of her huge boobs till he was palming as much titty as he could. And once he did, he gave each of her tits a firm squeeze. "Oh my God!" he groaned. They were amazing! So soft... so warm... so smooth. They felt incredible between his fingers! He kept squeezing them, again and again.

"Mmm... you like those titties more than your wife's... right?" Patrice asked confidently.

"Yes!" he said truthfully. They were amazing! Even if he hadn't been addled by that powder, he might still say the same thing at this point. Her tits were out-of-this-world perfect. He let his hands run along the soft, smooth black flesh, feeling as much bare flesh as he could. He cupped her massive breasts from the front, nipples centered on his palms, before squeezing again. And again. And again. "Wow..."

"Mmmm... those hands feel great on my breasts..." Patrice sighed, head rolling slightly in pleasure. Frank couldn't get enough, squeezing her giant, firm breasts over and over again. Even the sight of his big white fingers digging into her luscious dark skin was arousing to him. He then slid his hands underneath her enormous tits, cupping them and squeezing them at the same time. The feeling of their massive weight in his palms was enough to send a shudder of pure lust through him. He kept groping her massive tits, the silky soft flesh oozing through his fingers as he did so. Each time he squeezed, her

mammoth boobs would balloon outwards in just the right way. "I bet your wife's boobs have never seemed smaller."

It was true. He could never do anything like this with Denise. Something like this shouldn't actually matter. But... there was nothing he'd ever experienced that compared to getting two greedy handfuls of Patrice's massive black titties. They were so much better than his wife's breasts it wasn't even funny. He had never been this turned on, and he couldn't get enough.

"If you think that feels good, try this..." Patrice said. Catching the cop off guard, she slid her hands behind his head and pulled him down, pulling his handsome face down against her bare breasts. Before he knew it, his mouth was stuffed with hard nipple.

"Mmmphhh!" he called out in surprise as his lips formed a tight seal around the black elf's hard nipple. She was pressing her tits against his face, the soft flesh mashing against his handsome features, smothering him. God damn, this was incredible. Feeling these immaculately soft breasts against his face was amazing, the luscious, smooth, dark flesh molding to his face. She held him tightly against her rack, scrubbing her tits across his face as much as she could while mashing as much nipple into his mouth as possible. But this didn't bother him, and he let his mouth get to work, licking the hard nub as he began sucking on it.

"Mmmm, that's it. That's it..." she sighed, scratching at his scalp as she felt his mouth tugging at her huge breast. "Suck on my big tits! Fuck... suck on my big tits cause it's what you've wanted from the start! You were dying for it... probably for years, you've been dying to do this! Now you got it, babe! Suck that fucking nipple, baby! Yes!"

Patrice looked down at him as she held him in place, sucking on her huge breasts. She pivoted, making his mouth switch places, taking her other hard nipple into his mouth, leaving the first one swollen and soaked with his spit. Purring in pleasure, she looked to her left, where Morgan was frozen in place, watching the action. Feeling the eyes on her, the blonde looked up to her smirking black boss.

"So..." Patrice began. "Get back to work."

The intruder that had caught them had been taken care of. Bent over, face buried in Patrice's huge, bare breasts, sucking her hard nipples as his hands kept greedily squeezing her big jugs, he wasn't gonna be a problem anymore. So, with nothing stopping them, there was nothing keeping Morgan from finishing the distribution of the gifts.

So, still topless, the young blonde Elf got back to work, dispensing the gifts from the list while Patrice was busy subduing the married man by pressing her big tits into his face. Morgan had to consult the list herself, doing both parts of the job for the first time. Since she was new at this, she was a bit slow. Luckily, they had already gotten most of their stuff done before Frank interjected, so there wasn't that much left to do. But Morgan was nervous, so she double and triple checked everything she was doing. It also didn't help that she kept getting distracted by the sights and sounds of what was going on next to her. The light smacking of his mouth on her nipples filled the silence in the room and the sight of this illicit action happening right in front of her, her boss getting her tits sucked by a married man.

Morgan couldn't stop staring at them, and it seemed like each time she looked up, they had progressed in the action. She looked up once, Frank was sucking on one nipple. The next time she looked up, he was slurping on Patrice's other nipple while still eagerly palming both huge breasts. The next time she glanced up, Patrice had pulled him by a finger under his chin so they could make out, mouths sealed together, lips spread, tongues practically down each other's throat. Morgan could only watch them nervously.

Now, Morgan was no shy cookie. In fact, she was very much a wicked little tease herself who could more than hold her own during sexually charged scenarios. So, this action in front of her wasn't offending her delicate sensibilities or anything like that. In fact, it was turning her on, as she could feel the heat and lust in the room as much as those two. It was just... she was at work. She was starting a new job, and she was trying not to let her darker urges get the best of her. She didn't want to act like a total slut and embarrass herself in front of her

boss. She wanted to be professional and put her best foot forward, despite her slutty impulses. But the funny thing was that she wasn't the one breaking the rules here. It was Patrice. On the biggest work day of the year, her hard-ass boss was breaking the rules and making out with a customer while her tits were out. If anyone was gonna break the rules, Morgan would have never believed it would be her. Maybe she was doing it because of the craziness of the scenario, sacrificing her dignity and acting like a total slut so she could bail Morgan out from her big mistake. Maybe she had done all this to subdue to the married man so they could get their job done, and once the job was finished, they would just leave.

That being said, Patrice certainly seemed to be enjoying herself. Lips sliding against the married man's, tongues mashing against each other, bodies grinding up on each other, she was certainly showing no hesitance. As his hands kept groping her huge, squeezable black tits, one of her hands slid down, groping at his crotch, her fingers wrapping around his clothed bulge, stroking it through his thin pants.

Patrice knew she was getting carried away, but she couldn't stop herself. Being a dominant, type-A bitch, she naturally had an insane appetite for sex. With her being very job-focused, and this being the busy season, she hadn't had many opportunities to slake her needs recently, meaning she was doing all this work while being crazy horny. And in her position, supervising a trainee, she was supposed to be somewhat responsible, letting her trainee get the lay of the land before letting her learn about any rule-breaking.

And then this beautiful hunk of white temptation just crossed her path, catching her and Morgan at work, and Patrice was forced to act. Forced to use her hot body to subdue the married man. Forced to shove her big tits in his face and let him avail himself in her massive black breasts until their work was done. Forced to lock lips with this fine hunk of man and feel up his thick, barely-clothed cock... God, it felt big. Why did he have to be so big? She knew she had a job to do, but god damn... he was so hot! And she was so fucking horny... fuck, she was horny. She knew it would set her way behind schedule, but she couldn't think straight. She couldn't stop herself. She needed this. She'd earned this. She had to keep going.

And besides... it wouldn't be the first time she had a bit of fun on her Christmas route...

For Frank, he couldn't help but fall even deeper into this. Sucking and squeezing on her huge black boobs was an amazing sensation that he couldn't get enough of, feelings that energized the animal part of his brain that was currently at the forefront, running the show. Sucking, licking, and nibbling at her hard nipples was so fucking hot to him, and groping her big jugs only added to the lust he was feeling. The soft, succulent flesh was absolute perfection. He was still riding the wave of lust, so when she pulled him up from her saliva-coated tits to bring his lips to hers, he melted right into it, making out with this woman he barely knew. A woman who was decidedly not his wife. Who couldn't be more different than his wife, quite frankly. Lips parted, mouths open, he couldn't resist meeting her tongue with his, sliding against hers, dueling for control, a duel he was destined to lose. As they swapped spit, their lips mashed against each other's, her plump, smooth, pillow-like lips feeling amazing against his. It was the hottest, most lustful kiss he'd ever experienced, consuming his full attention. Well, most of it, as he still couldn't get enough of her big black tits, his hands still busily squeezing and feeling them up.

So, by the time Patrice reached down and began massaging his throbbing married dick through his pants, he was so far along the wave of lust that he couldn't possibly object. It felt so fucking good, and that was all that mattered. This contact, even through his thin pants, sent rocket bolts of lust straight to the pleasure centers of his brain, the same parts that were currently in control of his actions, pulling him deeper under her spell.

Morgan watched this fierce, nasty make-out session awkwardly for a few moments before announcing her presence to her boss.

"Patrice..." Morgan said timidly. At this, Patrice pulled her lips from Frank's. Frank was still so deep in the pool of lust that he kept at it, kissing down her jaw and sucking at her neck and squeezing Patrice's big tits as her attention turned to the blonde. "Patrice, I'm done. We should get going..." she said, not wanting her boss to get too distracted.

"Morgan," Patrice began, biting her lower lip as the married man sucked on her neck. "Get down on your knees."

"What?" Morgan asked, confused. Weren't they about to leave?

"I want you to get on your knees and suck his dick for me," Patrice ordered her young trainee, giving her a very unprofessional command.

"What?" the blonde asked again, eyes scrunched up in misunderstanding. Wait, this was for real? Not just a distraction? Patrice was actually super into this nasty, slutty encounter? Morgan couldn't believe it. With Morgan watching, Patrice slid her hand into the married man's thin pajama pants, wrapping her slim fingers around the base of the Frank's cock, the contact enough to send a jolt of lust through the married man. She then tugged on his thick, eight-and-a-half-inch weapon, scooping it over the hem of his pants, exposing it to both of their gazes for the first time.

Both took in the sight with wide eyes. Not only was he lengthy, but he was really thick too. So fucking thick. Patrice couldn't get her fingers around his thickness. And in this state, with all this stimulus, he was throbbing hard, his dick pulsing between Patrice's fingers. Long, and stretched tight, with a big swollen head, adorned with swollen veins. It was a monster. And that wasn't even adding in his large, impressive balls, swimming with cum, swinging beneath his pillar in his mouth-watering sack. Both girls were momentarily awestruck.

"Damn..." Patrice sighed, looking at the huge cock in her hand, feeling its power in her palm. "That's a concealed fucking weapon!" She began stroking his big, swollen prick, making his knees shudder in pleasure. But he kept at it, licking and sucking at her neck. "What do you think, Morgan?"

"It's..." the blonde began, absolutely transfixed. "It's amazing..." she sighed, nipples twisting into bullets. Even more than her boss, she'd kept her mind on the task at hand, but now, with that monster

exposed to her... responsibility was forgotten. She had suppressed her basest urges this entire time, but seeing as Patrice had succumbed to the heat of the moment, Morgan realized there was nothing holding her back. Her mouth was watering, and her mind was racing as she revealed the truth. "I love it."

"Well, if you love it so much, you should get on your knees and start sucking it," Patrice dared her, stroking his engorged cock, making him groan into her neck. Yet, even with permission, Morgan didn't move.

"Are you sure?" she asked, nervous yet licking her lips, never taking her eyes from the married man's cock.

"Hon," Patrice began as she jacked the married man off. "Christmas ain't Christmas unless you reward yourself too! We work hard for an entire year... we deserve to get a good deep dicking as a reward, don't we? This is the biggest lesson I can teach you. The stuff that usually takes a few years for us elves to pick up on. And that lesson is... don't be afraid to keep your eye out for any prime candidates for fucking on your Christmas runs in the future. And if the opportunity presents itself... take it!" she said firmly, jacking off Frank's pre-cum coated cock. "Old Agatha would cast us out for this, for fornication with men on the list, especially the ones on the nice list, but trust me... Beatrice wants us to be getting laid. She might not come out and say it, but that's why she sends girls like us out on Christmas. She wants us to spread the good word of Christmas, and if that involves spreading our legs, it's all the better. And besides... if you come across a fine-ass white boy with a dick like this..." she said, squeezing his meaty pole for emphasis. "You drop everything you're doing and hop on board. Ride it for all it's worth. Trust me, hon... we have time. We won't get in trouble. Don't be nervous. And don't even try to pretend you haven't sucked a dick before. With that body, and, uh... knowing you, I bet you've had a lot of dick in your mouth. So... don't hold back! Get your knees and suck his big dick!"

That was all the permission Morgan needed. Almost leaping forward, she slid down onto her knees, wrapped her own hand around the base of Frank's thick weapon, and inhaled two-thirds of his swollen pole into her eager mouth on one go, her Santa hat falling off her head and landing on the floor as she did so.

"Ohhhhh..." Frank groaned, pulling his mouth from Patrice's neck, sighing with pleasure at this hungry mouth wrapped around his thick cock. Denise did suck his dick, but not often, and it was always slow and methodical. She never attacked his weapon with fervor like Morgan did, swallowing his thick meat, taking it down her tight throat. "Ahhhh! Fuck!" He rested the side of his head against Patrice's bare shoulder as he took in this new pleasure.

"You like that?" Patrice purred to the married man. "You like how that little slut sucks your cock?"

"Yes..." he sighed in breathless pleasure.

"Better than your wife does it?" Patrice asked.

"Oh God... Yes!" he admitted loudly. "She does this so much better than Denise! Holy shit!" Patrice maintained her grip on his thick cock, one thumb and finger gripping the base. At first, Morgan was also holding onto his dick as she sucked him, but she removed her hold on him, grabbing his thighs with her hands to forced herself deeper onto his lengthy dick. She was choking on his married cock, her heated spit coating it as she inhaled it sloppily, so much so that it was soon coating Patrice's fingers.

Morgan was truly excellent at sucking dick. Attacking it with fervor, taking it smoothly into her mouth and down her throat on every go. Her tongue was a whirlwind around his shaft, coating it with spit, massaging every inch of it. At times, it felt like her tongue was almost serpent-like, coiling around his shaft. And her plump, soft lips would close around his thick pole, forming a tight seal around him as she sucked his cock. She kept attacking his married dick, her huge, exposed breasts shaking as she did so.

"Holy God..." Frank sighed, his head rolling in pleasure, his arms hanging from his sides. He had never felt anything like this. Denise was the only girl he'd ever had sex with, and while he'd always been

satisfied with her... this... this was on another level. Better than pretty much any sexual pleasure he'd ever experienced. And this was just a blowjob by a trainee. This hadn't even gotten to the good stuff yet.

Patrice took advantage of his state, grabbing him by the chin and pulling him back in for another lip-smacking kiss. Once their lips were locked, she reached down to grab his wrists, pulling them back up against her big, bouncy jugs again. He was so worn down that she dominated this kiss, open mouth against his, forcing her tongue down his throat. He was practically swallowing her spit he was so overwhelmed by this juicy kiss. And his palms never left her boobs, squeezing them roughly as he tried to withstand this pleasure.

Morgan was getting deeper and deeper on his pole, nearly swallowing it up to base every time. His cock was fucking coated with her spit at this point. She released her hold on his thighs as she heaved her face forward into his crotch. As she did this, she shrugged off her practically useless top, and once that was done, she reached up and cupped his smooth, swaying, spit-covered balls, massaging them lightly. Frank moaned into Patrice's mouth.

Finally, Patrice pulled away from Frank's eager, searching mouth and put her hand on Morgan's forehead, urging her back. At this, she relented, letting his massive pillar slide out from her tight throat, his shaft a gooey, saliva-coated mess. Her lips were swollen, her mouth was panting, and her eyes were glazed over with lust.

"Oh my God!" she panted. Wiping her mouth, clearing the bands of saliva, she looked up at Patrice, looking past the married man's massive, stone hard dong.

"Here..." Patrice began, grabbing the hem of his shirt, lifting it up and off, exposing his fit torso to her hungry eyes. And with his pants effectively useless, considering his big hard married cock was hanging out of it, Patrice reached down and tugged them down, letting them fall to his feet, leaving him completely naked in front of her. "Lay down baby..." Patrice urged the married man, putting her hands on his shoulders, guiding him towards the floor.

Frank's mind still registered that neither of these two women were his wife. It still registered that this was wrong and he was about to fully cheat on her with these two. But these concerns were so in the background of his mind that they didn't cause even the slightest pause in his actions. His animal brain was in control, and that part of him was so consumed by lust and so eager for more immaculate pleasure with these two that he didn't hesitate to comply, laying down on the carpeted floor near the couch, his face near their feet.

"Jesus..." Patrice sighed, looking down at the hunky married man lying down in front of her, completely naked, his fit body exposed, his taut, masculine flesh calling out to her. But what really called out to her was that big married cock of his. It had never looked as huge as it did right now, standing out like a tower of thick, meaty dick. It was harder than it had ever been before, as hard as steel, throbbing in the air, calling out for some loving attention. And he was about to get it.

"Okay," Patrice sighed, pulling off her top and tossing it away, never looking away from the married man's dick. "I'm gonna take care of this, and you..." she said, pointing at his cock before looking at Morgan. "You try out that talented mouth of his by taking a firm seat on his face."

Frank lifted his head and looked down as Patrice walked over and got down on her knees between his legs. His big, swollen dick pointed up at her, shining with Morgan's saliva, pulsing with need, the head angry and throbbing. This position made her huge black breasts hang down, swaying in the air as she leaned forward. His eyes went wide as her huge tits got in position above his crotch, hovering over his aching, needy prick. She then looked up at him.

"Hon, you've needed this more than you would ever know..." Patrice purred, kneeling above Frank's dick. Reaching up, she palmed her own breasts and pulled them apart, exposing the smooth, dark, silky flesh deep in her cleavage, flesh that so few got the blessing to see. Pulling her tits apart to create a space big enough for his dick to fill, she then leaned down and let his swollen, spit-covered cock occupy the crevasse between her massive tits, not letting his married cock

make the slightest bit of contact with her soft, succulent breast-flesh. She held her tits in place on either side of his throbbing pillar, poised to attack, before looking up at him, holding his gaze for a long heated moment. Then, with him watching, she pressed her huge black boobs together, smothering his lengthy shaft in an avalanche of silky soft, luscious tit-flesh.

"Ohhh... shit!" he sighed in pained pleasure, his massive, thick weapon completely smothered between her enormous black tits. Complete, overwhelming softness, covering every square inch of his throbbing prick, overwhelming him in pleasure. Her massive, squishy boobs, pressed firmly around his rock hard cock... it was heaven. "Holy shit! Fuck..." he groaned, his head falling back, resting on the floor. And it was just in time, because as he did, Morgan was making her move.

No longer wanting to fight with her tight skirt anymore, she pulled it to her waist, exposing her juicy, thong-clad rear end. As perfectly tanned as the rest of her, her ass was truly fantastic. Round, and firm, her perfectly formed, heart-shaped ass was built to be showcased, not contained.

Morgan then stood over Frank's face. As she kneeled and moved down to her knees, she reached down and pulled her red thong to the side, revealing her bare, shaved cunt to Frank's eyes. Getting into place, poised above his face, she began lowering herself down. Frank looked up into his very near future, and he couldn't help but lick his lips. As she got closer, a bead of her juices leaked from her snatch, falling down into his waiting mouth. Finally, her ass landed on his chin, and her eager cunt ended up pressed into his waiting mouth.

"Mmphh!" he moaned as his mouthed mashed against her soaked pussy, her juices immediately meeting his tongue. This sudden act may have put off the normal Frank, but this Frank, the animal Frank... he was driven into immediate action, extending his tongue and savagely attacking the blonde Elf's wicked cunt.

"Oh my God! Fuck..." Morgan sighed. Frank's tongue was delving into her waiting pussy, gathering her juices onto his tongue as his tongue

ran along the inner walls of her cunt. She ground against his active mouth as he ate her out. His tongue kept at it, gathering the tasty fluids from deep inside her before teasing her plump outer lips, running his tongue along them before teasing her hard clit.

Frank was getting pleasure from two ends. Up top, he was eating out Morgan. And down below, he had Patrice squeezing her huge black tits around his swollen cock. As he got into eating out the blonde on top of him, Patrice began bouncing her breasts along his impressive length. Running the luscious, silky skin of her giant black tits along his long, white dick, she was amazed by its size. Most of the dicks she'd taken between her tits would disappear between her massive jugs, but not Frank's. Even with the flesh of her perfect tits smothering the base of his thick weapon, the throbbing, angry head of his dick would emerge from the top. As she bounced her giant boobs along his length, scrubbing her silky soft flesh against his big dick, pleasuring it, making him throb even harder, she would lean down and slurp on the head of his cock when it emerged, using her plump lips and talented tongue to drive him crazy.

"You like that, baby? You like the way that dick feels buried between my big tits?" Patrice purred, looking up at the married man, who's face was buried in her blonde friend's cunt.

"Mmmmphhh!" He groaned in pleasure as he ate out Morgan.

"Fuck, oh my God!" Morgan squealed in delight. The lips of her cunt splayed around the married man's mouth as she ground into him.

While Frank was greatly enjoying the lust and nastiness of eating this busty blonde, it was the sensation of his cock between Patrice's massive udders that was really making him squirm in pleasure. Such indescribable, endless softness smothering his big dick. He couldn't stop from humping up into her cleavage, fucking her big tits in just the way that she had boasted he wanted to. The perfect, immaculate succulence of her cavernous cleavage was irresistible. He couldn't resist driving his cock between her tits over and over again, aching to feel the soft, smooth black flesh covering every inch of his married cock. This was amazing, better than anything he'd ever felt. And he

meant it. Anything. Nothing he had done sexually with Denise had ever felt this good. And it wasn't just sexually... nothing he had done in life compared to this level of pleasure and satisfaction. No amount of love and emotional fulfillment he'd ever experienced in his life with anyone compared to the feeling of sliding his big, hard dick between this black woman's massive tits.

This was almost as enjoyable of an experience for Patrice as well. Bent over on the floor, kneeling between his legs, with her big, round thong-clad ass hanging out of her skirt, she was presenting a lewd sight as she moved her upper half up and down, fucking his cock with her big tits. Even though she couldn't see his face, she could feel him pushing past any reluctance he might be feeling. He was fully committing to this indecent act, shamelessly humping up into her tits as if he wanted nothing else in the world more. His wife didn't matter. His family didn't matter. All that mattered was the pleasure her huge black tits could give him. She could feel how positively throbbing his big dick was, even more than before.

She kept squeezing her fleshy jugs around his pulsing shaft, tit-fucking him, driving him crazy with pleasure. His cock was such a perfect fit in the crevasse between her big tits that she considered whether they were meant to do this. Still soaked with Morgan's spit, plus a smattering of the black woman's titty-sweat, the lubed-up pole was smoothly pistoning through Patrice's soft, fuckable cleavage. As he did this, she would keep sucking on the tip every chance she got, taking the bead of pre-cum that gathered there onto her tongue, and these beads kept getting bigger and bigger. And at the same time, his cock was getting harder and harder, and somehow even bigger. Combined that with the way he was groaning, it was clear he was about to pop, and Patrice couldn't have that. Not yet.

Leaning up, pulling her tits away from his angry, poised-to-fire weapon, she reached down and squeezed her fingers around the root of his cock firmly, keeping the bullets in the chamber. But he didn't like this, humping up into the air lewdly.

"UGHHHH!" he groaned loudly and angrily as his mouth stayed glued to Morgan's gushing cunt.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Morgan groaned as her juices were practically pouring out of her at this point, coating the married man's chin as she ground against his face roughly. The more turned on he got, the better he gave it to her. His tongue was truly talented, having her dripping wet and her clit throbbing. He was good at teasing her without going too crazy, carrying her along a wave of lust that had her cresting higher and higher. But as Patrice took him closer to the edge, he did the same with Morgan, his tongue driving her crazy as his lips nibbled at her clit.

But with his lust cut off on one end, he was able to focus completely on the other, going to town on Morgan's clit after minutes of teasing, wanting to take her over the edge.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Yes! Yes!" Morgan moaned, humping the married man's mouth lewdly. "Yes! Yes! Eat that cunt, baby! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Oh my God! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! YES! YES! AHHH! AHHH! AHHHHHHH!"

Morgan's ass clenched, and her legs tightened around Frank's head as a huge orgasm hit her. As Frank was firmly encased in a warm prison between her legs, her pussy spasmed and gushed a jet of girl-cum into his waiting open mouth, where he eagerly drank it down.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Morgan sighed as she humped into the married man's face, her ass flexing as she did so, her cunt gushing again and again, her warm juices filling his gullet and leaking down his chin. Her arms were shaking as she rode this orgasm out, flailing outwards as this sudden, shocking pleasure coursed through her, even hitting the Christmas tree and sending a few ornaments flying off of it. Through it all, she kept grinding down on the married man's mouth.

As Frank made the blonde slut cum, Patrice watched it with amusement, keeping her grip around the base of his cock firmly, stifling his pleasure, pulling him back from the edge. Patrice teased him a bit as he helped Morgan cum, rewarding him for his efforts by cupping his giant, cum-filled balls, massaging them lightly. Then she took the head of his cock and the first few inches into her mouth, for

just a quick moment, to send an electric bolt of lust through him without letting him over the edge.

As Patrice stared down the barrel of his cum-cannon, she considered mumbling a quick incantation for what was about to happen, just to increase his stamina. But as she studied his thick, throbbing, cum-filled cock, she decided against it. This massive piece of prime cock-meat had been underserved for all the years of his marriage. There was a deep-seeded vat of extra thick, extra potent cum buried deep inside him. And throughout all the years of his marriage, his wife was only capable of skimming from the top. But Patrice and Morgan were the type of girls that could drain that fucking tank dry. There was so much potent cum ready to burst out from his giant married dick that he wouldn't need any help with his stamina. These two sluts were both capable of taking him to his limits, capable of the type of marathon type fucking that a man like him needed.

Those two bloated, cum-filled balls of his were about to be fucking emptied.

Temporarily releasing her grip on Frank, Patrice sat up straight while still on her knees. Tugging up her skirt to her waist, exposing her big, bare, thong-clad ass, she knee-walked forward. Her boots slid against the floor as she did so, till she was straddling Frank's waist, hovering above Frank's rock hard pillar, with it pointing straight up at her waiting pussy. As she got into position, she pulled the tiny red thong to the side, revealing her wet, waiting cunt. She then slid her hand down to lightly rub her fingers across her pussy, her juices soon coating her fingers, before grabbing hold of Frank's big married dick again. At this point, the dazed Frank looked up to see Patrice in position, ready to mount the husband.

Frank had never had another woman in this position besides his wife. And in this moment, it struck him how very different the two women were. His wife was a slim, classic American blonde with a pretty face and a smile to match. But this woman... she was tall, and fit, and black... oh so black. And while his wife was pretty, Patrice was fucking gorgeous, and she possessed a wicked, evil sexuality that made her even more appealing than his sweetheart wife Denise. Plus, there were those tits. Those massive, firm, black tits, vaulting off her luscious

form. So big... so round... so black. No part of Denise compared to those perfect black breasts, and to the animal brain controlling things, that was all that mattered. As Frank looked up at the black elf with giant breasts, she looked down at him, not hesitating as she sat on the married man's big dick.

"Fuck! Oh my God!" he sighed in pleasure as his thick pillar parted her tight folds. The lips of her wicked black pussy splayed around his meaty white shaft, stretched to the brim as it tried to take in his large married weapon. The tight walls of her nasty cunt molded to his girthy shaft, smothering it with tightness, coating it with her juices. It didn't matter that he was now officially an adulterer. It felt too good to care. Fuck! The heat... the tightness... it was fucking incredible! He'd never felt anything like this! Jesus... it was like something out of a dream. A fantasy. He never knew it could feel this amazing! Regular sex with his wife felt great, of course, but this was electric. This was sparks. This was hot, burning fire! The thick, prominent head of his married dick was only buried a few inches inside her, but this was already the best sex he'd ever had.

"Fuck! That's a big dick! Shit!" Patrice groaned, pausing, adjusting to his size. She was swiveling her body slightly, angling herself to take more of him inside, which caused her huge round boobs to jiggle perfectly. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she moaned as she sank deeper on the white man's big cock, groaning in pleasure as she realized his dick got thicker near the base.

"Mmmm..." Frank groaned, amazed at the tight, wet heat of Patrice's cunt squeezing and massaging his dick immaculately, driving him crazy.

"Yes..." she sighed as her ass landed on his thighs, meaning she had taken all of Frank's huge dick inside her. She reached down to put her hands on his chest, balancing on him as she squirmed on his mighty pillar. Her pussy was loving the sensation of fullness his big cock was giving her. And for a few minutes she simply savored it, grinding on it, coating it with her broiling hot sex-juices. Breathing deep, she finally fully adjusted to his size, and once that was done, she looked down at him, eyes blazing with lust. "Alright, baby... time to show you how we do it on the naughty list!"

At this, she raised herself up and began bouncing on the married man's lengthy dick. She quickly worked herself up to a good pace, sliding her pussy up and down nearly his entire length. His bloated cock was coated with her juices as she fucked him, sliding in and out of her smoothly. The lips of her wicked black cunt were wrapped tightly around his thick shaft, clinging to it as she rode him, up and down, pleasuring his thick cock on every bounce.

"Fuck... Fuck!" Frank groaned, head rolling in pleasure. As he looked up, he saw Patrice's huge breasts bouncing like crazy, and he couldn't resist reaching up and palming those mammoth black tits again.

"That's it, baby... that's it! Yes! Squeeze those fucking tits!" Patrice sighed, bouncing harder, her nipples hard in his palms. "Your skinny ass wife doesn't have a set like these! God damn... a man like you deserves a woman with monster tits! Big fucking melons... like mine! You love these tits? You love these fucking tits?" she demanded, bouncing on him harder.

"Yes...YES!" he cried out, his animal brain feasting on her hot black body, squeezing her big, firm breasts roughly. "I love your big tits! They're amazing!"

"Mmmm... fuck yes! Yes!" she sighed, her ass colliding with his thighs loudly as she picked up the pace, riding the married man harder.

"Oh my God..." Frank sighed, marveling in the pleasure of Patrice's amazingly tight cunt, gripping his cock like a vise as she rode him. Squirming in pleasure, sliding his hands all over her big, black, bouncing breasts, he began to pump up into her as she drove herself downwards, their bodies colliding as the fervor of this lustful fuck picked up.

"Haha! Yes! That's it! Get all up in me, baby!" she laughed as she kept riding the married man. "This is some 'Naughty List' shit right here! Fuck! Yes! Fuck my nasty black cunt with that big white married dick!

Shit! Yes! You don't get this fucking shit staying on the fucking 'Nice List' all fucking year! Yes! You only get the good shit by breaking the rules! Fuck! By not being nice! Yes! By being naughty!" She really drove into him at this, driving down hard against him, taking his lengthy dick all the way inside her, before pausing, squeezing her tight cunt around the full length of his big cock.

"Fuck!" he groaned in pained bliss, the pleasure so good he could barely take it. It was a wonder he didn't blow his load then and there. His hands, on their own accord, took her hard nipples between his fingers and twisted them firmly.

"AHHHHH! FUCK!" Patrice screamed out in surprised lust, electric bolts of pleasure coursing through her at this rough treatment of her perfect nipples. "That's it, baby! You're catching on real quick. Fuck! Hon, you were built for the 'Naughty List'. Yes!" She ground on his big dick hard, making him groan in pleasure, before resuming bouncing on his giant rod. "Fuck, baby! Yes!" she groaned, his smooth, juice-covered dick sliding in and out of her tight eager cunt.

"Damn..." Frank moaned, gripping Patrice's huge breasts, holding on for dear life as she rode him. It had never been this good. Patrice... and her tight, nasty, magnificent cunt... it was driving him insane with passion. His body was being energized by this filthy lust, spurring him into fucking up into her even harder.

"You'd better earn your place on the 'Naughty List', baby!" she moaned out, her ass slamming into his thighs, the fleshy slaps echoing throughout the room but disappearing beyond that thanks to the silence charm Patrice had put down earlier. "I'm keeping an eye on you! Fuck... fuck! I'm gonna make sure you keep it up! Trust me, baby, the rewards are SO worth it! And it's so much more fun!"

Frank always prided himself on his sense of justice and order, never sacrificing his ideals for anything, even when he had so many opportunities to. It seemed like none his coworkers had these same scruples, being unafraid to take advantage of their position in many ways, mainly either with girls, or with money. Frank always rejected this kind of thing from the start, never even dreaming of doing

anything like this. He'd been offered money, either from suspects, or possibly skimming off the top with his fellow cops after a big drug bust.

And with a cop as good looking as Frank, it was inevitable some of the women he came across in his line of work would use the flirt card. He remembered a gorgeous young woman, like 18 or so, straight-up offering to suck his dick in exchange of getting out of her ticket. After arresting a local politician with a well-dressed, high end prostitute, when the prostitute was in the backseat of his cruiser, she offered him a bit of action if he forgot this whole thing ever happened. Another time, there was a fight between girls at a strip club, and he ended up with a stripper in a g-string in the backseat of his cruiser. She offered him a private dance and a whole lot more if he took her back to her place. And one time, after a large drug bust, one of the dealer's girlfriends offered him hard, nasty anal in exchange for her freedom. Obviously, Frank never partook in any of these situations, not even in the slightest. He was not that type of guy.

The question now was... after this, after doing what he was doing right now, fucking some hot-bodied black slut while his wife was upstairs asleep... would he ever be that same man again?

"Fuck! Yes! Yes!" Patrice groaned, riding him, working up a good sweat. Frank's hands were still pressed against her huge breasts, gripping them firmly, barely containing them as she bounced on him. He kept driving up into her on every bounce. "Fuck! Fuck! Yes! Damn, you were fucking wasted on that marriage shit! Yes! Fuck! You are so good at this! Fuck! Babe... fuck, yes! Fuck, you gotta learn, hon... the naughtier, the better! Yes! You keep this shit up... ugh... fuck... you stay on the fucking naughty list till next year, I'll make it worth your while! Fuck! Ahhh! Shit, that's good! You don't know half the shit we can do! Fuck! We'll fuck you on your own fucking bed with your wife knocked out next to us! Ughhh! Yes! I'll fuck her husband's brains out, and she won't be able to do a damn thing to stop us! Yes! She'll just lie there and do nothing while her husband cheats on her flat ass with a pair of nasty sluts! Yes! YES! We'll rub it in her fucking face and she won't remember a fucking thing! God damn... YES!" she squealed, her ass slamming into his thighs, her own words turning her on.

As nasty and cruel as this taunting sounded, it only spurred his animal brain on, making him almost delirious with lust as he fucked up into her. The idea of fucking an alpha bitch like Patrice in front of an inferior mate like Denise turned on his animal brain like nothing else could. He still had his hands on her huge black tits, squeezing them, holding onto them and using them for leverage as he drilled into her. But in a flash, she swept his hands away from her chest and leaned down, sliding her sweaty black breasts against his face, guiding a nipple into his waiting mouth.

"Mmmph!" he groaned, his mouth stuffed with nipple. She now drove herself back at him, her ass bouncing as she brutally rode the married man, sliding against him as she took his entire length. But she knew he could take it, so she showed no mercy.

"Fuck! Fuck! Damn, I needed this!" Patrice sighed, the mouth tugging on her hard nipple only adding to the delicious pleasure coursing through her. Frank kept worshiping the hard nipple, sucking it, licking it, biting it. As he gave the hardened nub pleasure, her other massive udder was bouncing and jiggling from the force of their furious fucking.

After a few minutes of this, she pushed herself back up, putting her hands on his chest once again. Frank was happy to have another sublime view of her perfect black boobs. But the view was fleeting, as it was interrupted by a new one. A perfect, tanned ass directly above him, descending onto his face. Before he knew it, his face was smothered once more as Morgan returned to the action, taking her rightful place on the married man's face.

"Mmm!" she sighed as she settled her weight on the married man's handsome face. Where before, he'd given her pussy the full brunt of his expert oral talents, this time, she wanted to feel that same treatment on her ass. So, she steadied herself in at a different angle than she did the first time, facing the opposite direction, resting so his manly jaw was nestling firmly in her ass-crack.

"Mmmph!" he groaned, his voice muffled by the blonde's ass. He was a bit taken aback by this new development, her weight resting on top of him, her warm ass-cheeks against his cheeks, his mouth lodged in her ass-crack. He'd never done ass-stuff before, but there were a lot of things he had done this night that he hadn't done before. So, reluctantly, he extended his tongue and slid it against her tight, puckered asshole.

"Oh my God!" the blonde sighed, biting her lip. She winced in pleasure as Frank's tongue slowly got into it, teasing the blonde's asshole, coating it with his spit. "Ooohhh..." she cooed in pleasure. Morgan then looked forward, into her mentor's eyes. There relationship had always been frosty, to say the least, with Patrice being a very demanding and unpleasant boss. But here, for the first time, they were on the same page, being pleasured by the same man at the same time. Looking into each other's eyes, for the first time, Morgan saw Patrice smile at her.

"This is some good shit, right?" Patrice said, smiling wickedly, tits bouncing as she continued riding the married man.

"Yes! Oh my God!" Morgan said, smiling back at her boss as she ground her ass on the married man's face. The two slutty Christmas Elves were enjoying themselves with the wedded man, getting pleasured by opposite ends of him, his talented mouth working wonders on Morgan's asshole as his fat dick worked its magic on the black woman's cunt. Patrice was bouncing on his big, married rod, and each bounce had her moving closer to Morgan at it's apex. And as Morgan ground her ass against Frank's mouth, she was leaning forward as well. This brought the two slutty Elves closer together, and in a bolt of inspiration, riding the wave of pleasure she was already feeling, Morgan leaned forward and locked lips with Patrice.

Both of these women far preferred men to the company of another woman. Not that either were fundamentally opposed to such a thing, it was simply their specific tastes. Yet, in the moment, locking lips for the first time just seemed like the right thing to do. Their smooth, plump lips pressed into each other as they softly kissed, teasing each other's tongues ever so slightly. As they made out, their bare tits

pressed against each other, their huge, soft, mammoth udders ballooning outward as they squished against each other.

It was an unholy Christmas tableau they were presenting. A triangle of bodies, writhing and moaning in indecent, wicked Christmas sex. Morgan, the topless, tanned, platinum blonde with huge tits, still wearing fuck-me boots, sitting on Frank's handsome face as he rimmed her, his talented tongue making her squirm with pleasure as she slid her tongue into her black boss's mouth. Patrice, also still wearing her boots, riding the married man's big, thick cock, thong pulled to the side, her big, round, shapely ass slamming into his thighs as she rode him. His large, swollen cock was filling her up, stretching her tight, nasty cunt to its limit, driving her crazy, where she was practically gushing all over it. Leaning forward, keeping her mouth attached to Morgan's as she bounced, her tongue in the other slut's mouth, her absolutely massive tits pressing into the blonde's, her blimp-like breasts somehow overwhelming the Morgan's impressively large pair... needless to say, she was having a good time.

But having the best time was Frank. Pinned beneath these two eager sluts, pleasuring them both at the same time... as bad as it sounded, he'd never felt more like a man. With all façades broken, with his true animal brain in control, his innate sense of justice and reason was out the window. When it mattered the most, when it was time for that so-called otherworldly bond of marriage and family and true love to stand up and prevent his descent into sin, they were nowhere to be found. They didn't matter. In the end, all that mattered was pleasure. All that mattered was lust. All that mattered were these two sluts' perfectly massive breasts, tits so big and soft he could really sink his fingers into them and never want to let go. All that mattered was fucking tight, nasty cunt. All that mattered was having hot, sweaty sex with gorgeous women. No time wasted on anything less. Pleasure was there to be gained, and it was his to take.

If that meant rimming a blonde slut's asshole as he allowed her to sit on his face, her full, warm cheeks resting on his handsome features, he would do so. God, he never imagined performing such an act would be so exciting. If he knew how hot it would be, he would have done it long ago. His eager tongue sliding across her tight, puckered hole, making her squirm in lust... the pleasure was electric. The pleasure she was feeling was equaled by his own.

And if seeking out pleasure meant letting an evil, cutthroat black bitch in Christmas clothes ride your big dick, using her tight pussy to make his married cock throb in pleasure and make his balls boil... he would do that too. He didn't remember how he'd ended up here or why he was doing this. He couldn't even remember who these two women were and what they claimed to be at this point, his mind was so addled. All he could recognize was pleasure, and at this point, he would follow it to the depths of hell if it kept feeling so fucking good.

"Mmmph... HNNNGGGHHHH!" he groaned, his moans muffled by Morgan's ass, his body alive with lust. With need.

The two women's moans were muffled as well, but in their case, their moans were muffled by each other's mouths. Lips locked together, tongues in each other's mouths, the heat of the kiss combined with Frank's lustful ministrations had them shaking with pleasure. Patrice felt a ripple through her, and in that moment, she was ready to take things up a level.

Pulling her lips from Morgan's, Patrice reached forward and roughly shoved Morgan to the side, enough to break the seal between Frank's mouth and her ass as she fell off of him, a bit caught off guard. It was time for Patrice to take her pleasure. Frank gasped for breath as his vision was cleared, revealing Patrice still on top of him as she was riding the hell out of him.

"Fuck! Fuck! This dick is amazing!" Patrice moaned, her cunt gushing with her juices as she bounced on him. Through it all, even when he was pinned down, Frank was pounding up into Patrice like the good lover he was. With her huge black tits bouncing lewdly above him, and with nothing blocking his reach, he raised his hands and put them on her big black titties again, squeezing the lusciously soft flesh hungrily. "Damn! Yes! Ahhh!" she moaned loudly as the married man pinched her nipples, spurring her to bounce on him even harder, and he responded in kind, driving up into her at a faster pace. "Fuck! God Damn! You are a fucking natural! Yes! You are built for this! Damn! Baby, you are so good at sex! With the way you're fucking me, you're gonna be on the 'Naughty List' forever! Fuck! Yes! YES! But... fuck... there's one way to make sure! Fuck! Ughh! I want you to cum inside me, baby! Yes!"

"Ohhh!" Frank groaned, getting very excited, his animal brain lighting up with the prospect of filling this luscious, hot-bodied black slut with his thick, creamy seed. His cock throbbed with need and a jolt of lust jumped through his entire length, spurring him into even further action. And there was something about hearing such a gorgeous and sexy woman moaning about his skills at fucking that energized him. Denise had never been so effusive, but then again, he'd never been driven to fuck the ever loving shit out of his wife like he was doing with Patrice. The black elf had brought out the best in him, in a way his wife never had. And if his wife couldn't do the one thing a wife is supposed to do, was she really the one he was meant for? Maybe he was meant for someone else. Someone better. Someone with similar looks and similar talents to a woman like Patrice. At this revelation, he began pumping up into her even harder, showing off his impressive physical fitness in the process, his ass rising off the floor as he drilled her.

"Yes! Ahhh! Yes! Do it, baby! Cum inside me, baby! Once a man cheats on his wife and cums inside another woman, he is done! His soul is poisoned forever! Yes! Yes! He can never go back! He can never escape! He'll be on the 'Naughty List' for sure! Yes! So do it! Do it! Cum inside my nasty black cunt! Yes!" Patrice screamed, fucking him harder and harder, riding his big dick, her own words turning her on further. And at this point, with Frank's mind so addled and worn down that the fate of his pure soul was the last thing on his mind. All that mattered was draining his swollen nuts in this busty black bitch.

"Damn! Fuck!" Frank groaned, groping her huge, squeezable tits as she rode him faster and faster, driving into him with purpose.

"I want it! Fuck... I want that cum! Yes! Yes!" Patrice moaned, her ass slamming into his thighs. Each time she took his entire length inside her, she paused in place for a few moments, grinding on his post each time, her cunt gripping him like a vise as she did so. Her cunt was trying to pull the cum out of him, wanting to make the married man blow his top and let loose a thundering load of sperm from his bloated nuts into her waiting pussy. And each bounce drew them closer to that point.

Suddenly, Morgan made her presence known again, moving her lips to Frank's, kissing him roughly, her lips pressing against the lips that had been rimming her ass moments prior. But she didn't care about that, sliding her tongue into his mouth savagely. His balls were tingling with excitement as his dick was being ridden by the talented Patrice, and the nasty kiss only added to the pleasure he was feeling, threatening to make his bubbling balls finally boil over.

Morgan then pulled her lips from his and slid up next to him, her luscious body pressed up against him, her huge tanned jugs pressing into his side. He felt her move her lips to his ear.

"Do it, baby," she whispered hotly. "Cum in her nasty cunt!"

Her filthy words sent a shiver down his spine. He kept pumping up into Patrice, hands gripping her tits, with her hands digging into his manly chest. Morgan slid her own palm onto the married man's pecs, feeling his pulsing heartbeat. Totally absorbed in the heat of the action, Morgan was ready to expose what she was truly capable of. Her lovable, fuckable, rotten core.

"Just imagine if your wife was over there, watching this, watching you in action," Morgan whispered, kissing his ear softly. "Imagine how heartbroken she would be..." Morgan whispered. He glanced over to his other side, and imagined his wife Denise, in her cute fluffy robe, jaw dropped, absolutely crushed as she watched her husband copulating with other women. Watching these women taking her place, doing the job that she was supposed to be doing. Doing the job that should be her duty. Instead, her husband was rutting with other women, getting booty on the side because she couldn't satisfy him in the way he truly needed. She couldn't do her job, and these other women could.

"But you still wouldn't stop, would you?" Morgan whispered. Frank could see her clearly in his mind, calling out to him, crying, begging him to stop. "You'd just keep fucking us, wouldn't you? You'd rather make us scream than soothe your wife's worries. The needs of your cock would outweigh anything everything else, including Denise," Morgan purred, before biting his earlobe hotly. Morgan was

inexperienced at doing the job of being a Christmas Elf, but she was very, very experienced in the ways of turning a guy's crank. Her words were lighting him on fire with pleasure, making the cum in his nuts boil. He kept pumping up into Patrice.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck! I'm gonna cum! Make my nasty cunt cum! God damn!" Patrice groaned, heaving herself up and down, her luscious body shaking with lust. As she did this, his big, firm hands squeezed her huge tits roughly, but she savored the rough treatment.

"Even though your wife is crying, you'd just keep fucking us... harder and harder..." Morgan whispered. "Because you might think you're nice, but you're meant to be naughty! Such a strong, handsome man... you're not meant to be cooped up in silly marriage. A guy like you should be getting all the nasty, slutty pussy he can handle. And baby, I bet you can handle a lot! Fuck!" Her fingers traced across his chest as each word made him throb in pleasure.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he groaned, ready to explode.

"I want it! I want it! I want that fucking cum deep inside me! Yes!" Patrice groaned. His fingers were digging into the soft, succulent titty flesh of the black woman on top of him. "Yes! Baby! Fuck! Squeeze those big fucking tits and empty your nuts inside me! Yes! I want it so bad! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Do you want to give it to her?" Morgan whispered.

"Yes!" Frank groaned out. "God damn, I want to cum inside you! Holy Fuck!" he said, shocked at how badly he wanted this.

"Then do it, baby!" Patrice moaned out. "Fill that fucking nasty cunt with cum and join us on the naughty list!"

"Ughhh! Fuck..." he groaned, his cock swelling up.

"But Frank..." Morgan began. "What about your wife? You can't actually cum in another woman... that would be wrong..."

"I don't care!" He groaned. His eyes were only focused on Patrice, her huge tits heaving up and down as they fucked. Her luscious black body was coated with sweat, beads of her perspiration dripping off of her and landing on him. Her hips were a blur as she rode him, her butt slamming against him in rhythmic, meaty slaps.

"Frank, you're married!" Morgan said, putting up a faux indignation that only drove him crazier. "This has all just been a bit of fun. But if you're big, juicy married cock actually cums inside her nasty cunt... she might get pregnant! With as big as your balls are, there won't be any doubt about it!"

"Oh my God!" Frank groaned, his animal brain savoring the filth of Morgan's words, pounding up into the black elf even harder, ready to explode.

"Frank, you can't get her pregnant!" Morgan warned him, her voice getting louder, loud enough for Patrice to hear. "You're a married man, and she's just some dirty slut!"

"Ughhh!" Patrice sighed. "Fuck you!" At this, Morgan smirked. Any innocence she might have portrayed at the beginning was long gone. She was just as nasty and filthy as Patrice, but in a different way. She just had her own brand of filth.

"If you knock her up, there'll be no going back!" Morgan told the groaning, fucking married man. "You'll be naughty forever! What will your family think? What will your wife think?"

"I DON'T FUCKING CARE!" Frank roared. Why was this blonde bitch talking about things that don't matter when he was about to cum? Pushing Morgan away roughly, he pulled Patrice down on top of him,

pulling her down so her huge tits were against his face again. Taking her nipple into his mouth and biting down on it hard, he began heaving his huge dick up into Patrice as hard as he could.

"AHHH! GOD! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" Patrice moaned out as she drove her ass back at him, taking his full length in her spasming cunt every time. Morgan watched from the side as her mentor and this married man entered the final stages of this nasty rutting. "Make me cum, you motherfucker! Fuck that nasty fucking cunt! Make that dirty cunt cum! Make that fucking pussy cum because it's all you've ever wanted!" Her words spurred him on, drilling her harder than he thought possible, but she could take it. He was getting closer and closer, his cock going numb from excitement. He was seconds away. "Make me fucking cum and fill me up with jizz! Do what you've wanted from the second we met and fill up that fucking pussy with thick, nasty cum! Yes! Yes! YES! YES! YES! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! AHHHH! AHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHH! UGGHHHHHH! GOD! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Finally, his driving cock pushed her over the edge, and the wicked black elf finally came, her cunt spasming violently, locking down around his throbbing pole, squeezing the life out of it, and that was enough to send him over the edge.

"MMMMMMPPPPPHHHHHHHH!" he groaned, his mouth full of titty. "FFFFFFFFUUUUUGGGGHHHHHH!" His cock violently flexed as a rocket like jet of thick, married cum flew out from the tip of his married dick and splashed into her waiting cunt. Jet after jet, his overfilled nut sack finally found relief, shooting off again and again, massive streams of high-pressured jizz firing off out of him and into Patrice's waiting, fertile cunt.

"Oh my God! I feel it! Yes! Yes!" Patrice screamed out, her cunt flexing around his pole as she kept cumming. Waves of pleasure kept coursing through her, again and again, her luscious, curvaceous form electrified with nasty pleasure. Her body flexed and jerked on top of him as he squirmed beneath her, humping up into her, pumping up his thick, married cum deep inside this evil black elf.

"HHHNNNN! UUUUGGGGGHHHH" Frank groaned, the married cop pumping cum into this woman who had broken into his mother's house. He was beyond thought. Beyond reason or logic. All he could feel was pleasure, and that was all that mattered.

Morgan watched from the side, watching her black boss's luscious, curvaceous form sliding on top of the married man's, squirming and shaking as she continued cumming. Morgan watched her boss's round, juicy ass flexing as she came on the husband's pole, again and again. And beneath her, the married man was humping and flexing as his entire body seemed to be working in unison to fire off as much cum as possible into the evil black slut.

Morgan crawled down, looking between their splayed legs so she could see Frank and Patrice's joined genitalia. Patrice's nasty cunt was stretched to the brim around the married man's thick pole, his entire length buried inside her. Her ass was flexing as she kept cumming, her pussy squeezing his swollen weapon, coaxing more of his thick, creamy seed deep inside her. And with Morgan watching, he was doing just that, his swollen balls twisting as he kept firing off stream after stream of cum into her. They kept at it, cumming for what felt like an eternity. And Morgan kept watching them from this position, up to the point where a thick bead of his cum escaped the tight confines of her clutching pussy and traversed down the length of his shaft down to his balls.

Finally, after a good long while of these two cumming, their sweat-soaked forms sliding against each other, they both collapsed, panting for breath. Her huge, sweaty black breasts still pressed against his face, practically smothering him, but he wasn't complaining. His face was squashed against her tits, with all his air filtered through her cleavage, coming down from the biggest orgasm of his life, he was feeling great. He was experiencing a level of pleasure a lucky few got to feel, and he was savoring it. Thoughts of his wife and family seemed so far away compared to what he was feeling in the moment. They just seemed so unimportant in the grand scheme of things when thinking about what he'd just been through.

He was winded, as was she, neither moving from the position they'd collapsed into. His bare ass on the hardwood floor, his head resting on

the carpet, he was so worn down he could barely move. Patrice, despite her experience, was in the same boat, exhausted by the brutal fucking she'd just partaken in.

But Morgan was still waiting, and she was getting impatient.

Reaching forward, she put her hands on Patrice's ribs, pushing her off of the married man. Her sweaty body fell to the side, rolling off Frank and landing on her back, her sweat-covered tits facing upwards, her legs splayed lewdly, his thick cum leaking out of her pussy. Doing this revealed Frank's naked form, as well as exposing the fact that his married dick was still standing strong, his cum still bubbling from the tip. The rest of his shaft was coated with their combined sex juices, shining in the dim light of the living room, having lost little of its power as it swayed lightly from the motion of Patrice moving off him. But it didn't do this for long as Morgan reached forward and wrapped her slim fingers around the root of it, holding it in place. As she did this, she discarded her thong and began moving towards him. While she crawled towards it, she stroked it lightly, attempting to bring his still hard dick back to its full strength and power. She had watched it in action all night, and now she wanted it at its best.

Frank was still recovering from his fuck session with Patrice, his head back on the floor, regathering himself. It was only when he felt his still swollen dick sinking into another tight, wet pussy that his eyes opened wide and he re-entered the present.

"What..." he began, watching as the hot-bodied blonde sat on his swollen weapon. "Oh my God..." he sighed.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Morgan moaned as his big, thick cock spread open the tight, clutching walls of her ready cunt. She squirmed as his dick tested her limits, scrunching her eyes closed with pleasure as she sank down deeper onto the married man's fuck stick. "God damn..." she sighed as her ass landed in his lap, his full length now inside her.

"Fuck..." Frank moaned, feeling this incredible pleasure so soon after coming down from his previous one. And while it did feel like his cock

was a bit worse for wear after fucking Patrice, he could feel his balls beginning to stir.

"Oh my God!" she groaned as she began bouncing on the married man's dong. Wanting to get him back into the game further, she grabbed his wrists and pulled them up till his palms slapped against her big tits. His hands squeezed her huge, tanned breasts as she worked herself up into a good rhythm.

"Fuck... now you're fucking another woman behind your wife's back. What a good husband you are!" she laughed, her body shaking as she rode the married man.

An onlooker would be shocked by the sight in front of them. It would look like something out of a porno. And not one of those run-of-the mill pornos, but the high quality shit. The stuff with smoking hot girls with huge tits, perfectly formed asses who can fuck like complete and total whores. The girls were wearing tight latex outfits and fuck me boots, although most of their clothing was on the floor at this point, other than their bunched-up skirts around their waists. The porn with lots of dirty talk, lots of sweat and cum, and some truly messed up, nasty, marathon fucking. And that's what an onlooker would see here. A large-breasted blonde, bouncing on a fit married man with a huge cock. And splayed out next to them, on her back, freshly-fucked, was a massively-breasted black woman, still coated with sweat, her boot-clad legs splayed apart, cum leaking from her well-used cunt. If this was a porn scene, this was the good shit, and it wasn't done yet.

"Ughhh! Fuck!" Morgan moaned. Beneath her, Frank was still a bit worn down from his earlier experience with Patrice, but he was getting going again thanks to Morgan's lustful efforts. Her cunt squeezing the life out of his still hard dick, combined with the feeling of her big, round boobs in his palms, was enough to wake a comatose man. She was so horned up that she worked herself up to a good pace quickly, taking his full length just as well as her mentor did.

"Oh..." he groaned, in almost pained pleasure, his fingers digging into her soft, squeezable tits.

"Fuck, you don't get good dick like this up in the North Pole. Yes! We usually have to sneak out to get this kinda shit! Fuck!" Morgan stated, bouncing on him harder, her heart shaped ass slamming into his thighs. "Ahhh! Fuck! Cheating on your wife with two different women on the same night! Yes! That's so fucking hot!"

Frank was fully back in the moment, and as the blonde rode his big dick with her tight cunt, he began to pump up into her, gripping her big tits roughly.

"I wasn't sure you'd be any fun at first," Morgan said, driving her ass down into him, her cunt dripping with her heated juices, coating the married man's shaft. "Ugh! God! Fuck! But when I saw this dick, I had to have it! Yes! And... fuck! Fuck! Shit, you are a fucking natural, baby! Yes! You were meant to do this. You were meant to cheat on your wife and make hot, sexy sluts like me scream on your big cock! Yes! That's all your meant for! YES!" She bounced harder as her own words turned her on.

"Damn!" Frank groaned. "This feels so fucking good!" His balls were boiling again, and he could feel his nuts beginning to fill up with more cum.

"Your life was nothing before tonight!" Morgan said, smiling wickedly. "You thought you were happy before, but now you got that really good, tight, nasty pussy. And babe, you can never forget that! Haha! Yes!"

"Mmmm..." he moaned, pinching her hard pink nipples, making her scream out.

"Fuck! Fuck!" she moaned, loving the rougher treatment. "Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like a slut!" Her huge double-E cups were jiggling in his palms as they fucked, their bodies slamming against each other as they went at it harder and harder. "Ughhh! God! Yes! Men like you need this! You marry these nice girls and think that's all you need, but... ughh... but every man, FUCK... and I mean every man, wants to find a bitch like me and fuck the living daylights out of her every fucking day! Deep down, every man needs a dirty slut in his life. And

you're no different! You have all these women out there gagging to be taken, and you always walked away! Ughh! But not anymore! You've found your true nature! Yes! Fuck! It's so much better being naughty!"

"Oh!" Frank groaned as Morgan proclaimed his soul forever poisoned. As distressing as that may sound, in the moment, it only added to the wickedness of this nasty encounter. If having your soul corrupted forever felt this fucking good, he would happily forsake his heart and soul for this type of incredible, incomparable pleasure. Solely focused on the feeling of pleasure, he kept driving up into her tight wet cunt. It felt so good around his bare dick. So wet... so hot... so tight... he couldn't get enough. The animal brain deep inside him was still in complete control of his actions, and it was following the incredible pleasures these two women were bringing him.

Moving quick as a flash, Morgan slid down and pressed her bare chest against his, meeting his lips in a fiery kiss. They kept driving into each other with their lips locked, tongues dueling hotly. His hands reached around her and slapped her round ass, spurring her into riding him harder.

"Ahhhh! Yes! Fuck!" she groaned, pulling her lips from his and moving her mouth near his ear. "Oh God, that's some good dick! Yes! Yes! You know, ugh... I used to believe in the 'Nice List'! I used to believe that being good and kind and loyal was the way to go through life. UGHH! Fuck! But once I started having fucking nasty sex like this... UGHH... fuck yes... I realized how wrong I was! Oh! Fuck! And now... fuck... and now, you do too! Ahh! Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

As they kept screwing, through his addled mind, her words sunk deep. This night was such a blur, but he was experiencing something he'd never known existed. A pleasure that years of married life had never given him. He didn't know how he could ever move on from this.

Morgan suddenly pushed herself up again, grinding on his big dick with her tight, nasty cunt. Looking down at him, her lips formed a wicked sneer.

"I want you to fuck me like a slut!" she snarled. "I want you to bend me over and fuck my fucking brains out! Fuck me like a fucking whore! I'm not your little, precious wife! I'm a fucking slut! So treat me like one!" Taking her cue to act, he sat up, lifting his upper half off the floor for the first time in what felt like ages. As he did so, she lifted herself off his swollen pole and moved to his side, getting on all fours and looking back at him. Acting on base instinct, he got onto his knees behind her, moving behind her perfect ass. "Fuck me, you fucking cheating asshole! Do it!"

He'd never actually fucked anyone in this position, so he was new to this, but on instinct, he knew what to do. Crawling behind her, his hard, protruding member guiding the way, he rested his hands on her hips as the head of his dick pressed against her entrance once again. Flexing his hips, he slid his big cock back into her waiting cunt.

"Ahhh! That's it! Yes!" the blonde slut moaned out, biting her lip as he smoothly slid his full length inside her, all the way up to the balls. "Oh God! Yes! Yes! God damn, you're fucking big!" Pulling his hips back, he slid his cock almost all the way out, leaving just the tip inside her, before driving it back home, making her squeal. "Ahhh! Fuck!" she groaned. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Frank began pistoning his huge cock inside of her, giving her his full length on every stroke. His fingers digging into the soft skin of her sides as he pumped himself into her.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like a fucking slut!" she groaned, before looking back at him, heat in his eyes. "Fuck me! God damn, this is good! Yes! Yes! Fill me with that big fucking married cock!"

"Fuck, you're tight..." he groaned, unable to get over how good this all felt.

"Fuck! Your cock is so fucking perfect! Ahhh..." she sighed, her cunt leaking her juices all over his thick shaft, coating it. "Look at you! Fucking me like the cheap fucking whore I am! Yes! You have me bent

over in your mother's living room, drilling me like a nasty fucking slut! God! I love it! Fuck, baby... you were meant to be naughty!"

"Ohhh..." he grunted, the filth she was spewing only turning him on further, causing him to fuck her harder. She was pushing her butt back against him as he drilled her, and this move spurred him into further action, lifting one hand off her so he could slap her ass.

SPANK!

"AHHH! Yes!" she screamed out in rapturous pleasure, driving back into him harder.

SPANK! SPANK!

"UGHHH! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she groaned as he repeated the action.

SPANK! SPANK!

"Yes! Treat me like a fucking whore! Yes! I love it!" she screamed out. "You are not meant to be married! What a fucking man you are! Fuck! Fuck!"

Examining his surroundings, a blonde, tanned slut bent over in front of him, screaming on his dick, and to the side, Patrice, the gorgeous, sexy, huge-titted black slut, only now stirring from the rough sex he'd had with her... he'd never felt more like a man. Making these sluts scream on his cock was an incredible sensation that he couldn't get enough of.

"Take it!" he groaned, picking up what she was putting down. "Take that fucking dick you fucking slut!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHHH! Haha! Yes! YES!" she squealed in delight, her cunt spasming around his swollen shaft. His cock slid into her smoothly, coated with her cunt juices, his balls slapping against her. As he got more into it, he slid his hand along her reddening rear end, teasing her with his hand while getting his fill of her voluptuous rear. Finally, after moments of teasing...

SPANK! SPANK!

"UGGGHHHH! I love it! I fucking love it!" she groaned, her body alight with wicked pleasure. He then grabbed her by the hips again, fucking into her even harder, making her babble with pleasure. "Ahhh! UGHHH! GOD! UH! UH! AHH!" she groaned, his cock a blur as he pumped into her. His balls were beginning to really boil, threatening to blow again.

Seeing how she loved this rougher treatment, he slid his hand down her back, reaching forward to slide his hand into her blonde hair, gathering it in his fist and yanking it back.

"AHHHH! YES! YES! DO IT! Treat me like a fucking slut! YES!" she squealed loudly. Using his hand to pull her back, he was able to use the other to slide around her and cup her hanging tits, squeezing them roughly.

"GOD! YES! FUCK! Do whatever you want with me! Yes!" she moaned.

"Fuck! Fuck! So fucking good!" he groaned, his cock tingling with excitement.

These two were going at it like animals, the fit handsome married man drilling the blonde from behind, bodies slamming into each other as they went at it hard. Bodies coated with sweat. Frank's muscles tensed as he fucked the hell out of the blonde elf. Her round, firm ass was jiggling as she drove herself back into his powerful form, and her

huge breasts were bouncing lewdly from this illicit action. And watching this all was Patrice.

She'd regained her bearings a few minutes prior and was now simply watching the action unfold in front of her. Seated on the floor, back resting against the side of the loveseat, her thong on the floor next to her, her legs were spread as she lightly rubbed herself watching the illicit fucking in front of her. She knew Morgan was attractive and had a great body, but Patrice long thought that was all she was really working with. She seemed to be a bit... dumb... and frankly, it seemed like she needed a strong hand to guide her in getting literally anything done. But damn... Patrice was impressed by her young blonde trainee. This girl could go, more than holding her own in corrupting this married man. She was spitting fire during this ferocious fuck session, and Patrice was gaining a new respect for the young blonde. The black woman stayed seated as the other two went at it, waiting for her moment to re-enter the picture.

"UGHHH! God! Yes! I want it! I fucking want it!" she groaned. "I want you to fill my nasty cunt with cum! Just like you did with Patrice! I want you to drain those big, fat balls of yours into my nasty cunt! Try and knock me up just like you did with her! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! The only thing better than knocking up one woman behind your wife's back is to knock up two women behind your idiot wife's back! Yes! AHHH! YES!"

"Fuck! God Damn!" he groaned, drilling into her tight snatch even harder, his cock truly a blur as his torso slammed into her ass. He yanked back at her hair even harder and groped her big tits with more fervor.

"Your dumbass, flat-chested wife will never give you anything like this!" she spat out. "She is too weak and pathetic and nice! You need this now, Frank! You need this kind of nasty fucking! Yes! Yes! AHHH! Yes! Tell me how much hotter I am than her! I need to hear it!"

"Ugghhh! Fuck! Yes! You're so much hotter than her! Fuck! You're so much more gorgeous... fuck... and sexy... ahh! And your body... fuck... your body is out of this world! Yes! Your ass... your tits! God damn!

Fuck! And this cunt feels so much better! I love it!" He groaned, giving her what she wanted to hear. And it was what he needed to hear as well. He was quickly learning that the only thing better than fucking a dirty, nasty slut was badmouthing his wife in the process. He couldn't explain it, but it drove his animal brain crazy.

"AHHHH! YES! Oh God! Yes! Just like that! Yes! Yes! Ahhh! AHHHH!" she groaned, her cunt quivering around him. She was close.

"Oh! Fuck! Fuck! You're so much better than my wife! Yes!" he groaned, his cock tingling. Getting closer, he used his grip on her hair to yank her back, pulling her up so he could release his hold on her hair and get both hands on her big tits, using that for leverage as he drilled her.

"UGGHHH! GOD! YES! YES!" she squealed.

"SHIT! FUCK! FUCK!" he groaned, digging his fingers into her lush, golden titty-flesh, savoring the softness. He couldn't believe he was already about to cum again, but he was quickly approaching that point.

"Fill me up, babe! Fill me with cum! I want it so bad!" she demanded, her tanned body coated with sweat as they rutted like animals.

"Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" he moaned.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! AHHH! AHHHHH! YES! YES! YES! UGHHH! UUUUGGGHHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHH! YES! YES! YES! AHHHH! AHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FFFFUUUUCCCCKKKKKK! AHHHH!" she groaned, her body shaking with need. And when his fingers went to her hard nipples and twisted them roughly, she went over the edge.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" She screamed out in complete and all-consuming pleasure, her body shaking as a violent orgasm hit her.

"AHHHH! FUCK! FUCK!" Frank groaned as her spasming cunt set him off, his big married dick firing off another load, streams of thick, potent jizz firing out of his cock and into her waiting cunt.

"OH MY GOD! AHHHHH! AHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! YESSS! YYYYEEEESSSS! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed out as she felt the thick bands of seed filling her up.

Frank kept drilling her as his cock fired off, again and again, his nuts twisting and firing out thick bands of creamy seed into her fertile cunt. He just kept going as he shot out more cum, filling her womb with it.

"Ffffffuuuucccckkkkkk! Fuck! Fuck! AHHHHH! Fuck!" she groaned, babbling, her mind and body awash with lust. She kept driving back at him, riding her orgasm out, arching her back and making sure his big hands were filled with as much titty as possible. For such an amazing orgasm, he deserved that much.

This went on for minutes, bodies humping and jerking as they rode out these fierce orgasms. He held her close, her back against his front, their sweaty bodies sliding against each other as they withstood the pleasure flowing through them. She eventually slid from his grasp, falling forward, her chest against the floor, her ass still raised up as he kept pumping more cum into her. His hands slid to her hips, holding them tight as he kept his cock buried to the root inside her, firing off more and more cum into her. Finally, after his balls fired off one last time into her waiting cunt, he exhaled loudly. He slowly came down from his high, panting for breath, using her raised ass to hold himself up. He felt almost completely drained, and he didn't know if he even find the strength to form a coherent thought.

Unfortunately, his night wasn't over.

"Uh, uh, uh..." Patrice said, suddenly on her knees next to the married man, stirring him from his rest. Patrice had rested long enough, and she was ready for more. Frank's vision was blurry, and all he could

comprehend in his daze was the overwhelming sight of so much smooth black skin and the vaulting slopes of her enormous breasts. "You're not done yet."

He felt a hand on his fit stomach, pushing him back slightly. At the same moment, Patrice put her hand on the blonde's raised ass, pushing her forward till she collapsed on the floor, gasping for breath, a sweaty, satisfied, cum-filled mess. And as she fell away in a mass of tangled limbs, what was revealed was Frank's big married cock as it slid out of her. Somehow, despite everything, it was still hard as a brick. How was he still hard?

Through his daze, the one fact that still got through to the addled husband was his painfully hard dick. And that was the right word for it. While he was still at about 90% hardness, his big cock had been so thoroughly used by these two sluts that it was slightly sore from the rough treatment. You'd think after the rough fucking, he'd be tapped out, but here he was, still hard. How? Maybe this was the benefit of his animal brain being in charge. It had been tampered down for so long that once it gained control, it wanted him to live it up, keeping him rock hard, way beyond his limits, wanting to experience everything it could during its short time in control. Meaning, he was gonna be ready to go for whatever wicked demands these two women had.

"Hahaha, I fucking knew it," Patrice said, smiling wickedly, curling her fingers around the root of his swollen, glistening dick. "What a man you turned out to be."

"Wha..." he stammered, his mind still swimming with endorphins from his incredible orgasm.

"Hon, you've done such a good job already," she cooed to the married man, still dazed and almost drunk with pleasure. She held him by the chin and made him look right at her, making sure she had his full attention. With her other hand, she lightly stroked his lubed-up cock, the motion making her big, heavy breasts sway lusciously. "But you've got to do just a bit more. Do you hear me? Because you've done some naughty, fucked up shit already, but... I still think you can come back

from this. I can still see that pesky, boring 'Nice List' side of you, and if we don't get the job done now, it'll win out eventually. There's really only one way to guarantee your place on the naughty list for the rest of your fucking life. Fucking a pair of sluts behind your wife's back is one thing. But... fucking a nasty black slut up the ass... boy, you ain't coming back from that! Haha!"

Despite his daze, her words sent a jolt of lust through him. He'd never... they only did that in porn, right? Was she actually going to let him have her ass?

Clearly, his cock was hoping so. It had lost some of it's power after filling up the blonde slut with cum, but it began strengthening up again, as hard as steel between her fingers. She used her grip on him to her advantage, pulling him down so he was lying on his side on the floor. Smiling to herself, Patrice looked to take her place in front of him, but saw that Morgan's nearly passed out form was slightly in her way. Leaning towards the tanned blonde, Patrice pushed her near unconscious body away.

"You did good, bitch..." Patrice said, legitimately impressed by what her trainee was capable of. "But it's time for the main event." With her out of the way, Patrice moved in front of the married man, sidling up against him, her back facing him as she rested on her side. She could feel his warm, masculine body pressing into hers, and it sent a small thrill through her. She lifted her boot-clad leg up into the air slightly and reached down, grabbing his throbbing, juice-coated weapon and guiding it so the tip was pressed against her waiting asshole.

"Do it, baby," she urged him. In his daze, his hand was resting on her hip, holding her in place in front of him, with her warm, round ass pressing into his stomach. He could feel the head of his still swollen dick pressing against what felt like a near impenetrable hole, a sensation he'd never experienced. But if she had her way, he was about to.

"What?" he said through his confusion, still slightly doubtful that she was seriously gonna allow him to do this. She looked back over her shoulder at him, her expression impatient.

"I want you to fuck my ass!" she spat out. "Don't be a pussy! I want don't want any of that 'Nice List', pansy-ass bullshit now! When a bitch like me tells you to fuck her in the ass, you shut up and do it. Now..." she said, grabbing his hand off her waist and pulling it up to her breast, squeezing her hand over his, forcing him to squeeze her giant udder firmly. The softness made him sigh in pleasure again, taking some of the fight out of him, as she knew it would. "Now, shut up, squeeze my big tits, and fuck my ass! And don't you dare stop till you make that asshole cum, baby! Don't stop till I fucking scream, and don't stop till you drain those fucking nuts inside me!"

"Oh..." he sighed, her words speaking his language, making his body shudder with lust. As his balls began to churn and fill up with more cum, his animal brain surrendered completely, gripping her huge, soft breast firmly and flexing his hips. He pushed his now throbbing cock against the black woman's tight asshole.

"Oh my God! Fuck..." Patrice groaned, feeling the thick pillar pushing against her tightest of holes. And it didn't surrender without a fight, resisting against his unrelenting weapon. But this fight was only temporary, and they both knew it would be. Her ass was dying to be filled with a thick white married dick, and his dick wanted nothing more than to be buried balls deep in the black woman's ass. So eventually, her tight asshole yielded to the intense pressure his big dick was forcing upon it, spreading apart and taking in the entire head of his big cock. "Ohhh! Fuck! FUCK!" she screamed out in pleasure as her asshole stretched around his rock hard shaft.

"Fuck!" Frank groaned, his cock experiencing a brand new level of tightness, her asshole now wrapped around his big cock as tight as a drum. "God damn! Fuck..."

"Give me a bit more, baby!" Patrice called out rapidly. "That ass needs a big dick! Fuck! FUCK!" She screamed out as the married man pushed more dick inside of her, his big, lubed cock sliding smoothly in.

"Hmmmmm!" the married man groaned. Fuck! Her ass was so God damn tight! Fuck! And the heat! Wow! Her tight asshole was squeezing the living daylights out of his dick, sending lightning bolts of lust shooting through him. His balls were filling up with even more cum, somehow finding untapped reservoirs of the stuff after having spewed so much fucking semen for these two sluts already. His cock was as hard as iron once again, and he wanted this bitch to feel it, sliding another few inches of his thick weapon into her tightest hole.

"OH FUCK! FUCK!" Patrice screamed in pleasure, her asshole spasming in pleasure as it adjusted to another few inches of the married man's huge throbbing dick. "God damn, you're big! Yes! Yes! It gets thicker as it gets closer to the base! Yes!"

Frank was so rapt with lust that he could barely think straight. All he could do was push deeper, forcing more of his married cock in this black whore's asshole. Soon, he was three-quarters of the way in, and she was loving it.

"Oh my God! Fuck! Fuck! God damn, why is white dick always so fucking good to me? Yes! Yes!" Patrice gasped, her asshole squeezing the hell out of his swollen cock. Patrice was normally so in control, but even she was being overtaken by the lust and the heat of the moment. Her body was shaking with lust as her asshole clenched around his thick married cock.

"Ahhhh!" he groaned, her tight gripping asshole driving him crazy with need. He'd never felt anything like this. Not even close. This was so nasty. So fucked up. But fuck, it felt amazing! He never knew anal sex would feel this good!

"Ughhh! FUCK!" Patrice moaned. "Keep going! I wanna feel those balls against my cunt! Yes!" Squeezing her big ripe breasts, he drove his big cock even further into her, not relenting as she squirmed in pleasure. "Ahhh! AHHH! UGHHH! FUCK!" she groaned, but he kept going, not stopping until he bottomed out inside her, her asshole now wrapped tightly around the root of his married shaft.

"Oh my God! Holy Fuck! FUCK!" Frank groaned.

"UGGGGHHHH! GGGGOODDDDDDDD! FUCK!" Patrice grunted out, the pleasure making her moan in a very unladylike manner. But this felt too damn good. She ground her ass back against him as she squeezed his hand over her big tit again. "God Damn! That cock feels so damn good! Yes!" She moaned as she ground her ass against his torso, her ass squeezing down on his big cock hard.

"AHHHHH!" He groaned loudly, his hand digging into her soft, fleshy breast as he tried to withstand the pleasure of her tight asshole around his big married meat. "Fuck! Fuck!" he sighed, clenching his eyes shut the pleasure was so overwhelming. Fuck! How could anything... anything... feel this fucking good? This was so fucking overwhelmingly good!

He'd always done everything the right way. He'd done everything he'd always been told to do. He'd walked down the aisle with his first love, the woman he loved more than anything. He'd made love to the woman that was by all accounts his soul mate. This was supposed to be the end goal. That was supposed to be the ultimate feeling of pleasure, the act of sex with someone you love with all your heart. But nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to this. Love and marriage did not give him the fulfilment and pleasure that he now felt with his cock buried up the ass of this wicked black whore. Patrice was proving herself superior to his wife in every way, as even her asshole was capable of giving him more pleasure and fulfilment than anything Denise could ever do.

"Fuck, baby..." Patrice sighed, grinding her ass against him, her asshole still clenching his cock like a vise. "Start fucking me, babe. Fuck my ass with that big married dick!"

"Oh..." he sighed, surrendering to the overwhelming pleasure. He flexed his hips and pulled his cock back, sliding his shaft out from within her clenching hole, the tight sphincter not wanting to let that big cock go. He pulled all the way out to the tip, poised there, ready to drive back into her.

"Last chance, baby..." Patrice sighed, her asshole spasming, eager to get that dick all the way back inside her. "You can just pull out and walk away now. Go back to your flat chested wife and live happily ever after. Or... you can drive that cock into my ass, fuck my brains out, and be on the 'Naughty List' forever! Once you do this, you are gone forever! For fucking ever, you'll be marked as a fucking sinner!" Through his haze, even though his animal brain was in charge, her words made him pause. He could almost hear her smirking as she continued. "You won't even remember this, babe! You won't even remember betraying your heart and soul and all your core values just to get some ass! There's no reason for you to do this! You won't even remember selling your soul for sin, but you're still gonna do it, aren't you? You can't stop yourself now! That ass feels too fucking good, doesn't it? You can't resist that ass! No one can. So, give in, babe. Fuck my ass and be naughty forever!"

Even despite his animal brain being in charge, he did still feel some compulsion to stand up for himself. To resist his descent into sin, despite all evidence to the contrary. But here, at the moment of truth... he just couldn't. Her tits felt too good in his hands. Her ass felt too amazing around his big dick. His marriage and family amounted to about three seconds of half-hearted resistance before he flexed his hips and slammed his big cock all the way back into the black slut's ass.

"FUCK! FUCK! HAHA! YES! YES!" Patrice groaned. The tightness of her asshole sliding along his length in such rapid fashion felt too fucking good. Frank repeated the motion, pulling out, then slamming in, again and again, working up into a rhythm of real fucking.

"UGH! FUCK!" he groaned. "This is amazing!" he groaned, unable to resist speaking the truth. Her ass felt fucking incredible! So hot! So tight!

"Fuck! Yes! YES!" Patrice groaned, pushing her ass back against him as he drove into her, their bodies slapping together loudly. She reached down and held her leg up behind the knee, giving the married man total access to her. "Fuck that fucking ass! Fuck my slutty black whore ass! Yes! Yes!" she said, his massive length feeling amazing so deep inside her tight ass.

"Mmmm! Fuck!" he groaned, gripping her huge, smooth breast in his palm, driving up into her, his balls slapping against her cunt. The tightness felt so fucking good, driving him into fucking her harder.

"UGH! UGH! GOD! FUCK!" she groaned, head rolling in pleasure as she worked up a sweat again. "I love this white dick! God damn! Fuck! I love breaking 'Nice List' white men like you! Haha! Yes! You all always end up the biggest freaks of all! Haha! Yes! Yes! Fuck my ass! Fuck my nasty ass! Haha! Look at you! You don't even know me, I broke into your mother's house, but my body was so hot you still had to have me! Yes! Yes! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass!"

Frank was driving into her hard. His memory was still addled, and a lot of the specifics of this encounter were pretty much sliding in one ear and out the other. But the pleasure was constant. The pleasure was all that mattered. Her tight asshole was all that mattered. He kept filling her slutty ass with dick, driving into her roughly, taking himself closer and closer to the edge once again.

"Mmmm! Fuck! FUCK!" Frank groaned in pleasure.

"Yeah, baby! Fuck yeah!" Patrice groaned, her head rolling in pleasure. In her daze, she saw Morgan back on her knees, watching the action as she regained her bearings. Patrice was struck with inspiration. "Get down there, bitch!" Patrice ordered the blonde, who looked surprised and confused by the demand. "Lick that big dick of his, babe! Lick my ass-juice off that married cock!" Patrice would not have given this command mere hours prior, but after seeing what Morgan was capable of, and how much of a freak she was, she just knew she'd be game. And she was proven right, as Morgan eagerly crawled down, moving her face towards their conjoined sex organs.

Frank slowed down a bit, choosing to give the black slut deeper, harder dicking, giving her hard but patient strokes. It was as he was doing it when he suddenly felt a mouth attach to the side of his shaft, licking at his weapon as he drove it into the black slut. He saw Morgan

on all fours, ass raised up, her skirt still around her waist, her face in his crotch, working his cock over as he pumped it into Patrice's ass.

"Oh my God!" he sighed as he felt her lips and tongue against his shaft. Every time he slid his cock out to the tip, her mouth would eagerly go up and down, working him over, adding to his pleasure as he fucked Patrice's black ass. Struck with an idea, he pulled out so only the head was inside her and stopped, leaving his shaft exposed. This gave Morgan some time, leaning down and extending her tongue, sliding it all the way from his smooth sack up along his shaft, licking the underside of his cock while taking Patrice's ass-juices onto her tongue. Her tongue traversed all the way up towards the tip of his dick, licking the underside of his shaft. "Ahhh! Fuck! FUCK!" he groaned. Almost reflexively, he drove his cock into Patrice, pumping into her ass for a few strokes before pausing again with just the head poised inside her, letting Morgan do the same trick once more. This time, she didn't stop at the end of his dick, in one motion sliding her tongue from his swollen nuts to all the way up to Patrice's asshole.

"Holy fuck, babe. Haha!" Patrice called out in surprise as she felt the blonde's tongue against her black asshole. The married man began pumping into the black whore's ass again, and as he did, Morgan let her tongue slide around his shaft, rimming her asshole as it was stretched around the married man's big cock. "Damn, babe!" Patrice said, impressed by how filthy the blonde had proven herself to be. But Morgan wasn't done yet, letting her tongue slide up so it entered the black woman's cunt. "Hahaha! Fuck, baby! Get in there!" Patrice moaned. She was now getting double-teamed, the married man drilling out her ass while the younger blonde ate out her tasty cunt. The blonde elf was not hesitant in the slightest, getting in there, sliding her tongue deep inside her boss's cunt, gathering both her juices and the married man's sperm onto her tongue.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Patrice moaned at the duel sensations of pleasure coming from both her ass and her cunt. Her body shook with excitement as she approached the precipice once again. And when Morgan's tongue began teasing her clit, her pleasure was taken to yet another level. "Oh my God! Fuck! FUCK! AHHHH!" Reaching down, she dug her hand into the blonde's silky tresses and held her in place against her cunt. "Eat that cunt, baby! Yes! YES!"

As Morgan continued eating out her boss, Frank kept it up on the other end, fucking her ass steadily, trying to extend this as long as possible. But that was coming at a great struggle. The knowledge of what Morgan was doing only added to the lust of the moment, and he could tell when she hit a nerve as the black woman's ass tightened around his driving dick.

"Fuck! Ahhh! God damn! Yes!" Frank groaned, lost in the wave of pleasure. His cock was throbbing once again, and despite his earlier amazement at his own stamina, he was back in the storm of lust again. He couldn't stop, it felt so good. His cock was pulsing. He was getting close.

At the same moment, Patrice released her hold on the blonde, wanting it to be the married man's efforts of fucking her ass that took her over the edge. The blonde was on the same page, moving back down to lightly cup the married man's sack in her palm as she moved her mouth back down, holding it lightly as he pumped into Patrice. At the same time, she was licking his rock hard shaft as he smoothly drove his cock inside the black woman's ass at a blinding speed.

"Fuck! Fuck!" he sighed.

"You like that ass? You like that fucking ass!?" Patrice called out, demanding an answer.

"Yes! Yes! I love your fucking ass! Yes!" Frank replied.

"Hahaha! Yes! Yes! I knew it! I knew it!" Patrice stated. "You vanilla white boys always melt when you face down some hot, sexy chocolate. And I want you to melt completely! I want that fucking thick cum deep inside that fucking ass! Sign your name on the 'Naughty List' forever by cumming in my fucking ass! Do it, baby! Do it! That's the way to do it! That's the way to be truly naughty! Betray your wife, cum in my ass, and be naughty forever!"

"Fuck! Fuck! Oh..." he groaned. He was getting very close, her words taking him to the edge. He kept driving into her, smoothly heaving his swollen cock into her tight ass. The clutching tightness and incredible heat were driving him crazy. And his hand was still busy palming as much of her huge tits as he could manage, his fingers digging into the luscious flesh. Add to that, Morgan's mouth attached to the side of his shaft, teasing him with her lips and tongue, only adding to the pleasure. His balls were too active to be contained, so her hand left them and rested behind his knee, scratching it lightly with her long nail, hitting a sweet spot. "Ahhh! AHHHH! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he groaned.

"Don't hold back, babe!" Patrice sighed, her body shaking with lust. She was doing her best to contain herself. His cock was working magic on her ass, hitting all the sweet spots, and it was only her iron will that kept her from exploding. She held off from cumming, wanting to cum alongside her lover, the married man, but it wasn't easy. He was too damn good! "Ahhh! Fuck! Shit! Yes! Yes! God damn! Just like that! Yes! Fuck that fucking ass! Yes! Don't hold back! Yes! Don't show that ass any fucking mercy! AHHH! YES! YES! Don't stop! Don't stop! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Oh! God! Fuck!" he moaned, barely holding it together. His balls broiling, he was ready to lose it again. And it was gonna be a big one.

"Do it, babe!" she seethed. "Surrender! Surrender to me! Surrender your fucking soul and fire off that fucking cum up my ass! Get on the 'Naughty List' and never look back! Fill my ass and be naughty forever! Yes! Yes! Do it! Do it baby! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fill me up with cum! Fill up that nasty ass with cum!"

"Oh God!" he moaned, his body shaking.

"Yes! Yes!" Patrice seethed, her ass spasming around him.

"UGHHH! FUCK! I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, his balls boiling.

"Fuck! Fuck! Do it!" Patrice sighed, ready to boil over.

"OH! AHHH! GOD! FUCK! FUCK!" he groaned, pumping into her harder.

"AHHH! YES! YES!" Patrice screamed, her body buzzing with need. As they entered this final phase, Morgan pulled back, choosing to watch the climax on her knees.

"Oh my God! Yes! YES! YES!" he screamed out, his cock ready to explode.

"YES! YES! YES! DO IT! DO IT! CUM IN ME! YES! YES! AHHHHH! CUM IN MY ASS! YES!" Patrice screamed out loudly. The married man was fucking her like a madman, going full out, his cock a blur as it slid in and out of her amazing tight ass. The tightness and heat bringing him closer and closer, until finally...

"Ahhhh! AHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHH! UGHHHHH! FUCK FUCK FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHHHH! FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!" Frank screamed out, burying his cock inside the black woman's ass. At last, his dick exploded, firing off boiling hot, thick, potent cum from deep in his balls up into the black woman's ass. And at this, Patrice let herself fall over the edge.

"Yes! YES! YES! YES! YYYYYYEEEEESSSSS! AGGGGGHHHHHHHHH! FFFFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" Patrice cried out, her entire body convulsing as a gigantic orgasm coursed through her hot body.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" Frank groaned, her asshole spasming around his big cock, drawing more cum from his swollen nuts. He kept firing off, again and again, her ass inducing a giant load of cum from his balls. "Yes! Yes! This is amazing! Oh my God! I love you! I fucking love you!"

"Hahaha! Yes! Yes! Keep going! Yes! Yes!" Patrice cried out as he kept pumping into her, grinding against her with his full length inside of her, her spasming ass causing him to eject more and more cum, his semen filling her up.

"Oh! Oh! Fuck!" Frank groaned, jet after jet of cum firing out of him. As he kept cumming, he kept one arm wrapped around her, holding her against him while palming one of her big titties. He was in absolute bliss, pleasured in every way, his brain coursing with endorphins, lighting up every pleasure center in his mind. It was amazing.

"Ugh! UGH! God damn! More! More!" Patrice seethed, begging for more as the married man kept firing off thick cum deep in her ass. She kept driving herself against him, her body shaking as her orgasm overwhelmed her, one of the biggest orgasms of her life.

"UGH! Fuck..." he sighed as his orgasm finally started to lessen, his cock firing off less heavy streams of semen. As the waves of pleasure began leaving him, he did his best to prolong it, grinding up against her, still squeezing her big black tits.

"Uh... fuck..." Patrice groaned, coming down as well, in perfect symphony with Frank.

"Oh... oh..." he sighed, his voice weaker. As the pleasure began leaving, he began to realize how exhausted he was. He'd exerted himself beyond his limits, and that fact began to hit him. He did his best to cling to consciousness, but it was a losing effort. As the last jet of cum fired off from his cock and his orgasm came to an end, his body collapsed against the floor, panting for breath as he blacked out completely.

Patrice collapsed as well, but not as far as Frank. Her luscious, sweat-soaked form was melted against the cool wooden floor as she caught her breath, successful in staying conscious. But it took a few minutes

to recover, her back still pressed against the married man's front, his cock still stuck in her ass. Fighting off the urge to pass out, she clung to awareness, eventually gaining the strength to move, peeling her sticky form from Frank's. She pulled her ass away, revealing his softening cock, coated in the combined juices of all three of the people in this room. She got up on her hands and knees, still panting, her black skin glistening with sweat, her head hanging down, her hair blocking her face. Finally, she moved upwards to a more vertical position while still on her knees, raising up and brushing her hanging hair from her face. The practically naked black woman glanced around for a few moments before looking at Morgan, who was still watching this whole thing play out in front of her. Patrice simply shrugged and smiled lightly.

"Well..." she said, still catching her breath. "Back to work," she said, clapping her hands.

"What?" Morgan asked, confused.

"We're behind schedule, but we can still make it work. I know a few tricks," Patrice said, back into work-mode, despite the fact that she was basically naked, with only her boots still on, plus her skirt around her waist. Even though her tits were hanging out, and both her cunt and ass were leaking cum, and that she was covered with sweat, she was all business.

"I finished up the gifts earlier," Morgan said.

"Well, okay..." Patrice said, still gaining her bearings. "Alright, you clean up here. I'll get him cleaned up and back in bed," Patrice said, gesturing at the zonked-out married man on the floor behind her. "And switch out his gift. He's on the 'Naughty List' now," she added with a smile. Morgan nodded, ready to obey her marching orders.

Within moments, both women got to work. With a combination of spells and some old-fashioned elbow grease, the two women cleaned themselves up and got redressed. They did the same thing with Frank, cleaning him up and getting rid of any identifiable marks that would

give away what he'd been up to all night. Once this was done, they were able to stir Frank enough to get him on his feet, and with Patrice holding him up, Morgan redressed him. Patrice supported the near unconscious husband as she led him out of the living room. He was practically sleepwalking as she guided him back upstairs. Luckily, their sound protections were still in place, so no one was gonna hear them stirring, not even a mouse. Patrice was able to get the married man back into bed and tucked in without raising anyone's attention. With one last glance at the now passed out man she'd just spent the last few hours corrupting, she closed the door behind her and made her way back downstairs.

Patrice was pleased to find that the living room was pretty much back in order, everything looking spick and span. Morgan had done a decent enough job. Patrice stepped in to look over her the blonde's work and double check things, and as she did so, Morgan looked up.

"Any problems?" Morgan asked, stopping Patrice as she looked over things. Patrice shook her head. "So... that was pretty crazy, wasn't it?" Morgan asked. At this, Patrice couldn't help but grin.

"Yeah, that was crazy," Patrice admitted, feeling a bit looser in front of her trainee now.

"But it was SO good!" Morgan added with a smile.

"Yeah... that was fucking spectacular," Patrice admitted.

"So... will he really not remember any of it?" Morgan asked.

"Well... his conscious mind won't be able to remember any of it, no. He won't be able to just pull up these memories whenever he wants to." Patrice began. "But... in some deep, dark part of his mind, where instinct is, the part that was driving his actions tonight, that part of him will remember. So, while his conscious mind won't be able to recall any specifics, those dark deep-seeded memories will still be there, influencing him like any core memory or instinct would. And so... it might be fun to see how those deep-seeded memories affect his

decision making in the future. Trust me, babe... he'll be a changed man. He just won't remember why."

"Wow... that's pretty wicked," Morgan admitted.

"Indeed," Patrice said, glancing around, making sure everything looked like it was in order. Suddenly remembering her schedule, she stopped this double-check, eager to move on. "Okay, everything looks fine here. We need to get going." At this Morgan nodded.

Before leaving, Patrice undid the magical protections they had put down to protect themselves. And in a flash, they disappeared from inside the house, apparating onto the roof, where their reindeer waited.

The rest of their deliveries that night went smoothly. Any nerves or awkwardness between them was gone. Having a threesome together tends to create a certain bond between people, and as the night went on, Morgan and Patrice started to become friends. For the rest of the night, they worked together in tandem like a well-oiled machine, getting the job done smoothly and efficiently. Even though they were behind schedule, they were able to make up time, with Patrice teaching the young blonde some tricks of the trade along the way. They were able to get their deliveries done with time to spare, making no mistakes.

Well... maybe that wasn't entirely true.

Back at the Carroll homestead, Morgan had done a good job cleaning up. But she wasn't perfect. And Patrice, in her rush, and still in the afterglow of being well-fucked, maybe hadn't done the best job inspecting. Because on the floor beneath the tree, hidden between some gifts and just out of sight, was something that didn't belong there. Something that belonged on top of the tree in fact, but with all the flailing limbs from the raw animal fucking that had just taken place in front of it, it had been knocked off. Knocked off the top of the tree and out of sight.

The tree-topper.

The little straw person clad in a blue dress. The thing that had been in the Carroll family for years. That supposedly protected them and the house from the fabled Ice Sirens. But there was no cause for concern. There wasn't actually anything to be worried about without that supposed protection in place.

Chapter 8

Tim Carroll's eyes opened, shining in the darkness. Regathering his bearings, it took a moment to remember that he wasn't at his own place but back at his mom's house. He wasn't in his own bedroom, but his childhood bedroom, a fact which, to his sleep addled mind, took him a few moments to adjust to. Lying back, he studied his surroundings. Next to him was his wife Vivian in her nightie, sleeping comfortably on her back. She was usually a heavy sleeper, but Tim was not, especially on a night like this. As Tim remembered what day it was, he couldn't help but let a smile cross his lips.

Christmas.

Even at 32, he still got excited on Christmas day. To put it simply, he loved getting gifts. Getting something for nothing had always been satisfying for him. That's probably why he got in so much trouble in his younger years once he was out of school. He used to spend a lot of time in casinos, hoping to make big bucks with as little work as possible. And well... that usually didn't work out for him.

Except for the one time it did.

One time, he struck big. One time. Not through any game of chance or skill, but in a raffle at the casino, Tim's efforts paid off. Seventy-five thousand dollars, right into his pocket. He was ecstatic. The odds had finally paid off for him, and he'd won big time. Now, he wasn't silly enough to go over to the roulette table and bet it all on black, and he was also realistic enough to know that, chances are, this was the one big payout he'd probably ever get. So he wasn't going to sink any more

time at the casino, hoping to win again. He'd won out and gotten a good nest egg in his bank account to spend on fun stuff while working to pay his bills. That was it.

He remembered bragging to his buddies at the bar about his winnings. He was ecstatic and couldn't be contained. He wanted to share news of his windfall with everyone. He was a good-hearted kid at his core, so people were generally happy for him. And the best part was that having a bit of money almost immediately made him much more appealing to the opposite sex, as that same night, at that same bar, he met Esmerelda, a woman who would eventually play a huge role in his life.

Esmerelda... damn, despite everything that happened subsequently, he could still remember the feelings he had upon meeting her. Simply put, she just oozed sex. Every move she made. Every word she said, in the sexy, smoky voice of hers. She was a stunning hot Latina, about his same age, maybe a year or two older. Gorgeous, with stunning hazel eyes, curly brunette hair, plump smooth lips, and a smirk that could make your cock throb, she could make any man melt in front of her. Everything about her conjured dirty thoughts. Golden caramel skin that made you want to run your hands across it. A spectacular, heart-shaped ass that stood out in whatever she wore. So round and firm that it would almost hypnotize you as she walked, with each cheek so perky that it just made you want to smack it. Then there were her breasts. Massive double-F cups that vaulted off her chest, jiggling so lusciously that it would make your mouth water. She always wore tight tops, and her hard nipples would always stick out in everything she wore. Always. It was amazing! She looked like she was poured into whatever tight outfit she chose to wear. Her body was taut and fit while being curvy at the same time. Esmerelda radiated sex with every step she took. She even smelled sexy, whether it was her natural scent or whatever girly fragrances she had on her. Every so often, Tim would get a whiff of a woman in the present and be reminded of Esmerelda, and he would still feel a jolt in his pants. She was sex in high heels, and by the time she approached him that night at the bar after overhearing his story, he found her so overwhelmingly attractive already that she practically had him wrapped around her finger as soon as they met.

Damn. He should have known better, he really should have. But at that point, feeling as good as he did, brimming with confidence and excitement, what did he end up doing?

He fucked the living daylights out of her!

It was incredible! The best sex of his life, bar none. They went at it for hours that night. It was insane. Tim was a good-looking man, and he was shameless enough to have a bit of unearned confidence and swagger, allowing him to have had a good time in his younger years. But this... this was the best ever. This was better than he'd ever had or ever hoped to get. Especially at that age, being young and horny, she was all he could ever want in a girl. Their relationship kept at it for months on end, but it was hard to define it as a relationship. If you counted having sex twice a day, and three times a day on weekends, a relationship, then yeah, that was their relationship. And Esmerelda was absolutely filthy. She was up for anything in bed, and all he could hope to do was keep up. She was hornier than he was, and she was the one always wanting more.

Anyways, their relationship lasted for a few months, and things never slowed down. He was so enraptured by her that he would basically follow her anywhere and do anything for her. Whatever she said or wanted was enough to make him want it too. So, when the time came and she casually mentioned how her older sister worked in investments and stocks and all that stuff, and she casually revealed how she had an inside scoop on an investment that could triple your money, guaranteed. Esmerelda asked if he wanted in. She didn't push it too hard. She didn't demand anything. But she did say that if they were able to get enough money, they could go on vacation together. Go to one of those places that had private beaches where she could wear next to nothing and where they could do whatever they wanted without interruption. The prospect of that was enough for him, which is how he ended up handing her over a check for seventy-five grand, addressed to her, which, combined with her savings, was gonna be their contribution to this plot to triple their money. After showing him her own check to show him that they were in this together, Esmerelda took the check from him with a warm smile and told him that she was gonna run out to meet up with sister to get the ball rolling on their upcoming windfall.

That was the last time he ever saw Esmerelda.

For a long time, Tim made excuses as to why she hadn't come back, or why she hadn't made contact with him, or anything. For days and days, he had faith in her. He was so wrapped around her finger that he made excuses for her beyond the point where anyone would have reasonably given up on her. But eventually, even he began to get nervous, trying to call her friends, or call her phone again and again, like ten times a day, getting increasingly desperate. Eventually, her phone number ended up disconnected, and he was left with no way to contact her. Finally, he was left with no choice but to confront the truth.

Esmerelda had taken the money from him. Taken it and run.

There was nothing he could do. The bank couldn't do anything, as the money was long gone. There was no real legal recourse, because he had willingly given the money over. And that was all ignoring the fact that no one could track her down. He had to face facts. Esmerelda was gone, as was his money.

The worst thing afterwards was the embarrassment when admitting to what had happened. His friends would never let him live it down, but that was to be expected with them, he figured, so it wasn't too bad. But admitting this mistake to his family was the worst. They could barely hide their anger and disappointment in him. His mother shook her head and gave all sorts of 'told-you-so's' for being so loose with his money, and his morals for dating a woman he'd met at a bar. The worst was Frank. Frank was upset at the girl for taking his money, sure, but he couldn't stop running Tim down. His teasing and crapping on him for this admittedly dumb mistake got old fast. And even to this day, Frank clearly looked down on Tim, thinking he was a dumbass. As a brother, he knew Frank would have his back if he was in trouble, but Tim never felt that respect as a man from his brother.

His oldest brother, Dan, was far more sympathetic to his plight. Sure, he would tease his brother lightly, which was to be expected, but he

was always warm to him in a way Frank never was. Tim always felt so different from Dan in so many ways. Dan had it all together, having this great, super-strong marriage to Connie, who was really just an incredible person, and he had these two great children. Tim felt so unaccomplished compared to him, and having a wife and a family like his older brother's seemed like what he should be working towards. Instead, he was getting bilked out of his money by wicked seductresses.

It took a while for Tim to get over the whole Esmerelda episode. He boiled in an almost impotent anger, having been successfully bilked out of his windfall by his succubus of an ex-girlfriend. He drank a lot. He returned to the casino, hoping for a repeat at his single stroke of luck, but it never came. And for the longest time, he never forgot about Esmerelda. Despite his anger with her, he couldn't stop thinking about their times together, their sexy times. Her face... her body... it was just... god damn. She was hot fire! Despite how things ended, he couldn't forget about their three months together. And with how crazy hot and sexy she was, and how incredible the fucking had been, part of him couldn't help but wonder if, even knowing how it turned out, if he would do it all again... just to experience her hot body one more time.

Luckily for Tim, despite being a bit of a knucklehead and messing up from time to time, he was an optimist. Sure, he wallowed a bit after the whole Esmerelda thing. But after a few months, he was up to his old tricks, living it up, having a good time. He dated a few times, kept working, and did enough to get by. He still made the occasional mistake, nothing to the degree of Esmerelda, but enough to keep him grounded. He occasionally gambled, but not to the degree he used to, knowing the trouble it got him in before. He didn't live the flashiest existence in the world, which would be nice, sure, but he was satisfied with what he had.

Then he met Vivian.

He often joked that he didn't know what Viv saw in him. She was exceptionally smart, a grad from one of the best business schools in the world. She was successful too, being a higher up at a pretty legit company, with a much better salary than he could ever hope to get,

having worked in retail most of his adulthood. She was very type A, and he was, uh... not. She was a couple of years older too, but in truth, she felt decades more mature than him. And she was really beautiful, with long, dark hair, a pale, creamy complexion, sharp, dark, intelligent eyes and an infectious Mona-Lisa smile. Her body was good as well, slim but fit, with a nice butt, and nice perky C-cups. Sure, her butt wasn't as round and firm as Esmerelda's, and her tits weren't massive jiggly melons like hers were. But unlike Esmerelda, Vivian wasn't comprised of pure liquid evil, which was definitely a plus.

They met at his work, surprisingly enough. He was a manager at a sporting goods store, and she came in looking to get a new tennis racket. He wasn't exactly an expert, but he bluffed his way through it, convincing her of the sale. She told him later that she knew he was bullshitting, but she respected the effort. She found it charming, and he was caught off guard when she invited him out for drinks. He accepted, of course, and the rest was history.

They were certainly an odd match, being so different personality-wise. She told him that she was tired of dating boring corporate guys and wanted someone a bit more fun. Tim kinda suspected that she was the type of woman who liked being in charge, and Tim was listless enough that she could sort of run his life and exert that controlling aspect of her personality. It might sound bad, but she was never malicious about it, and frankly, Tim welcomed it. He could be lazy if left to his own devices, and with his propensity for the occasional fuck-up, he kind of needed a stiff, guiding hand to keep his life running smoothly and preventing him from steering too far off the path.

A lot of her friends thought Tim was beneath her, but they were alike in more ways than they realized. He could make her laugh like no other, her sense of humor being far more raunchy than her image might let on, which lined up perfectly to the types of jokes he told. Two, as much as she lifted him up from his normal, listless ways, he got her to relax a bit, getting her into action movies and video games. It had reached the point where she had gotten more first places in those battle royale games than he could, a point which she never let him forget. One time, they were on opposite teams, and she hit him with a headshot from out of freaking nowhere. Her loud yell of "BOOM!" from across the house let him know he'd found the right girl.

They'd been married for just over a year now, after having dated for nearly two years before that. She kept him clear of trouble. Even though at times he might start down the wrong path, such as a friend convincing him of some hot new deal. Or the times he would almost be convinced to hang out with his buddies at a place that would only be trouble, Viv would put a kibosh on that, keeping him focused and on task, providing a service he really needed. And at the same time, his easygoing ways got her to loosen up. They were a good match. He thought he was satisfied with that old life of his, but being in a healthy relationship with a woman who wasn't a crazed money-hungry sex-pot... there was definitely a difference. Vivian made him feel like a better person, which kind of felt like the point of being married to someone.

He was always nervous about bringing her back home. With her, he felt confident and successful. But being back home, he felt like the little brother again. Dan was always cool with him, but Doris always mothered him. And Frank would always be the tough big brother and pick on him. He hated being the little brother and not being taken seriously, and he awaited the day that Frank would fuck up, just so he could hold it over him like Frank had with him. Unfortunately for Tim, Frank seemed to live a great life, having a super nice wife and a beautiful daughter and a successful, noble career. It was infuriating. Maybe someday, Frank would fuck up just as bad as he did, but Tim realized that day was unlikely to come anytime soon.

Nevertheless, he was for the most part enjoying the time back home, seeing relatives he hadn't seen in a while, his in-laws, nieces and nephews. Tim was young at heart, so he'd always gotten along with Dan's kids, Gwen and Max, well. Christiana, Frank's daughter, always loved being around her Uncle Tim, which made Frank boil slightly. And that mild annoyance made Tim very happy.

And because Tim was young at heart, he still got excited for Christmas. Sometimes, Viv would roll her eyes at how excited he got to receive presents, but it was always with a smile. He really loved Christmas, and he still had trouble sleeping the night before. And now that he was awake in bed, he just knew he'd have trouble falling back

asleep. It was 3:30 in the morning now. Too early for anyone to be awake, and too early to wake anyone up and get the ball rolling.

When he was a kid, he always woke up early, and his mom would always warn him not to sneak out of his room and spy on the gifts under the tree. He still did it more than a few times, and he also got caught a couple times. He just liked checking out the gifts and getting a tease of the presents to come, while also checking to see who had the most gifts. That's the stuff he would do as a kid. Yet, with that all being said, he was trying his best not to do that now. His curiosity was getting the best of him, and as the minutes went by and rest got farther and farther away, he knew he would not get any peace of mind just lying here. And he didn't want to give in to the temptation to just check out the gifts under the tree. He wasn't a child anymore. But, well… he was feeling parched. What if he went downstairs to get a glass of ice water? Yeah, that might be a good idea. And, if he just so happened to get a glimpse at the gifts under the tree, he certainly wouldn't complain.

Confident in his resolve, he slid out of bed and got on his feet, treading lightly as to not stir anyone. He knew he shouldn't be nervous. He was a grown man. He wasn't going to get in trouble for being awake and moving through the house. That being said, when he opened the door, he did listen hard to make sure no one else was up.

Padding downstairs in bare feet, clad in his pajama pants and an old t-shirt, he reached the ground floor. The living room was bathed in darkness, everything quiet and silent. Nothing seemed off or out of place. As he slowly walked past the living room, he glanced under the Christmas tree, seeing the outlines of the mass of gifts under the tree. He paused for a moment, studying what he saw. Lots of gifts, arranged well under the tree. Looked like a good haul.

Moving on through the shadows, he stepped into the kitchen, grabbing a glass and moving to the fridge, filling it with ice and then water. As the ice crackled in the water, he lifted it to his lips and took a sip, letting the cool water quench his thirst. As he did this, he glanced through the window into the backyard.

The snow was really coming down outside, filling the air, swirling in the wind. He was certainly glad he wasn't out there, thankful for the comfortable warmth of the house. The snow was blowing and obscuring his sight. They had a big backyard here, the yard relatively large and open, right on the edge of the forest. But the snow was swirling so heavily that he couldn't even see the individual trees, just the vague shadow of the forest. Sipping the water, he had almost polished off the glass. He was about to turn away and pull his view from the window when something caught his eye through the swirling snow, something that stopped him in his tracks.

What... was that... was there somebody out there?

For a split second, he thought he saw someone through the snow, at the tree-line. He looked through the window again, unblinking, searching through the darkness and the snow. He thought he saw... THERE! Right there!

The snow cleared for a few moments, allowing him to confirm his earlier glimpse. On the edge of the forest, there was... a person. It almost seemed like... it wasn't just a person. It was a woman. And as he blinked to clear his vision, and the view through the snow cleared up ever so slightly, he was able to confirm one other fact about this woman standing in the snow.

She was completely naked.

The snow let up for a few moments, allowing him a clearer view of this woman. Standing almost up to her knees in the snow, she looked otherworldly, just standing still, expressionless, facing the house. And... yeah, she was definitely naked. This fact was made abundantly clear as it was evident, even from afar, that she had very, very, VERY large breasts. Even seeing them from this far away, they looked absolutely mammoth. Wow. Round and smooth and firm, they vaulted off from her slim frame. The flesh was a creamy pale color and smooth, each massive udder capped with a hard pink nipple. Again, her boobs were just absolutely massive. People would often refer to a woman's breasts as headlights, and here that wasn't an unfair

comparison, helping this mystery woman stand out in the darkness. They were a truly excellent set of tits.

Tim was so lost by this shocking sight that he momentarily forgot to look at the rest of her. For the first time he was able to take in all of her. Her long, firm legs as she stood almost knee-deep in the snow. Her bare vagina, with just a small strip of hair. Her sexy navel and her fit, flat belly. And looking up top, another fact became clear. She was very beautiful. Gorgeous, almost model-like, with silky smooth blonde tresses falling past her shoulders. With her sharp blue eyes and smooth, sensuous lips, she was truly stunning. And with her blonde hair and fair complexion, she almost seemed Nordic. Combined that with the fact that she was in the snow, she reminded of him of a girl you would see on the ski slopes. But the question was why she was here, standing at the edge of the forest. And why was she completely nude?

Tim blinked his eyes over and over, wondering if she was a figment of his sleepy mind, but she never went away. He then scratched his arm, wondering if this was a dream he needed to wake up from. But this was no dream, and she never went away. He moved to the backdoor, wondering if this somehow was a trick of the light at the other window, but no, she was still there.

Okay, she was definitely real.

Then Tim became concerned. Was she in trouble? Did she need help? That might make sense, but when he looked at her face, she seemed calm. Unconcerned. She didn't seem to be in trouble. But as the snow picked up slightly, he could have sworn he saw her lips moving, as if she was calling out to him. Tim, careful to be quiet, unlocked the backdoor and cracked it open, listening for a voice from outside.

The winds were swirling loudly, forcing him to focus, and listen in with all his concentration. He didn't hear words, but after a few seconds, he heard a voice. Carrying on the wind, a smooth, wordless song... a very calming, warm, beckoning song... erasing his fear. It didn't say anything, but at the same time, it called out to him, wanting him to come closer. And it almost seemed like if he could just get a little closer, he would be able to hear something more definitive. Maybe

hear the words that were deadened in the blowing winds and falling snow.

He had to go out there.

Suddenly energized, and with a plan, he reclosed the door and moved to the laundry room next to the backdoor. There were some winter clothes hanging there, and he pulled both a sweater and a pair of jeans over his pajamas.

As he pulled on some boots and a coat, now cutoff from both the view of the outside and the sounds of that song, he started to think twice. What was he doing? This couldn't possibly be real. This was a trick of the mind. Maybe he was dreaming. But if he was dreaming, then there would be no reason not to play this out. And if this woman was out there, in trouble, calling for help, he couldn't live with himself if he didn't do anything about it. He pulled some gloves and a hat on, and as he stepped out onto the back porch, and the song on the winds hit his ears again, his doubts were instantly erased.

He had to go.

Stepping off the porch and into the yard, he could still see the woman standing there at the edge of the forest. The snow was dense and heavy, forcing him to stomp deeply through it, a task that was not so easy to do. Moving towards her, the falling snow obscured his vision, and the sharp, icy flakes blowing against his face caused him to look away. All he could follow was the song in the wind, getting louder as he got closer. Getting far enough away from the house that he felt comfortable speaking up, he called out to her.

"Hello!?" he called out. At the same time, he looked back up, braving the blowing snow driving right into his face. At the same moment his eyes landed on the woman once again, she turned around and began walking away.

"Hey!" he called out again, watching as she began walking deeper into the forest. Tim, despite the snow pelting his face, couldn't help but let his eyes drift down to the woman's bare ass. Wow... it was just as impressive as her breasts. Perfectly formed, each cheek round and firm, her heart-shaped ass shook side to side hypnotically as she moved. And as she walked away, she glanced back at Tim, looking to see if he was following.

This couldn't be real, Tim thought. He was following a nude blonde with titanic breasts and an immaculate ass into the forest. This had to be a dream, right? It sure did feel real though. He could feel the snow. He could feel the cold. He could hear the crunching of the snow beneath his boots. And he could hear the song on the wind.

He could barely describe it. It was subtle, but it was there. Soft, beautiful, ethereal. He couldn't compare it to anything he'd ever heard, but it was among the most beautiful things he'd ever listened to. It was like a song you could hear in the background behind a din of noise, and you wanted nothing more than to silence everything else, jam your ear near a speaker, crank up the song, and let it wash all over you. The song on the wind alone was enough to compel him forward. The fact the source of it seemed to be a naked woman with a perfect body was besides the point.

Sure, Tim was not above the sins of the flesh, as evidenced by his time with Esmerelda. And yes, even now as a married man, he could let his mind drift when encountering a pretty lady. But he had never been a cheater or anything like that. He was incredibly loyal to any girl he'd dated, almost too loyal. He was just happy to have a girl interested enough to actually date him that he didn't want to blow it. It's not that he wasn't handsome... far from it. He was a very handsome man, and when he cleaned up and dressed up all nice he could get a lot of attention. His natural habits kept him in good shape, and if he tried, he could really make heads turn. Decently tall, with a good head of dark short hair, friendly hazel eyes, and an infectious smile, he was easy to get along with. He had that charm, and he could do a good job in holding himself back and not going over the top and being too smarmy. But he never thought that any girls would take him seriously, and at times, he didn't take himself too seriously. Sure, he didn't have the greatest work ethic in the world, and he would rather laze about or play video games or shoot some hoops than actually do

anything that added value to the world. So, when a girl could look past all that stuff and actually show interest in dating him, he didn't want to ruin it.

Sure, certain bodily features of women would still catch his attention, namely tits and ass, but he would never let things go far enough to ruin things. He could look, but he would never touch. And besides... Viv was no slouch. She was hot. Her ass was firm and perky, and her C-cups were enough to get the job done. He was satisfied with his wife in every way. Sure, this mystery woman had blimp-like tits and an immaculate, perfectly formed, mouth-watering rear end, but that wasn't what was driving him into action.

Not in the slightest.

Tim reached the tree-line where the woman had once been standing. Shielded slightly from the blowing snow by the trees, he searched in the darkness, looking into the forest. There! He saw her, still walking away, deeper into the woods.

"Hey!" he called out again, following her, trying to speed up so he could catch up to her. But it was tough, as he had to stomp through the snow. Despite it being the dead of night, the forest seemed to be lit by moonlight, allowing him to see at a time when he didn't think he would. When he looked up and saw her walking, her bare ass catching his attention, the deep dark crevasse in between arresting his attention as her ass shook side-to-side, again and again... well, uh, anyway. As he saw her walking, she didn't seem to have the same trouble he was having, gliding through the snow in an almost otherworldly way, as if the snow wasn't an issue for her.

Something registered as being off about her. She was naked in the freezing cold. She was moving away from him as he chased after her, leading him into the forest. And as she walked so easily through the deep snow, he was almost sure something was not right about her, but in the swirling snow and blowing wind and bracing cold, he didn't have time to think on it too much.

He followed her into the forest. Even though he had on a sweater and coat, heavy jeans, gloves and a hat, the chill was starting to get to him. It was freezing out, and he was starting to feel it in his bones. But he was undeterred, following the mystery woman. When he would look up, he'd catch a glimpse of her, still far away from him. And when he'd lose sight of her, he'd listen for the music, following it as it got louder. Traipsing through the trees, climbing over fallen logs, moving deeper into the forest, he kept following this woman.

This went on for a bit, catching a glimpse of this woman as he chased after her. Every so often, she would glance back at him, smiling as she saw him still following. But as this went on, he started to get concerned. He was far away from home at this point, and looking around, he started to get confused about which way he'd come from. On top of that, he started to lose her path, with her disappearing from view, and the song fading into near silence. As this happened, his thoughts cleared somewhat, and logic returned to him. What was he doing? This was silly! This girl didn't appear to be in danger. She seemed playful. Like she wanted to lead him along. Maybe he should just turn back. If anyone caught him doing this, the jokes he would hear... they would not let up.

Steeling his resolve, he decided to turn back. He turned around, a bit confused as to which way he came from. Seeing his tracks in the snow, he nodded to himself, following the path that led him here. But as he walked back the way he came, nothing looked familiar. Nothing looked recognizable. He saw no lights from the houses. No signs of life. For a moment, he got scared.

Then... the music. The song! It was getting louder as he moved back the way he came. Having no other benchmark to go on, he veered slightly in the direction the song was coming from, the melody getting louder as he did so, carrying on the wind in the blowing snow. And then, for the first time in five minutes or so, the woman returned to his view, closer than she'd ever been, maybe thirty feet away.

"Hey!" he called out. "I only want to help."

He kept his eyes on her as he followed, veering off to the side to do so. With a better view, he could have glanced at the way her legs glided through the snow as if it provided zero resistance. He could have watched her shimmering blonde hair as she walked. He could have watched her bare, sashaying ass as she led him along. But what he did notice was that her tits were so fucking big that they could be seen from behind her, jiggling heavily as she walked. Even in the bracing cold, and the swirling winds, lost in the middle of the forest, the one thing on top of his mind at that very moment was the massive size of her breasts. God, they were just so fucking big...

From this distance, the song was hitting him much more clearly than it had before, and it became evident even more so that the song was coming from her. But the song did not sound like one a human voice was capable of singling. It was so beautiful... so enticing... it kept drawing him forwards.

"Hello!" he said again, but she was undeterred, continuing to glide through the snow, unaffected by his words. "Can you hear me?" he asked. At this, she glanced back at him again over her shoulder, her smooth lips curling into a smile before turning away again, mouth moving as the song echoed through the woods.

Boots still crunching in the snow, he wondered if he was a fool for still following, but this seemed so otherworldly that he just had to keep going. Even though this seemed so crazy that it was almost dreamlike, he kept following the music. Following the naked woman into the depths of the forest.

Suddenly, the woman turned a corner around a big tree, and when he made the same turn, she was just gone. He paused, looking around, seeing no sign of her in the darkness. He searched for her footprints, and found none, but then again, he hadn't seen her footprints at any point throughout this whole thing. Spinning around, confused, he didn't know where to go. Then... wait. A noise. It almost sounded like flowing water. It seemed to be coming from a bit deeper in the woods, a little farther in the direction the woman had turned towards. Looking forwards, he saw an area further along this pathed that almost looked to be glowing in the darkness. Having no other idea of

where to go, and not knowing if he could get back even if he wanted to, he proceeded onwards.

Despite not being able to see the woman, the voice singing that sweet song that was carrying on the wind was getting clearer as he moved forwards, towards the glowing area. Tim kept looking around, almost afraid the woman would jump out of the darkness, but there was no one. Nothing. As he moved forward, the glowing area got closer and closer. When he got close enough, he realized the light seemed to be coming from what looked to be an almost vertical rip in the darkness, but when he got even closer, it was revealed to be light shining in a small crevasse between hills, its source hidden behind them. And as he got nearer, the song kept calling out to him, louder than ever before, beckoning him. When he got to the crevasse, the narrow path between the two hills, he decided that he was so far along the path of this thing that he knew he had to go even further. He had to play this out. The answer was between these hills. He just knew it, and intellectual curiosity wouldn't let him stop now. Turning so he could slide through the narrow crevasse, his front and back brushing along the opposing hillsides, he finally slid through the narrow gap and entered the opening beyond it.

And what he saw made his eyes go wide.

It... it was beautiful.

What was bared to his eyes could only be described as a winter wonderland. A snowy tableau of natural winter beauty. He was standing near the edge of a pristine forest pond, the water crystal clear. The snow-covered earth he was standing on jutted out slightly into the pond so you could stand there and have the water nearly all around you. In the middle of the pond was a small island, and on it, a large tree stood, it's branches heavy with snow as it stood over the pond. On the far side of the pond was a slightly rocky hillside, quite steep. It looked like it'd be hard to climb up unless you had experience with that type of thing. From up high on it were two small waterfalls, feeding more clear water into the pond at a steady, calm rate. Looking up, about five or six feet below the summit, was an outcropping that would allow someone to walk along it. There were three or four separate parts of the outcropping that jutted out towards the pond,

allowing someone to get over it and look down. And on the wall of this hillside were what seemed to be a set of caves, but there appeared to be nothing up there.

The whole area was eerily beautiful, coated with heavy snow, which added an extra layer of silence to this otherworldly place. And what added to that otherworldly feeling was how bright it was. It was as if there were bright lights illuminating this area all around, but there were no sources of light to be seen. And still, he could still hear that song, but it almost seemed to be echoing from every corner of this place, coming from an unidentifiable source. Tim kept looking around, confused, seeing no one or nothing, the surrounding areas bathed in darkness. Finally, he turned back to face the pond and took a step towards it, studying it, trying to make heads or tails of this whole thing. As he did so, the music began to fade, to the point where he wasn't sure if he was still hearing it or only hearing the echoes of it in his mind. He was starting to wonder if...

"Hello," a voice said softly from behind him, making Tim's heart nearly jump out of his chest. Shooting up and spinning around quickly, he turned to look at the source of this greeting.

It was her.

Standing in front of him was the woman he'd been chasing this while time. The woman who'd been standing at the trees when he first looked outside. The woman who'd led him deeper in the forest. The woman who he'd lost sight of. She was standing in front of him now.

She was even more beautiful up close, with features so stunning she truly should have been a model. She had soft, fair, angelic skin. Smooth, cascading blonde hair. Warm, friendly blue eyes. Smooth, plump lips, and brilliant white teeth. But the problem that Tim was having was that... yeah, she was still totally nude.

He did his best to meet her eyeline, he really did, but it was a losing battle. It was futile. She was just all out there for him to see, and he couldn't help but take a glimpse. Her tits were even more massive up

close, like perfectly ripe watermelons. He had never seen a bigger pair in his life, and she seemed to have no trouble carrying them, standing up straight, totally unaffected by their massive size. They probably looked so big considering how fit she was, her tummy flat and smooth, her waist trim. He caught a glimpse of her still very exposed vagina, with a small, stylish landing strip, the hair there slightly darker than that on her head. Looking down further, he could see her long firm legs, at least most of them, as the snow was almost halfway up to her knees.

"Are... are you okay?" Tim croaked, meeting her gaze before speaking up. She didn't seem affected by his stare at her body.

"I'm okay..." she said, smiling warmly.

"Why are you out here? Especially... like this..." he said, gesturing towards her naked body, doing his damndest not to stare. At this, she smiled, a gesture that made his spine shiver it was so attractive.

"That's a long story, one you might not believe," she said, completely unaffected by the snow and the blowing winds.

"Do you need a coat or something?" he said, beginning to remove his own, but she held her hand up, stopping him.

"I'm fine," she said. "You need it more than I do," she finished, her voice possessing the most subtle of accents, making it very hard to place. Her words stopped him in his tracks, and he couldn't help but ask the question now on the top of his mind.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And... this might sound crazy, but... are you, like... a normal person?" At this, the naked woman laughed, a cute gesture that made her seem even more incredibly attractive.

"I'm not quite a normal person," she admitted. "To be honest, I'm not even from here." His eyes scrunched up at this.

"Are you... an alien?" he asked in all seriousness. At this, she giggled.

"No, I'm not an alien," she relented. "But I'm not from here. I'm from..." she paused, searching for the right word. "I'm from... above."

"What do you mean, above? Like... Heaven?" he questioned. At this, she smiled warmly at him and nodded. Now, Tim was not a religious man. He was openminded to the concept, sure, but it had never really grabbed him. And now, if this woman was to be believed, he was having a religious experience right now. "Are... are you like an angel, or something?" he asked.

"That's correct, Tim," she replied, smiling again, happy that he came to this conclusion so quickly. His eyes narrowed at her saying his name. "I'm here for a divine purpose. We've been watching you and your kin for some time now, which is why I know your name." She paused for a moment, letting that sink in. "You're part of something big here, Tim. You just don't know it yet."

"What are you talking about?" he asked, beyond confused.

"It might be beyond your understanding, so I'll simplify it," she began, looking up, searching for the right words to say. "You come from a very old bloodline. Very old... but very strong. Families as old and long lasting as yours carry over certain qualities from those older times. There is a certain strength and impact that members of a bloodline like yours can have, which makes you very important in the times ahead. We have kept an eye on your bloodline for a while now, and of those who carry it, you're the one that most measures up for the job. And it's an important job, Tim. The MOST important job."

"What do you mean?" he asked. At this, her warm smile dissipated as she got a bit more serious.

"There's a war coming, Tim," she began. "You don't know it yet, as they are very good at keeping things under wraps. I won't get into too many details now, but what is absolutely undeniable is that there's a

darkness that's spreading, a pall that's slowly enveloping the world. And I need your help to stop it."

"Wait... wait..." Tim stammered, as this woman told him he was suddenly part of a war. This was like something out of a movie. "Let's... let's start over." He was tripping over his words, and she smiled patiently as he took in everything she had said. "And forgive me if I have some questions here..." she smiled again at this. "So... you're... you're an angel?" She nodded again, confirming his question.

"No wings, though," she joked, looking down her bare back. "That's the stuff of stories, I'm afraid."

"So... you're an angel... on Earth," he began. "How long have you been here?"

"Not long," she replied. "There are too many prying eyes to make our presence widely known. It's a shameful day that the forces of the divine have to hide in the shadows while the sinners live in the light."

"And that was you singing?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, smiling coyly, as if she had been caught doing something she wasn't supposed to. It was... cute.

"And... if you don't mind me asking..." he began. "Why are you naked?"

"Oh... this?" she asked, looking down at herself, as if she hadn't even registered that being naked was a problem. "Me and my brethren come down here in our purest form," she said, and something registered as off with that statement with Tim. Did an angel's purest form include a landing strip? He stopped himself from voicing it. If this was true and she was a real angel, he didn't want his first question to be about the hair around her vagina. Luckily, she kept talking not allowing him the

chance to put his foot in his mouth. "With the stakes as high as they are, mere trivialities like clothing don't matter."

"Aren't you cold?" Tim asked. She shook her head.

"I'm fine..." she explained, smiling warmly. "The cold... I love it. It makes me feel alive..." she said, trailing off, looking off into the distance. That being said, compared to the walk through the woods, it wasn't quite as bitingly cold here in this area. It was strangely both freezing cold and warm at the same time, a sensation that was hard to describe.

"And why did you lead me out here?" he asked.

"There are prying eyes everywhere. More than you know," she explained. "If the wrong people find me... it could be... disastrous."

"What is this place?" Tim asked.

"This is where we live while we're at work. A place that no one can find unless they are shown. A place where we can't be intruded upon," she stated.

"And what's your name?" he asked.

"Oh, sorry," she replied, smiling. "You can call me Isabelle."

"So, Isabelle," Tim began. "What do you need?" At this, she paused and stepped forward so she was standing next to him on the edge of pond. She looked gorgeous, the snow falling in her hair, a snow angel standing in the forest. In this otherworldly place, she was the thing that stood out. Sure, her massive, fleshy tits jiggled with every move she made, which made her REALLY stand out, but that wasn't important at a time like this.

"The world has become a darker place, Tim," Isabelle said cryptically, standing next to the married man, his gaze following hers as they looked over the icy pond. "I'm sure you've noticed it as well. Dark forces are at work, spreading across the planet, seizing people's minds and hearts, corrupting them. Using them for their own dark designs like puppets. Only the purest of forces can stop them. Of justice and peace and trust, but most importantly, the forces of love."

"Okay..." he said, a bit confused. She turned to look at him with purpose in her eyes.

"People have strayed farther from the light, Tim. They've embraced the darkness, and what purity there once was in love has been tainted and corrupted and turned into something twisted and disgusting. People nowadays, in the bedroom, doing such vile things and saying such truly awful words to each other, not for the sake of love, but for sick, disgusting, lustful pleasure..."

"Yeah, it's really messed up, what people are doing," Tim said, looking away, hoping that this angel hadn't been watching him during his time with Esmerelda.

"All that dark, disgusting behavior is what's corrupting this world, slowly but surely..." Isabelle said. "What the world needs is a... counterweight... to that bad behavior. If the world is slowly being poisoned by such vile things, then the natural defense against it would be a superior expression of pure, divine love..."

"Yeah?" Tim said, not following.

"I, being from..." she paused and looked up to the heavens above. "It is my duty to spread love and purity as much as I can. And you, being from a family of old blood, makes your influence stronger than you know. Together, we can do our part to turn the tide of this war towards its proper outcome, as my sisters do the same throughout the world."

"And what do you have in mind?" he asked. She paused and gave him a coy smile.

"Well, it might sound a bit unusual for me to be asking this of you, but..." she paused again. "I need you to lay with me tonight." Those words hung in the air for a bit.

"Wait... what?" Tim asked, shaking his head. What was she saying?

"I need you to... lay with me, Tim," she repeated again, but the message wasn't clear enough. "The most pure act of love takes place during lovemaking between two people that love each other very much. And while we don't share those same feelings, my divinity and your bloodline will make the act even more potent than it would be normally."

"Wait, you're asking me for... sex?" He said that last word quietly, not sure if he was catching her drift. That being said, he couldn't help but look at her perfect body again and feel a small thrill course through him.

"Yes," she said, nodding and smiling up at him hopefully.

"Um... Isabelle... I'm married, you know?" he replied, holding up his wedding band.

"I understand completely," she said. "I wouldn't be asking you to do such a thing if it wasn't of such grand importance. And, to be perfectly honest... because we face such trying times, some sacrifices have to be made for the greater good. In such occasions as this, we are forced to do things we wouldn't normally do."

"Wait..." Tim said, hung up on the logic of her request. "Wouldn't me cheating on my wife be a sin in the eyes of..." he paused and glanced up to the heavens in the same way she did. She smiled sadly at this.

"Well, it's the people who evaluate the sinners that are asking you to make this small sacrifice for the greater good. Trust me, they won't hold it against you," she assured him.

"Isabelle, I don't know..." he said, looking away. He couldn't actually do this... right?

"Tim..." she began, taking a step closer to him, her massive knockers jiggling as she did so. "Marriage is a vital, important thing. When two people love each other, that bond is what strengthens this world! You and Vivian, your bond carries on the wind and joins the rest, shielding this world from the darkness. And doing this wouldn't weaken that shield, it will only strengthen it! There are great dangers up ahead for all of us, Tim, including you. Including your wife. Including the children you two will have together. This concerns all of you!"

Tim shook his head, still unsure.

"I understand your hesitance, Tim," she said, reaching and grabbing his hand between hers. Her hands were cool as they held his. "You love your wife! That much is obvious. And you don't want to cheat on her. But you're not cheating! Your heart is still with her. Your loyalty is for her. This... what I'm proposing, is not some lurid, sinful, wicked act, an act based on sin. It is something beautiful! It is the ultimate beauty of humanity. Lovemaking! Our bodies intertwined. Your head resting on my breast. Your manhood contained lovingly in my womanhood. My core. My sex! It won't be a lustful, disgusting act. It will be pure. Gentle. Clean. Beautiful!" She looked up at him, smiling brightly.

Now, Isabelle's almost puritanical description of sex wasn't exactly ticking any boxes for him, as he preferred to think of sex as more of a fun, filthy good time as opposed to viewing it as beautiful, chaste lovemaking. Even with Viv, she was the type of woman where if he

called their sex lovemaking, she'd be kinda skeeved out. But, the fact that Isabelle was so freaking gorgeous, and her body was so incredible... that was enough to keep him listening, despite the insanity of everything. But it still wasn't enough to win him over.

"Isabelle..." he began, the apprehension in his voice obvious. At this, at seeing that her declaration about the offer of beautiful, pure lovemaking wasn't enough to win him over, her face dropped. That was enough of an answer for her.

"I see..." she said, turning away from the married man and taking a few steps away along the edge of the pond, her perfect, bare ass now facing him. "It's a shame where the world is these days. A divine being can descend from the heavens and make an offer so pure and without malice that there is no reason not to do it, yet still be denied. That a man would require a woman to humiliate and degrade herself and behave like a harlot to make herself appealing to him."

"No! It's... it's not that at all," he said. "If anything, that makes me believe that you're telling the truth even more. It's just... I'm married, and I can't live with myself if I were to cheat on her." Isabelle turned back to face him, smiling sadly at him.

"That's why you're a good man, Tim," she said. "And that's why I came to you, because only someone possessing such a good heart is capable of flipping the world back to where it's supposed to be. And only someone with your strength of character could handle what I've asked of you and know that a small personal sacrifice might be required for the greater good. I could have asked your brothers, but neither are as strong as you are."

This was the first time someone had ever looked at him as being in any way better than his two brothers. Dan was this great, successful, intelligent family man, and Frank was this noble cop. Tim was the little brother. The dummy. The fuck-up. So, for him to hear from her that he possessed a strength that neither of his brothers did made his heart swim with affection for her. He really wanted to help Isabelle.

"I can try to make this as easy as possible for you..." Isabelle said, her expression sad as she tried to make her offer one last time. "Whatever you need to do to make this easier for you is okay with me. If you need to imagine your wife in my place, that's fine. I understand. Although... I think we do look a bit different..." she said, glancing down at herself, guiding his eyes downwards.

Yeah, that was putting it lightly. Viv had dark hair, Isabelle had blonde hair. Viv had an olive complexion, Isabelle's was creamy and smooth. His wife had a small, cute butt. But Isabelle had a round, firm, shapely ass. And, most notably, Vivian had a nice set of C-cups. But Isabelle... she had those massive watermelons on her chest. It would be hard to mix up these two women up.

He looked up into her eyes as she looked up at him hopefully.

"I want to help, Isabelle, I really do, but..." At this, she simply nodded.

"I get it," she said, resigned. "You know... a group of us watched out for candidates. And they all were saying that Frank would be the guy. He's a father, so he understands sacrifice. He's a cop, so he understands heroism, But I fought for you. I thought you had potential to be something greater. But... I guess I was wrong. All this work was for... nothing, I guess. We get so few opportunities to reach out when we can't be caught, but..." Isabelle then paused and looked up. "I understand, Tim. I admire the strength and loyalty you have for your wife. But, it seems like this is where we part ways. I wish you best of luck in the future. Just head back out through the crevasse and keep walking straight, and you'll end up back home. Have a wonderful Christmas." The angel then turned away and began walking away, walking around the edge of the pond.

Tim nodded and began to slowly trudge away. He felt like he should be relieved for having stood up for his marriage and values, but he felt hollow. He almost felt cowardly for not helping. He had been come to for help, and he had refused the call. Sure, he did it for good reasons, but... it still felt like he'd done the wrong thing. An angel had sought him out specifically in her moment of need, absolutely desperate.

Instead, when she needed help the most, he'd let her down. He couldn't imagine how crushed she must be.

He glanced back at the angel, looking to confirm his suspicions. She still had her back to him as she stood on the edge of the pond. Her head was down, still no doubt crestfallen by his unwillingness to help. Through their whole conversation, she had seemed strong and confident and full of hope. Now, standing naked in the snow, her arms held close to her sides as if for warmth, hands clasped in front of her, her bare skin looking so cold it was almost blue, she had never looked more defeated. He imagined she was crying, tears falling from those stunning eyes of hers, down her nose, falling either onto the snow or onto those massive tits of hers...

No! He had to stop himself from thinking like that. She was an angel! A being of purity and light! He couldn't focus on her massive, perfect breasts, no matter how amazing they were. He couldn't think about that single tear slowly traversing along the smooth, immaculate slope of her gigantic boobs, maybe catching on one of those mouthwatering pink nipples of hers... no! He had to clear these thoughts away.

His eyes tried to focus on what was real and not his disobedient thoughts, but unfortunately, what was exposed to his eyes was this angel's perfect naked form from behind. Despite his resolve, he couldn't help but let his eyes drift downwards, to the perfect round cheeks of her rear end, the ass that had led him into the depths of the woods and to this snowy tableau. He thought he was only taking a passing glance, but his eyes remained glued to the blonde's juicy, heart-shaped ass for an extended period of time. He was damn near hypnotized by the sight. The mouthwatering firm cheeks of her perfectly-shaped ass arrested his vision, and he couldn't look away. So perfect... so juicy. Standing in the cold, an ass like that looked as warm and inviting as can be...

Looking at this heartbroken angel, realizing he still hadn't walked away, he couldn't help but reconsider his choice. Maybe... maybe he shouldn't leave. Maybe he should follow his heart. Despite making what seemed like the right choice, it all just felt so wrong.

He mindlessly took a few tentative steps towards the exit as he thought things over, as if trying to talk himself out of the decision he had made before it was too late. Her earlier words resonated with him. If someone came to Frank for help, he wouldn't refuse the call. He'd jump into action. He'd be the hero. And Tim, he'd always be the doofus. The little brother. He'd never be the hero. Unless...

"Wait!" he called out, turning back as he neared the entrance to this winter clearing. Her head raised up slightly, but she didn't look back at him. Having her attention, and filled with resolve, he found his words. "I'll do it!"

Isabelle turned back and turned to face him, her huge naked boobs swaying as she did so. Instantaneously full of life and vigor again, standing up straight, any traces of hypothermic blue in her exposed flesh gone, she spoke up.

"What?" she replied, her face lighting up, any traces of tears gone, as if they were never even there.

"I'll do it," he repeated.

"Seriously?" she replied, a smile forming on her beautiful face.

"Yes..." he stated, nodding, stepping towards her. "For the greater good... I'll step up. I'll do it." At this, she grinned wide, beyond pleased.

"I knew it!" she said. "I knew there was a hero inside of you!" If he had any doubts, her worshipful tone erased them. He walked towards her, boots crunching in the snow. At the same time, she glided through the snow with ease, till they were standing near each other at the edge of the pond once again. Standing close again, he paused, the sudden awkwardness of knowing what was about to happen hitting him.

"So... what now?" he asked tentatively.

"Oh. Well... we're going to do it right here," she said, gesturing towards the spot where the edge of the pond jutted into it somewhat. "That will be the perfect altar for our lovemaking."

"Okay," he said, bristling at that word but ignoring that feeling. "So, how do we start?"

"Alright, so first, you have to take off your clothes," she said. "I hope I don't have to teach you how to do everything!" she joked with a big grin.

"No, it's just..." he began. "It's awful cold, isn't it?"

"Oh, that. I forget about these things sometimes..." she said. "Don't worry. This place is... special. You'll be protected from the cold. A man like you won't freeze here. You'll actually find it comfortable. So... get started. As you can see... I'm all ready to go."

"Oh... okay..." he said, before reaching up and pulling his coat off. As he pulled it off, she reached out to take it from him, folding it up and setting it down nearly on a nearby tree stump. He kept at it, pulling off the heavy sweater he had on and bracing for the cold to hit his exposed skin. But once the sweater was off, and he was standing there in a thin t-shirt, he was surprised to find the temperature was... comfortable. He could still tell it was cold, but it wasn't affecting him. Seeing him figure this out, she smiled.

"Told you..." she said, grinning.

He proceeded to nervously pull off the rest of his clothing. He tossed his shirt off and, with the help of the blonde angel, pulled off his boots and socks. It felt strange to step barefoot in the snow, and much like the chill air on his exposed skin, he could feel the cold, but it seemed distant. It didn't affect him in any way. Standing in front of him, Isabelle watched as the married man nervously undid his jeans,

lowering them till they fell down his legs and into the snow. Stepping away from them, clad only in his tight boxer briefs, he reached down and grabbed his jeans and tossed them on top of the stump with the rest of his clothing. He hooked his fingers into the hem of his briefs and paused, looking up at the angel. He hadn't done anything like this with anyone besides Viv in years, and he was rightfully nervous. He hoped to find some comfort with the kind-hearted blonde angel, but her eyes weren't on his. Her eyes were locked straight on his crotch, and the weapon he was packing. An odd thing for angel to be doing, he thought, but maybe she was just focused on the task at hand. Exhaling and shrugging his shoulders, he yanked his underwear down, exposing himself to a woman other than his wife for the first time in years.

Luckily for him, he had nothing to be ashamed of.

The cold wasn't affecting him down there either. Tim was a handsome man, sure, but he might not be the most successful. Or the smartest. But he had a good dick, and that always made him popular with women. A hefty nine inches long, thick and smooth and meaty, it always got the job done. And when it was in action mode, throbbing hard, thick as can be, coated with his partner's glistening sex-juices as he pounded away at her, more than one of those women said the mere sight of it at that stage was enough to send them over the edge. On top of that, he had a pair of impressive balls, round and full, supplying his dick with the vital cum it needed. And it paid off, as Tim could fire off a fucking gallon of cum if he was worked up enough. Esmerelda was really into that, always coaxing him into filling her up with the stuff, in whatever hole she wanted. Sometimes, she would spend an entire day teasing him, flirting with him, driving him insane with lust, knowing how charged up he would get. Knowing that her teasing would end with her on her knees as he coated her face and tits with his thick, creamy seed. She was the last girl who could really take him to his limits like that, but Viv was into it too. Seeing her face light up with an impressed glint as he coated her belly and chest with streams of his jizz always sent a thrill through him. And now his fully loaded weapon was totally hard again, exposed to this naked blonde angel.

"Wow..." she said, eyes locked on his cock, standing out from his crotch. As he stepped out of his briefs and tossed them aside, she kept staring at it. "Your wife's a lucky lady!"

"Oh, uh... thanks..." Tim said, confused but thrilled. It was always thrilling to be complimented like this by an attractive woman. And it was strangely amusing to him that having a big dick seemed to have as much value with this angel as it did with normal women.

"Alright..." she began, stepping back, ready to move the plan along. "Let's get this started, then. There's no time to waste." She then sat down in the snow near the edge of the pond, where the snow was less deep, before lying back and spreading her legs.

Now as naked as she was, he'd never felt more exposed. But he promised her he'd do this, and he couldn't stop now. This was about something more important than his fears. This was his chance to step up and be a hero.

Tentatively, he stepped towards the angel on the ground. She smiled warmly as he did so, and despite the supposed purity of this encounter, he couldn't help but admire her massive breasts as they vaulted up off her chest like mountains, jiggling as she shifted, making his mouth water. But this wasn't about that kind of thing. This was something more pure and wholesome.

Slowly, Tim got on his knees between her splayed legs and crawled forward till he was above her, resting on his hands and knees. She grinned in a very friendly way as he did so, looking ever so beautiful. She did look truly angelic like this, lying in the snow, her smooth blonde hair splayed out beneath her. She was too pretty and too friendly to get too carried away with lust. At least his mind thought that. His dick felt differently, though, as hard as a brick, throbbing hard thanks to her stupidly hot body. Luckily, his mind was aware of the goal of this encounter, keeping his dick in check, not letting himself get carried away.

Tim got in position above her, his hard cock hanging beneath him, till he slid into place with the tip pressing against the smooth, puffy lips of her waiting vagina. He looked down into her shining blue eyes,

making sure this was okay. And she was doing the same, looking up at the married man.

"Are you ready?" she asked him, putting a hand on his chest, making sure he was okay with doing this. He smiled and nodded. He'd already come this far. He could take this the rest of the way. This was for something greater than himself. Something important. He would get the job done. He would step up when others might falter.

He would be the hero.

Steeling himself, he flexed his hips and pushed forward, pushing his large married dick into the vagina of the angelic blonde beneath him.

"Oh my God!" she sighed as his penis parted the lips of her vagina and slid inside of her. "Slowly, Tim. Gentle..." she sighed. He wasn't moving things along too quickly, but nevertheless, he slowed down, not wanting to upset her. This was an angel and doing anything to stain her purity or divinity would crush him. So, he took it extra slow, gently pushing his thick married cock inside of her. But it was taking a great level of self-control to resist his base urges to just push his way inside of her quickly, because of one undeniable truth.

He'd never been inside a pussy this tight in his life.

It was, like, holy shit! He'd never expected anything like this, not at all. She was so nice and sweet. She was an angel, for God's sakes! Yet, her pussy was, without a doubt, the tightest he'd ever been inside of. Even though he was only a few inches inside of her, it already felt amazing, squeezing the living daylights out of his throbbing dick. In his experience, there were two types of pussy. There was the, for lack of a better term, normal pussy. The good, snug, nice, pleasurable type of pussy that gets the job done and feels pretty damn good. Some of his previous girlfriends were like that. And Viv was like that too.

Then there was the other type of pussy. The unforgettable type. The type of pussy that feels so damn good it almost felt like it was

designed to pleasure dick. The type that squeeze your dick so hard it felt like it would break. The type of experienced, well-trained cunt that can drive a man insane, and get him to do just about anything. Some of the other girls he'd had one-night stands with were like that. Esmerelda was like that, and up to now, she'd been the best he'd ever had. There was just something about that tight, wet, slutty pussy that was better than anything.

And that was the funny thing. He fully expected Isabelle, this angel on Earth, this gorgeous, sweet, friendly blonde, to have the standard, regular pussy. But no, Isabelle was the latter, and it wasn't even close. She might be an angel, but she had a pussy that was just like the ones the slutty girls he used to hook up with did. The extra tight type of pussy that was squeezing the hell out of his throbbing dick as if that was its sole purpose. It felt SO good! It was already driving him crazy, even being only a few inches deep inside of her, and he was having trouble containing himself it felt so good. Using every fiber of his being, he kept himself in check, not betraying any of the lustful bliss coursing through him.

"Oh my Gosh..." Isabelle sighed. "This feels nice!" she said, grinning.

"Yeah..." Tim croaked out, pushing himself in deeper. "Nice."

Tim kept at it, pushing about two-thirds of his lengthy dick inside the woman beneath him. Despite her incredible tightness, she was dug deep, able to take his length. Her tight walls were smothering his hard cock, squeezing it, coating it with her juices, aiding it in it's journey deep inside of her.

"Oh my gosh," Isabelle said again, smiling up at Tim. "That's really big!" she said cutely. She was so innocent, Tim thought. Far more than he.

"Uh, yeah, mpphh!" he groaned, trying to stifle his moans. "I guess." Finally, his balls pressed lightly against her ass, and his entire cock was now encased in her welcoming pussy. "Wow!" he groaned, his head falling for a moment as he tried to deal with the pleasure

coursing through him. Finally, he recovered enough to raise his head, allowing him to look down into her smiling face. For a second, her eyes flashed with an almost indescribable pride, but that passed quickly and she regained her composure.

"You're all the way inside me..." she sighed, grinning. "Are you okay?" she asked innocently, her pussy gripping his dick hard. "It's a brave thing you're doing now, helping me out. I know you're cheating on your wife, but it's for a greater purpose. I promise!" she stated. "Doesn't this already feel like it's something greater?" she asked happily. He simply nodded, her pussy driving him crazy. Yeah, this was something pretty damn great so far. Too great, to be honest. He wanted to pound away into her, but she had in mind a more innocent encounter, so once he was able to find the self-control to move, he began to lightly and gently pump a couple inches of his married penis into her.

"Oh!" she sighed softly, eyes closing as he lightly pleasured her. She reached up and rubbed his fit arms as he got going, encouraging him. He was only pumping a few inches of his dick, not wanting to get too carried away. This was supposed to be a soft, loving encounter, and he was doing his best to keep it that way.

Despite how crazy tight her pussy was.

"Oh, my goodness..." she moaned, biting her lip as he pumped into her. His hefty balls were lightly slapping against her ass, but considering the woman he was with, even that seemed to be too lewd, causing him to slow down ever so slightly.

Their fronts were rubbing against each other during this lovemaking, skin on skin, sliding against each other, getting warmed up despite being naked in the snow. Her huge boobs jiggled with every light thrust he made, the fleshy jugs sliding and pressing into his chest ever so slightly. He was raised up enough to be able to have a full view of her perfect breasts, and he wanted nothing more than to squeeze and suck on those perfect udders. But again, he was keeping himself in check.

"This is nice..." she moaned softly, gently, her body squirming beneath her. "Can you feel it?"

"Yes!" he groaned. "This is amazing!" he groaned, his body tight as he dealt with her immaculate vagina. Suddenly, from above, the heavenly song that Isabelle was singing before hit his ears again.

"Can you hear it?" she asked, her hands on his shoulders. "Can you hear the divine music as well?"

"Yes!" he said. It seemed to be coming from above. From the top of that small cliff, near the caves.

"That means we're doing it!" she said, her foot curling around him to run along his calf. "The power of our lovemaking is countering the darkness!"

"Okay..." he said, not fully understanding it, but going along with her. He kept at the same pace. Despite the pleasure of her amazing pussy, the speed of this encounter was too slow-paced to be taking him even close to the edge. He needed something a little more vigorous to get him off. And although she was squirming beneath him, and her pussy was soaked with her juices, he looked down at her and saw a flash of what almost seemed like impatience. But that disappeared by the time she noticed him looking at her.

"Oh, uh..." she stammered, a bit caught off guard and maybe embarrassed, biting her lower lip in pleasure. Looking up at him cutely, she smiled. "You can, uh, maybe go a little faster."

"Okay!" he said, slightly relieved. At this, he picked up the pace, not going crazy, but giving her a few more inches on every pump as he went a bit faster. And it felt even better, making his balls boil.

"That's good..." she sighed, her head falling back. Maybe she was liking this too, more than she wanted to let on. Both her legs curled around his, and her hands began rubbing his shoulders. As he sped up, her noticed her pussy get even wetter, and he felt it gripping his penis even tighter. But again, when he could hear his balls slapping into her ass, he slowed down, fearing he was getting carried away.

"NO!" she called out firmly. "Keep going..." she urged him, almost impatiently. And with her permission, he resumed the pace he was at, his balls slapping against her ass loudly, echoing through the wintery landscape. Her pussy was gripping him hard, and her hands were rubbing his back, encouraging him onward. Her eyes were closed as he kept pumping into her, and he took the chance to stare at her massive breasts. God, they were big. And round. And soft. What he wouldn't give to touch them... squeeze them. Rub his face against them. Suck on one of those hard nipples to his heart's content. But he couldn't. All he could do was stare.

"Um..." she said, squirming beneath him, getting his attention. "Can you maybe go a little faster?" she urged him cutely. He smiled and nodded as he picked up the pace, driving into her more rapidly, giving her about half of his length every time. This felt a lot better, a lot closer to what he liked, and it was enough to make his dick throb in pleasure.

Beneath him, Isabelle was humping up into him slightly as he slid his dick in and out of her. Eyes scrunched shut, lips pursed, she was focused on the pleasure he was giving her. He watched as her eyes opened again, looking almost frustrated, before looking up at him and grinning in that warm way of hers.

"Okay, maybe just... go faster and faster... just keep going faster until I tell you to stop. How does that sound?" she asked, smiling.

"Oh... okay!" he said, nodding. He was happy to give it to her harder, because it felt way better for him, but he couldn't help but be slightly confused. This was getting further away from the pure, gentle lovemaking they'd agreed upon.

Nevertheless, he lived up to his promise, flexing his hips and giving her more dick every time, pumping into her harder and harder. His balls were slapping against her ass at a rapid pace as he pumped five inches of dick into her. Then six inches. The more he pumped, the faster he went. And the faster he went, the wetter she got.

"God, this is good!" he groaned. Her grasping pussy felt amazing around his big dick, and as this got closer to regular sex, it felt better and better, his cock throbbing in pleasure. He was getting into this more than he thought he would, as was she.

"Keep going!" she urged him, nodding, eyes glazed over with desire. "More!"

He kept going, giving her six-and-a-half inches on every stroke. Then seven. He kept going at it harder and harder, their bodies slapping together, his lustful thrusts making her breasts ripple, a hypnotic sight he couldn't get enough of. And as he drilled her, the song on the wind kept getting louder and louder, letting him know he was doing something right.

"Oh..." he sighed, the pleasure taking its toll on him, causing him to slow down.

"Don't stop!" she called out firmly, a bit of the friendliness gone from her voice. "Give me more!"

Not knowing what else to do, he obeyed, giving her almost his entire full length, his nuts bouncing against her ass loudly as he drilled her. His long, thick cock was shiny with her copious sex-juices. She was really enjoying this, and both of them were working up a sweat as they did it. Her legs were now locked around his waist and her hands were digging into his back gently. He kept pumping into her hard and fast, giving her his full, hard nine-inches every time. Her eyes were scrunched shut and her mouth was open, turned to the side, mouthing her moans of pleasure. Reading her lips, it almost looked

like she was mouthing the f-word, over and over again. At this, he began to think that something about this was off. This wasn't going the way he thought it would, and it was starting to feel like real cheating. This was supposed to be nice and pure. That's what she had asked for. That's what she'd promised him. And yet, she was the one that was asking for it to be harder. Either she was trying to protect her own dignity by not outwardly asking for the type of sex she really wanted, or... or something else was going on here. For the first time, it felt like Tim was doing something wrong.

"Um..." Tim said tentatively, slowing down, thinking of his wife. "Maybe this is getting..." But before he could finish, Isabelle's eyes opened wide and looked right up at him.

"Don't stop fucking me!" she spat out, with no humor or gentleness. As she did, she squeezed her legs around him, pulling him back inside of her.

"Wait... wait..." he said, trying to pull back, but her legs, and the feeling of her tight pussy around his big dick, coaxed him back inside of her. Looking down at her, fully holstered inside her tight, wet pussy, he looked confused. "Wait, Isabelle, this isn't..." he began, but before he could finish, she reached up and grabbed him by the back of his head, pulling him down face first into her chest, pressing her tits against his face.

"Mmmmpphhh!" he groaned. "Mmmmm..." his groans softened as his face took in this new sensation. She held him tight against her soft breasts, and tentatively, he began scrubbing his face against the soft, succulent flesh. At the same moment, she twisted her chest back and forth, sliding her tits across his face. So caught off guard by this action was Tim, he didn't notice that his hips had resumed pumping into her.

"That's it! That's it!" Isabelle urged, speaking softly into his ear. "C'mon baby. Give me all of it. Every inch! I can take it! That pussy can take it!" As her titty-flesh molded into his handsome face, his brain shut down, focused entirely on her big tits. It was his animal brain the was obeying her commands, pumping into her harder and

harder, pulling out all the way to the tip and driving down into her. Again and again. Harder and harder. "That's it, baby! That's it! Yes! Yes! That's EXACTLY what I needed! Yes! More! Give it to me! Give me that big dick!"

Despite being almost ear deep between her massive breasts, her words echoed in her cleavage and reached him. This... what was this? What was going on here? Why was she talking like this?

"Isabelle..." he began, lifting his head from her tits to look her in the eyes. But that moment went by fast, as before he could say or do anything more, she used her grip on the back of his head to pull him back down and stuff a hard nipple in his mouth. "Mmmmphhh!" he groaned, mouth full of nipple. With it right on his tongue, he had to play with it, licking and sucking at the had nub. God, it tasted good.

"Don't worry, baby! Just keep fucking me and don't worry about anything else..." Isabelle said, one hand clutching his head to her chest as the other slid down his back to his ass, gripping it as he pumped down into her. His hips kept driving into her on their own accord it seemed, and her legs wrapped tightly around his waist and pulled him into her even harder. "Damn, I've needed some dick for so fucking long! Yes! Fuck! Just like that!"

Tim was in a daze. Contentedly sucking her hard nipple, his tongue flicking at the nub, he was almost deaf to everything else. That being said, some it was still getting through, and it wasn't good. Alarm bells were going off in his mind as he realized this encounter had taken a strange turn, but the sensation of the big tit in his mouth drowned it out, as did the song on the wind filling his ears. But the feeling of her nipple in his mouth, her breasts against her face, and her tighter than tight cunt squeezing the hell out of his big dick was coaxing him onwards, despite sensing something off here. He kept driving into her, giving her his full length, hard, but some part of his mind was holding him back ever so slightly. And even she could sense it.

"Harder, baby! I need it harder!" she groaned, but he was giving her the hardest he could manage. Their bodies were slapping against each other roughly. She pulled up her hand and slapped his ass, trying to

spur him into giving it to her even rougher. "I need it fucking harder so I can cum! And when I cum, you can cum! You hear me! I want you to cum! And I want every drop inside me! I need it! I want you to cum inside me, so I can have your baby! You need to get me pregnant!"

That got his attention. Letting her nipple fall from his mouth, his glazed eyes looked up, meeting Isabelle's playful gaze. Her eyes were almost glowing an otherworldly blue.

"What?" he panted, finding enough strength to slow down his driving hips, despite how good it felt. "Isabelle... what is this? What do you mean? I can't get you pregnant! What are you talking about?!" His questions and confusion caused her to roll her eyes.

"Okay..." she decided. Before he could react, she pushed herself up and rolled them both over, so he was on his back and she was on top. Smiling wickedly, she reached up and grabbed his wrists, slamming them into the snow above his head. She held them with a strength well beyond what he expected of her. "Alright, it's time for me to take over," she announced impatiently, looking down at him, swiveling on his swollen pole. His sweat-coated body lying back in the snow, he looked up at her, confused.

"What... what are you doing?" Tim asked, confused, groaning as he tried to ignore her squeezing cunt around his rock hard dick. "I thought we agreed... this would be, uh... something else. Something pure... something heavenly?"

"Oh honey..." she began mockingly, looking down at him. "Do you still think I'm a goddamn angel?" she asked, letting that question hang. As she finished speaking, her friendly, warm smile turned into something so wicked and sinful that it made his cock jump. Grinding down on his post roughly, making him squirm, she pulled his palms up and slapped them against her massive breasts. Squeezing her hands over his, making his big, strong hands dig into her big tits, she began to bounce on the married man's dick.

"Oh! Fuck!" he groaned. Despite his mind being awash with confusion and turmoil, his hands were very busy, availing themselves in her big

jugs. Fuck, they were so soft! And firm! And perfect! He'd never gotten his hands on tits this massive and perfect. Not even Esmerelda's were this good. He dug his hands into the soft, luscious flesh. Holy shit, they were incredible!

"You like them, baby! You like my big tits?" Isabelle demanded, bouncing on his full length faster and faster, his palms supporting her giant boobs as she did so. "I figured you would!" she added, laughing. Despite how perfect her amazing tits felt in his hands... like, seriously, he couldn't get enough, squeezing them over and over again, sliding his hands across the perfect flesh, feeling her hard nipples in his palms. But, uh, anyways, despite how incredible her tits were, he now knew she wasn't who she said she was, and he didn't know what he was dealing with.

"What are you?" he asked. Despite his confusion, and his reservations about this whole thing, he was still groping her big tits. He was still driving up into her. Even if he wanted to escape, she was slamming herself down into him as she rode him, practically driving him into the ground.

"Don't you worry about that, babe," she moaned, riding his full length, her ass slamming into his thighs. "You just lie there and take it. You just lie there, look pretty, and let me get the job done. Just focus on that perfect cunt squeezing the life out of that big married dick of yours! Focus on my big tits in your hands, and how soft and smooth and perfect they are! And focus on the music..." she said, looking up. His head fell back into the snow, looking skywards. She was right. The music was as loud as ever, filling the air, lulling him into a daze. Her luscious, perfect body certainly aided in wearing him down, but that damn song was near hypnotizing. It felt like there were multiple voices singing at the same time, and as his eyes looked up they went wide as he realized the rutting couple weren't alone. Standing on the cliffside, looking down at them, were more women. Women like Isabelle. Gorgeous. Naked. Some were younger, some were older. Some had darker hair, some were blond. And one, the oldest one, had long, silver hair. All of them were naked and as large-busted as Isabelle. And they were all singing in unison, singing their song, lulling him into a daze.

"What... fuck... what is this?" he panted, trying to deny the pleasure being foisted on him. "Who are you?" He was slightly concerned about this whole thing, but he was still so lost in the pleasure. She kept driving down into him, taking his full length on every bounce. And even though he was concerned about this whole thing, his hands never left her big tits, palming them, cupping them, squeezing them firmly.

"Don't know yet?" she asked, smiling wickedly. The gorgeous blonde kept at it, riding the married man in the snow, bouncing harder and harder.

"Oh! Fuck! Fuck!" he groaned. God damn, her pussy was like magic.

"C'mon baby, just relax! Relax and drain those fucking nuts inside me! Give me a fucking baby! Yes!" Isabelle asked.

"I... oh fuck... no! I can't! I'm... fuck... I'm married!" he groaned, trying to deny the pleasure coursing through him.

"That didn't stop you from following a naked woman out to the woods and fucking her!" she spat out. "It didn't stop you from agreeing to cheat on your wife with some woman you barely know! Fuck! That dick ain't meant for one girl, honey! Yes! Now shut the fuck up and fuck my fucking cunt, you married asshole! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck the shit out of me! Yes! Yes!"

Lying in the snow, dazed, being ridden by a woman who was clearly a nasty slut, among other things, he wanted to fight back. He wanted to fight for his marriage. He did. But he was so worn down by this woman's efforts that he couldn't escape. And deep down, with as good as she felt, he didn't really want to.

"Just give in, babe!" she urged him, her ass slamming into his thighs. "Just give in, accept your place in this world, and fill that nasty cunt full of cum! Yes! Cheat on your wife and fill another woman with your

cum instead! Yes! Drain your nuts inside me and fucking knock me up! Give me a fucking baby! Yes!"

"Oh!" he groaned. He knew better. He really did. But his balls were boiling, and her filthy mouth was speaking his language. Every filthy word she said was making him even more hard, and he couldn't stop now. With her otherworldly strength, he couldn't get away from her. He didn't see any way out of the scenario he was in, and with as amazing as this intense fuck was, he was barely fighting back anymore.

But he was about to.

As he kept lying there in the snow, looking up at her, his hands still palming her big jugs, he noticed something about her. Her creamy pale skin looked different. He didn't know what it was, if she was cold or something, but that pale skin of hers was starting to look almost... blue. He'd seen her skin a very subtle shade of blue when he rebuffed her earlier, looking fragile and defeated in the cold. At that point, he thought she was letting the cold get to her. But now, if the cold was getting to her, she certainly wasn't showing it. She was riding him with fury, never slowing down, only getting more and more excited. As she sped up, he kept his hands on her giant tits as a wave of intense cold coursed across her flesh...

"What?" he asked, confused. She didn't slow down, continuing to ride the married man hard. And as she did so, her skin became more and more blue, reaching an unnatural shade. At the same time, her hair began to darken right in front of his eyes to an almost black color, strewn with streaks of icy blue. These changes got more and more pronounced as it went on. He wasn't seeing things. It was the truth. His hands were digging into a giant pair of round, firm, very blue tits. And looking at them, he noticed her once pink nipples had darkened to the same shade of black as her hair. Looking down at him, her eyes were a radiant, glowing blue. When she opened her mouth, her perfect teeth had sharpened, and her tongue was now long, dark, and forked. "What the fuck... what are you?"

"Don't understand yet?" she asked, smiling evilly. Despite everything, his utter fear and confusion, he was still groping her massive, fleshy tits. He was still fucking her tight, wet pussy. "There are stories about us, Tim. I'm surprised you've never heard. Mothers used to warn their sons about the Ice Sirens, and they will again one day!"

Ice Sirens? What the fuck?

His mother always told stories about Ice Sirens, but he stopped believing that stuff when he was a kid. Sure, that weird Christmas tree-topper that supposedly protected against such beasts always freaked him out, but he never really ever believed that the Ice Sirens were actually real. But now, one was right in front of him. On top of him. Fucking him.

It made so much sense now. She was literally a siren, luring him out into the woods. Alone. And now, it was using him as sirens do. Riding him. Using him for illicit pleasure. Tim was dealing with something beyond normal. And if the stories were true, the men lured into the clutches of the ice sirens never escaped.

"Wait!" he called out, trying to shove Isabelle aside and escape, but she was not easily pushed away. They wrestled a bit, rolling around in the snow, before she got back on top, slamming his wrists into the snow again. Looking down at him, her face above his, her tits hanging down just above him, she smiled wickedly, showing off her sharp teeth.

"You're not going anywhere, Tim!" she said, her once angelic voice now dripping with malice. With him watching, she leaned down and extended her long forked tongue, sliding it along his cheek as he tried to turn away. The act made him shiver, and he couldn't deny the jolt of lust that coursed through him. His cock was still buried up to the root inside her, throbbing, as hard as ever, right on the edge of cumming. But he couldn't. He couldn't cum inside this monster!

"No! Let me go!" he groaned, trying to push her off, but her cunt kept squeezing his cock hard, taking the fight out of him.

"There's no escape, Tim," she whispered, voice heavy with sin. "You could have walked away earlier, but you just had to get balls deep inside of me! You just had to get your hands on my tits, even though your wife is waiting at home! You can't stop now! If you run, we'll chase you down, and I'll ride this dick till you can't think straight! Till you forget all about your little wife and your entire life is devoted to pumping me full of hot cum instead! If you just give me what I want, Tim... you might even walk out of here..." Looking straight into his eyes, she let this threat hang. For the first time, he felt afraid for his safety, and wanted to run away screaming. How could he be this stupid? But despite all that, his cock was as hard as steel, and each of her filthy words made his cock pulse. She could feel it too, and her tight cunt was wearing him down.

"Oh! Fuck! Fucking bitch!" he groaned, the fight being taken out of him. He didn't see a way out. She had him by the balls here. He couldn't get away from her. The only way out was forward. The only chance of escape was to pump this evil seductress with boiling hot cum and give her exactly what she wanted. Sensing the fight was drained from him, she leaned up and resumed bouncing.

"Hahaha! Yes! Yes!" she groaned, hands digging into his chest as she bounced on his iron pole. "Give me that big, fat dick! Yes! Fuck my nasty cunt with that big married cock like you've wanted to from the start! From the second you walked out of the house, you wanted this! Yes! FUCK! AHHH! YES! UGHHH! God damn! Fuck my nasty cunt! Fuck me better than you ever fucked your wife and make me cum! Yes! Put a baby in my nasty pussy and not your wife! Yes! YES!"

"Oh! Fuck!" he groaned. It all sounded so wrong! So fucking wrong! Yet, it was driving him crazy. It was like his time with Esmerelda. Every sinful thing she did drove him crazy, no matter how insane. And this, despite the fact that he was fucking a literal Ice Siren, the fact that he was fucking such an evil slut only turned him on more. He was a married man! He shouldn't be enjoying this at all, yet, his cock had never been harder.

"Put your hands on me, baby!" she urged him. In his lustful daze, he slapped his hands back on her massive, round jugs, his fingers digging into the soft blue flesh.

"Damn! Yes! I knew you'd be good, but I didn't think you'd be enjoying yourself so much! Yes! You should have sought us out earlier! Yes! We could have been doing this for years!" she screamed out. His eyes pulled away from the blue siren riding him, looking back up at the cliffside. And still there were the other women, but like Isabelle, they'd all shed their disguises and exposed their true forms. Naked, blue skin. Hair of various colors, some black, some blue, some white. And their eyes... glowing in the darkness, glowing a bright blue, staring into his soul.

"Our tribe will rise again!" Isabelle moaned, her ass driving into him as she rode his post, her cunt sliding along his big dick again and again and again. "Our pack will grow in size, all thanks to you. Over years, we'll grow, and more men in the future will fall to us and our kin, all thanks to you! Haha! Yes! Now keep fucking me! Yes! Yes!"

"Oh! Fuck!" he groaned. It all sounded so wrong, but he was ready to explode.

"The world will tremble as the Ice Sirens return to seize what's theirs!" Isabelle moaned. "The Church will pay for shunning us to the shadows! They will watch frozen as our kind rides tall again! Yes! The world will drown in ice! Yes! And it's all thanks to you, Tim! You were foolish enough to follow me into the woods, and now, we will ride strong into war! Yes! Yes! I knew it! Fuck me, baby! Fuck me! AHHH! AHHH! YES!"

Tim was being told how badly he'd fucked up, how badly he'd kicked the bees nest, yet he couldn't stop. He couldn't slow down. He couldn't pull his hands from her big tits. He couldn't stop driving up into her. It all felt too fucking good!

"Oh my God!" he moaned.

"Do it, Tim! You want to cum so bad, don't you? Yes! Yes! Don't you?" she groaned, bouncing on his full length. "Yes! I love it! That's why I love human men! Ugh! You act like you know better, but you only care about one thing, and you'll do anything to get it! Yes! Fuck! When it comes down to it, you'll forsake anything and anyone to get what you want! You want pussy! You want tits! You want ass! You want dirty, nasty fucking! That's why, even knowing my true form, you'll still fill me up with cum and give me exactly what I want! Because it's exactly what you want, too!"

"Oh! Fuck!" he groaned, squirming beneath her, lightning bolts of pleasure coursing through him. Her tight, wet pussy, coaxing the cum from his swollen nuts. God damn, he might know better, but there was nothing that was gonna be able to stop him at this point. He was gonna fill up this Ice Siren's cunt with thick married cum, whether he wanted to or not. Damn, she was so fucking evil, but her tits were so big! He couldn't stop himself from heaving his cock into her lust-inducing body.

"Forsake Vivian forever! Betray your wife and fill me up with cum! Forsake the world and give yourself what you deserve! Take that fucking cunt and fill it with your cum! Yes! Yes! Do it!" She ordered, riding him hard.

"Oh my God!" he sighed, his nuts twisting. He was close.

"Do it, babe! Cheat on your wife and fill up that nasty cunt! Yes! Yes!" she moaned. "Oh my God! I'm so close! Do it! Yes! Oh my God! Yes! Yes!"

"Ah! AHHH! Holy shit! Fuck!" he groaned.

"Yes! Yes! YES! YES! AHHHH! AHHHHHHH! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM! YES! YES! OH! OH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FFFFUUUCCCCK! AHHHHH! YYYYYEEESSSS! YYYYYEEESSSS! AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Isabelle screamed out, the

pleasure finally overtaking her. Her cunt locked around his swollen cock as she screamed to the heavens, her beautiful voice inducing a soundwave it was so loud, the blast of beautiful music hitting his ears and affecting him immediately.

"Fuck! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHHH! OH MY GOD! YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!" Tim groaned as his cock flexed and a thick stream of cum fired up out of him and into the evil wicked siren on top of him. His cock flexed again and again as more jets of jizz rocketed out of him, splashing into the cunt of the evil Ice Siren. His big hands roughly gripped the Ice Siren's huge tits, his fingers digging into the soft blue flesh, holding on for the ride as the biggest orgasm of his life coursed through him.

"Yes! YES! I FEEL IT! YES! Fill me up! Fill me! Yes! YES! AHHHHHH!" she screamed out, her cunt spasming around his weapon, inducing more cum to fire out of him and into her waiting cunt. "Knock me up, baby! Fill me up and give me a baby! Yes!"

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" he moaned, humping up into her as she ground against him, her cunt flexing around him as she came, a fiery explosion coursing through the cold-blooded siren. Their bodies ground together as the handsome married man filled the evil creature with his thick, life-giving sperm, making her scream out.

"Yes! Yes! God dammit! Yes!" she groaned. The pleasure overcame her, and she collapsed forward, her chest pressing against him, her huge boobs ballooning outward. He was so lost in the moment that he didn't feel her move in close and press her dark black lips into his, sliding her long tongue into his mouth, coiling around his own. He had no choice but to return the kiss, making out with this evil slut as their lower halves kept humping into each other, his cock continuing to fire off rockets of thick, potent jizz into the evil siren. His reputation for having huge loads was working against him, as this evil ice slut was now on the receiving end, stealing the prize from his loving wife. Her cunt kept squeezing around him, drawing more and more cum out of him, until finally, at the same moment, both collapsed, gasping for breath, panting in the snow.

As the blue-skinned Ice Siren slid off him, Tim could barely get his thoughts together. What the fuck just happened? He'd just... he'd just fucked an Ice Siren! An honest-to-God Ice Siren. What the fuck? How... what... this couldn't be true. It couldn't! Yet here he was, panting for breath as he recovered after having fired off a giant load into that evil slut's waiting cunt! What the hell had he done!? How could he have betrayed his wife? How could he be so stupid?

Next to him was Isabelle, splayed out in the snow, her blue skin glowing against the snow-covered ground. She was breathing easily, content, her mission accomplished. Her legs were spread lewdly, leaking his creamy seed. This was supposed to be something beautiful, something pure and divine. Instead, it was the deepest sin! What had he done?

Sensing an opportunity, he got on his knees and began crawling towards his clothes, looking to escape. As he did, he could hear noises behind him. The sound of water moving. Ice forming. Feet hitting the snow. Just as he reached the stump where his clothes were, he felt a hand in his hair and suddenly, he was yanked up so he was only on his knees. Kneeling next to him, bent over so she could speak into his ear, was another of the sirens. Looking at her, it was the older one. She'd descended from the cliff and was now next to him. Glancing back, he could see the whole tribe standing nearby.

"You're not done yet," the older siren said, her voice pure evil as she spoke into his ear. "You've got a long night ahead of you, honey. A lot of babies to make..." she stated. Despite his diminished state, her wicked words sent a jolt of lust through him, and he felt his cock rise again. Isabelle had been proven correct. He was the man for the job. And this new Ice Siren, this older one? She was right as well.

Tim's job wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot.

****

The night was long for Tim Carroll, and practically a blur. A blur of blue skin, tight holes, and incredible pleasure. A whirlwind of tits, ass, and illicit, brutal fucking.

Tim didn't have a lot of time to recharge after his first fuck with Isabelle. The tribe of blue sirens practically encircled him near the edge of the pond, looking at him like hungry animals around a juicy piece of meat. And they were about to treat him as such, as one of the naked, blue Ice Sirens approached him, shoving him onto his back and quickly mounting him.

There were no veils, no more pretending. It took only a few seconds before this union descended into rough, uncaring animal sex. The siren was brutally bouncing on the married man's throbbing meat, rapidly going from tip to nuts every time, her ass slamming into his lap as she did so. Almost on their own accord, Tim's hands rose from the snow and palmed the Ice Siren's massive blue tits.

Tim's head was still groggy, still trying to recover from his encounter with Isabelle. But before he knew it, he was fucking another one of them, and in his daze he acted on instinct, fucking up into her, groping her massive jiggling blue titties. Surrounded by creatures he feared, he could do nothing but submit to their wicked demands. By the time he was able to regather himself, he was moments away from blowing another load, this time into this new siren. And when he did, he was sent into a daze all over again. Then, before he could regain his bearings, he was already balls deep in the next siren.

It was a marathon. They demanded, he acted. They wanted it, he provided it. He was so beyond words and logic that he didn't have the strength to do anything but obey. He was a piece of meat being tossed around, used for whatever wicked demands these Ice Sirens cooked up. And he was so overwhelmed and completely in over his head that there was nothing he could do anyway. He had no choice. He had to give in. He had to do exactly what they demanded.

And they demanded a lot.

Each Ice Siren was a little different. They were all naked, with lust-inspiring bodies, and they all had that same unnatural blue skin. But they all had these black markings on their bodies, each having them in different places, each distinct. Like the spots or stripes on an animal, they had black patches of flesh on an otherwise blue expanse. Some had them on their sides, some on their thighs. Some had them along their spines, some near their shoulder blades. Some, like Isabelle had them on their lower back, like the tramp stamp of the icy hell these creatures came from. On top of that, while most had black hair, some had dark blue, and some had white. Despite these small differences, things moved so fast he had trouble telling them apart. But there was one more difference that he quickly became aware of.

They all fucked differently.

The first simply rode him into the ground, fucking him until she came on his swollen rod and he blew his load inside of her. The next teased him a bit, sucking his cock back to life, her sharp teeth bared as his cock was teased within her mouth, her long, dark, talented tongue curling around his shaft, teasing him back to full hardness as it slid down her throat. When he was ready, she got on all fours for him, and with a couple sirens behind Tim pushing him into action, he got behind the siren, grabbed her hips, and fucked her doggy style, her massive jugs swaying as he drilled her. Tim was beyond logic and reason, following the pleasure of the siren's tight, nasty cunt, the clutching hole feeling like heaven as it slowly pulled him down to a state of full-body, sinfully hellish pleasure. He came inside the evil creature quickly, pumping her full of his potent semen.

Before he could recover, those same two sirens came back from behind him and lifted him up. Swaying on his feet, the two sirens held him up as a siren ran from the far side of their circle, sprinting towards him. Before his exhausted reflexes could fully react, she leapt into his arms, wrapping her limbs around him as she slid her cunt down onto his still swollen pole. She rode him roughly as he stood. He was still dazed as she did so, and his balance was completely off-center. He kept falling back, stumbling, trying to stay on his feet. As he did so, he would stumble into the circle of sirens surrounding him, and in response they would roughly shove him forward, back to the center of the circle. The slutty, evil siren rode him like she was trying to domesticate a bull, breaking him down, making him come to heel.

He could barely take it, but his cock was throbbing with excitement, her spectacular cunt driving him crazy. He kept losing his balance and stumbling back, but the sirens kept pushing him back to the middle, not letting him escape. The siren riding him would sometimes lean back, really grinding her cunt into him. Sometimes, she would pull one hand from around his neck, waving her hand in the air, showing off as she rode her bull. Finally, his whole body tightened as his cock fired off inside of the blue skinned slut, and it was only then that he was allowed back into the snow, fully brought to heel by the Ice Siren on top of him.

When this siren stepped away, Tim was granted a temporary respite. Lying back, exhausted, he lifted his head off the snowy ground. On all sides, Ice Sirens, completely surrounded him. Well, not quite completely. Behind him, and to his left and right, the sirens were enclosed around him. But on the fourth side, in front of him, it was the edge of the pond corralling him in. But that area wasn't unoccupied. Above the water, sitting on a throne of ice that was magicked out of seemingly nowhere, was the older Ice Siren, sitting back, watching the action unfold in front of her. As she did so, she had extended one toe into the pond, circling it lazily in the clear water, ice forming in its wake.

This queen siren, this ice queen, had piercing ice blue eyes and long, otherworldly white hair that glimmered in the darkness. Her icy blue skin stood out compared to her fellow sirens. And her breasts… wow. They were fucking blimps, massive, juicy watermelons that stood out firm on her chest, looking absolutely perfect. The rack that only a queen could possess, far larger than any of the other sirens, a status symbol if there ever was one. If she was the queen, the sirens around her were her followers. And each was trying to impress their queen by putting on a performance, showcasing their own particular mating dance. And Tim got little respite before the next one.

The two sirens who had had lifted him to his feet before got their turn on him… together. Using their talented tongues and massive blue tits, the snarling fuck demons worked his cock over, leaving it hard as steel, looking bigger than ever, pulsing with an almost painful need to cum. It was at this point that they mounted him. One right on top of him, her front against his, her giant tits pressing into his chest, weighing him down as her cunt swallowed his throbbing married dick.

And on top of her was the other siren, waiting her turn. The two humped in unison, the lower one riding his cock, with the other one grinding against her fellow siren. And then, after a little bit of this, the lower siren would pull herself off of his swollen member, allowing the upper siren to sit on it in one smooth motion while still on top of the other, continuing the hard fucking as the lower one pressed herself against him, jamming her tongue down his throat while scrubbing her heavy boobs against his chest. They moved as if this were a practiced duet, asses pointed at the queen siren as they both rode the married man, trading off fucking so smoothly that Tim soon had no idea whose cunt he was buried in at any moment. And when the time came and his cock began firing off more volcanically hot married cum, he gave both evil ice sluts an equal amount of jizz in their nasty cunts without a single drop being wasted.

As Tim was dragged onto another Ice Siren, he was amazed by his own stamina. It felt like he had run multiple marathons, and he was only just getting started. He was so fuck-drunk that he could barely form a coherent, logical thought. But even in his haze, he could recognize that there was something otherworldly going on with him. He was being empowered by something beyond his understanding. He remembered how earlier he had been led here by that song on the wind, the literal siren's song, and when he experienced the song in full, with the sirens singing it as he fucked Isabelle, its effect was damn near hypnotizing. It lulled him into submission, making him nice and compliant, allowing Isabelle to slake her wicked desires and make the married man cum deep in her evil pussy. He wondered if he had found the answer to his question of stamina, because as he was being passed between the evil blue-skinned women, expected to fuck each and every one of them with the same ferocity as the last, the song had changed into something else entirely.

The sirens were still making music, but much like with the sirens themselves, their song's true nature had been revealed. Instead of them singing something beautiful, the song was barely a song at all. It was more like a war chant, something thundering and bestial, a pulsing, unholy rhythm, as if the tribe was just out of sight, poised to strike their enemy. And this chant, this call to arms... Tim could feel the ground shake beneath him, as if he was in the epicenter of an earthquake. It was as if this chant was tapping into the core of the world, making it crack, exposing its dark, rotten center. That's what it felt like for Tim. Being surrounded by these chanting sirens, the earth

shaking beneath his feet, it felt like his core itself was being cracked open, exposing his basest instincts, letting them flow through his veins. He was being fully immersed in the evil their chant induced, completely encased by its poison. And in response, his cock was as hard as granite, pulsing to the rhythm of the war chant, and his stamina was being taken beyond its limits thanks to the dark, lustful energy incited within him. Or, in other words, the exact state that these evil sirens needed him for the dark trial he was required for.

He fucked all of them, the entire tribe of blue-skinned sluts. Every single one of them. Whenever he got momentarily tired, a new source of pleasure would reach him. A new pair of tits in his face. A new mouth engulfing his weapon. A new pussy, aching for his cock. And when he did wear down, that war chant would hit his ears again, and he'd be empowered anew, energized into fucking in time with its unholy breeding rhythm. It was almost a hellish vortex with these evil Ice Sirens, one he could not escape. And after a while, he almost didn't want to. They kept the pleasure coming, pleasure he'd never known possible, a pleasure that felt so fucking good, and in exchange, he kept the sperm flowing.

It felt like he was being pulled in all directions, experiencing everything at once. Surrounded by these evil creatures, he was feeling both fear and lust. Exhaustion and pain, but rapturous pleasure. When his hands were on their icy blue skin, he would feel both the cold of their very nature, plus the heat of their bodies, an indescribable sensation of both hot and cold at the same time. He was feeling a simultaneous need to fight back, and a natural compulsion to submit to these evil, lust-inducing creatures. He was being pulled apart, broken in, and nearly used up by these wicked, hot-bodied ice sirens. Finally, he thought he was done, left at the center of this circle of sirens. Sore, sweaty, and completely exhausted, Tim thought he was finally getting some mercy.

How wrong he was.

The sirens began chanting louder, the ground shaking beneath him again. On shaky legs, Tim managed to get to his feet, lifting his head and regathering himself thanks to the dark power of the intense

chant. And it was just in time. Looking around, he realized none of the Ice Sirens were watching him. They were looking towards the pond.

Towards their queen.

Tim looked up just in time to see the Ice Siren Queen rise from her icy throne, taking a few confident steps downwards. As her foot made contact with the surface of the crystal-clear pond, ice formed beneath her, allowing her to walk across the top of the pond with ease. She sauntered towards him languidly, her bright white hair shimmering in the darkness. Each step she took made her volleyball-sized tits jiggle and bounce in a mesmerizing fashion, her dark nipples dancing in the night air. Her feet hit the ground and she glided smoothly through the snow, stepping towards him with ease. As she got close, a shiver of fear passed through Tim. This woman emanated power from her pores. His cock also stiffened into steel again thanks to her mere presence, calling out to her.

He took a step back as this powerful older Ice Siren approached him, as she was very intimidating, but he couldn't deny how lust-inducing her body was. Jesus... her tits were literally the size of fucking basketballs, far larger than any of the other sirens... larger than any he'd ever seen. And they were incredibly firm... and round... and fleshy... and full. Damn, they were fucking enormous. And they were capped with round, black, rock-hard nipples, calling out to him. She had long firm legs, and her bare exposed pussy seemed like a haven for sin. Her skin was blue like her fellow sirens, but hers seemed to be a smoother, richer blue. She had black markings along her sides, from her thighs up just past her hips, and if he could see her from behind, he would see she had some near her shoulder blades. He would also see her large, round, meaty ass, each cheek firm and fleshy, standing out from her slim waist. And the sinful cleft between the two immaculate cheeks looked so inviting you'd want to dive in face-first and never leave.

Her face had a very regal air about it, with high cheek bones and a knowing, judging sneer adorning her plump, dark lips. Her eyes were penetrating, staring into his soul with her icy blue gaze. And even though she had a few signs of age that made it clear she was older than the rest, that only added to her intimidating appeal. And that

hair, that long white shimmering hair, standing out against her otherwise dark visage... it truly made her look like she was from another plane of existence. The queen extended her long, black, forked tongue, licking her lips and baring her sharp teeth to him.

The sirens chanted louder as their queen got closer, empowering Tim's erection despite the fact that he was backing away from her. But this didn't last long as two sirens stepped forward from behind him and shoved him forward, towards the older siren. Stumbling forward, the queen closed the gap between them, snaking her long, thin, clawed fingers around his throbbing cock, pressing her body against his, her massive, weighty tits ballooning against his fit chest. Now face-to-face, within inches of him, the queen laughed evilly.

"I've let my tribe break you in," she breathed, her words making him shiver while his cock jumped between her fingers. She gave his prick a cursory stroke to keep him frozen in place. "I let them tap into the reservoirs of seed inside of you. But what they did just skimmed off the top. Now all that's left is that extra thick, extra potent stuff that only an experienced slut like me could reach. And you will be giving me every drop that you have. It'll hurt... it'll make you scream... it'll take you to your absolute limits... but seed like that can breed into life something truly powerful..." She began stroking his swollen meat, weakening any fight he may have.

The married man seemed dazed, barely able to understand what she was saying. She slowly led him back the way she came, towards the edge of the pond. As they got near the edge, she stopped, reaching up to grab his scalp, pulling his head back, making the dazed married man look up at her. His mouth open, she quickly took advantage, stuffing one of her hard nipples into his mouth, his face pressed into one of her massive boobs roughly.

"You're gonna want to keep sucking my tits..." she commanded him as his lips instinctually formed a tight seal around her hard nipple. "Keep sucking and hold on for the ride." She guided his hands together around her back, clasping his palms together. At this, a lot of things happened at once. She leapt upwards, wrapping her long legs around his waist, taking his cock into her cunt quickly. At the same moment, she leaned backwards, throwing off his balance. Clutched against him,

they fell to the ground, and with her guiding the action, she rolled backwards, forcing him forwards over her body towards the surface of the pond. As he realized he was being forced into the water, he called out.

"Wait!" he croaked out, barely able to say this before he was dunked into the ice-cold water face-first. She maintained her clutching grip around him, and as he fell into the water, she followed him, rolling backwards and gliding head-first smoothly into the deep-water pond with barely a splash. Within a second, both siren and man were submerged in the icy cold water.

Tim struggled against her as they remained clutched together. With the siren using some sort of magic to propel them, they began gliding through the water, his hard cock still buried in her evil cunt, throbbing within its tight grip. As they swam through the pond, completely underwater, the queen siren began riding his big cock as they remained clutched close together. Her nature as an Ice Siren caused crystals of ice to form around their bodies as they darted through the freezing cold water.

Tim began to panic as he realized he hadn't gotten any air in well over a minute, but he realized that, as he continued sucking at the Ice Siren's massive breast, he had no need for air. No burning in his lungs. Nothing. Somehow, through some sort of magic, sucking at her rock-hard nipple kept him safe, even underwater. Testing this theory, he pulled his mouth from the hard nub for a few moments, resting his face between her tits, almost to immediately feel that burning in his lungs from lack of air. Attaching his mouth to the other hard nipple, he was immediately satiated.

Sliding through the water, propelled by magic, they remained clutched together as they circled the pond. As they did so, he began to follow his instincts and suck on the ice queen's hard nipple, licking and sucking the hard nub, worshiping it. His palms slid from around her and began squeezing her massive, fleshy tits, the blue flesh pouring through his fingers. She kept driving herself against his hard cock, fucking him as they were propelled through the water.

As they got into the deeper, colder water, those crystals of ice that were forming around them only formed faster, slowly creating a thin layer of ice around them. Despite their constant movement, despite the fact that they were constantly humping into each other, the ice kept forming around them, almost creating an icy cocoon. Soon completely encased in an icy shell filled with water, they were pressed together in their own world, continuing to copulate as they became contained within this icy chrysalis. She kept riding him as they remained clutched close together within the ice, but he was so overwhelmed with so many different sensations that he could barely enjoy himself. Their movements slowed as their icy shell got thicker and thicker and they began falling deeper into the pond, this magically induced ice weighing them down as opposed to making them float. Finally, they hit the bottom of the pond, buried in ice. With his mouth still attached to her nipple, she snapped her fingers, and suddenly all the water in their cocoon was gone, leaving them clutched together in a small oval cavity, completely contained within a shell of thick ice.

"Ahh!" he called out, panting, breathing air as he spat out her nipple. Somehow, there was air here, allowing him to breath. And this icy prison was lit by an unholy blue glow, giving him a view of the Ice Queen on top of him, even in the inky darkness at the bottom of the pond. She was poised on top of him, sitting on his big cock, her massive tits hovering above him, looking obscene as she looked down at him.

"Don't talk!" she demanded, water dripping off her luscious, blue flesh. She grabbed his palms and slapped them on against her massive udders again, digging his palms into her mammoth titties. "Just shut up and fuck me!" she snarled, baring her teeth. "Fuck your QUEEN!"

At this, the queen began to fuck the married man hard, her big ass slamming down into him hard, without mercy. His hands began to palm her massive tits again, squeezing the softer than soft flesh, availing himself in her body despite the insanity of the situation. He gave her the same effort he'd given the other sirens, but this wasn't good enough for her. No... this was the Queen. A simple bout of fucking wasn't gonna be enough for her.

It was time for her to get to work.

If you were to look at this icy shell from the outside, you could see a static blur of white flesh, and a blur of blue flesh on top of that, bouncing steadily. Then, in a flash, you'd see this blue blur jump forward, coiling around the white blur. It seemed like there was a slither of movement as the blue blur and the white slid against each other, the blue blur quickly overwhelming the other one. You would hear a loud thump as something hit against the ice loudly, that thump permeating into the water. If you kept watching, the blue figure was clearly overwhelming the other one.

Then, you could hear muffled voices in the water.

"More! MORE!" a woman's voice yelled.

"Please! AHHH! Fuck!" a man's voice groaned.

The blue figure and the white were intertwined now, a tangle of limbs.

"MORE!" the woman roared.

"UGHH! FUCK! Please! I can't! Ugh! Oh god! Yes! Fuck! Wait! Ahhh! I don't have any more left!" he begged, in pained pleasure, doing his best to withstand the tortuous pleasure that was being inflicted upon him.

"Dig deep, you fucking weak-willed boy! All your built for is to fuck and to cum! Fuck my fucking cunt and fill me up with cum or I swear I'll..." the woman screamed out, her final words muffled by the ice.

"UGGHHHHH! GOD! Fuck! I can't... oh fuck! Damn, this is so fucking good! You're cunt's amazing! AHHH! FUCK! I can't cum! I want to but I can't! I don't have anything left!" he groaned loudly, trying to push her off of him he was so overwhelmed.

Blue limbs and white were a whirlwind in their icy prison, bodies slamming into the ice as they wrestled/battled/fucked. Mortal eyes weren't built to see such unholy, nasty fucking, and it was only due to the queen's mercy and will that Tim could withstand such brutal, nasty treatment. But this was taking him to his limits as a man, to the limit that most any man could handle. No one could fully describe the ordeal he was going through in that icy prison.

Looking down at them, you could see the queen's body coiling around the married man, like a serpent on the attack, moving in a blur, completely enveloping him with her body. If you looked closer, you could see her massive tits or her big blue ass pressed into the icy shell, but she was moving so fast these moments would pass quickly. Eventually, limbs pinning him down again, you could see what looked like her humping against him at a near blinding speed.

"Ahhh! God! Oh! Please! Ah! PleaMMMPHHHH!" Tim groaned, his voice suddenly muffled even further.

"Drown under my tits! Yes! Suck on my big fucking tits and give everything to me!" the queen moaned.

"AHHHMMMPPHHH! UUHHHHMMMPPHHHH! UGGGGHHHHHH!" Tim groaned, unable to form words as his face now pinned down beneath the Ice Siren's heavy, blimp-like breasts.

"That's it! Yes! Suck on those tits! Lose yourself in them! You'd better so you can handle what's next! I want that cum! I NEED THAT CUM!" she screamed out. Then, in a flash, both of their bodies began sliding around their icy cocoon, doing battle, wrestling for control as they went at it in an unholy, voracious fashion. His moans and groans only got louder, escaping their icy shell, reverberating in the water.

These moans and groans started to reach the surface of the pond, the queen's mating performance finally reaching their ears. At this, the waiting sirens got excited, resuming their war chant.

For almost an hour, it seemed, their queen and Tim were buried beneath the water. Isabelle and her sisters wondered if the married man would be able to handle what their queen could do, some speculating that he might not survive such ruthless, unholy, hellish sex. Seriously, what that bitch could do was sinfully evil beyond words. Their queen was as experienced as it gets, and sending that married man into her evil clutches was almost unfair. Her body and mind would forever change him. He would never be the same after this. Not ever. That is if he survived.

As this hour went on, the sounds reaching the surface got more and more consistent. All the sirens could only speculate on what was occurring in the water and if the married man could withstand it. As they waited, their chant got louder and louder, the deep, rhythmic noise making the surface of the water ripple. The longer this went on, the more the water began to churn. Then, they realized… something was happening. Beneath the surface, something was happening.

With the sirens watching, the icy cocoon broke the surface of the water, being raised up on a large, icy pedestal. Through the ice, they could see flashes of blue skin and white skin, the two bodies locked within, both moving together at a vigorous pace, their bodies a whirlwind of movement. The two different colored blurs were now one. The noises from within began to reach their ears.

"OHHHH! AHHHH! MMMMPPPHHHH!" Their queen moaned.

"AHHHHHH! FFFFFUUUUCCCCKKK! UGGGGGHHHHHHH!" Tim groaned.

"DO IT! DO IT! YES! YES! AHHHH! AHHHH! FUCK! FUCK!" She screamed out.

The sirens on the ground kept chanting.

"OHHHHHH! AHHHHH!" The queen screamed out.

"AHHHHHH! FUCK!" he screamed.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"YYYYEEEEESSSSSSS!

"UGGGHHHHHHHH!"

"FFFFUUUUCCCCCK!"

Both were screaming out loud, their voices blending together, until finally.

CRACK!

The icy egg encasing Tim and the Queen shattered around them, raining icy crystals and snow onto them both. From within emerged the Queen and Tim to their sight, her on top of him, bouncing on his throbbing cock, her ass slamming down into him brutally, and him reaching up, gripping her huge tits roughly as he heaved his body up at her in a fierce, furious manner. Both were coated with patches of ice and the sweat of perspiration, both of them shining in the moonlight.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM!" Tim screamed out loudly, his body coated with sweat.

"YES! YES! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! YES! YES! IMPREGNATE ME! PUT A BABY IN MY NASTY FUCKING CUNT! YES! YES!" she screamed out, her voice echoing through the woods.

"YES! YES! FUCK! OHHHHHHHHH! UGHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Tim roared out like a lion, his animal brain screaming out in pleasure as his cum began to fire out of him. That extra-thick, extra-potent cum that he didn't even think existed began firing out of his cock like a cannon, wave after wave of it blasting out of him and into the siren's sinful cunt, firing at a furious rate he didn't know possible. As he came, he was humping up into her obscenely. His entire body was flexing, tensed up beyond recognition, looking like he might literally explode, like a blood vessel was about to pop. But he kept firing off, humping up into the evil bitch, filling her with his prized seed, the absolute best of his cum being given to her. This went on and on, his cock firing an almost unholy amount of semen into her waiting pussy as she came on his giant married weapon, her cunt wringing out every drop of cum out of him, practically squeezing the life out of hm. He stayed in place, humping up into her, more and more cum firing out of him.

"FUUUUUCCCCCCKKKKKK! AHHHHHHH!" he screamed out, his voice filling the air as completely as the queen's had, his voice joining hers as it echoed in the snow-covered forest. He'd been holding back this entire time, but now, he was cumming like a beast, lost in the pleasure.

The sirens watched what their leader had turned this man into, taking him further than any of them ever could. This is why she was the Queen, and they her followers.

Finally, after this display of ultimate sexual pleasure went on and on for what felt like a lifetime, the married man collapsed beneath the queen siren, panting, eyes closed, barely awake. The queen never fully collapsed, as she was too good for that. But even she had to take a few moments to recover, digging her claws into his chest lightly, holding herself up as she panted for breath. She then leaned down and whispered something in the married man's ear, some dark incantation of some sort. Once this was done, she slid her dark tongue into the married man's mouth, rewarding his efforts with a sinful, nasty lip-lock. Finally, she stood up on her icy pedestal, standing over the married man. Stepping over the near unconscious Tim, body covered with water, sweat, and ice, she stood and faced her tribe. Eyes looking crazed, her cunt leaking heavy amounts of thick, married semen, she watched as her followers kneeled before her.

"The breeding ceremony is complete!" she called out to her tribe, and they responded with their rhythmic war chant. Raising a hand, the queen conjured a ramp connecting her pedestal to the ground. Stepping back, she used her foot to slide the nearly passed out married man down the ramp, down into the snow, his body still exhausted but his cock still as hard as iron, somehow. "We have this fuck-meat for the rest of the night. I've tapped the reservoir of cum deep inside him. We can have him firing off sperm for hours! Let's use him up!"

Like an evil oil baroness, her efforts had struck gold deep within him, accessing that extra potent cum buried deep in his balls, out of reach for all but the most wicked. But the queen had gotten there, taking him beyond his limits, and in doing so accessing that prized cum inside of him, tapping the reservoir for future use. And after skimming off the top, taking all the best, most potent semen for herself, there was still so much more of that deeply buried, highly-pressured cum ready to burst out from inside him. And she was now ready to share that gushing geyser of thick semen with her tribe, giving them free reign on the married man till the well ran dry.

This announcement was met by cheers from the crowd, and the sirens began to enclose the married man, Isabelle leading the way.

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The initial goal for this night was impregnation. But now that each of their wombs were filled with his potent cum, making their job complete, it was time for them to have some fun and slake their kinkiest desires with this prime piece of meat in front of them. Tim was so broken and exhausted at this point he was practically a zombie, a fuck-zombie so dazed and broken he could be led into anything these evil sluts wanted.

And that was a lot.

Tim could barely remember any of it. It was all a blur, really. One thing that stood out to him that a lot of the sirens really wanted was to be fucked in the ass. Like, a lot of them wanted that. At one point, Isabelle was bent over in front of him as she made him fuck her there, and those two siren sluts that had fucked him together were curled up next to him, their big blue tits pressing into his sides as they urged him to cum in her asshole.

When he was done with that, those two sluts got onto all fours in front of him, one right on top of each other again. Tim traded off fucking their tight asses, switching off between them. And when he came again, he filled both of their asses with cum, neither of their hungry holes letting a single drop escape.

One of the other sirens made the married man rim her tight asshole, bending over in front of him while he was on his knees, grinding her ass against his face. When she was satisfied with his efforts, she sat on his married cock, taking him up her asshole, riding it reverse cowgirl till the job was done.

But this was just the start.

Later, another one of the sirens was sucking him off. This one seemed to be obsessed with sucking cock, and she was taking her time and giving him her best. Her tongue was curling around his shaft multiple times, pleasuring his tightened, rock hard pole, teasing and squeezing his loaded weapon, not stopping till he filled her mouth with sperm.

One other time, one of the especially busty sluts, which was saying something, delighted in seeing the married man's cock disappear between her huge blue tits as she made him tit fuck her, not stopping till he came all over them.

This went on and on. At one point, he was rolling in the snow with one of the sirens, hands all over each other. Another took pleasure in smothering him with her tits while she jacked him off, making him cum like a geyser, his seed raining down on another one of them. He was empowered to no end thanks to the queen's dark incantations

and unholy sexual efforts. And she watched her work play out from upon her throne as he fucked the women in her tribe like a grunting, hardened fuck-animal, slaking their nastiest desires. She didn't rejoin the fray, wanting to be perceived as above her followers. Although at moments, watching him going at it, she got mighty tempted to sample him again. But she'd taken care of all of her nastiest desires under the water, and she had no doubt everything she required of him had been accomplished.

For Tim, it was really all a blur. He didn't fully know how he kept at it for so long. He was a walking dick, doing whatever was asked of him, not thinking about anything, just following the pleasure, submitting to it fully. He was only able to stop as he literally passed out from exhaustion after having cum what felt like twenty times. Finally, there was no stirring him, but there was no need.

The deed was done.

When the pack of rabid sluts had finished with their prize, they returned to their hideout, in the caves along the cliffside. They, and their kind, had been forced into the shadows once the Church began their purges of all things magic. Their numbers had been greatly reduced in the centuries since, reduced to small packs when they were once great and mighty tribes. What used to be common knowledge was now reduced to mere myth. But thanks to men like Tim, they would rise again.

Isabelle, globs of cum splattered across her huge tits, approached the queen as she sat on her wooden, fur-lined throne, sitting above the rest.

"I told you my approach would work..." Isabelle said smugly. The older woman bared her sharp teeth in annoyance before relenting and nodding. Tim had proven far more capable than she ever expected, and as loathe as the queen was to admit it, Isabelle had done a good job. Her role in the tribe would have to rise after this. "There's no way Frank or Dan would have fallen for it for so long. And... wow, that one is built for the job! I think we struck gold here. I think he filled us all up multiple times!" It was true. Her, plus the queen, and the rest of

them, all had the married man's cum leaking from their cunts. And other places...

"And now our tribe will grow," the older woman said, rubbing her belly. With the semen she'd drawn from deep inside him, she knew she would no doubt be knocked up with more than one baby. Maybe even a whole litter of them. A long, warm pause hung in the air before the one of the other sirens spoke up.

"So... what should we do with him?" They'd left the married man face down in the snow, passed out and naked.

The Ice Sirens were not known for their mercy. They used up men to their fullest, luring them into their trap and not setting them free until the flesh got too weak or they had nothing left to offer. And the freedom they gained at that point was not the one they would have asked for. But their talents and abilities were well known. Where sometimes, men would seek them out, even knowing what their fate might be, knowing few ever came back, just enough to spread their legend. But what they could do made it all worth it.

As their tribes dwindled, some of the more unscrupulous folks on the edge of society would make deals with the nearby tribes of sirens, agreeing to funnel men their way in exchange for their safe return. And while this worked as a temporary fix to keep their tribes going, certain sirens would follow their natures and back out of the deal, preferring to keep the men in their web for good.

And now the tribes were more desperate. More in need of men, and more concerned with safety. It would be smart to hold onto this man and use him over and over again, but his disappearance would attract attention. Plus, he was only one man, and pregnancy and birth took time. He'd done his job, and it didn't make sense to just hold onto him for almost a year. But if they let him go, he could start blabbing, and although his story was crazy, some people who knew things would believe it. There were far more cold and cruel options to make sure Tim wouldn't be talking, but Isabelle spoke up first.

"Aw... maybe I've gotten soft, but I like the guy. He's cute," Isabelle said. The tribe leader gave off the vibe of being unimpressed with him, but even she had to admit... he had far exceeded expectations with her, and he deserved some sort of leniency, even in these fraught times. "Hey, he got the job done better than anyone could. He's earned some mercy, I think," Isabelle stated, coming to the defense of the man she scouted out. "Hell, I bet we could get him back for another go next winter!" she said with a wicked smile. "If we keep him against his will, he'll never give us his best. But if we slow play this, if we let him stew on it for a while, he might even come back to us willingly." Finally, at this, the queen relented.

"Fine," the older woman said. Isabelle grinned, her toothy, sharp-tooth grin a far cry from the angelic one she'd had in her disguise.

"Very good," Isabelle said, stepping back. "I'll take him home."

"Better get to it," the older woman called out. "The sun will be rising soon!"

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The sun shining in Tim's eyes woke him up.

With a jump, he awoke, looking around as the memories of the night before flashed across his eyes. The blonde in the snow. Her true form. The sex with her. The sex with all the other ones like her. So much nastiness. So much filth. So many insane things he could barely describe. Like the queen, and the things they did in the water. How was that possible? He remembered some of it in crystal clarity, but some of it seemed so foggy that it couldn't all be real. He could still hear the songs they sang echoing in his ears. The last thing he remembered was passing out in the snow.

Yet, he wasn't in the snow anymore. He was back in his mother's living room, sitting in the loveseat in his pajamas. He wasn't outside. He wasn't in the snow. He was here! Inside. Warm. Comfortable. Was

it all a dream? It had to be. What he'd done was too crazy! Too insane. All that fucked up, unholy shit was too messed up to be true. Stuff taken from the darkest corners of his mind, conjured into a nightmare. The more he thought about it, the sillier it seemed. It couldn't be real.

Oh, thank goodness.

"Hey!" Dan said, walking towards the kitchen to get some coffee. "Excited for the presents again?" his brother teased.

"Oh, uh... yeah!" Tim said. That worked as an excuse for why he was down here. And maybe that was the explanation. Yeah, that made sense. He remembered coming down here the night before. Maybe he sat down here in the chair after drinking his water and fell asleep, dreaming up such wicked things. Despite those memories from his nightmare still swimming through his head, the more he thought about it, the more likely that it being a nightmare seemed like the only explanation. Yeah. That had to be the case. He'd never do any of that nastiness. He'd never betray his wife like that. He'd never be that foolish.

Smiling to himself, he sat up, running a hand through his hair. And when he did, his heart dropped and his blood ran cold.

There was snow in his hair.

No... it couldn't be! It couldn't be real! No! Looking up, he glanced up at the top of the Christmas tree, where the tree topper was meant to rest. The old straw thing that was supposed to protect them from the Ice Sirens. It was there every year, and it would still be there this year. Right?

His heart dropped again.

It was gone.

"Oh God..." he sighed to himself.

The Ice Sirens were real! And he might have impregnated an entire pack of them!

Boy... Tim really fucked up this time.

Chapter 9

For Dan Carroll, all things considered, this Christmas was going pretty well so far.

Now, don't get him wrong, he still didn't particularly enjoy Christmas all that much anymore. He stopped really getting jazzed up for the holiday back when he was a kid, so there was a ceiling to his level of enjoyment he could reach on the big day. But compared to other Christmases, this one was going pretty good so far. The snow was falling, giving them a storybook White Christmas. All the family was around in a busy, bustling holiday morning. They all got a nice haul as far as gifts go. Breakfast was good. No one got in any fights, and everyone seemed happy with their presents. All in all, not a bad Christmas. Not at all.

So why was he the only one that seemed to be having a good time?

He fully expected to be the wet blanket, and he promised himself to at least act like he was enjoying it. And he actually was enjoying himself. Sure, he wasn't exactly full of Christmas spirit, as that ship had long set sail, but this morning was low stress and relatively relaxing, so it cleared his low bar. Yet, there just seemed to be a strange vibe with everyone.

Tim, who was normally always excited on Christmas morning, was very muted, almost withdrawn. Frank seemed a bit in his own head as well, looking around, as if something was off that he couldn't quite place. Max seemed to be in his own world, off to the side once his part of the holiday was done, texting with his girlfriend. Christiana was

having a good time at least, running around, excited for all her new toys. She was driving Denise crazy trying to keep up. Connie was already on to the next thing on her schedule, getting ready to head out with some of the others for this church event they always did. Dan's mom was going too, as were some of the others.

The only one of them that seemed to be actually enjoying themselves was Gwen, Dan's 18-year-old daughter. She was happy with her gifts, she was doting on her cousin Christiana, and every so often, she'd look up and give Dan a warm smile, filling him with pride for the good job he'd done with her.

His attention drifting away from Gwen, Dan sat back on the couch, relaxing. His mom had cooked up treats for breakfast, and once that was done, he indulged in some sweets, savoring the really delicious candy cane that had ended up in his stocking. The only thing that was interrupting his comfortable morning was the fact that, for some reason, he was a bit, uh... hot under the collar. He didn't know why he was randomly so freaking hard, but it did cause him to have to shift around a few times in his seat so his current state wasn't too evident. With focus and some stealthy rearranging, he was able to cool down a bit and not be too obvious with his current distress. But that dull pressure from his groin wasn't going away, and if it didn't, he would have to start to consider his options to take care of his current state and relieve that pressure. He really didn't want to have to jack off in his old bedroom. He'd done that too many times when he was a teenager. Then again, what was one more to the count?

Other than that, he was having a good morning, sitting back and watching the chaos. He was dressed comfortably in some relaxing clothes, a simple t-shirt and some thin, comfortable lounge pants. It was Christmas morning, who was he trying to impress? But not everyone was as relaxed as he was. His wife, Connie, was fully dressed and ready to go out. He always tried to tell her to just relax sometimes and enjoy the slow moments, but she didn't have that gear. There was always something that needed to be done. Some task on her schedule.

This morning, she had this big Church thing. Admittedly, this was something they did every year, at least the ones they spent here in Deerberg. The local church did this thing after Christmas services

where they would give people sacks of cheap, nice little gifts, and they would go around the neighborhoods, dropping these gifts off on people's doorsteps. It was a nice thing to do, sure, but it was a bit of work. Dan was ambivalent to the whole church thing anyways, and the addition of work to the mix didn't endear it to him. He stopped going to regular services when he was younger. For one, he had stopped believing in that kind of stuff long ago, preferring to believe in things that were more tangible, so he had kind of soured to showing up all the time for something he didn't believe in. Plus, there was the whole thing where his Dad ran off with the preacher's daughter and left his mom and his brothers to themselves. So, yeah, that didn't exactly endear him to the Church either. So, he never went beyond the bare minimum in terms of helping out his wife with Church things. He had never participated in this specific event, despite Connie's urgings. Hey, he did his time and showed up at the services the day prior. He'd had his fill.

The thing about Connie was that she was truly a good person. Better than he, Dan would fully admit, but he did his best. When he met her in college, she was part of some event to raise money for a cure to a disease he'd never heard of. But she explained it so passionately that he was taken in, both donating to the cause and asking for her number. The rest was history.

Connie was always the first to help out when someone needed it. Maybe she was too loyal to certain people, giving them way too much space to take advantage of her kindness, but that didn't stop her. When there would be some crisis, either locally, or from some major event across the country, she'd be the first to figure out what her and her Church group could do to help. Raise money or supplies, or even send people to help. Once a year, she and a group of people from the Church would fly out to some area that needed help and would help in any way they could. It was amazing. She was always so incredibly kind and empathetic, a quality he greatly admired. Even though she had gotten a bit devoted to the Church, a thing that really didn't resonate for him, her passion almost convinced him otherwise. If more people at the Church were like her, he'd be there every Sunday.

He still remembered how pretty she was when they met. That bright smile. Her dark hair. Her bright, intelligent eyes. Her slim, fit body. That image never left him. Sure, she wasn't as fit as she used to be,

but she was a mom. That comes with the territory, right? But compared to some other people her age, she was fine. She looked like a wholesome mom, and he still found her very pretty. This was the woman who had birthed his children. He loved her with all his heart.

That said, she could be a handful sometimes, always moving, always doing something. Sometimes, he wanted her to just slow down and breathe. He had brought up the idea of doing something together once Gwen left for college and they became empty nesters, but she had plans and events filling her schedule. That was the one thing Dan wished of her, that they could have a bit more time together and just... live a little. He just wanted her to slow down a bit so they could have a temporary escape from their normal life.

But this was not a day she would even consider slowing down on. Christmas meant a lot to her, and she knew that it meant a lot to other people too, so she vowed to help out others, even if it meant taking time away from her own family to do so. It was something that did, admittedly, slightly annoy Dan. But she was doing some real good, so he didn't complain too much.

Connie was always able to get others to go with her to the big Church event this morning. His mom always went, but she was too old to walk the neighborhoods anymore, so she helped out at the church. But this year, she got Frank and Denise to go too. Max and Gwen always loved doing this when they were younger, but Gwen had opted out this time, preferring to just hang out and relax at the house. Max was still willing to help, but Dan suspected he would spend most of his time on his phone with his girlfriend as he handed out gifts. Tim and Viv were sticking around the house, and they would be watching Christiana while her parents were out. Other than that, Dan and Gwen were the only others sticking around the homestead, and Dan was planning on enjoying a bit of a calmer atmosphere.

As everyone got dressed and ready to go, Gwen sauntered over to him, barely concealing a grin. He smiled lightly up at her as he played with one of his new gifts, a brand-new tablet. He had always been leery of going to a tablet, as his laptop suited his needs just fine. Now that he was given the gift, he was gonna try it out and see how it felt. He was still setting it up as she took a seat next to him on the couch. She was

dressed comfortably, just like he was, wearing a pair of thin lemon colored pajama pants and a slim t-shirt, hugging her form.

Even dressed down like this, Dan was struck by what a beautiful young woman Gwen had become. Sure, she'd had a few awkward, gawky years, as all teens do. But now that she had reached 18, it had all come together. She was no longer a kid. She'd become a stunning young lady. Smooth, dark hair, cascading down between her shoulder blades. A smooth, even tan, giving her skin a warm, easy glow that made her even more attractive. Bright, shining, mischievous green eyes. Plump, soft lips and a perfect set of white teeth, giving her a smile that could light up a room.

She was taller than average, standing taller than her mother, although she still had to look up to Dan. She was slim and fit and taut in a way only an 18-year-old could be. That being said, she had curves where it mattered, curves in places that it's a father's duty to ignore. And Dan, for the most part, was a good dad in that sense, beyond a few accidental glances. But he was probably one of the few men not to take every chance they could to gawk at his daughter's assets. Obviously, Dan was her father, so he didn't have the inclination to stare at her in that way. And besides… there was so much more to admire her for than just her looks.

Beyond just being fit and slim, she possessed a natural, graceful athleticism, which she had used to her advantage for a few years in track. She did it mostly for fitness rather than any great drive for competition, but she possessed a natural affinity for it that made her very good at it. And her almost liquid like motion on the track was mesmerizing, even ignoring her beauty. She was simply a natural at such things, and that was impossible to ignore. Still, she wasn't feeling any great loss at the prospect of leaving it behind once the school year was over.

Dan returned his attention to the tablet in his hands. As he did so, Gwen simply sat on the couch near him, silent. As Connie and the rest of the group talked over their plans loudly at the edge of the living room, Gwen leaned towards her father and spoke.

"Hey..." she said quietly, getting his attention, almost looking a bit nervous.

"Yeah?" he replied, not looking up.

"I just wanted to tell you..." she began. "I REALLY loved the gift YOU gave me!" she said, grinning wide.

"Oh yeah, which one?" Dan said casually, glancing at his daughter.

"You know which one..." she said knowingly, looking up at him as if they were sharing a secret. To be honest, Frank let his wife handle most of the gift buying, as she was more tapped into that kind of thing, so he couldn't really remember what they'd gotten Gwen.

"Oh, uh, yeah..." Dan said, acting like he knew what she was talking about.

"I mean, you should know, you snuck it up to my room personally. Like, I woke up and it was there on my dresser," she said, grinning. At this, he looked at her curiously. Now, he was more confused. He definitely hadn't delivered anything to her. Maybe Connie did something like this. She occasionally did something creative with gift giving, but if she had mentioned doing something special here, he didn't recall it in the slightest.

"Right..." he replied, trying to sound like he knew what she was talking about. He was still wondering what he'd gotten her that had her so excited, so he tried to be subtle about it. "So, where is it?" he asked. At this, she gave him a curious look.

"Where do you think?" she asked with a knowing grin, as if the answer was obvious.

"Oh, uh, right..." he said, shaking his head and smiling. What was she talking about? What the hell had he given her? He tried to figure it out as he watched his wife and the others leaving the house, packing into a couple of cars as they headed to the church. Once they were all gone, Gwen spoke up again.

"Well..." she began cautiously. "I can show it to you... I mean... if you want..." she offered, looking up at him, chewing on her lower lip, weirdly nervous.

"Uh... yeah, sure," he stated simply, looking to get to the bottom of this mystery.

"Really?" she asked, surprised. Surprised, but excited at the same time.

"Yeah, sure," Dan stated simply. "That's why I bought it for you, right?" he asked casually. Again, he still didn't know what she was talking about. He was just bluffing his way until he knew for sure.

"Oh, uh, yeah. Totally!" she said, smiling nervously while giving him an odd look, as if she was surprised he had just come out and said this. She looked around, seeing Tim and Viv and Christiana all tied up with each other. They had just turned on the stereo, playing some Christmas music that filled the room, and the couple were smiling as Christiana danced. Seeing that the others were wrapped up in their own business together, Gwen turned to her father and worked up the nerve to ask her next question. "Okay, so... I can show you it right now, then. I mean, if you want?"

"Alright," Dan said, simply. "This thing's still getting set-up anyways..." he added, setting his tablet down on the table.

"Okay, yeah, let's go..." Gwen said, standing up, her tone still somewhat surprised. For a second, she looked like she didn't know where she was going, then regaining her focus, she began walking towards the stairs. As she led him upstairs, he kept racking his brain,

trying to figure out what this mystery gift was. Connie handled all the clothes and make-up and girly stuff like that. Dan was a bit more knowledgeable about tech stuff, but for the life of him, he couldn't remember them getting her anything like that. What was he missing here?

As Dan stepped up the stairs following his daughter, his mind lost in his thoughts as he tried to figure out what this mystery gift was, he realized that he had been inadvertently staring at his daughter's butt.

He looked away quickly, ashamed. What was he doing? This was his daughter! Dan had done it without thought, obviously, as he'd been in his own head, not realizing he had been staring at Gwen's rear end. In truth, part of him acknowledged the fact that he couldn't be blamed. Her lemon colored pajama pants were made of a very thin, loose cotton. And as she moved, the thin material would drape across her rear end and almost mold to it, exposing its full, round shape for just an instant. Any other man would eagerly stare at her perky butt, but Dan... he shouldn't. Obviously. He was her father. Even if he knew this act on his part was an accident, which it was, he... he should be better than that. He tried to shake his head clear of this inadvertent action. What the hell was he doing? Man, his current state of being weirdly turned on was affecting him more than he realized for him to do something like that. He'd had to focus to calm himself down, but even now, he could feel the blood pumping again. Dan had to stamp that stuff down quickly. He shook his head, trying to clear away these disobedient thoughts.

Every so often nowadays, despite his best efforts, he was confronted with the fact that his daughter was very much a woman now in ways he wished he hadn't noticed. She had filled out in all the ways women do, and in some ways, more than most women do. A LOT more. Like seriously, in this case, it was her butt that caught his attention, but don't even get him started on her boobs. Those suckers were built to cause a father like him plenty of discomfort, and sometimes, it seemed like they were impossible not to notice. But, uh, anyways... seeing how beautiful she was, and how developed she had become, Connie had tried her best to keep Gwen as chaste and innocent as possible, but Gwen's hormones were too powerful to be contained. And while she was just as kind and nice and friendly as ever, there was a certain devilishness to her now that really set her apart from the Church girl

image her mother tried to keep her in. Even though she still lived within her mother's rules, she had added a certain sway to her walk, shaking her well-shaped butt whenever she walked. And while she wasn't ever allowed to show too much skin, she liked to showcase her body however she could, wearing slim, tight, figure-hugging tops, like she was now, showcasing her large boobs whenever she got the chance. Dan was fully aware of the woman she'd become, and every so often he saw more than he wanted to. But otherwise, he did a good job of noting this fact without having to look and be confronted by it.

As they reached the landing to the second floor, he could see out of his periphery her booty-shaking walk, but he didn't actually look at her butt again. Seeking a distraction from her seemingly magnetic rear end, he spoke up.

"Did you have a good Christmas?" he asked.

"Yeah!" she said, looking back at him and smiling. "Not a bad haul. Can't really complain there. It was fun. I mean, it's Christmas..." she said with a strange tone, and in that moment, Dan wondered if she had become jaded to the holiday in the same way he had. After a while, Christmas stopped being the be-all-end-all event of the year for him. He just never got that excited for it anymore, for a myriad of reasons. Nothing ever filled him with that same joy that it used to, and Dan realized that maybe Gwen had arrived at that same point, just like he had. For a moment, he felt sad that something she used to enjoy so much was lost to the past, but her tone changed quickly into one more mischievous. "And I mean it... your gift was, like, the BEST one! It made my, like... year!" she said, smiling in approval. "If I knew what you were getting me, I would have gotten you something A LOT different..." she added, laughing and turning away.

He was still completely confused by the whole thing. He kept racking his brain, trying to figure out what the hell he'd gotten her that made her so happy. It wouldn't be the first time he'd inadvertently gotten the right thing, but he just wished he knew what it was. He was happy enough with what Gwen had gotten him. She went splitsies with the others on one of those in-house AI assistant things, and beyond that, a couple of movies and a book he was excited to read. 'Boring Dad Stuff', true to her promise from a few days prior. But apparently, this

mystery gift he'd gotten her made her think that none of that was enough. What could it be?

Dan looked up as they approached the far staircase leading up to the third floor. Although, it being the third floor was kind of a misnomer, as it was mainly an attic. The staircase led up to a landing with two doors. On one side was the attic, which took up most of this level of the house. To the right was a small little room. In his younger years, Dan's mom used it as a room for crafts and projects, stuff like that. But as time went on, and the Carroll family grew larger, she realized that it might make more sense to convert it into a small guestroom. And honestly, at her age, she wasn't going up all those stairs if she didn't have to, so it made sense to throw in a couple of beds and use it for that. Gwen and Max were camped out there while staying here, and since Max was out at the Church with the rest of them, they would have the room to themselves.

Dan's disobedient gaze was kept in check this time, looking down as they reached the staircase. He wasn't gonna make that mistake again. Gwen jogged up the stairs in front of him, and he followed at a leisurely pace. The Christmas music from the living room faded into nothingness, which made sense as they were literally at the furthest point of the house away from there. With no distractions, Dan again racked his brain, trying to figure what this mystery gift was. He followed her up to third floor as she stepped into her room. He stepped in and glanced around.

The room was… cozy. Narrow, with two beds nearly traversing its width, and a big old dresser on the opposite side, it could be a bit tough to move through. Especially adding in the luggage Gwen and Max brought along with them, you had to watch your step. Other than that, the room was pretty no frills. Hardwood floors with a few small rugs. There was a mirror on top of the big dresser, which he recalled it being heavier than shit when him and Frank had to carry it up here. There was also a small window on the far end of the room, but it was a small one, it was high up, and it didn't give you much of a view, so all it was really good for was seeing what the weather was like.

"Close the door," Gwen said, glancing backwards at her father as he stepped into the room. She moved towards her bed, her back still to him, no doubt ready to reveal the mystery gift from wherever she had

stashed it. Dan didn't think twice as he turned around and complied, closing the door. He was still lost in his own thoughts as he did so, and he didn't really think twice as he turned back to face her.

That was when Gwen tugged down her pajama pants and revealed her nearly bare, thong-clad ass to her father.

"WHAT...!" he called out, eyes wide but trying not to look. Dan jumped back in shock, colliding with the door. "What are you doing?"

"Showing off my gift..." she said calmly, wiggling her butt ever so slightly. "What do you... think?" she asked, drawing out her words as she reached back and run her fingers under the hem of the teeny tiny strap of her thong. She tugged it away from her slim waist ever so slightly before letting it snap back into place, punctuating the final word of her sentence.

His eyes couldn't help but be drawn downwards at the view Gwen was presenting him. Standing up straight with her knees against the bed, her back facing him, her thin pants pulled down beneath her ass, stretched out between her thighs, she was giving him a view a father wasn't supposed to see. But he was seeing it now, and the brief, accidental glimpses he'd had of his daughter's rear end didn't do it justice.

Her ass was, quite simply, incredible.

Damn... it was amazing. Perfectly shaped, full and round and firm, the skin smooth and golden tanned, it was just... wow. Gwen possessed a mouth-watering heart-shaped ass, juicy and perky, vaulting out from her slim frame. Exposed like this, he couldn't imagine being able to not stare at such an immaculate butt. Each cheek was full and round and perfectly formed, with that little crease underneath each cheek, and a mouth-watering crevasse in between. This display was a showcase to her dedication for working out and keeping her body as taut and ripe as possible.

And the thong only made it better.

The tiny little black garment framed it perfectly, putting her ass on display and highlighting its perfect shape. The two tiny little bands rode along the upper ridge of her jutting ass, framing her excellent rear end. These tiny little strings followed the curves of her ass-cheeks before delving inwards towards the cleft in between, and it was at the top of her ass-crack where the two thin bands collided in a tiny little triangle of material. It was there that the string that delved into her ass-crack began its journey, being visible at the top of her ass-crack before disappearing between the two full, round cheeks. It was only once it reached the bottom of her ass-crack that it emerged again, spreading out to a small triangle of material that covered her, uh... nether regions.

It was at this point that Dan pulled himself out from his momentary hypnosis, realizing what he was doing. He was looking at his own daughter's nearly bare, thong-clad ass, at her request. He shouldn't be doing this! What was happening here?

"Gwen! Don't... what are you..." he stammered nervously, unable to pull his eyes from her ass despite knowing better. It would be a lot easier not to look if his daughter's ass wasn't so fucking perfect!

"You don't have to pretend, Dad," she cooed, her back still to him as she glanced back over her shoulder at him with a smirk. "There's no one else here." She reached down behind herself and palmed her ass with both hands, jiggling the cheeks, allowing her father, for a few split-seconds, to see the entirety of the length of the band threading between her ass-cheeks, and a peek at what was beyond.

"You shouldn't be showing me this!" he stated, barely able to meet her gaze with her nearly-bare ass exposed to him. At this statement, she gave him an almost annoyed look.

"Dad, you bought this for me!" she stated with a smile. "You don't have to act all innocent."

"I... I... I... I didn't buy you that!" he stated. Again, Gwen looked annoyed with his refusal to own up to buying this for her. He might not remember every gift he and Connie bought her for Christmas, but he was positive he didn't get his own daughter a thong for Christmas. One, she was his daughter! And two... Connie would flip if he knew Gwen was wearing something like this.

"Dad, you wrote a note..." she said, smiling as she nodded at an open package on the dresser. Making sure to keep standing at about a five foot radius away from her, with his eyes still glued to her thong-clad ass, he moved towards the open package that the thong came in. It was a tiny, textured black package, and nearby was a small, unfolded note, written on nice looking stationary. Dan grabbed the note, pulled it fully open, and read it.

'I saw this and couldn't help but think how good it would look on you.

Love,

Dad'

Dan's eyes went wide at this. This was his handwriting. No mistaking it. But he had zero memory of writing this. Could someone have imitated his handwriting? Who would do that? Obviously, he wouldn't buy his daughter a thong for Christmas, but all the evidence sure made it look like he did. Either there was a lapse in his memory where he went lingerie shopping for Gwen, or... or what? He couldn't say for sure. There was no reasonable explanation as to how this had happened. Maybe it was a prank? But... no one would do a prank so messed up. Tim wasn't above pranks, but nothing to this level. His were far more playful. He wouldn't do anything like this for sure. And Frank wasn't a prank kinda guy. Dan couldn't think of anyone who would do anything like this. How could this have happened? What was going on here?

"You see?" Gwen said. Dan looked up at her, still confused. "Dad, don't worry! It's like I said... I LOVE this!" she said, glancing down at the thong. "It's exactly what I wanted!"

Dan realized that, with all the evidence she had, there would be no doubt her father had bought this for her. He had claimed to it in the note, and it was his handwriting, which she had to have recognized. All the evidence seemed undeniable, and the only thing Dan could do, despite all this overwhelming evidence, was deny, deny, deny. Yet, he didn't have leg to stand on. All the evidence pointed to him, and any denials he made would look weak when compared with the evidence. Dan knew he didn't do this, but he had no way to prove his innocence.

But the weirdest thing was... she was totally cool with this. She was happy that Dan had bought this wicked garment for her. She didn't seem bothered in the slightest that her own father had bought her slutty underwear for Christmas. She didn't seem weirded out in the slightest at the idea that her father had snuck her a gift when no one was looking that was very sexual in nature. What was happening here?

"I... I..." Dan stammered, walking back over near the door and standing in the spot he had vacated moments prior, standing near the door, the note still in his hands. He didn't know what to say, so he said the first words that came to mind. "You... you like it?" he asked, confused.

"YES! I love it!" she said effusively, grinning. "It's perfect! It's exactly what I wanted!" She ran her fingers underneath the small band going around her waist. "Like, all my friends wear thongs, like, every single day! All of them! And the boys love them! I feel like a fucking nun in comparison with the boring shit Mom makes me wear. Like, seriously, I mentioned wanting to get something like this, and she, like, flipped her shit! I mean, I bought some, like, booty short type panties when I was shopping with my friends, and they were nice and lace and sexy and not too slutty. And Mom found them and tossed them out. Even that was too much for her, let alone a thong! She said only sluts wear something thongs! And I mean, like... yeah, sure, that's probably true. But, like... my ass looks amazing in this! This ass is built for thongs, right?"

"Uh, I, um..." he stammered again, as he felt sweat forming on his brow. What should he say? What could he say? He was totally unprepared for what was happening here, and he had no idea what to do.

"I mean, you probably agree that my ass is built for thongs, considering you bought this for me," she said, answering her own question as she looked down and admired her own backside. She then bent over slightly and arched her back, really pushing her ass outwards. She then lightly bounced her ass up and down, gently twerking, each of the firm, full cheeks jiggling ever so slightly. "God damn..." she said under her breath, admiring her own ass as she did this.

Dan, despite his best efforts, was letting his eyes admire it as well. Her firm, fleshy ass, each shapely cheek, the way they jiggled, that thong! It was just... damn...

"Oh, and look! I don't know if you noticed when you bought it," she said, spinning around. To give him a better look, she pulled her slim top up ever so slightly, exposing her trim midriff and navel to him. For the first time, he got a look at this garment from the front. The small little triangle of black material seemed almost microscopic, scooped very low to show as much skin as possible, covering up what it needed to cover and nothing else. "If you look close, it's see-through!" she said excitedly, pointing at her thong-covered vagina. Unable to look away, he followed her direction, looking close at the thin black material. And... yeah. It was see-through. Holy shit! Just like that, Dan could see his daughter's vagina. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't look away. He could see the puffy lips. He could see the thin landing strip of dark hair above it. He could see... everything.

"You see?" she asked, grinning, knowing the answer. "This is exactly what I wanted! Something super tiny and super slutty! Me and you are totally on the same page here, Dad. I mean, this thong is SO sexy! Right?" she asked, before looking down at it again. She then looked up at him again, beaming.

All he could do was nervously smile. He was still speechless. He wasn't about to talk about how sexy the thong was on her. Not to say it was sexy, but, uh, like, it was so tiny, and it showed everything, and her ass looked fantastic in it. But no, he couldn't actually say any of that. Finally finding some shred of a fatherly tone, he found his words.

"Pull up your pants, Gwen," he said calmly, way calmer than he felt. Smiling mischievously, she nevertheless complied, yanking her pants back up to her waist. But she wasn't done with her fun just yet. She reached down and hooked the straps of her thong around her fingers and yanked them up, pulling them up so they were riding high over her hips.

"How does this look?" she asked, grinning wickedly, this look making it clear that she was wearing such wicked underwear even with her pants in place. "I know it's, like... super trashy, but I don't know... it kinda works for me." She spun around again, turning her back to him and looked over her shoulder at him. This allowed him to appraise this look from behind. With her smooth midriff still exposed, the straps of the thong emerged from beneath her thin yellow pajama pants and stood out proudly, hooked around her hips. The tiny triangle of the thong emerged ever so slightly above the hem of her pants. "I think I can rock the whale-tail. What do you think? Do you like this look, Dad? I bet you do..."

She was right. About everything. Yes, this look was super trashy. It reminded him of the girl's in college at parties, the ones who were, frankly... very slutty, and this look was one of the signifiers that they were ready for some nasty fun. Dan had been dating Connie during most of his time in college, so he'd never indulged in that kinda thing, but that didn't mean such a brazen display of wickedness didn't get his blood pumping, at least slightly. After his dad had left the family by cheating with a much younger woman, Dan had vowed not to follow in the same tracks, but that didn't mean such lustful displays didn't resonate with him on a raw, animal level. Probably more than he ever let on, staying cool and calm and controlled, because he knew the damage going down that path could yield. But he wasn't blind to it, and some girls could work it better than others. And Gwen, despite being his daughter... she could work it well.

Gwen looked damn good like this, rocking a whale-tail.

It just looked right. He couldn't deny it. She looked fantastic adorned like this. Like, really, really good. And most importantly, it looked natural. After years of her mother keeping her dressed conservatively, her true, natural form was coming up to the surface, and it couldn't be denied. He didn't want to come out and admit that he liked seeing her like this, but it certainly didn't bother him as much as he would have expected. He could appreciate it a lot more than he ever thought possible, seeing as this was his daughter. Despite being able to acknowledge that she had become a very beautiful young woman, he'd never fully expected her to blossom into something like this, something so raw and blatantly sexual. But seeing it in front of him, seeing this display first-hand... it made perfect sense. It just fit her. Dan wondered if this is a look she'd be sporting every day as soon as she left for college. And with how good she looked, Dan wouldn't even hold it against her. Her mother would, of course, and that thought brought a response to his lips that wasn't just effusive praise.

"I don't think your mother would approve..." he croaked, making as safe of a statement as he could in regard to his daughter's thong. At this, she rolled her eyes.

"Dad, Mom would be happy if I dressed in a potato sack," she said with a smile, turning back to face him, and Dan couldn't help but agree. Connie had gotten more and more conservative, and she'd really imposed these beliefs on Gwen and Max. It was never to an insane degree, which Dan most certainly would have pushed back against, but it was pervasive enough to be a mild annoyance. Dan usually just went along with it, stifling his irritation as best he could. Max never seemed to mind, as he took to these beliefs in the same way his mother had. But Gwen had been pushing back these last few years, testing how far she could push things without breaking the rules, wanting to be more like her friends and have some fun. And that had culminated here, with her sporting a thong for her own father. "Dad, I love Mom, but I don't really care what she thinks anymore. She is, like... super boring and, like, no fun, and I think you agree. She wouldn't understand how amazing of a gift this would be, but you're a man, so you get it. You know that guys REALLY like girls in thongs, and the fact that you have the guts to give one to your own daughter...

you're like the best dad ever!" she gushed, gesturing excitedly with her arms, making her large boobs shake.

Dan couldn't help but look up from her prominently displayed whale-tail to her chest to watch her boobs in motion. Things were so off-center that he couldn't help but to take a glance, even knowing his daughter was watching him. He couldn't even begin to guess their size, but her boobs were absolutely massive. He didn't know where she got them, because Connie's boobs were much, much smaller, maybe on the small side of b-cups on a good day. But for Gwen, every day was a good day, with some even better than others, and today seemed like one of those days. They had never looked bigger, massive and round and ripe. Her thin top, while not obscene, was very slim, allowing him to admire their amazing size and perfect round shape. Damn, they were so plump and firm, the thin material of her top clinging to them. And with how smooth her boobs looked stretching her top, and by seeing the slight indents caused by her nipples... it was clear she wasn't wearing a bra. Dan looked away quickly, taking in this full image in what was really a few seconds. But Gwen was attuned enough to note this fact, a fact that made her smile. Dan saw this and looked away, knowing he'd been caught.

"I... I should go," Dan said nervously, certainly not feeling like the best dad ever at this point as he admired his daughter's body more and more.

"Wait, hold on..." she said, and before he could say or do anything, she yanked her pajama pants back down to her thighs, exposing her thong to his eyes again. He tried to look away, but his eyes kept getting pulled back to the black see-through material covering up her nether regions. "You never told me... do you think this thong is sexy? Do you think it makes me look sexy?"

Dan didn't know what to say. Okay, yes, she looked very, very attractive in such a skimpy garment, but he couldn't actually tell her that. He was her father. Dads don't go around telling their daughters how sexy they look. He'd made it a point not to notice how attractive she had become. And seeing her like this was very sexy. But what could he say, with her expecting a concrete answer from him?

For her part, with all the evidence she had, she should expect an easy answer. Her own father had gifted her a thong. He would only do this if he had an opinion about her sexiness. She just wanted to hear it. The problem was he didn't buy this for her. But the other thing... why didn't any of this seem to bother her? Her own father had gotten her skimpy underwear. In most cases, she should be rightfully skeeved out. Yet, with Gwen... she seemed excited by it. She was practically over the moon that her own Dad had crossed this first line. Did she like that things between them had gotten a bit more, uh... explicit?

Dan looked into his daughter's eyes. He couldn't say anything. He couldn't bring himself to confirm or deny the answer to her question. Sensing he needed a bit more of a push, she continued talking.

"So, you must really be a really big fan of my ass to have bought me a thong," she began, letting her pants fall to her feet, leaving her standing in just her thong and her tight top. She then turned around to show off her heart-shaped ass to him again. "I can't blame you. I mean, Mom's butt has gotten so gross and fat and saggy, and mine is perfect and firm and squeezable. It must be torture being around me and my perfect ass all day..." she sighed, bouncing her ass ever so slightly, making the perfect cheeks jiggle in just the right way again. Damn... her ass was fucking perfect. Dan did his best to never look at his daughter's hot body, but now that she had given him permission to stare, he couldn't look away. He didn't know how he could ever stop staring from this day on, this image of Gwen's thong-clad ass burned into his memory. The perfect, round, tight cheeks. The sexy thong, framing her rear end, the string disappearing in between. Damn, it was just perfect. She was right. Her butt was so much better than her mother's, for the reasons she described. He'd never looked at his wife's ass with the heat and passion he was now looking at his daughter's.

"I bet when Mom was telling me to cover up, you were wanting me to wear less... right? To show more skin..." she teased, smiling, bending over slightly to show off her perfect ass even more. He had never specifically thought the way she said, but he did always think Connie was too conservative about such things. So indirectly, it was true. Part of him didn't mind his daughter wearing skimpier clothing, not to this degree, obviously. Although... deep down, he probably didn't really mind here in this case either.

"I mean, just because Mom never had a good body doesn't mean I shouldn't get to show mine off..." she purred. It was true. Gwen's body was out of this world, her athletics combined with her natural gifts and copious curves in all the right places... her body was a 15/10. Connie... she had never had a body like this, even in college, and she hadn't put in the work to keep things in place, spending more time at the Church than exercising and dieting. And for Gwen, that work she put into herself had paid off. She deserved to show it off.

Gwen then climbed onto the bed, crawling onto all fours for a moment, jutting her ass out, her rear end pointed right at him. Then, she bent over, face down, ass up, making her father's eyes go wide.

"Oh my God!" Dan sighed. Bent over like this, her firm, juicy ass-cheeks parted naturally, allowing him to see the entirety of the valley between the cheeks. He admired the way the full, round cheeks turned inward artfully till they met in the middle, forming her ass-crack. And it was in that valley where he could see the full length of the tiny string of her thong, traversing the valley until it met the triangle covering her vagina. She was so spread apart, and the string of her thong was so tiny, that he could literally see Gwen's asshole, barely obscured by the thong. Dan's eyes were wide, and his mouth was watering by this lewd sight. It didn't even matter that this was his daughter. This view was undeniably wicked and sexy.

"So, Dad..." Gwen asked, raising her head so she was up on all fours, looking back at him. "Do you think it's sexy?"

Frozen in place, looking down at his lewdly posed daughter, staring at her thong-clad ass, sweat on his brow, he looked her in the eyes, communicating the answer that his mouth couldn't. But just to confirm it, she glanced downwards, lower on his body, before grinning wide.

"Oh my!" she began, giggling. "I think I have my answer!" Dan glanced down at himself, and to his horror, he realized his dick was now absolutely throbbing, a fact very evident through his lounge pants.

He'd been fighting these erections all morning, and earlier he had maneuvered it so that it was pointing up towards his hip, to hide its girth as he cooled down. But after seeing all of this, his daughter presenting herself so lewdly, there was no holding back the lust coursing through his veins. His cock was throbbing hard, so hard it was visible through his pants, the bulge caused by his lengthy meat outlined and showcased for his daughter to see. She could see his impressive length and thickness as his clothed, straining meat pointed up towards his hip. If anything, in an attempt to hide his bulge earlier was allowing his daughter a better view of him now. At the revelation that he was very obviously hard, he brought his hands down, trying to cover his bulge, but the damage was done.

"I... I need to go, Gwen," he began, taking a step back.

"Hold on," she said softly, getting up on her knees and stepping down onto the floor. As she got to her feet, a move that caused her boobs to jiggle, Dan knew he had to get out of there. His daughter's body was affecting him in ways he couldn't control, and he had to get out of her room before doing something he'd really regret. He reached back to rest his hand on the doorknob, but she spoke up first. "Wait, wait, wait!" she said, stepping over to him quickly. She grabbed her father by the arms and pulled him back, guiding him back into the room towards the bed. "You can't go out there like that, Dad."

"I... I'm sorry. I shouldn't be reacting like this," Dan said, his mind in turmoil, apologizing as she pushed him onto the bed in a seated position.

"Dad?" she interjected.

"I don't know what's going on," Dan said, his mind a flurry of disjointed thoughts. "I mean, I didn't even get you the..."

"Dad!" she said again, looking down at him.

"I'm your father! I should be controlling myself, I'm sorry..." he said again.

"DAD!" Gwen said loudly, pulling his focus away from his inner turmoil, making him look up into her eyes. At this, she smiled down at him warmly, looking down at him she kept her hands on his arms. "Dad. Trust me... don't worry about it! Honestly... it's what I wanted. I mean, especially from a guy like you, who's so kind and friendly and well-built and good looking... trust me, it's a compliment. Especially, because, you know... you're my dad, and you're married. Haha! No one would blame you though. I mean, obviously, Mom's no fun anymore, and you're a red blooded man that has needs she's not meeting, clearly. And with me around... no one would blame you, especially when I'm dressed like this!" she said, looking down at herself and giggling.

"I... I still shouldn't be reacting this way!" he replied, registering every word she said as truth. Connie, she was great, and he did love her, and she was such a big-hearted woman. But she had become conservative in all ways, and their sex life had gone down to near zero. He honestly did still love her, and they did have a lot of fun together. But he still did have desires that weren't being met, and most of the time, it wasn't an issue, but here... it was causing problems.

"Like I said, don't worry about it," she said, smiling. "I won't tell anyone that you got a giant erection over your own daughter, and I also won't tell them you got me a super sexy, super slutty thong for Christmas!" she said, grinning. "It'll be our little secret!" He glanced up to her, slightly shaking his head. He could still just come clean about not being the one who'd bought the thong for her, but it felt like things had gone so far beyond that fact that it felt like it didn't even matter anymore. That would only make things more confusing, and she seemed to be so excited by getting this gift from him that telling her the truth would diminish that excitement.

"But I will say..." she began, pulling her hands from his arms and standing back up, standing up straight in front of him. "If you ever want to go the same route with a gift like this, you should really get me a matching bra." At this, she turned to the side and walked over towards her bag, digging through it, going through her clothes, and

Dan could only watch in silence. "I mean, this makes all my bras look like crap in comparison," she said, pulling out some plain, functional bras. From this angle, her side was facing him as she kneeled down to go through her bag, and this allowed him to see nearly the entire side of her ass-cheek as well as the rest of her bare leg. There was something oddly thrilling about seeing her doing something normal while wearing such wicked underwear. "I mean, this, like... totally outweighs the boring old gifts I bought you. So I was thinking, like... if I had a nice bra, I'd give you a good show right now. Give you something to remember when Mom leaves you hanging, you know?" She said this all offhand, in effect telling her father that she wanted to give him some prime material to his spank bank, a fact that made his head spin. How could she be so cavalier about this whole thing? He was her father!

"Yeah, I got nothing here..." she said to herself, looking into her bag, shaking her head. At this, she stood up straight, before padding back over to him, standing right in front of him again, her large boobs bouncing in her tight top as she came to a stop. He looked up at her as she drove the action, far more in control of this crazy situation than her befuddled father. "Well..." she began, smiling, clearly very energized by this whole insane situation. "I'm trying to come up with something to give you as a 'thanks' for this amazing gift, something that's as good for you that this is for me," she said, pointing down at her thong-covered crotch. Dan was unsure where this was going, but he was about to find out. "So... I'm just gonna give you the gifts you deserve the most..."

Then, with her father watching, Gwen reached down, hooked her fingers beneath the hem of her shirt, and lifted her tight top up quickly, tugging it upwards until her massive bare breasts cascaded out of it, exposed to Dan for the very first time.

"Holy shit!" Dan couldn't help but say, his eyes wide, staring at Gwen's giant boobs. They were absolutely massive. Jesus... these suckers just vaulted off her chest, mammoth and round and smooth. They were the size of melons and just as ripe. Her boobs were perky and firm, with literally zero sag. Damn. They were so fucking big that they could probably be seen from behind her, and they were so full they formed a chasm of cleavage in the middle. Encased in silky, golden skin, flesh so smooth and perky it yearned for your touch. They were begging to

be squeezed. And each massive melon was capped with a perfectly sized, mouth-watering pink nipple, sticking out, hard as can be, surrounded by a round pink areola.

For years, Dan had been a good dad and never looked at his daughter in any other way than a daughter, even as she filled out in all the right ways. Lesser fathers would let themselves sneak a peek from time to time, indulging in a forbidden glimpse for a single loaded moment. But not Dan. He was better than that, catching himself whenever an opportunity to look presented itself. It was only situations like the one earlier when they were going up the stairs where he would notice such things. Where he'd accidentally look, doing it without thinking, doing it with no dark desire. And when he did happen to notice such things about his daughter's body, such as her firm, upturned, juicy behind, or the fact that she had massive tits, he would simply note this fact and file it away. He would not give it further thought, not let himself get any enjoyment out of it. He had worked hard to keep the specifics about his daughter's body vague and unknown, and the fact that her mother did her best to keep Gwen dressed conservatively certainly helped out there. Overall, Dan had done a good job, better than a lot of men would. In all metrics, but especially this one, Dan was a good father.

And look where all that hard work got him.

Not only was Dan laying eyes on his own daughter's massive bare breasts, this was a sight that was being offered to him. Gwen was eagerly showing her own dad her huge naked boobs, showing her father a sight few are ever permitted to see. He'd worked so hard to never stare and ever be anything less than an upstanding father, and his reward for that was a long peek of the goods. He knew he shouldn't be looking, but with her asking him to gaze upon her big naked tits, he just couldn't look away. His eyes were locked on Gwen's giant boobs, studying every inch and burning the image into memory. This was a sight he would never forget, and frankly, a sight he'd never want to forget.

"What do you think?" Gwen asked girlishly, smiling wickedly as she let go of her top, leaving it clumped up near her neck, her boobs just hanging out for him to stare at.

"What are you doing?" he asked, clinging to a fatherly tone despite eagerly staring at her exposed melons.

"Well..." she began. "You're such a good dad. Not just because you bought me this killer thong, but, like, seriously. I mean... you work hard, and you care about your family more than anything. You deserve to be rewarded. Mom means well, but she's gotten so boring and, uh... churchy. I understand how men think, and what they need, and... and you deserve so much better than what Mom gives you. You're the best dad ever, and you deserve the best!" she said, smiling wickedly, her huge boobs quaking with this excited statement. Damn, the way the smooth, heavy flesh quivered was intoxicating. "And you understand how girls think, better than Mom does, obviously. She's a boring old stick in the mud who wants everyone to be dressed up like it's the fifties. You know better. You understand that girls like me want to dress sexy and show some skin and wear extra slutty underwear! You bought me this amazing gift that I'm gonna wear every chance I get. I'm gonna get even more attention from now on thanks to you, cause the guys will just know that I am up for anything! And it's all thanks to you! So that's why I'm showing you my tits, Dad. Because a guy like you deserves to see tits this big every chance he gets."

Dan heard her words and registered them, but he was so lost in his breast-induced daze to really respond. Like, it all made sense. There was a twisted logic to her words. Despite her better qualities, Connie had become a stick in the mud, and because of that, she'd become really boring. In truth, examining his marriage, the fact was that even though he still loved his wife, he stopped being attracted to her years ago. He hadn't been titillated in this way in a long time, possibly ever.

On some level, he recognized that he was a better husband to Connie than she was a wife to him. He'd kept himself in good shape and had stayed openminded as he had gotten older. She hadn't done as much work staying in shape, and she'd become far more narrowminded than she used to. She had become more focused on the things she was interested in than the things her husband liked. Sure, the things she did were good, and they bettered the world in so many ways, but at times, their marriage was put on the back burner. And to be honest,

Connie was behind the times, in all the ways Gwen had explained. She'd gotten a bit prudish and restrictive about things in a way Dan could never fully agree with. That being said, Dan probably wasn't as openminded as Gwen might think. Seriously, he would never have actually bought his daughter a thong, no matter how much she wanted it, but the gift had been given to her anyways, signed with his name and written in his handwriting. He could point that fact out now, plead his innocence, and be done with this now, but... damn, her boobs were just absolutely massive!

"They're so big..." he said softly, eyes locked on his daughter's breasts, not even realizing he was saying this out loud.

"I know, right!" she said with a wicked smirk. "These are fat fucking double E-cups, by the way, but I think in a few months, they'll be F's. So, if you want to get me a bra, now you know my size. Haha," she said, laughing, before reaching up and cupping her own boobs between her fingers. "Mom wants to keep the girls covered up, taped down, and, like... hidden from the world. She'd be happy if, like... no one ever got to see them ever. I'm not surprised you didn't know how big they were, with the way Mom makes me cover up. But these shouldn't be covered up, right? You and I agree that I should be wearing tight, low-cut tops and show off my cleavage. I should be showing off my boobs to everyone, including you... right? Especially you, almost. I mean, I think so. These bitches need to breathe! Haha!" she giggled, making her heavy, fleshy tits jiggle. "You're a man, and you get that. Boobs this big and perfect need to be shown off, right? Everyone likes boobs. Who would complain about seeing more of them? You're a good, solid, upfront man, married to a boring, churchy wife who probably stopped wanting to have sex years ago. You work hard and support your family. The one joy a man like you probably gets is whenever you get lucky enough to get a glimpse at a pair of undeniably massive tits. And you're stuck with Mom, and her boobs are, like, nothing compared to mine. It must be torture for a man like you, who knows deep down he deserves to be with a girl with tits like mine, to have me around the house, driving you crazy. Right? You deserve to experience a pair of big, soft, succulent melons like this, don't you? I think you do. I want you to! So, you... you can touch them if you want?" she offered, still cupping her massive tits, offering them to him.

"What?" he croaked out. Was... was she serious? Was she seriously saying he could put his hands on her breasts? No. No... she must be joking. And besides, he was her father. He couldn't actually put his hands on Gwen's breasts, despite how massive and soft and smooth and perfect and squeezable they looked. God, they were amazing, though. He'd never seen a pair of tits this big, let alone get his hands on them. She was bouncing them in her palms, making them bounce, the rippling flesh damn near hypnotic. Her nipples dancing in the air. Calling to him. No. NO! Part of him wanted to put his hands on her tits and go wild, but the father in him knew better. He couldn't. He couldn't cross that line, despite how perfect her boobs were. And they were perfect. And massive. And they looked so sinfully soft...

"No..." he said, both to himself and to Gwen.

"Why not?" she asked, playing dumb, as if the answer wasn't obvious.

"Gwen... you're my daughter..." he said, so overwhelmed he could barely think straight. His body was alight with energy, heat coursing through his veins, affecting his state of mind. But he clung to that last shred of decency, even if every fiber in his being wanted to surrender to the raw, lustful desires encouraging him to give in to his daughter's request. He was right on the edge and about to fall over the precipice. But at the moment of truth, he was pulling back. He just couldn't do it.

Gwen smiled at her dazed father, but inwardly, she rolled her eyes in annoyance. How could he be bold and confident enough to give her that tiny, slutty thong, but be so stubborn and resistant about this? She thought they were on the same page here. She could see his straining bulge through his pants. It was obvious that he was thoroughly enjoying this delicious, daughterly temptation. But... but maybe to him, there was something about gifting her the thong and them sharing a sexy little secret together that was different than actually getting physical with her. Yeah, that sounded right. Her dad was such a kind, good hearted, decent man. When all her friends joked about their dads getting some action on the side, she could never relate. Her dad was such a stand-up guy, and without knowing any specifics, she could just tell he was the type of guy who would

never cheat on his wife. He was a loyal man all the way through. So... so maybe he couldn't make the decision to cross that line himself.

Maybe this was the type of decision someone had to make for him.

In his consternation, he raised his hands up to run them through his hair, trying to calm himself down. And in this motion, Gwen saw an opportunity. As he pulled his hands from his scalp, she reached forward and deftly grabbed his wrists. Before he could react, she yanked his hands forward till his big manly palms slapped against her huge tits.

"Wait, wha..." he stammered, completely caught off guard. He tried to pull his hands back, but she held strong, holding his open palms in place against her huge bare breasts. She used her fingers to squeeze his hands with hers, making him dig his fingers into her soft, succulent tits for the very first time.

"Mmmm..." she purred. "Squeeze my big tits, Dad..." she sighed.

"Oh my God..." Dan said in shock as he felt his fingers dig into the soft, luscious, firm flesh of his daughter's big tits. She squeezed her fingers over his, making him really get in there and grope her huge boobs. She did it again and again, making his hands squeeze her breasts, making Dan really feel her succulent titty-flesh. Fuck... they were so fucking soft! Holy shit! The firm, smooth flesh was pouring through his fingers, a sensation that was indescribably erotic. He'd never felt anything like this before, ever! Connie certainly didn't compare in the slightest. These massive jugs made his wife's breasts look like pathetic, half-formed, undercooked things. But Gwen's tits... they were baked to perfection. Dan's fingers dug into the soft, doughy flesh, kneading away, relishing in the smooth, silky skin. Dan was at this for what felt like an eternity, never getting enough, groping her squeezable breasts, digging into the soft flesh over and over again. He did this until he realized it was his hands doing the squeezing. Gwen had taken her hands off of his and was simply looking down at him, smiling. And yet, knowing this, knowing there was nothing stopping from pulling his hands off his daughter's incredible breasts, he... he couldn't stop. He just could not stop groping her massive tits, despite knowing better. They were so addictively soft and firm, deliciously

squeezable, and his hands could not stop immersing themselves in their perfection. The sensation of the firm flesh in his hands, combined with the knowledge that it was his daughter's tits that he was feeling up, formed a delicious cocktail of lust and sin that was coursing through him, energizing him in a way he'd never experienced before.

For so long, Dan was disciplined, never running too hot or too cold. Never getting too down about things, but also never letting himself get too excited either. It was rare for him to get truly keyed up and excited about something. Part of this was imparted onto him by the experience of having his father cheat on his mother. His father didn't have discipline, and that led to him going down the wrong path. Dan had vowed not to make that same mistake. And from that day on he never lost that focus, that discipline, never getting too emotional or too excited. He ran on an even keel, staying calm always, which made him the type of guy that you wanted to be around when things got tough, as he never lost his cool, remaining confident and composed no matter what. It's part of what first attracted Connie to him, and inadvertently, it also appealed to young women like Gwen, who far preferred a cool, confident man to a nervous, unsure younger guy.

That is all to say that getting his hands on her breasts had sent sensations of excitement and pleasure coursing through him that he'd never let himself experience before. His discipline had been shattered by his daughter's massive, firm tits, and the lust flowing through his veins had him more revved up and excited than he'd ever been before. More excited than he ever knew possible. He'd held back and stifled these urges for so long, but his daughter's hot body had brought them all to the surface. That knowledge that her body was enough to turn her normally cool, composed dad into a stammering, lust-ridden mess was a better compliment to her attractiveness and appeal than just about anything. And now that he was experiencing these new sensations for the first time, now that he was falling into the quicksand of lust and wickedness, he just didn't have the will to hold them back anymore. It felt too goddamn good. It was so thrilling, lighting his nerves on fire... he just couldn't stop now.

"Jesus, Gwen..." Dan sighed, his hands still digging into the soft, succulent breast flesh. "These are amazing!" he said, looking up at her, letting a grin cross his lips. He was so excited! He couldn't get

enough, squeezing them between his fingers over and over again, savoring the feeling of the soft skin oozing through his fingers.

"Mmmm..." Gwen moaned softly, her hard nipples pressing into her father's palms. "I always knew my tits would end up in your hands someday..." she sighed, biting her lower lip and arching her back slightly, pushing her boobs against her father's fingers. He slid his hands against the smooth skin, taking in every square inch of firm breast flesh he could, before letting his thumbs and forefingers tease Gwen's nipples, making her squirm in pleasure. "Oh my God..." she sighed.

Dan couldn't stop himself. He had never felt anything this amazing, having never been with any girl in the past that had big boobs. He slid his hands over the soft, silky skin, letting his fingers travel into the extra soft flesh of her cleavage, or letting his palms slide underneath to cup her mammoth tits and feel their size and weight. They were amazing, and with her standing in front of him, that put her boobs at his eye level, giving him as good of a view as anyone could ask for. He was drooling over these tits, and each squeeze he gave them only drove him crazier.

"So, Dad, mmm..." she sighed as her father kept playing with her breasts. "Do you think my tits are sexy?" Considering he was so enraptured by her rack, the answer was undeniable, and he didn't have the will to deny it.

"Yes, your tits are sexy..." Dan told his daughter, making her grin.

"Mmmm. Yeah. Do you think my ass is sexy, Dad?" she asked, repeating a question she'd asked earlier to no response. All the images of her ass from the second she tugged her pants down and showed him her thong-clad ass replayed in his mind, each one sexier than the last. It's size. It's perfect shape. How mouth-watering it looked in a thong. Again, the answer was undeniable.

"Yes, your ass is incredibly sexy, Gwen..." Dan said, making her smile wickedly again.

"So..." she began, as Dan continued squeezing her big naked breasts. "Do you think I'm sexy?"

Dan thought about it, not just in his current, lust addled state, not with her ass hanging out and her tits in his hands, but in total. And in truth, with doing all the work he did to not look at her body, some part of him could acknowledge his truthful opinion of his daughter's appeal. He knew he shouldn't. This was his daughter, but... being here, squeezing her huge breasts, gazing at her juicy ass... he'd never felt so excited! He was keyed up! He was alive! After living most of his life in black and white, he was seeing color. He was living! Sure, it might be spurred on by his daughter's hot body, but when it felt this good, it almost didn't matter. Which is why he felt little hesitation to tell his daughter the truth.

"Yes, Gwen, I think you're very sexy," he said, digging into her tits with his hands more firmly than before, his straining, angry cock throbbing in pleasure at this admission that he thought his own daughter was sexy. At this, she flashed him a brilliant grin, her eyes flashing with wickedness. There was no greater stroke to her ego than having her own father, this fine, upstanding, goodhearted man, to find his daughter so appealing that he just had to tell her how sexy he found her. She squirmed in front of him, deeply turned on by this.

"Sexier than mom?" she asked.

"Yes... it's not even close..." he admitted, unable to hide the truth, telling his own daughter that he found her A LOT more attractive than his wife, her mom. Her eyes closed in pleasure at this statement, and for a moment, she almost collapsed against him. He could feel her squirm in pleasure at this, and as she shoved her tits even more firmly against his gripping hands, her nipples hardening against his palms. Finally, she opened her eyes. She looked down at him, breathing deep, her stare filled with intent, and in that moment, he knew what was about to happen.

Quick as a flash, she reached down and brushed aside his outstretched arms with her own, leaving nothing between her jutting, bulbous tits and her father's face. Again, with the liquid smoothness that all her motions possessed, she reached forward and grabbed the back of his head, stepping forward as she pulled him towards her. And before Dan could react, his face was pressed against Gwen's bare tits.

"Ohmmphh my grod!" he groaned into her cleavage as the silky-smooth flesh of her big jugs mashed against his face. He thought they felt amazing in his palms, but they felt even better against his face. She wrapped her slim arms around his head as she scrubbed her fleshy tits across his face. The soft, dense flesh of her bulbous breasts slid over his handsome features, molding against his face, smothering him. She held him in place firmly as she trapped her father in this fleshy prison, sliding her weighty tits back and forth over his face, her hard nipples scraping across his features.

And through it all, Dan just sat there and took it, letting his daughter rub her boobs all over his face, and he took it willingly. He'd never experienced a big pair of tits like this, not with Connie, obviously, not with any other girlfriend before that. He'd never even been to a strip club, he was so disciplined. He'd worked hard not to let him fall into temptation, and now that he was face deep between a pair of mammoth jugs, he now knew what he was missing out on. The smooth flesh. The indescribable softness. Even the knowledge that he was drowning between a pair of massive boobs was enough to drive him crazy. There might be objections ringing in the back of his mind, being that these were his own daughter's huge tits he was nose deep in, but he was so deep that it would be impossible to pull back now. This just felt so right! And as he scrubbed his face against her bulbous, fleshy breasts, he could feel her hard nipples scraping across his cheeks, teasing his lips, coaxing him in deeper. He was so incredibly turned on that he couldn't resist this next temptation, letting his mouth open, his tongue extending, running across her sensuous breast flesh. Within seconds, her nipple found home, pushing into his waiting mouth.

"Oh my God..." Gwen sighed as she felt her nipple slide against her father's tongue. She pressed her very large breast against his face, forcing as much titty into his mouth as he could manage. His open mouth was soon stuffed with nipple, his lips forming a tight seal

around her areola. His tongue tentatively flicked at her extended nipple, toying with it, circling it, pleasuring it. His mouth formed a seal around her hard nipple, and as his tongue began to pleasure the hard nub, his mouth began to suck at it, creating a delicious tugging that made Gwen squirm.

"Fuck..." she sighed lightly, gently scratching his scalp. "I can't believe you're sucking on my tits, Dad! You're the best! Fuck... you knew exactly what I wanted for Christmas."

It was amazing. A couple days prior, things between these two were nothing but familial, as they'd always been. There was no real outward sign of this being a possible outcome for these two. Things were normal between them. And then, with one little push, a mystery gift... a thong. Thanks to that miniscule bundle of thin, sheer material with a handful of strings, their relationship had been blown open, exposing the throbbing, beating lust at the core of their familial bond. Exposing their rawest, most wicked desires for each other and bringing them to the surface. One little push was all it took to send this normal father and daughter along the path that could only end in hot, sweaty, nasty incest! Despite things seeming so normal, in truth that rock solid familial bond was in fact quite brittle, easily shattered and exposed by one well-trained arrow fired directly into the right spot. How could such a small thing have such a profound effect? How could one possibly know that Gwen getting gifted a thong could lead to this? Well, the answer was simple...

It was a Christmas miracle!

While Dan might have had some deep buried lust for Gwen that he himself was not fully aware of, Gwen... she was very much aware of her own feelings. For a little bit now, she'd had a bit of a lowkey crush on her own father. Nothing that consumed her and dominated her thoughts and fantasies, but an accepting of her father's very obvious appeal. Dan was hot! Tall, and handsome, with a good head of brown hair and a wry smile. He had a good body without being, like, a muscle-headed gym-rat, having that Dad-sturdiness and Dad-strength that made him very appealing to her and other girls like her. But what put him over-the-top was his personality. A calm, cool, confidence that made him stand out when compared to guys her own age. He always

seemed strong and stable, especially when things got nerve-racking or scary. You could always count on him. Plus, he had a sense of humor that didn't cater to the cheap seats, making you feel good and worthy when you could keep up with him. He was just... he was just hot. It was hard not to be attracted to him.

For a long time, Gwen was subconsciously looking for a guy like her dad that wasn't actually her own father, but frankly, none of them matched up. Looking back, it was frankly a laughable comparison most of the time. For a while, she could never just let go and start fantasizing about her father. It was wrong and sinful. If her mom ever suspected, she would flip out and send her away to bible camp or something. That being said, she knew it was massively fucked up to think about her father in any other way than as a parent. So, she pushed these feelings to the side. They were still present, she could acknowledge them, and occasionally she'd still return to these fantasies when all else failed. But she didn't let these illicit desires consume her. She had fun with guys her own age, forbidden fun that her mom did not know about in the slightest. Her mom still thought she was a virgin! Little did she know that, more and more these days, the desire of the guys that she was in a church group with to live up to the tenets of the good book were far outweighed by their desire for pussy. And needless to say, Gwen did just fine for herself, allowing Gwen to become VERY good in the ways of hot, nasty sex.

But that nagging lust towards her father never really went away. For a long time, she told herself it was wrong and messed up, and that she shouldn't be thinking that way. But it seemed like, lately, those doubts just kinda stopped bothering her. Maybe it was something in the air, but one day she thought about it again, and it just seemed like it wasn't such a bad thing anymore to lust for her father. You hear rumors and stories about people, and you start to realize that what you're into isn't really that bad. It seemed like the whole world was changing, like there was some shift in the general consciousness of the world, and the types of things that seemed sinful and wrong years prior didn't seem so bad now. So, she accepted her lust for her dad, and that men like her dad were what really got her motor running.

That all being said, she never expected this fantasy to lead to anything real. Her father had never given the slightest inclination of sharing these feelings. And frankly, it'd be shocking if he did. It was a pretty

fucked up fantasy to have, and to expect that out of him would be madness. He was such a good, just, loyal guy... this type of thing struck her as something he'd never once even let cross his mind. So, she was fine with keeping it as fantasy, never giving him any sign of her secret lust, knowing it would lead to plenty of awkward conversations if it ever came to the surface.

And then, out of nowhere, her dad buys her a fucking thong for Christmas! He goes out of his way to buy her a thong and slip it into her room with a little note attached. The message he was sending was loud and clear. He wanted her hot ass in a thong, and he wanted her to know it. All of a sudden, all these hidden desires she'd had for her father were being reciprocated, and in a very sexy way! Her dad was all but admitting he wanted to see her ass in a thong, which meant he had a deep appreciation for her attractiveness and her hot body. Gwen was overjoyed, and incredibly turned on by this revelation. And once he made his intentions clear, she wasn't gonna let the opportunity go to waste. If he was coming out and admitting that he found her hot, she was gonna take her shot. She wouldn't be able to live with herself if she didn't at least try to make a move. So... she did. She was taking her shot, and she had already pulled him into a bit of fun, getting his hands and mouth on her. And she wasn't gonna let him out of her grasp now that he had gotten him this far. She'd gotten his mouth on her tits, and if she had her way, things were gonna go A LOT further.

"Oh my God..." she sighed as her father's talented tongue circled her hard nipple, teasing it, driving her crazy. He had just switched nipples, giving the second one the same loving treatment he had already given the first. As he did this, she kept one hand around his head, keeping him in place. She used her other hand to grab her top, which was still bunched up above her boobs, and pull it up and off, tossing it aside, leaving her dressed only in the thong now.

As he kept at it, his face pressed firmly against Gwen's warm, fleshy tits, mouth slurping on her nipples, his hands reached up from underneath and cupped her squeezable boobs, feeding them into his mouth. As he sucked on the hard cap, Gwen was getting ideas of her own. She looked down at her dad's crotch, where she could see his straining, throbbing Dad-cock, dying to be unleashed, desperate for the pleasure that a man like him deserved.

Dan had become completely mesmerized by his daughter's huge boobs. He'd been so nervous and reluctant about all of this, but Gwen's giant tits had quelled those fears, pulling him in deeper into the waters of lust. Squeezing the soft, ripe flesh, drooling all over her immaculate nipples… it just felt right. He could suck at her big tits all day. Lusting for these perfect tits was undeniable. No one could possibly blame him for this. Her tits were too perfect to ignore. It didn't matter that this was his daughter's perfect rack his face was pressed against. It didn't matter that he was a married family man. Her tits were too damn good, and this was so fucking exciting. After living over forty years along the boring, straight and narrow path, he had made contact with a livewire of lust, and it was energizing him into doing things he'd never once before considered, just because it felt so damn good.

Gwen was about to test that theory.

Knowing that her Dad was a bit slow on taking each next step with her, Gwen knew she'd have to take over completely and drive the action. Having her father's mouth on her tits was amazing, but her pussy had practically soaked through her new thong at this point. And she needed relief. She was here at the moment of truth, the culmination of all her nastiest fantasies, the last point where she could pull out from the trajectory they were on and attempt to maintain normalcy. But now that her ultimate fantasy was in her grasp, she wasn't gonna stop now.

There would be no pulling out.

Dan was still seated on the edge of the bed, lost in her breasts, and this gave Gwen room to move pushing him slightly backwards so she could straddle his lap, her tits still in his face. This put her thong-covered pussy in very close proximity with his prominent bulge, a fact that Dan was about to become very aware of.

"Ooohhh…" Dan groaned into her tits as he felt her weight settle on his lap, putting the pressure on his cloth-covered bulge. Feeling his standing pillar through his pants, she ground her thong-clad pussy against it, up and down along it's length, over and over again. A

daughter's pussy was grinding against a father's dick as they began to get better acquainted with each other. And she was so wet that her juices began to soak his pants, allowing his shaft to feel it.

"I'm so fucking horny..." Gwen whispered in her dad's ear, her arms wrapped around his head as she held his face against her tits. She kept grinding her plump lips and hard clit against his concrete hard, concealed penis. Her nearly bare ass was flexing as she humped against her dad's dick firmly. Due to their close proximity, his hands were forced away from her wondrous boobs, and with nowhere else to go, he reached around and palmed each juicy cheek of her thong-clad ass.

"Mmmmm..." he moaned into her cleavage. Her ass felt as amazing as it looked. His big hands dug into the firm, round cheeks, gripping each perky cheek roughly, using it for leverage as he humped up into her.

Dan was practically lost at this point, lost on the cresting wave of lust his daughter had provoked from within him. Beyond rational thought, he was a tangle of overcharged nerves. His face nestled between Gwen's tits, licking and sucking and slurping away at them, he was completely smothered by them. Because of that, he was blindly following during this whole thing, blindly following the pleasure incited within him. She was barely his daughter anymore to his addled mind. She was a pair of massive boobs to rest his head against and a warm body to hump his needy cock against. But she wasn't about to let them forget that he was her father, and she his daughter.

Gwen kept grinding into him, harder and harder. While she ground into him, she leaned back slightly, putting more force against his aching crotch. She held him by the head more firmly than she was prior, using it to support herself as she leaned further back. As she did this, his mouth stayed on her hard nipple, sucking on it hard, his tongue worshipping the nub. She leaned back further and further, grinding her pussy against his dick roughly, leaning so far back that her long dark hair was grazing the floor. Her lithe arms were tightened as she used his strong neck to hold herself up. And he had his manly arms wrapped around her slim waist, supporting her, holding her close as she stretched herself back, her breasts pointing skyward. And

through it all, his mouth stayed on her nipple, circling the hard nub, his dick grinding against her thong-covered pussy.

"Oh my God!" she moaned out, back arched, her head hanging down, more turned on than she'd ever been before. Her body tightened as a bolt of lust and pleasure coursed through her, but it wasn't truly an orgasm. She needed things to be further along to really get what she needed. Knowing this wasn't gonna get the job done, she pulled herself up smoothly, so she was sitting on his lap once again. She firmly pushed him back, removing his swollen, gasping mouth from her tits so she could look him in the eyes.

"Dad..." she began, panting, voice heavy with lust, still grinding against him. "We should just fucking do it..."

"Do what?" he asked, confused. Gwen realized she had to make this abundantly clear for him.

"Dad," she began again. "Let's just do it... let's just rip off our clothes and fuck!"

For the first time in what felt like an eternity, Dan sobered up, pulled from his lust-drunk haze ever so slightly. You could understand how, in some small part of his lust-addled mind, he could justify sucking on his daughter's tits, putting his hands on her hot body, and humping his swollen dick against her, while still viewing the act of actually burying his cock into her waiting pussy as a bridge too far. Touching, squeezing... humping... that stuff wasn't really anything, uh... official. But actual, for real, straight up sex... that was undeniable. Something you can't undo or walk away from. Obviously, even a confused Dan had to take a moment to think about this.

"Hon..." he said, panting, looking up at his daughter. "We can't..." Here he was, sitting on this bed, his daughter on top of him. His practically naked, thong-clad daughter, her tits hanging out, her gushing pussy grinding against his swollen, clothed dick. It didn't look good, clearly, but he couldn't actually go through with it. Although... ohhh... his cock throbbed at the idea. It was so wrong and nasty. It was just

about the worst thing he could imagine doing. About as far off the straight and narrow path he'd lived on his entire life. If his life was lived in black and white, this was blinding neon pink. This was the fundamental opposite of everything he'd ever believed in and lived by.

Then why was he actually considering it?

Why was every thought in his mind pure filth right now? Why was every masculine fiber in his being telling him to give in to Gwen's demand and give her exactly what she wanted? Why did he want nothing more than to fuck his own daughter's brains out? He couldn't, obviously, no matter how good it would feel. And... damn, it would feel good. Like, her body, her ass... those tits! She would be amazing. It would be amazing. She would feel amazing. He had to hold on to that last shred of decency. He couldn't cross that line, no matter how tempting it was.

"Are you sure?" she asked with a smile, grinding against his clothed, proudly standing weapon.

"Gwen... this can't happen," he affirmed, despite the fact that that he was grinding up against her too.

"Why not?" she asked in an almost taunting tone. She leaned forward and let her tits rest against his chest. Their weight, their softness... it admittedly did take some of the fight out of him. And with him temporarily taken aback again, she took action, reaching down between them and grabbing his clothed bulge in her hand. This made him jump, feeling his own daughter's fingers putting pressure on his cock. "If Mom was doing her job and satisfying you like you deserve to be satisfied, you wouldn't be here, grinding up on your daughter, wanting to be inside of me." At this, she squeezed his throbbing cock with her fingers, making him jump. "Do you want to live the rest of your life stuck with Mom, not having any fun or excitement? Or... do you want to cheat on her, actually have some fun and excitement, and have REALLY nasty sex with your slutty teenage daughter? And trust me, it will be FUCKING NASTY!" she teased, squeezing the root of his cock, feeling as it pulsed in excitement by her filthy language.

"Oh..." he groaned. It sounded so good. So tempting. God, he wanted to bury his big dick inside her so bad right now! His cock wanted nothing more to be stuffed up to the root in his own daughter's waiting cunt. It wanted to feel the walls of his daughter's tight pussy squeezing the living hell out of his lengthy weapon.

Even though every word she said was completely true, and her offer made complete sense, he... he just couldn't.

"Gwen, please, please stop," he groaned as she kept lightly massaging his steel hard weapon. "We can't do this."

"Why not?" she asked teasingly, her talented fingers still squeezing his clothed bulge. "There's nothing stopping us from doing it. And there shouldn't be anything holding you back. Dad, I want you to know that, despite what Mom might think, believe me when I say that I know my way around a dick. Mom did her best to make me as boring as her, but trust me, I am no virgin. A girl my age with a body like mine... I've taken a lot of cock, Dad, so if we hook up, you'll be getting your money's worth. We'll get to live out each other's nastiest, raunchiest fantasies... together! Haha! It'll be amazing! I know what I'm doing, and I just know you do too. I'll be the best you've ever had, and you'll be the best I've ever had. I mean, like, Jesus, Dad, I've been with a bunch of guys, but none as big as this. Dad... Holy shit!" she said, laughing, still groping him through his pants.

Every word and motion she made was setting him on fire, fanning the flames of heat and lust he was feeling for Gwen. He knew it was wrong, but God damn did he ever want to fuck Gwen's brains out right now. Holy shit! He wished he could be the type of guy who could just not think about the consequences. Who could be bold and take risks and live on the edge. Who could live it up with no fear. He wanted to be that guy, he really did. But he just couldn't.

"Gwen..." he began, practically panting, about to rebuff her once again, but she interrupted.

"Wait, okay, we can stop, but before we do... I think I deserve a little peek," Gwen said, backing away slightly. Before he could react or say anything to stop her, she released her hold on him just long enough to grab the hem of his pants and pull it away from his waist, pulling it out and firmly tugging it down, revealing his rock hard married dick to his daughter for the very first time.

"Holy shit!" Gwen called out, grinning wide, eyeing up her father's cock with great interest. "It's huge!" she gushed. It was true. Dan always carried himself with the calm confidence that no doubt comes with being well-endowed, and this hypothesis was proven true in this case. Thick like a salami, Dan owned a lengthy nine-inch member. The tightened flesh was smooth, no doubt from being so underused in his time with Connie. The spongy tip was prominent, with a sizable hole capable of spewing a river of thick cum from the end. Along it's underside, there was a very prominent tube that allowed those whopping loads to traverse unencumbered. And the source of all that manly jizz of his was his two very large, almost lemon sized nuts, swollen with sperm, dying to fire off all over an appreciative female.

Gwen licked her lips.

"Wait..." he began, trying to reach down and cover himself back up, but Gwen was too quick. Her nimble fingers reached down and grabbed his exposed dick. Her fingers wrapping around the root as best as she could manage, but he was so damn thick she couldn't fully grasp it. "Oh! Jeez..." Dan cried out, jumping as flesh-on-flesh contact with his big dick was made for the first time. This exchange slowed down his attempt to cover up, and as his hand got close to cover himself, she used her other hand to swat it away easily.

"Look at that..." Gwen said softly, eyeing up her father's cock, tilting it so she could examine every inch. Her grip was angled in such a way that the pad of her palm was pressing into her dad's sack. The warm flesh of his scrotum oozed against her palm, and the warmth and heat of his throbbing, pulsing, rock hard meat was overwhelming. "Oh my God! It's so hot!" she giggled, her eyes never leaving his cock. She reached down with her other hand and let it slide loosely along it's length. She then looked him straight in the eyes, her hands still on his cock.

"Look at this, Dad!" she said, eyes wild. He glanced down at his own weapon, and yeah, it looked about as hard as it ever had. It was an impressive sight. "This is because of me, Dad! Your cock is this hard because of me, your own daughter!" she said, grinning proudly. At this, she began lightly stroking his cock, making him groan.

"Oh!" he sighed, his head falling back.

"Dad, your cock is gonna explode, and it's gonna be because of me!" she said, the pace of her stroking picking up. She looked down and let some spit drip out of her mouth, landing on the end of his dick, a sensation that made him jump. She used it to lube up his rock hard meat, easing her stroking. "Either you just do it with me, right here, right now, or you just jack off thinking about me. Either way, this dick..." she said, stopping her moving hand at the head, using one of her fingers to tap on the angry tip. "This is gonna cum with you thinking about me! So why not just do it the fun way?"

"Gwen..." Dan sighed, his cock throbbing in her hands as she resumed stroking it. He couldn't think straight thanks to her efforts. She kept one hand gripping the root tightly as she used the other to jack him off, slowly and teasingly. He knew how wrong this whole thing was, but his cock was leaking pre-cum at a copious rate. Clearly, his cock had made up its mind.

"Dad! This is a one-time offer," she said, looking him dead in the eyes as she jacked him off. "If you don't just man up and fuck me, you'll never have another shot! Don't blow this now! Most daughters never give their desperate, undersexed fathers an opportunity like this. And most dads never get a shot with someone like me! Mom stopped caring for you after she got what she wanted. She got two kids. The life she wanted. All she cares about is what she wants. Not you. Let me take over. Let me give you what you want. What you so deserve!"

It was true. Once they'd had Max and Gwen, their sex life had greatly dwindled. That was the dividing line, but in truth, it was never like they went at it like rabbits. And then she got into the church, which

was certainly not something that increased her libido. So yeah, he'd been underserved in his sex-life for a long time as Connie pursued her own thing, leaving him by the wayside, his own needs and concerns secondary. Would it be so wrong to indulge, especially when it was being so generously offered? Sure, she was his daughter, but she was gagging for it. And clearly, he was in dire need of some good, nasty fucking.

If what she said was true, then this was a one-time offer. He didn't want to blow this. He knew he shouldn't, but he didn't know how he could go on without doing it. Was this life enough for him? Did he not deserve some fun? He'd been so good and so kind for so long... would it be so wrong to break the rules, just this once?

He tried to cling to that last shred of decency, but it was wearing thin. Her talented hands were driving him crazy. He was throbbing in her grasp, his cock drooling all over itself, desperate for release. He needed to cum more than anything. It didn't matter that this was Gwen, his beloved daughter. He had to cum, and that need was bringing him closer to the unthinkable.

"And Dad?" she began, her vigorous jacking of his bloated dick making her huge boobs jiggle, which was not helping his decision making. "Just think... if you do give in right now... think about all the time we'll have in the future. Max is at college. Mom is always working on some project at the church. We'll have so much alone time. Just me and you. Just imagine what we could do together. Just imagine how much sex we could have behind Mom's back." Each word she said. Each vigorous stroke of his throbbing meat. Each jiggle of her perfect tits. Bringing him closer. And closer. "And she'll never suspect a thing! No one will! We can get away with all of it! And she'll never catch on, because she's too fucking stup..."

She didn't get to finish the word.

As if forced forward by an animal instinct inside him that was beyond his control, his mouth leapt forward, locking lips with Gwen for the first time.

"Mmmpphhh..." she groaned, caught off guard, before melting into the kiss. Her mouth quickly opened, coaxing his to open as well. She then slid her eager tongue into his mouth, mashing against his as their lips slid against each other. Her plump lips against his, their open mouths pressed savagely together. She made sure the kiss was extra wet and extra slutty, attacking his mouth with her own. She pulled her hands from his dick so she could pull him in closer, her chest sliding against his as she straddled him again, his bare dick sliding against her fit belly.

Dan had finally been worn down enough, broken by his daughter's efforts to corrupt him. He was back on that wave of wickedness, his moment of pure lust allowing it to break through, letting it cascade over him, riding it by Gwen's side and following her lead. The lust had worn him down enough to expose the animal inside him for just a moment, long enough for it to act out, locking lips with his daughter. She had her tongue practically down his throat, and he did his best to return the favor, but he was a bit unpracticed at this kind of thing. They swapped spit as their lips remained sealed together, kissing fiercely in a way he never had before. Her tongue swirled against his, easily the far more experienced party at kissing than he. She ground herself against his lap as they made out, a forbidden father-daughter make-out session. The passion crested so high that they fell back to the bed, with her on top. His hands rested on her hips as she kept forcing her tongue into his mouth. Her huge boobs were ballooning against his chest as she squirmed on top of him. She loved kissing, and she was enjoying this act of forbidden spit-swapping like no other. But she was so fucking horny she needed to take this to the next step and fast, before he changed his mind.

With a pop, she pulled her mouth from his, their swollen mouths and spit-covered chins parting ways. She looked down at him, panting, eyes glassy with lust.

"Take off your clothes!" she ordered. "Now!" she added, almost in a panic.

He slowly began to pull up his shirt, so lust-filled at this point that he couldn't think to deny her, even though he knew where this was heading. As he exposed his torso and bare chest, she reached down and hooked her fingers under the hem of his pants, yanking them down and off quickly. As he pulled his shirt off and tossed it away, he was left completely naked, almost in disbelief that things had gotten this far. He watched as Gwen reached down and deftly yanked her thong off, tossing it aside, leaving her as naked as he was.

For the first time, they were seeing each other completely naked. Gwen loved what she was seeing, her fit, handsome father, naked beneath her. His manly arms. His fit belly, fit without being shredded, as he lacked the vanity for that kind of thing, a trait she approved of. She could see his fit chest, with a small thatch of hair there that resonated for her. This was a man. Not a boy. He was a man, with a man's body. And a man's cock. Wow... looking at him like this, seeing him so exposed, his cock looked even bigger. Standing tall and proud, throbbing, his pillar looked amazing. The base of it was adorned with a patch of pubic hair, again re-emphasizing that this wasn't a vain boy who manscaped, but a real man.

Dan had seen so much of her already, but now, he was seeing her pussy completely exposed for him. Sure, he'd seen it through the see-through thong, but seeing it completely bare was on another level. The plump, smooth lips. The small, sexy landing strip of dark hair. It was, like the rest of her, mouth-watering. He could see her entire naked form, her long legs, her fit belly, her bare ass, her absolutely massive tits. And he wished he had more time to appreciate it, but she was impatient to move things along before he could change his mind.

"Okay..." Gwen said, crawling forward on her knees, moving to straddle her father and his lengthy, standing pillar. With one hand on the bed, she reached down and grabbed her father's dick, pointing it directly towards her waiting pussy. "I have been wanting this for so long..." she stated, slapping the head of his dick against the outside of her cunt. As she settled into place, the head of his penis pressing against the entrance to her vagina, it felt like there was a splash of cold water sobering him up, reminding him of who he was and what he was about to do.

"Gwen..." he began. Now beneath the wave of lust, the sobering splash of water revealed that there was still that one small shred of decency inside of him that hadn't been fully eroded just yet. That caused him to call out to her, trying to pull her back from the edge... but it was too late. She was not about to stop now, especially when her goal was so close. Before he could say another word, she began to sit down on Dan's hard, throbbing dick.

"Oh fuck!" Gwen sighed, eyes closed, biting her lip in barely contained pleasure.

"Oh my God!" Dan groaned as he felt the head of his dick parting the plump lips of his own daughter's pussy. This was it. This was really happening! He was about to have sex with his daughter! "Wait... wait... oh my GOD!" he groaned as his cock slid into her wet, waiting pussy. The walls of her eager vagina were warmly welcoming his big mature cock, squeezing the head and the first few inches as it slid inside her. He didn't want to like it, but he couldn't deny it. It felt so fucking good! She was so goddamn tight!

"Holy shit!" Gwen moaned as she slowly took more of her dad's cock inside of her. His cock was the biggest she'd ever had, by far, but she was really wet, which made this easier. The walls of her pussy were spreading around his thick, meaty dick, smothering it with tightness, squeezing it hard as it swallowed more and more. Soon, she had about half of his huge cock lodged inside of her.

"Fuck, fuck!" Dan moaned, putting his hands on his forehead as he tried to deal with the overwhelming tightness of Gwen's pussy. He felt his daughter swivel and angle herself in order to take more and more of his throbbing post inside of her. She kept pushing herself down against it, eager to take the entire fucking thing inside of her. And slowly but surely, her pussy made room for her dad's beefy mature dick, allowing her to take more. And more. And more!

"Fuck!" Gwen groaned in pure pleasure as she got about seven inches of cock inside of her. Her lips were splayed obscenely around her dad's thick column, squeezing the living daylights out of it as she tried to take the whole thing. She could feel his cock throbbing in pleasure

inside of her. Even if he might have had some reluctance earlier, he was clearly enjoying himself immensely now.

"FUCK!" he groaned loudly, rendered frozen beneath her. His mind might be in turmoil, but her pussy felt like heaven. It was so much better than anything he'd ever felt before, and it wasn't even close. Her tight pussy squeezing his bare, meaty dick, massaging it in just the right way, coating it with her juices. And she wasn't done yet. With an almighty heave, Gwen threw herself back hard, forcing her pussy to take the remainder of her dad's cock, her ass slamming into his thighs as her pussy swallowed his amazing dick.

"OH MY GOD!" she groaned loudly. Her pussy was spasming around his big cock, adjusting to his intense size.

"Holy shit!" Dan groaned as he felt his entire length buried inside a tight teenage cunt for the first time. His eyes were closed, the pleasure was so blindingly good. He couldn't believe anything could feel this good.

Gwen stayed in place, Dan's entire length lodged inside of her, grinding on it, adjusting to his incredible size. As she did this, he was almost panting as he tried to withstand the incredible, immaculate tightness of her teenage pussy. For a few minutes, these two stayed in place, getting used to each other before they really got started.

Finally, Dan was stirred by the feeling of his daughter's nails digging into his chest, making his eyes open and confront the blinding pleasure being inflicted on him. Eyes opening, he looked up into his daughter's gorgeous face, smiling triumphantly as she gazed down at him.

"I can't wait any longer, Dad. I've wanted this for so long!" she sighed. "It's time for us to fuck!"

"Wait..." he panted, a weak effort at trying to get her to slow down and see reason, but he knew it didn't matter. She wasn't gonna stop. This wasn't gonna stop.

A father and daughter were about to fuck.

Gwen lifted herself up along her father's sizable dick. The root of his shaft appeared, already soaked with her juices. Gwen stopped at about the halfway point, the sight of his thick, mature cock stuffed in her tight young cunt absolutely obscene. As she paused, a bead of her broiling hot juices traversed down his length all the way down to his nut sack. Finally, she slammed herself back down, her ass colliding with his thighs as she took the whole thing back inside of her again.

"Ooohh!" Dan groaned.

"Fuck..." Gwen sighed. Before he could adjust, she did it again, lifting herself up and slamming back down, driving down into her father, making him wince. Then she did it again, even faster. And again. And again. Soon, she was bouncing on her dad's big dick, and the fucking had commenced.

Dan just lied there and took it. As she bounced on his big dick, her pussy sliding along his length, squeezing it, driving him absolutely insane, he could barely take it. He wished he could say this wasn't good. He wished he could say that he wasn't enjoying it. But he just couldn't. This felt absolutely incredible. Her pussy was the best he'd ever felt. But for some reason, he felt compelled not to voice this pleasure. If he did, then it became real. If it became real, there was nothing he could cling to afterwards. If he dove in completely and became a cursing, rutting beast, there was no hope for him. He had gone too far already, but if he could hold back from becoming a full-on animal, then maybe he had a chance to move past this. But first... he'd have to ride this out.

"Oh my God, Dad!" Gwen sighed. "Your dick feels SO GOOD inside me! Yes! Fuck! It feels so right! It feels like it's fucking built for me!" It was true. It was hitting Gwen in all the right spots, like no dick ever had

before, and she couldn't get enough. Despite it's intense size, she began bouncing faster and faster, rising up along his pole and taking more and more of his length on every bounce.

Dan's body was tensed as his daughter rode him. He looked up and watched her incredible body as she rode him. With her arms supporting her by resting on his bare chest, it pressed her huge boobs together, making them balloon outward and jiggle hypnotically. His eyes were locked on Gwen's tits as they bounced and jiggled, the smooth, mouth-watering jugs rippling, her nipples dancing in the air. The sight was so incredible and so deeply sexy... despite his reluctance, he had to act. His hands practically acting on their own accord, he reached up and pressed his hands against Gwen's giant boobs once again, digging into the soft, succulent flesh.

"Oh!" he groaned, her incredible, luscious breasts feeling divine between his fingers. He dug into the flesh with his hands, squeezing her perfect tits over and over again, his mouth clenched shut.

"Oh my God, Dad!" she groaned, bouncing harder and harder on his big, swollen dick. "I can't believe it. We're lovers now, Dad! It's amazing! I can't believe I'm actually having sex with my own father! I can't believe you actually have the guts to fuck your own daughter! Ughh! Yes! You're the best dad ever!"

That really put it in perspective. In truth, there was no going back now. They'd crossed that line, and they could never come back. Dan and Gwen were having sex. His cock was buried inside his own daughter's pussy. No matter where their lives go from here, no matter how normal they try to act, Dan wouldn't be able to get over the fact that they'd had sex. They'd committed incest. He wouldn't be able to look at her perfect body without remembering that he'd gotten his hands all over her. If he ever saw her in a bikini, he wouldn't be able to forget that he'd seen her in far less. Whenever he'd meet his daughter's future boyfriend, Dan would know that they both would have one thing in common, namely having hooked up with Gwen. If he walked his daughter down the aisle to be wed, in a big fancy church, in the back of his mind, he'd be thinking about the time he barebacked his daughter on Christmas day when she was 18. This

was gonna be one of the most impactful days of Dan's entire life, one with memories he'd never be able to forget.

He could only hope to keep his participation minimal. Sex was obviously already happening, but there was still some shred inside him clinging to normalcy. If he could hold back as much as possible, cling to the edge of the precipice without falling over, there might be a chance for him to pull back from the void of lust he was currently circling.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Dad! Fuck me! Fuck that nasty cunt!" she groaned. She bounced with purpose, riding her Dad's cock, his lubed-up meat sliding in and out of her pussy smoothly. Despite the slight upward thrusts he was giving her, and his busy hands groping her bulbous tits, she could tell her dad was holding back.

"C'mon Dad!" she urged him, bouncing down on him firmly, letting her ass slam into his thighs every time. "You don't need to pretend you don't want this! The minute you slipped that thong into my room, there was no way I wasn't gonna fuck you! And you knew that, and that's why you did it! Ugh! Fuck! Because you wanted me to fuck you! You wanted me to drive you crazy till you just had no choice but to do me! You wanted this even more than I did! So cut the bullshit and fuck me like a man! Fuck me like you mean it! Yes!" she demanded, fucking him harder.

Dan wasn't quite there yet. That being said, he was giving her more physical feedback, driving up into her as she slammed down into him. And his hands were all over her bouncing tits, gripping them firmly as she rode him. They were so soft... so smooth. They almost made all the guilt of doing this worth it.

"Goddamn, Dad! Your dick is amazing! Jesus fuck!" she groaned. Her cunt was on fire, gushing around her father's cock as they went at it. At this point, she was taking nearly the whole thing on every bounce, the head pretty much the only part that was staying inside her. Her bouncing was unrelenting, really showing off her stamina. She could run the track at a full sprint while barely breaking a sweat, and she was using that same athleticism to pleasure her father's dick. "C'mon,

Dad! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! I need it hard! You have no idea how rough I need it! Yes!" Dan, mouth still clenched shut, picked up the pace, driving up into her harder, using her boobs for leverage as he heaved himself upwards into her hot body.

But even this wasn't enough for Gwen. This was her greatest fantasy, and she wanted it to play out as hard and nasty as possible. Leaning forward, she slid away from his hands and grabbed the headboard, putting her tits above him so they were swaying in the air. Using it for added leverage, she threw herself back at him, her ass slamming into him hard, their bodies colliding in a meaty slapping that echoed through the room. Her boobs were going crazy, bouncing in the air. He did his best to hold them, reaching up to grope them again, but there was no containing her impressive chest, her boobs jiggling in the air with each forceful thrust.

Dan was struggling to not vocalize his pleasure. He was trying not to let himself lose control completely, but that was coming at great struggle. As insane as it was to say at this point, considering he was balls deep in his daughter, but letting himself enjoy it too much seemed like a bridge too far. But goddamn, did this feel amazing. Her cunt was driving him crazy, squeezing his hard, swollen dick, making his balls boil. He had never been pleasured like this. He had never known sex could feel this good. He'd never felt anything like this, not even at the height of his sex life. He was gonna cum soon at this rate. Part of him wanted this to end soon, but part of him wanted this to go on forever. It felt SO good! Even though he stayed silent, he was following his basest urges, driving up into his daughter, trying to match her pace as they moved towards their climax together. If it kept up at this rate, he felt like he could get his release without fully letting his mind break. He felt like he could do this without vocalizing his pleasure and fully diving in head-first into the wicked, broiling seas of incest. At this point, that was all he could hope for to be able to walk away from this somewhat intact.

But it was not meant to be.

As he felt his dick swelling up, fixing to explode, Gwen made her move. Before he could react, she pulled her hands from the headboard and grabbed his wrists, ripping his palms away from her tits and slamming

them back into the mattress. At the same moment, she stopped bouncing, hovering herself above him so only the head of his beefy dick was still lodged inside of her.

"Whuh..." he groaned, trying to fuck up into her some more, but she moved in unison with him, not allowing him to slide any deeper into her. He tried to pull his wrists from her grasp, but her leverage had him pinned down. Her huge boobs were now swaying in the air directly above his face, consuming almost his entire attention. But his prone position forced him to meet her eyeline.

"Dad!" she said firmly, looking down at him, looking annoyed. "I'm not Mom! I'm not your wife! I'm not some church-going old prude that you only get to stick it to twice a year. I am your horny, 18-year-old daughter! And most importantly, I'm a fucking slut! I want you to treat me like one! You're a man, Dad. A real man. And real men like little sluts like me more than anything! I don't want you to just fuck me, Dad! I want you to destroy me! I want you to get angry! I want you to fuck me like you want to own me! I want you to take out all the years of lust and filth you've kept bottled up on me and my hot body! I want you to talk to me! I want you to talk dirty to me! I want you to make a mess of me!" She punctuated her statement with a squeeze of her pussy around the head of his dick.

"Oh!" he groaned, his butt leaving the bed as he sought out deeper pleasure, but she kept him lodged in place, her hips following his, not letting him any deeper inside of her.

"No, no, no!" she announced, denying him this pleasure. She squeezed her pussy around his cockhead again, teasing him again with what he couldn't get. "Dad, you don't get another inch inside me till you give me what I want. And these...?" she said, shaking her perfect boobs above his face, arresting his vision. "You don't get to touch these again until you give in! Not one finger on them!" She squeezed her pussy around his mushroom tip again. "Now that you've felt them, you'll know what you're missing out on. You'll see them every day and they'll torture you. Each bounce... each jiggle... each flash of cleavage... you'll want to touch them so bad, but they'll be out of your reach."

At this, she leaned down and began swaying her huge, hanging boobs right above his face, a mere inch or two of heated air separating the two. Slowly, confidently, she made her huge boobs sway and jiggle. Dan tried to raise his head and make contact, but she pulled back as he did, maintaining that torturous gap between them.

"Please!" Dan begged, his body tightening. Dan looked up at her tits, his eyes looking near maniacal from this lustful torture. They were so close he could smell them, and god damn they smelled amazing. Again, in this desperate moment, Gwen squeezed her pussy around the end of his pole, making him squirm.

"But if you do give in, Dad..." she began, squeezing around him again, juices leaking from her cunt and sliding down his swollen, angry shaft. "You get full access to my body whenever you want. You can slide your hand down my shirt and grab a handful," she teased. "You can reach around me and cup my tits whenever you get the urge. You can slap my ass whenever I bend over. You can slide into the shower with me and run your hands all over my slippery body. You can rip off my clothes and fuck me whenever you want! If you wanted to fuck me in front of Mom, I would let you!" she said. Whoa... that last thought sent a huge shudder of lust through him, and her punctuating squeeze around his angry cockhead only added to it. "Don't you want to touch me whenever you want, Dad? Don't you want to touch these whenever you want?" At this, she lowered her chest downwards and allowed her heavy, hanging tits to slide across his face, one after another, drowning him in luscious breast-flesh for a tortuous moment. As her nipple slid across his lips and he opened up to suck on it again, she pulled away, his searching mouth just missing out.

"UGGHHH! C'MON!" Dan growled angrily. Again, she squeezed her gushing cunt around the tip of his cock, driving him crazy.

"Uh uh uh..." she warned him with an infuriating smirk, still jiggling her boobs over his face. Dan loved his daughter, but in the moment, he fucking hated her. Her beautiful face looked like pure evil. She was torturing him, driving him literally insane. His brain was on edge. He was so close to cumming, yet it was torturously out of reach. She kept giving him the smallest taste without giving him a full bite. And that was all he needed. One more touch. One more pump. Each time it

began to simmer, she squeezed herself around him again, pulling him right back to the precipice. He couldn't escape. He couldn't get away. It was agony. Pure, pleasurable agony.

"Fucking bitch!" he growled, his body lit up with a fury he'd never known before. At this, her eyes lit up in joy.

"That's it Dad! More! Fucking scream at me!" she urged him, squeezing around his cock again, making him squirm. And through it all, she kept swaying her big tits above him, the sight of those massive, fleshy udders capped with rock hard nipples driving him insane. So soft... so smooth... they were amazing. Dan was gritting his teeth, trying to hold back, but the lustful fury inside him could barely be contained. His anger was about to boil over. He humped up at her again, desperate for her to let him go over the edge, but her hips followed in unison, again not letting him get in deeper.

"Ahhhhh!" he groaned, pinned beneath her. His hands were trying to escape her, squeezing at the air, desperate to get his hands on those titties one more time.

"My body can be all yours, Dad," she whispered, clenching around his giant pole again, making him groan. "Just let go... just give in. Take me like you want. Like you've dreamed about! Betray Mom and take what you've always needed. You've always deserved to have a slut in your life. And it's so close to you now. Just take it. Take it..." she urged him, eyes flashing evilly. As she said this, she kept jiggling her heavy, fleshy breasts, and kept rhythmically, teasingly squeezing her cunt around his pole.

"Oh..." Dan croaked out, his throat tight. He wanted to hold out. He wanted to have a chance at being a good guy beyond this, and not an animal. But his mind was right on the edge of sanity, clinging to that last shred of decency. He had been a good man and father and husband for so long. He'd done such a good job. But he was left vulnerable and completely unprepared for this attack on his very fiber. His daughter had completely exposed something he'd buried deep inside. An animal that had been long contained, but never fully broken. And as her sinful body wore him down and eroded away all

the safeguards and protections he'd put in place, the defenses he'd earned by being such a good man and father for so long. But that was all blown apart by his daughter's perfect body and huge tits. He wanted to fight and cling to that last shred of decency, but the flow of lust was so rapid that it was wearing him down, locating that final shred holding him together and eroding it down. Her spectacular cunt, teasing him, squeezing him again and again and again, keeping him on the edge. Her big, fleshy tits, swaying above him, jiggling hypnotically. Back and forth. Back and forth. So soft... so smooth... so fucking big. And all that held him back was that quickly dwindling shred of decency.

And then finally, it snapped.

Gwen saw the exact moment her father finally broke. She was looking into his eyes the moment a dark, determined glint flashed across them. She saw his handsome face transform into something almost bestial, and for a moment, she wondered if she had started a fire that she wouldn't be able to contain.

But it was too late to go back now.

As quick as a flash, he ripped his hands from her grasp and wrapped them around her waist, pulling her down roughly so her front was pressed against his, her melon-sized breasts ballooning against his manly chest. And then, he let loose, driving his hips upwards, slamming his dick up into Gwen's pussy. He did this again and again and again, driving up into her roughly, picking up speed, soon making them both bounce on the mattress.

"Look what you made me do!" growled Dan, pounding his bloated cock up into his daughter's pussy at what very quickly grew to a near blinding speed.

"Oh my God..." Gwen sighed, mouth open, eyes closed, taken aback by this sudden ferocity from her father. Dan's entire body was tensed, his muscles flexing as he mercilessly fucked up into his daughter. Their bodies were heaving on the bed as he drove up into her, their bodies slamming together as he gave her his entire length on every stroke.

"Little fucking slut!" Dan snarled, fucking up into Gwen hard, his body slamming into hers, meaty slaps echoing through the room. "You don't think I noticed! Ughh! Fuck! You don't think I noticed the way you shake your ass when you walk! Ahhh! You don't think I noticed your huge fucking tits! Fuck! Of course I did! You wanted this... ugh! You wanted to drive your own fucking father crazy! Fuck! What did I do to get such a fucking slut for a daughter??" he groaned, his nuts slapping against her ass as he drilled her.

"You're right... ugh!" she groaned, voice warbling from the ferocity of the intense fucking. "I'm such a fucking slut! God damn! Yes! Oh my God! Fuck! I'm such a bad girl, making my father's cock hard, like a true fucking whore would! Yes!"

"Fuck!!" Dan screamed out, pounding up into her, showing an incredible strength and stamina. He was not slowing down in the slightest. "I try to be a fucking good man and a good fucking husband! Ughh! And what do I get? Fuck! A fucking whore daughter with the tightest fucking cunt imaginable! Fuck!" he groaned. Her tight, teenage cunt was practically molded to his big mature cock now, squeezing every inch on every stroke and inciting an even more fanatical lust inside him. His balls were on overdrive, cooking up heavy amounts of cum as they slapped against her ass, thanks to her mind-meltingly good pussy.

He kept at it, pounding up into Gwen hard. Fucking at a full sprint, he was amazed that he wasn't tiring out. If anything, it felt like he was just getting started. Driving his cock up into her silky cunt, giving her his full length over and over again, it felt like he could do this forever. The intensity of this brutal, incestuous fuck was showing on them, as both were soon dripping with sweat. Her body was sliding against his as he fucked up into her, doing her best to withstand the rough treatment.

"Ah! Ah! Fuck!" Gwen groaned, barely able to form coherent thought. Her father was merciless, throwing himself at her as he fucked up into her, her big, soft tits sliding along his chest as her body shuddered from the force of his brutal fucking.

"Is this what you wanted?" Dan growled, his ass rising off the bed in a blur as he piledrove his cock into her from underneath. She struggled to find at least a shred of control and assert her usual dominance during this fuck session. But he was so clearly overwhelming her that she was basically ceding all control and letting her dad dominate her till she could gather herself.

"Yes! YES!" she groaned. It was true. This was exactly what she wanted. There was no deeper turn on that being able to drive her calm, composed dad absolutely insane with lust. And she had done it. Glancing at her father through her lust-heavy haze, he was almost unrecognizable. His face twisted and snarling, he was more animal than man, warped by his daughter's body into a lust-filled, sinful, sex-crazed creature. For as experienced of a little slut Gwen truly was, this was on a whole other level. And for the first time, like… ever… for her, she was the one having to play catchup in a sexual situation.

"Fuck me Dad! Fuck me! Oh my God! Fuck me! I know you needed this so bad! Fuck! You've been married forever! Yes! Mom could never care for you like I can! Yes! You've been bottled up for too long! Ughh! So, fuck me, Dad! Take out twenty years of lust and need on my hot body! YES!" she groaned. Even though she was on the one having to catch up to her dad's lustful fury, she was starting to find steady ground despite this intense, nasty fucking, gaining a little bit of control and driving her ass down into him as he fucked up into her.

"UGHHH! FUCK!" Dan groaned, loving this filthy language, his nuts flexing in response, swollen to the brim with boiling cum. With one of his arms still around her slim waist, he had his free hand on her ass, squeezing it and groping it as he used his manly strength to force her down against him as he drilled up into her. She did her best to bounce along with him, with him spanking her ass as she did so.

"I love it! I love it!" she babbled, almost overwhelmed with lust. "Ughh! Fuck! Mom's too nice for you, Dad! She could never give you what you need! Fuck! Shit! You were fucking meant for this! Yes! You don't need a wife! You need a slut! You were meant to fuck a true slut like me! Yes! You should have married one instead of Mom! Ugh! But it's too

late for that! Haha! Yes! But this is so much better! Fuck! You have a fucking slut daughter who knows exactly what this big fat, Dad-cock needs! Better than anyone! Yes! YES!"

For the first time, it seemed like she was weakening some of his lustful fury, his hold on her lessening. This allowed her to regain some control. He was still fucking up into her hard and fast, but she was starting to overtake his pace, her bare ass driving down into him almost harder than he was fucking up into her. With these two driving into each other at near full strength, her round, full ass driving down as his merciless, unyielding hips drove upward, their bodies were slamming into each other roughly and loudly.

They had been lucky up to this point as to not get any unwanted attention. They were aided by the fact that the only people in the house other than them was Tim, Viv, and Christiana, as opposed to a whole house full of people. And luckily for them they were clear across the house from Dan and Gwen, hunkered down in the living room, Christmas music filling the room, obscuring any noise from elsewhere. And even if it was quiet, the house was so large and well-insulated that Dan and Gwen would likely not be heard. Being two floors up and on the opposite side of the house, sound would sort of just die about halfway down. You could play music in the guest room they were in and if you were downstairs, you wouldn't be able to tell.

That being said, at this point, their heaving, sweaty bodies slamming into each other, each of them moaning and cursing loudly... they were being loud enough for the noises to carry all the way down to the living room. But luckily for them, just before the point they got really loud, Tim and Viv took their little niece outside to the front yard to play in the falling snow. That meant that Dan and Gwen and their filthy father-daughter rutting were in no danger of being interrupted. And honestly, his wife or his mother could be at the doorway watching and he wouldn't be able to stop now.

He was too far gone.

"Yes! Don't stop, Dad! Fuck me! Fuck me like the cheap fucking whore I am! Treat me like a fucking slut!" Gwen called out loudly, louder

than the sounds of their colliding bodies echoing through the room. He was still fucking up into her almost as hard as he was before, and she was giving it back to him just as vigorously. His cock was gliding in and out of her tight wet cunt, coated with her juices, looking swollen and angry. Each drive, his cock slid in from the tip to the nuts, again and again.

"Ohhh! Fuck! Fucking slut!" Dan groaned. "Ugh! Fuck! How did... fuck... how did you turn out to be such a fucking slut? Your mom took you to church... fuck... we raised you right... ugh! What a sinful little fucking whore you ended up as..." As he drilled up into her, her could feel the weight and softness of her huge, perky tits sliding against his chest. He wished he could get his hands on them again, but the position didn't allow it.

"Hahaha! Yes! That's right! That's fucking right! You did everything right, and I ended up as just a cheap fucking slut in the end! Yes!" she groaned in delight, riding her father's dick hard. "And that's exactly how you like it! Yes! A man like you is built to have a slut for a daughter! Fuck! Haha! Even if you had to choose... ahh... if you had to choose for me to either be a church-going good girl or a complete and total slut, we both know what you'd choose! Haha! Yes!"

He wanted to find some way to deny it, but at this point, he couldn't. Being dick deep in his slut daughter... yeah, clearly, he liked this side of her more.

"Yeah, I would, you little whore," Dan told his daughter in a growl, still pounding up into her, his body flexing as he fucked her.

"Fuck! Fuck!" she groaned. Her chest was still pressed against his as he held her against him, but she was showing her pure, liquid athleticism in bouncing her perfect ass up and down, taking his full length inside her wet pussy on every bounce. Looking down at him, her face covered in sweat, she smirked and spoke up again. "And if you had to choose between me and Mom, you'd choose me, wouldn't you?" she asked, her body still sliding against him, the weight of her big boobs on his chest almost demanding as much of his attention as her filthy, nasty words. "Haha! Even though I'm a fucking slut, and

Mom is everything you should want in a wife, you'd still choose me! You like your whore daughter more than your pure wife! You love your nasty, trash bag slut of a daughter more than your kind, sweet wife! Don't you? Don't you?!"

"YES, YOU FUCKING SLUT!" Dan groaned loudly, her words making his cock swell up in delight. The beautiful filth of her words combined with the need for her big tits spurring him into action. Before she could react, he leapt up, holding her against him as he rolled over on the bed, putting him on top. Before she could react, he took her knees in his elbows and put her legs against his shoulders, getting on top of her with her ankles near his ears. Now, with him on top, he began to really piledrive her.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Yes!" Gwen screamed out. Dan was going to town on his slut daughter, pounding his cock in and out of her at a furious pace. Dan, in his lust-filled berserker rage, let his eyes drift to her bare tits, bouncing just beneath him, now available to be felt up again. Reaching down, he let his hands dig into the soft, succulent titty-flesh again, squeezing them roughly as he drilled her.

"Ugh! Ohhh!" Dan groaned, almost beyond words at this point he was so lust-crazed. He wasn't gonna last much longer now. In his lust-addled mind, his eager squeezing hands on her big boobs was all that he could focus on as he pumped into her tighter than tight cunt. He was really digging into her, driving his cock into her, pausing for a moment and really savoring her immaculate cunt. Her pussy was truly amazing. "Fuck! Fuck! Why does this have to feel so fucking good! Ahhh!"

"Fuck me, Dad! Fuck me!" she moaned. She was getting close too. And even more than before, this position was really hitting all the right spots. Her pussy was gushing all over his thick, lengthy pole. She was gonna cum soon, as well, and hard.

"You like this you fucking whore!?" Dan growled, his body slamming into hers.

"Yes..." she moaned out, her pussy squeezing around him. "Tell... fuck... tell me I'm a better fuck! Please! I need to hear you say it!"

"Ugh! Fuck! Fuck! You're a better fuck than your mom. God damn!" he groaned, this admission making a jolt go through his cock. He was getting very close now and admitting that he preferred his daughter over his wife again turned him on like no other.

"Oh my God! Yes!" Gwen moaned, her legs shaking with lust on either side of Dan's head. She felt him squeezing her giant breasts roughly, gripping as much of her tits as he could. "Dad! Fuck! Dad, I think I'm gonna cum!" she said lightly, her eyes rolling back in pleasure.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Dan groaned as he continued drilling Gwen's eager cunt. He was getting really close too. Having been on edge all morning, it was amazing he hadn't blown his load already.

"Dad... fuck! Dad, I want you to cum in me!" Gwen groaned. "I wanna feel it! I need to feel it! I want to feel your cum inside my nasty fucking cunt! Oh my God, I want you to fill me up with jizz! Please!" she begged, looking up at her father.

Dan could barely control the shudder of pure, sinful lust that coursed through his mature frame at hearing these words. This was just about the most wicked thing a father could do. Some small part of him registered the fact that he shouldn't do this, that this was so, so wrong. But god damn, did the thought of cumming inside his own daughter's wicked cunt ever send an evil flame of lust coursing through him, igniting like jet fuel in his veins, spurring him into fucking her even harder. His body was in overdrive, and even if he wanted to avoid this, it would be near impossible to pull him back now from this intense, incestuous fuck session.

"Ughh! Fuhh..." he groaned, driving his powerful, rock hard cock into her firmly, making her entire body shake with each forceful thrust. His big, manly palms were digging into her big soft tits, the immaculate softness adding to his volcanic lust, almost ready to erupt.

"More! More! More! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Gwen cried out, her moans filling the room. Her pussy was spasming as he hit her just right, over and over and over again. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Holy shit, Dad! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Oh my God! Yes! Yes! YES! YES! YES! YES!"

"Oh my God! Holy shit!" Dan groaned, turning a corner, driving down into her like a machine, gripping her luscious tits roughly.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! AHHHH! AHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHH!" Gwen squealed, her limbs jerking and shaking as her body was readying to blast into orbit.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Dan groaned, hips in overdrive.

"AHHHHHHH!"

"YES! YES! Oh my God! OH MY GOD!"

"YES! YES! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

"FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKK"

"AHHHHHHHHHHH! YYYYYYEEEESSSSSSSSS! FFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCCKKKKK! YYYYYYEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!"

At near the same moment, they both exploded. Dan's balls twisted and a rocket-burst of thick, creamy sperm exploded out of his thick cock and into the depths of his daughter's wicked, nasty cunt. At the same moment, Gwen's pussy tightened around his throbbing pole as a wave of pleasure caused by his driving cock coursed through her. Her body was lit afire with pleasure as the full wave of her orgasm hit her.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Ahhhh!" Dan groaned as more cum fired out of him. Their bodies were acting on instinct. In his case, that meant his body made sure he had buried his lengthy cock to the brim inside her clutching cunt, ensuring the thick cum firing out of him was taken as deep as possible in her wet pussy. And for her, she was pushing back against him, trying to ensure the very same thing.

"UGGGHHH! FUCK! AHHHHH!" she groaned loudly, her cunt clenching around him, trying to force as much cum as possible deep inside of her.

"Shit! Shit! GUHHHH! FUCK!" Dan groaned, his cock firing off again and again. He still had her folded in half, her legs on his shoulders as he drove down into her, humping into her squeezing cunt as more and more cum rocketed out of him.

"Yes! YES! I feel it! I feel it!" she cried out, completely overwhelmed with pleasure as she felt her father's huge dick firing off thick jets of cum deep inside her nasty cunt. Her legs were shaking near his ears as she came, feeling a pleasure she had never experienced. No boy had ever given her even close to this level of pleasure. Only a real man could.

Only her father.

"Uhhhh! Fuck!" Dan groaned, humping down into her. Both were covered with sweat, and the heat in this small room was like a sauna.

"Yes! Yes!" she sighed. Completely engulfed beneath her dad's manly frame as he pumped boiling cum deep into her needy cunt, this was exactly what she wanted. What she dreamed of.

"Fuck! Fuck..." Dan grunted, humping into his daughter, cum still firing out of him, in just as thick of streams as it did at the start. He'd been so turned on all morning that his balls were filled to the brim with thick cum, and it felt like he was pumping nearly every drop of it into her eager, fertile pussy.

"Yes! Fuuuuccckkkkk..." she groaned, squirming beneath him, her tight pussy not letting go of his weapon as it kept filling her up with sperm.

"Oh! Fuck!" Dan groaned, his body alive with a pleasure he hadn't felt in his forty plus year lifetime. And it was all thanks to his daughter. Her heavenly cunt. Her filthy mouth. Her huge tits. Fuck... her tits. He kept groping her melon-sized breasts, his fingers digging into the soft pleasure, and that was enough to prolong his pleasure. "Fuck..." he groaned, humping down into her, his orgasm starting to lessen ever so slightly.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" she moaned in pleasure, her cunt flexing around his shaft, trying to keep the flow of sperm coming.

Their bodies kept flexing and humping against each other, riding this whole thing out as it went on and on, riding the crest of pleasure together. He kept firing off, shooting off cum into her waiting pussy, which eagerly accepted every drop, so hungry for sperm it was. Their bodies were tense, coated with sweat, cumming in unison. Until finally, at the same exact moment, their intense orgasms ended, and their bodies collapsed into the bed.

A tangle of sweaty limbs, her legs slid from his shoulders and fell to the mattress on either side of him. Dan was still on top of his naked daughter as they both panted for breath, recovering from their orgasms. Dan peeled his sweaty body off of hers, rolling onto his back next to her on the small bed. As he did, his lengthy dick slid from her grasping cunt, fully emerging from inside her for the first time in a while. And to his surprise, it was still hard. Coated in their combined sex-juices it had frankly never looked better. Some of the fight had been taken out of it surely, but the dull throb of need had not fully gone away. He expected it to go down fully once the adrenaline of sex fully left him.

Next to him, Gwen lied on her back, eyes half open, panting for breath, her chest rising and falling. Her tits looked absolutely

mammoth like this. For a moment, he became completely hypnotized staring at them. The smooth skin. The hard nipples. The beads of sweat coating the succulent flesh. His mouth was watering just staring at them. He knew he should calm down and return to normal, but he wanted nothing more than to lick the sweat off those big tits of hers. He shook his head, trying to calm down.

Gwen was on another plane of existence. Not awake but not asleep, she was in heaven. That was, like, the best sex ever! She never dreamed she could actually get fucked so well. And her dad had gone and done the deed. Her dad was the one who had given this incredible gift of pleasure, and on Christmas. That made it even better! This was just... perfect. Gwen panted for breath as she calmed down, her overcharged body cooling down from the ferocious sex session with her father.

Dan expected the beast inside him to fade away as he came down from his high, and for him to start feeling like himself again. Yet as he waited, the lusty, animalistic side of him never seemed to go fully away, resting but not disappearing. He couldn't stop thinking of Gwen, and her hot, lust inspiring body. He kept gazing at all the exposed flesh next to him, feeling a deep manly pride that he had possessed that body. He had pleasured that body and experienced an insane level of pleasure thanks to that body. He had to look away for fear of awaking that slumbering beast inside him.

Unfortunately for him, his gaze turned to the floor, and there lied the thong, the impetus for this whole thing. He still didn't know where the hell it had come from, but that didn't really matter at this point. The problem was the images that thong conjured.

FLASH! Her shaking butt as they walked up the stairs, accidentally stealing his attention. FLASH! The first reveal of her thong-clad ass, her thin pants pulled down to her thighs to expose her perfect rear end. FLASH! Gwen, bent over on the bed, ass-cheeks spread apart, showing off the full length of the thong between the cheeks, plus a very clear view of what lied behind it. FLASH! Her rocking the whale-tail, wearing it with pride. The memory of the feeling of those firm, perfectly shaped cheeks burned in his palms. The deepest, darkest, most wicked thoughts that her ass had incited in him, thoughts that he had buried deep, began rising to the surface. And with that, the

animal inside him began to stir again, mere minutes after retreating within.

Gwen was in a state where she could lie like this, between consciousness and rest, between heaven and here, for an eternity. She was existing in a state of pure, warm, fluffy bliss. But she'd awoken something in her father that couldn't be put down, and she was about to experience that.

Stirred from her blissful state, she was brought back to the present as her father grabbed her by the hips and rolled her over onto her stomach, before grabbing her hips and lifting her so that her ass was raised up, her front still pressing into the mattress. As her eyes opened fully and she looked back at her father, she almost didn't recognize him as he stared hungrily at her bare ass. He looked more animal than man, and he was ready to feast.

Dan reached forward and grabbed each round, firm cheek, peeling them apart and exposing the full crevasse of her ass-crack and her tight, clean asshole to his eyes. His eyes went wide as he stared at the tight, puckered hole. He'd never done anything close to ass stuff in the past, but in the moment, staring at his own daughter's tight asshole... his mouth was watering.

Before Gwen could say anything, she watched as her father leaned forward and pressed his face in-between her spread ass-cheeks, his jaw filling the smooth crevasse. Before she could react, her father's mouth opened and she felt his tongue tentatively slide against her tight asshole.

"Oh my God..." she sighed, her butt wiggling as her father began to rim her asshole.

Dan was slowly getting into this, having never performed the act before. His tongue slid against her tight asshole, lightly licking it as he circled the puckered hole. Finding it enjoyable, her got more into it, circling it faster and faster, mashing his tongue against it, teasing it, making her squirm.

"Ughhhh..." Gwen groaned, pushing herself up so she was on her hands and knees, her huge boobs swaying beneath her, so large they could nearly scrape against the bed sheets. She pushed her ass back against her Dad's face. The warm cheeks of her ass pressed into his handsome features as his tongue stabbed against her tight hole. "Oh my God, Dad! I can't believe you eat ass, haha! Fuck... you really are the best!" She effused, grinning.

Dan didn't know he was willing to eat ass either. But whatever had been woken inside him was very willing to do so. That, or her ass was so mouth-wateringly perfect that he just had to have a taste. His tongue was getting more and more eager, rimming her asshole, stabbing it with his tongue, coating it with his spit. He was enjoying this way more than he ever thought he would, and the sheer wickedness of the act was making his cock reharden to near its previous strength. Gwen's ass tasted divine, and he couldn't get enough, really getting into this wicked act. Spit was leaking from his mouth as his spit coated her tight hole. Her butthole was so lubed and eager, and in the back of his mind, he registered that it was ready for what came next.

Pulling back and wiping away the bands of drool connecting his lips to her asshole, he admired his work, the tight, puckered hole glistening with his saliva. Dan reached down and stroked his cock a few times as he raised himself up and moved in closer to Gwen's bent over form. Announcing his attention silently, he guided himself forward and pressed the head of his cock against her tight, spit-covered asshole. Looking up to see her reaction, she glanced back at him with a gleeful grin.

"Oh my God, you're still hard?" she asked, shocked but excited. "Fuck, you are a man, haha! Do whatever you want with me..." she said, waving her hand and turning away from him, laughing lightly, literally hand-waving the idea of getting fucked up the ass by her own father and his huge dick. She stayed in position on all fours, ready for whatever her father could give her.

Dan thought she might object to this, being a step too far for her, but he should have had higher expectations. She was a true blue born and bred slut. He should have known a little slut like her would be game for this. He should have known by this point how trashy and nasty Gwen truly was.

"I just hope you can handle it..." Gwen added, glancing back at him with a raised eyebrow. "All the guys that have tried said it's, like, the greatest hole ever. It squeezes the living hell out of their cocks, and they cum, like, instantly! Hopefully, a real man like you can give me what I need. I swear, if you can get that whole fucking thing inside me, I'll cum like crazy, and I'll be your fucking whore forever!"

Dan looked down. His cock was at full strength again, the fat head lodged between her ass-cheeks, pressed against her tight asshole. Within minutes of having the biggest orgasm of his life, he was back at full mast again, thanks to Gwen and that cock-hardening body of hers. That, combined with her filthy words, made him want to do nothing more than to fuck this little slut up the ass as hard as he could. He needed to take her up the ass. He needed to take pleasure in her ass. He needed to make Gwen scream again. He couldn't get enough.

Any hope that the animal inside Dan would be gone after one fierce fuck, that it would retreat into silence once the cum had left his balls, was truly gone. The animal was back in control, never fully letting go of the wheel, ready to fuck his 18-year-old daughter up the ass.

But in truth, the animal had always been there, and it took Gwen filling out and becoming a gorgeous, sexy, 18-year-old minx to really make it rise. When Gwen shook her ass as she walked, or wore slimmer, tighter pants and shorts, or wore those amazing, mouth-watering stretchy shorts when she ran track... the animal would stir. He kept it so buried that he wouldn't let it grab hold. But thanks to Gwen making her move, thanks to her very deliberately awakening said animal from its slumber, these deep desires were now at the forefront.

He loved Gwen's ass. He thought it was perfect. He wanted to see it bare. He wanted to have sex with it. He wanted bury his thick, manly member up his daughter's perfect, mouth-watering ass and make her scream in pleasure. He wanted to conquer her divine, perfectly formed ass and take out all the tension she'd caused from her teasing and tormenting of him.

And he was about to.

Resting one hand on her hip, using the other to grip his rock hard shaft, he began to push, the head of his battering ram pushing against her tight, unyielding asshole. She squirmed against this intruder, but he held her in place, still pushing against her. He wasn't gonna stop. He wasn't gonna show mercy.

Not until every fucking inch of his big dick was buried inside her.

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If you were to look across the expanse of Deerberg, it would look a lot like the winter wonderland and Christmas capital it advertised itself as.

Snow falling, the flakes filling the sky, the winds blowing it around. It was falling onto the ground, hanging on tree limbs, landing on houses and other buildings. Deadening the noise of the outside world, making things feel more quiet and intimate on such a busy day. Cars were driving on the snow, making it crunch as they passed by.

There were Christmas decorations all over. Wreaths and bows and lights, lit up even in the morning. You could see Christmas trees shining out from inside homes and large decorative ones outside businesses. Near the churches, you could see mangers and other more religious iconography. But it was all centered on Christmas.

People were outside, despite the weather, enjoying the wintry landscape. Kids playing in the snow. Or sledding down hills. Families having snowball fights. People all bundled up, with rosy cheeks and bright warm smiles, happy for it to be such a wonderful day.

In town, you had people at the church, enjoying morning services or Christmas morning events. You could see people in groups out in the cold, singing carols. Downtown, you had people working at soup kitchens, helping feed the homeless. It seemed like everyone was putting their best foot forward, in honor of Christmas.

It was idyllic.

On a day like this, it would seem like Deerberg had earned its role as a Christmas haven.

But you would be wrong. If you looked deeper, if you looked beyond its outer trappings, you would see the rotten, blackened heart of what this city and this holiday had become.

Take Fourth Street for instance. On the outside, Fourth Street looked good as well. Those same decorations. Those same figures out in the snow. In the front yard of the Carrolls, you had Tim and Viv and their niece building a big snow man, having a great time. But if you looked a little deeper, if you looked beyond the façade, you would see what Fourth Street was now. If you looked past the decorations and the traditional trappings of Christmas, you could see what the holiday was really about now. Looking at the Carrolls again as an example... on the outside, you had a whole group of them at the church, helping out. Outside their house, you had two loving people enjoying the snow with their little niece. But if you looked at the house, through a small little window high up off the ground, near the apex of the roof, you could see the truth. You could see Christmas at its most raw and exposed.

You would see a father roughly fucking his slutty, 18-year-old daughter up the ass.

Hard.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Gwen squealed in delight as Dan drove his full, impressive, lengthy cock up her tighter than tight ass.

"Ugh! Fuck! Fuck!" Dan groaned in unison, his hips a blur as he drove his dick inside of her.

The sight of it was incredible. His thick, swollen, massive dong sliding into her small, clenched, taut asshole. In and out, over and over, disappearing inside of her. That was no exaggeration. Dan was now able to drive every single fucking inch of his thick, mature 9-inch cock. From the head to the base, he was able to smoothly slide his huge cock into her waiting, eager ass.

And her ass was even more incredible than she had boasted about. This hole was quite simply the tightest, hottest hole he'd ever fucked. It was squeezing the living hell out of his massive dick, gripping it like a vise as he drove himself into her. If he hadn't had such a massive orgasm not long prior, he would have blown his top fast, that's how God damn amazing her asshole was. He couldn't get enough, driving into her harder and harder.

At first, it was tough going, her tight ass getting used to his intense size and he slowly slid it deeper and deeper inside her, taking his time. He had to hold her in place in moments as she squirmed and spasmed as she adjusted. Her body was fighting against the massive intruder, but her mouth was urging him onward, begging him to fuck her tight ass more. But once he reached a certain depth inside her tight hole, it stopped resisting and began accepting its fate, welcoming his thick, meaty cock like a new friend, letting him in deeper and deeper. And as it did, it squeezed the life out of his swollen cock, gripping its entire girth like a tightened fist as it slid inside of her. Soon, he was able to slide his entire length in and out of her smoothly, her ass now an eager, horny sex-hole.

Seeing how quickly her ass took to his cock, he slowly began fucking her faster and faster, driving into her hard. Her firm, round ass jiggled

as his front slammed into her. And he couldn't resist palming those firm cheeks, squeezing them, groping them, eventually spanking them, making her squeal in delight.

Once things really got going, Gwen was going completely insane. Her body was on fucking fire at this point, completely engulfed in fiery pleasure. She clearly had pleasure centers deep in her ass, and her father's thick, lengthy, throbbing cock was hitting every one of them. As he began really driving his cock into her ass hard, her entire body shuddering on all fours as she withstood the merciless ass-fucking, she slowly became a cursing, moaning, lust-ridden mess.

While Dan pumped his cock into her ass furiously, like a piston in a car engine, she was beyond coherent thought. It eventually reached the point where it seemed like every few seconds, her ass would spasm and clench around him as a rough, anal orgasm coursed through her, making her entire body shudder. And as he kept going, and kept hitting all the right spots inside her, her cunt would react too, squirting out hot jets of girl-cum onto her father's thighs and the bed, over and over again.

She was in heaven.

And the funny thing was, Dan actually thought he was in charge here. Sure, he was in the power position, but it was all in order to give Gwen what she wanted. She was in the one in the state of pure, unending bliss and living out her greatest fantasy, and he was the man giving her what she desired. Being the one driving might help him cling to a sense that he was still parental and in charge, but he wasn't in control. He wasn't truly running the show. Gwen was. And every time he fucked into her and gave her exactly the pleasure she needed, every time he did something he vowed he'd never do, he put himself even further under her spell.

Dan had never dreamed of doing something like this before, but now, it felt like second nature. It felt like something he was meant to do, and he was enjoying it immensely. Her tight, squeezing asshole was amazing, driving him near berserk with lust. The longer this went on, and the more turned on he got, the rougher the treatment he gave

Gwen was. It started with his hands on her hips, fucking into her ass doggy style. But eventually, he had her hair twisted around his hand as he yanked her back hard. Her swinging, swaying melons became too amazing of a sight to ignore while fucking her from behind, so he yanked her up by her hair to allow his other hand free reign on her amazing jugs, groping them roughly as he drilled her. This put her their faces next to each other, his head over her shoulder as they went at it.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Dan groaned, pumping into her hard.

"Yes! Yes!" She moaned, kneeling on the bed. With her dad's hand yanking her hair, and his other arm around her chest, groping her big boobs, he was fully supporting her in this position, preventing her from collapsing forward. This freed up her other hand to rub her gushing pussy vigorously, teasing her clit with her cunt-juice coated fingers. Her ass flexed around his driving pole as another small orgasm ran through her. "Jesus! Yes! Ahhh!" she groaned as pleasure coursed through her. "So deep! You're so fucking deep!" she cried, feeling his huge cock digging deep into her ass. She didn't know how many times she had cum from this brutal ass-fucking. She'd lost count.

"Fuck! Holy god!" Dan groaned, her tight, clutching ass combined with the feeling of her huge, fleshy boobs in his hand were driving him insane. It was amazing he had lasted this long, but he wasn't gonna last much longer. Her ass was too tight. Too hot.

"Ugh! Fuck..." Gwen sighed, turning and speaking into her dad's ear. "Dad! This is amazing! Uhh... Dad? Dad... I want you to cum! Daddy... you need to cum! I can tell!" She was right, his cock was as hard as steel, and his balls were churning. He was gonna cum soon, a fact that her tight asshole could apparently feel. "But Dad... fuck... fuck... I don't want you to cum in my ass! Not this time! Dad... I want you to pull out and cum on my big tits!"

"Oh!" Dan groaned, those words making his balls swell up.

"Uhhh! Yes! Dad! I know you want to do it so bad!" Gwen moaned, reaching up with one arm to grab her dad's scalp, holding him close to her. At the same moment, he kept driving into her ass as he kept palming her big titties. "Whenever I caught you looking at my boobs, I just knew you were dreaming about cumming all over them! Yes! Now I want you to fucking do it! UGH! Mom has no fucking boobs... fuck... no one would ever want to cum on her chest! Yuck! But all men want to cum on my tits, you especially! Yes! All men deserve to cum on a set of big tits at least once in their lives. And I want it to be my tits for you! Do you want to cum on my big boobs, Dad!? Do you want to fire off a giant wad of jizz on my huge fucking tits!"

"Oh my God! Yes! YES!" Dan groaned, his body shuddering. His balls boiled as he fell over the edge. It was happening. "Fuck! Here it comes!" he groaned.

Untangling from each other, he slid his cock out from deep in his daughter's asshole, the tight hole closing up immediately afterwards. As soon as they were separated, Gwen assumed the position, sliding off the bed onto the floor and getting on her knees. Dan followed her, standing on the hardwood floor right in front of her, his rock hard cock swaying as he moved before it settled, pointed right at her, a cannon ready to blow. She reached up and curled her fingers around the swollen cock and began vigorously jacking him off. He had already turned the corner and was well on his way to cumming again, but this was to ensure that he came as hard as possible all over her.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Dan groaned as he felt the cum about to fire off from deep inside him. Gwen kept jacking him off furiously, her fingers stroking the entirety of his swollen, rock hard pole. "Fuck! FUCK! AHHHHHH!" he groaned as his nuts flexed and a huge, thick band of cum traversed along his length. As soon as she felt this, she put her arm under tits to give him an even bigger target as she pointed his cannon right at them. And it was just in time as the first boiling band of jizz exploded out of him and landed on her juicy tits.

"Ahhhhh! Fuck!" Dan groaned as more cum fired out of him. The hot cum flew through the heated air between them and landed on her

massive, ripe melons, the thick band of semen splattering across her tits in an almost artful manner.

"More... More!" Gwen urged him, jacking the cum out with her talented hand.

Dan fired off again and again and again. One rocket of cum across both of his daughter's giant breasts. Another shot hitting bullseye between her boobs, practically disappearing between them. One shot hitting her left breast dead on. The next hitting her right breast. This was followed by a jet of thick semen hitting her upper chest and neck. Another splattering across the fronts of both, hitting both nipples in one shot.

"Jesus!" he groaned as he kept firing off. As he came over and over again, he admired the canvas he was painting on. Firing across both tits, again and again and again, thick bands of hot white cum, each shot clinging to the smooth, round, luscious skin of her big boobs. The thick streams he would fire off that ended up near her cleavage would slowly travel along the smooth flesh inward, gobbled up by her cum-hungry cleavage.

"Oh God. I want more! MORE!" she begged, on her knees, desperate.

"Ahh! Fuck!" Dan groaned, his nuts twisting, squeezing out more and more semen out of him. Gwen's coaxing hand and huge tits kept the flow of sperm going. He was amazed by his own performance here, cumming hard and cumming impressively, splattering against the expansive flesh of his daughter's massive boobs.

But all good things must end, and the power behind his rocketing cum began to finally burn out. The streams firing out of him lessened, going from reaching her upper chest, to the front of her breasts, to the lower parts of her tits, and finally to her belly, a few stray shots landing there. A few final drops of cum leaked out of him, landing on the floor. And finally, it was over. Dan's nuts were completely drained.

Gwen released her hold on her father's dick and he stumbled back. The first fuck had taken a lot of him, but this one almost more so, his legs shaky as he fell back and leaned against the dresser.

"Holy shit!" Dan groaned, panting, covered in sweat, his cock finally calming down and softening, the animal inside him satisfied at last.

"Jesus, Dad..." Gwen sighed, looking down at herself. Dan looked up and glanced at her. Holy shit... she was covered! Splattered in crisscrossing bands of thick, creamy cum, her round, bulbous orbs were coated with jizz. The fronts of her boobs... the outer sides, her cleavage, it was all splattered with thick jets of cum. It looked like the work of ten men, but it was just one. One backed-up, undersexed, desperate father who was dying for release.

"Fuck..." Dan sighed. Cum was all over her boobs. There was even cum hanging off of her nipples, dangling there precariously. Gwen fell back from on her knees to on her butt, looking down at her own chest.

As Dan came down from his high, he expected Gwen was doing the same. And in the moment, Dan was worried that maybe the full weight of what she had done would finally hit. He was afraid that getting her tits covered in her own father's cum might sober her up to the weight of what she'd just taken part in. He thought that maybe he might be riddled with guilt and regret, and maybe...

"Holy shit, Dad!" Gwen said, smiling, looking up at her Dad with a huge grin on her face. "That was amazing!" She looked down at her boobs again, admiring all the cum decorating them. "That is the most cum I've seen in my life!" She then reached up and ran her fingers across her copious breast flesh, gathering a couple of big wads of jizz onto her fingers and bringing them to her mouth, wiping the cum onto her tongue, gulping it down eagerly.

"Yeah..." Dan grunted, the sight of his daughter licking up the cum off her tits an image he would never forget. "Amazing."

Gwen smiled and looked around, looking almost slightly dazed and drunk.

"I can't believe we haven't been caught..." Gwen said, rubbing her dad's cum into her tits.

"Yeah... we're probably pushing our luck," Dan said. "We should, uh... we should probably stop..."

"Yeah," Gwen agreed, nodding, still seated on the wood floor. Feeling a bit of post-sex awkwardness, Dan found his clothes and pulled them on, far more tired than he initially thought. Gwen took a minute to recover, and it was as he got fully dressed again that she got to her feet, her legs shaky. Finally, Dan stepped towards the door and rested his hand on the knob.

"Hey Dad..." Gwen called out to him. Pausing and looking back, Dan looked at her still naked daughter, now standing in front of him, still sweaty, her boobs still splattered with cum.

"Yeah?" he replied.

"Thanks for the thong!" she said, grinning, the tiny garment hanging from her fingers. He still didn't know where it came from, but its presence had led to the best sex of his life, so he wasn't about to object to it.

"You're welcome, Gwen," he said, taking full credit for it now.

"Hope you got your money's worth! Haha!" she giggled. At this, Dan smiled.

"Yeah. Like I said, that's why I got it," he said, smiling. As he pulled open the door, he paused and looked back at Gwen again.

"Merry Christmas Gwen," he told her, truly meaning it. Gwen grinned warmly at her father, cum dripping off her tits.

"Merry Christmas Dad."

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Dan was able to slip down to the second floor, grab some clothes and slip into the bathroom without detection, taking a shower and cleaning up the evidence of his misbehavior. The cooling water cleaned away a lot of the lustful haze still clinging to him, and he began feeling more like normal.

Once he stepped out and dried off, he grabbed the shirt he had picked out from his room. Connie was the type who liked to see her husband and kids wearing some of the new clothes they got for Christmas. Before she left for the Church, Connie had grabbed all the clothes he'd been gifted and took them up to his room, putting it on top of his luggage, encouraging him to wear them. He'd only received one regular, comfortable t-shirt, so he grabbed it from the top of the pile. He didn't remember who gave it to him, but it was a nice shirt. A plain, dark grey shirt with a modern looking Christmas tree logo on the front. Not one he'd wear often, but it seemed fitting for Christmas. Unfolding it and pulling it open, he noticed a small card fall out of it. Bending over to grab it, he read what was written on it.

'Hope you got to enjoy the gift 'you' gave Gwen! Hopefully, we make a believer out of you again...

Merry Christmas!

Sincerely,

Mrs. Claus'

Dan looked around, confused. No... it... it couldn't be. This had to be some kind of joke right? This couldn't actually be from, like... Santa, could it? No. Yet, what the hell had happened here? Who gave Gwen the thong? Who gave him this shirt and note? Could this really be true...

Dan got cleaned up and dressed and made his way downstairs. In the time he'd been in shower, Tim, Viv and Christiana had come back inside. If they sensed something was off, like say, Dan had spent the last hour or two fucking his 18-year-old daughter, they didn't give any sign of it. Relieved, Dan grabbed a handful of cookies and sat back down on the couch.

He thought that once he got out of Gwen's presence, once he cooled off and the sperm left his balls, he'd return to normal, and the full weight of what he'd done would hit him. Yet... he felt... fine. He felt good. Instead of being filled with shame and regret, he felt... satisfied. Complete. He'd experienced something that was nearly unexplainably pleasurable. In a life of black and white, he'd seen color. Sure, the way to do that was wrong, but... weirdly, he didn't regret it. The side of him that had been awakened by Gwen wasn't just gonna disappear into nothingness. It was gonna be there, in the back of his mind, permanently. There was no undoing this, and part of him wondered if he even would if he could.

The presence of the animal inside him made itself known when Gwen emerged from upstairs. She'd cleaned up as well, changing into some relaxed and comfy clothes, a t-shirt and some fashionable loose sweats. She said high to Viv and Tim and greeted Christiana warmly, only giving a small glance at Dan before entering the kitchen. She emerged minutes later with a turkey sandwich made out of leftovers from the night before on a small paper plate. She padded over and sat next to Dan on the couch. They shared a knowing grin before she took a bite.

Tim and Viv were chasing Christiana around a bit, so it took a few moments for Dan and Gwen to talk about what they both wanted to talk about. When they ran out of the room, Gwen spoke up.

"Dad... that was amazing!" she said with a laugh. Dan was relieved that she wasn't feeling any regrets either.

"Yeah!" Dan said in agreement, nodding.

"Seriously, that was like, the best... ever!" she said, complimenting him. "With an appetite like that, I can't believe you're not cheating around on Mom." Dan smiled sadly at this, realizing all that he'd been missing out on. "And oh... I mean it. That thong is like the best gift I've ever gotten!"

"Well, you're welcome," Dan said, smiling, looking away. Gwen leaned towards Dan and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He glanced at her as she grinned wickedly.

"And seriously, I can't believe how much cum you shot all over me. I swear I'll be finding cum in my cleavage for weeks!" she effused, grinning. "And I can still feel all the cum you fired off inside me. Jesus, it was so much..." she said, gazing off wistfully before looking back at him. "Dad you're the best!" she said, grinning.

Dan nodded and smiled at his daughter.

"Oh, and uh..." she began, speaking quietly. "If you, like... want to get me more super slutty underwear and slip them to me without Mom knowing, I'll... I'll give you a little fashion show, and uh... more." She said firmly, her intentions clear. She pulled back from him as Viv emerged into the room. She smiled at Gwen.

"You have a good Christmas, Gwen?" her aunt asked.

"Actually, yeah," she said, smiling. "This might have been, like, the best Christmas I've ever had."

"Wow," Viv replied, surprised by that.

But Dan wasn't. And honestly, as a man who stopped enjoying Christmas long ago, for the first time in years, he felt alive. He felt like he was living and experiencing life as it was meant to. He was excited. He was keyed up. He was happy. And it was all because of Christmas. For the first time in years, Dan felt like a believer again.

So, yeah, best Christmas ever!

Chapter 10

Janet Winston's best years were probably behind her. But you couldn't say she hadn't lived.

The older woman had just about seen it all in her time. Spending most of her life seeking every form of pleasure out there, she took every opportunity to enjoy herself and be taken to her limits. From a young age, she'd been a bit of a party animal. Partying hard. Drinking hard. And, of course, lots and lots of fucking.

Now keep in mind, when she was younger, her rampant promiscuity was a thing society said she should be ashamed of. That was just the attitude of the time, with them looking down on anyone who had such loose morals. But it was those people who were left in the dust as time moved past them. A couple decades went by there where various acts of hedonism, such as partying and drugs and rough sex, were commonplace. And in this era, Janet fit right in. And, in truth, as society moved beyond this, she never really left that era behind.

As that insane level of partying became a thing of the past, and people became more aware of the dangers of this lifestyle, Janet never stopped. She couldn't. She loved it all so much. She couldn't let go. It was all she knew. More than anything, this time period shaped the person she'd be for her entire life in a fundamental way, and she could never truly evolve beyond this. While her peers had long married and started families, she was still going to the bar. She was throwing

herself at men. She was trying to keep that party going even when most everyone else had left those days behind.

She'd been called all sorts of names. A spinster. A slut. A whore. And, to be fair, these descriptors were pretty much true. She was a slut. She'd been one for pretty much her entire life, and that had never once changed. When she was younger, she'd hook up with pretty much any good looking guy that crossed her path. And as time went on, she didn't really discriminate. If they were handsome and up for the job, she'd try them out. But as she got older, she really began to prefer younger men. Young, handsome studs, full of lust and vigor and so much cum. This was at the time when MILFs were first becoming a thing, so she cleaned up with guys looking to live out the newest, hottest fetish.

She kept at it for well beyond what would be considered decent or proper for a woman her age. Even though she was by all accounts an old lady at this point, it wasn't that long ago where her and a friend near the same age flew down to Mexico around spring break, threw on filthy bikinis, and joined the partying masses, looking to poach super-hot drunk college guys for some wickedness. She showed plenty of guys what it was like fucking a real woman, and she had no doubt that she left a permanent mark on all of them.

Even though she had maintained her good looks and hot body for so long, well beyond most others, age eventually began to take its toll. Her brown hair began to grey. The wrinkles on her face couldn't be hidden with makeup anymore. The weight of her large, zeppelin-sized boobs became too much to bear as they began to finally sag. The engines inside of her began slowing down. And fighting off weight gain was a losing battle. Her mind was still as sharp as ever, and you could recognize that she used to be a true looker. But it had become harder for her to reel in younger guys these days. Sure, guys had a thing for older women, but even they had limits, and she was beyond those limits for most. Sure, she still was able to pull in a few, but that was mostly when they were extremely drunk. She was still able to hook up with men closer to her age, but that was never as fun for her. Even though her mind still missed the thrill of the hunt, and she was still the firecracker she'd always been, she couldn't truly deny that her life of endless leisure and hedonism was probably over. Not many women that partied as hard as she did make it to her age, so they never had

to experience the slow infuriating decline. The best she could hope for these days was probably the pleasure that came from her big pink dildo and whatever wicked fantasies her mind could come up with. And as she got older, those fantasies only got filthier.

Janet had lived on Fourth Street for a long time now. Of the houses along the street, hers was among the smallest, but it was far from small. It more than met her needs. She'd never been married. She'd never had kids, or ever really wanted any. She was not the motherly type, although she had made a few handsome young men call her 'Mommy' in the heat of passion, but that was beside the point. It had been a long time since she'd had to work, as she had amassed her savings in other ways, mainly through various inheritances and the ability to squeeze money out of deep-pocketed men. So, for the longest time, she had nothing to distract her from the fun stuff.

Janet never really fit in with the image of Fourth Street and Deerberg and the image they both tried to give off. This was supposed to be an area that lives by the code of Christmas. Good behavior, charity, and living up to the tenets of the Church. And yeah, Janet wasn't about that shit. She'd never gone to church as she knew she'd stick out there. She'd never felt bound by rules and codes of ethics. If she wanted something, she went after it. She had been a greedy, self-centered slut, and that had never changed. The Church? The church she knew feared women like her.

Clearly, some people didn't want a woman like her around them. Old Doris Carroll had never wanted Janet in her pristine, perfect neighborhood, sullying it with her slutty manners. Doris had never liked her, even when they were younger. Sure, that might not have been helped that Janet would constantly flirt with Doris's ex-husband. Janet knew men, and she could tell which men, despite all claims to the contrary, were available for some fun. And that one, Doris's husband... he had a wondering eye. She just knew it. And she'd been proven right, as he eventually ran off with the preacher's daughter. Janet could never fully hide the smug sense of satisfaction she got about being right about Doris's hubby, and that further cemented Doris's dislike of her. Janet never went out of her way to endear herself to Doris, never changing her ways in the slightest. In fact, she only turned it up When her boys got old enough, Janet flirted with them nonstop, curious if they were cheaters like their father. But none

of them ever bit, which was a shame, as they had all grown up and became handsome men. What Janet would give to have landed just one of that Carroll clan. Dan and Frank were probably too shrewd for her tricks, but she could have definitely landed that Tim. What a victory that would be in their cold war, seducing one of Doris's sons. Doris wanted her family to be everything right in the world, and Janet was the antithesis of that. Janet conquering the Carrolls, and proving herself right... it just sounded mouthwatering. But alas, it never happened.

Early on in Janet's time on Fourth Street, it seemed like more people veered to the Doris side of the scale, the neighborhood being very religious and chaste and frankly boring. But as time went on, it seemed like the scales had tipped the other way. Slowly but surely, Janet was gaining more and more friends in the neighborhood, and Doris and her boring, religious ways seemed to stick out and seem old-fashioned. Janet seemed far more in touch with the ways of the modern world more than Doris did.

In many ways, Janet was born at the wrong time. If she was a little younger, she would absolutely SLAY with men. After a couple decade moratorium on the partying and pleasure-seeking lifestyle throughout the world, it had come back even stronger than before. People these days were up for ANYTHING! Adding on to that the rise of the worldwide fetishization of older women... needless to say, Janet could cut a wide swath of destruction if she were only slightly younger.

But it seemed like it just wasn't meant to be.

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Janet woke up early on Christmas morning. At her age, it seemed like she woke up early most days. But this morning, she woke up especially early, before the sun came up.

She slid out of bed, sleeping completely naked, as she always did. While her body wasn't what it once was, it beat out most women her age by far, and you could still see signs of what she used to have. Her

butt was well-shaped, but time and age had made it a bit larger than she would like, and it wasn't quite as firm as it once was. It was jiggly, but not in a good way, becoming a bit lumpy as she accrued cellulite that she just couldn't get rid of. Her skin was creamy and pale, but in these winter months, it looked a bit ghostly. She had nice legs, but there was a bit of cellulite there too that she couldn't stand seeing on herself. She had a bit more weight around the middle as well, softening up what used to be taut and fit. And her boobs were still absolutely mammoth. They used to be double F-cups that stood firm on her chest, but now, they sagged far lower than she would like, and that perk and firmness had long gone away.

Running a hand through her back length greying brunette hair, she pulled on her silky black robe over her naked form and cinched it up, padding out towards the living room. Even having just woken up, without makeup, you could see the signs of the intense beauty she used to be. Now, she had never been pretty in a beautiful, sunny, model-like way. She always had that kind of nasty, smirking, lust-inducing attractiveness. Plump lips. Sharp, playful blue eyes. High, prominent cheek bones. She used to be incredibly hot and sexy. But, alas, age caught up with her here too. Crow's feet near her eyes. Creases near her lips. Her skin a little thin and papery in some spots. But if you squinted your eyes, you could see the attractive woman she used to be.

Janet never did a whole lot for Christmas. She decorated outside to keep the neighbors happy, but she didn't go all out. She had a Christmas tree set up inside, but she did the minimum to decorate it. Part of this might be caused by the fact that she didn't have a lot of family left. Sure, she had some cousins out there that she got some gifts from, but she had no siblings, and her folks were long gone. They'd been gone since she was young. She had her fair share of friends who would send her stuff, and the occasional old admirer who she could still milk a gift or two out of, but her Christmas gift hauls were typically small and muted these days. That, combined with living alone, meant she never really got too keyed up about the big day.

Padding out barefoot into the living room and flipping on the lights, she was set to step towards the kitchen and turn on the coffee pot. But she was stopped in her tracks as something caught her eye. Something under the Christmas tree, right in front.

A gift she couldn't account for.

All the gifts she'd received she'd been handed personally. Her friends handing her presents or receiving boxes from friends and family in the mail. She could account for all these presents. She'd put all these gifts under the tree herself.

Except for one.

The one she was looking at, front and center beneath the tree. A small, slim, textured black box, adorned with a matching black bow, it stood out compared to the garish wrapping paper decorating the other gifts under the tree. It looked better, of higher quality. Classy. And on top of it was a small, folded up note.

Intrigued, Janet stopped what she was doing and moved towards the tree, kneeling and picking up the gift. Moving towards the couch and taking a seat, her thin, aged fingers reached towards the note and grabbed it, pulling it open and reading it.

'Put these on, go to sleep, and when you wake up, you'll feel like a whole new woman. Enjoy, darling...'

The note was unsigned. It was on nice, crisply folded stationary, and the handwriting was immaculate. Who could have sent this? How did this get here?

She pushed her questions aside as her curiosity got the best of her. Pulling open the top of the flat package and unfolding the thin black tissue paper within, a surprising sight was revealed to her eyes. It was a matching set of what appeared to be very expensive, very sexy black underwear. A lacy black bra and a very sexy thong. There was a tag on each, made of a black, textured card with gold lettering.

'Mrs. Claus Premium'

She'd of course heard of the 'Mrs. Claus' brand of lingerie, as it was very much in style right now. But this seemed to be beyond the stuff you'd find in the stores. There was some unexplainable sign of quality to this that let her know this was something very expensive. The black label... the golden colored text... it screamed quality.

So, the note said to put these on. At this point, she had to stop and think about things for a second. Who would buy her lingerie, sneak it under her tree, and leave her a note like this. No one she knew, for sure. Her doors were locked and her windows were closed, so no one had broken in. How did this package end up in her hands? What was happening here?

Then, Janet simply shrugged her shoulders. She was not the type of person to overthink a good thing. And being the type of woman willing to try anything once, she opted to simply go along with the note's wishes. It was still early enough that she could go back to sleep if she really wanted to, and having nothing better to be up for at this hour, she opted to go back to her bedroom, box still in her grasp.

Turning off the lights and padding back to the bedroom, she slipped off her thin, silky black robe and hung it up, revealing her naked, aged form. She wasn't happy with the sight of herself in the mirror, seeing her once large breasts sagging, and her once taut stomach soft with extra weight. Snipping the tags off the small garments, she pulled on both the thong and the bra. It wasn't the best fit, with both the bra and thong digging into her soft flesh, but the quality of each of the sexy garments was so damn good that she wasn't gonna complain. Sliding back under the sheets, she closed her eyes, and quickly, she was asleep again.

But it wasn't a restful sleep. Not in the slightest. She started to get hot, really hot, sweat covering her resting form. Engines inside her that had been powered down for well over a decade began to warm up again, her body almost overheating because of it. Forces beyond her knowledge were beginning to envelope her, getting to work and doing things she couldn't comprehend. She was tossing and turning.

Strange, rapid thoughts were cascading over her sleeping mind, conjuring memories and images that were moving too fast to comprehend. As the sun rose over the neighborhood, Janet was in turmoil, her sleeping form dripping with sweat, feeling almost feverish as the systems inside her were operating on overdrive. Her unconscious mind didn't fully understand what was going on, and if she was gonna be okay. Even though she'd slept a full night's sleep, she was about to need a lot more, as the intense ordeal she was going through required her body's full attention.

Janet Winston didn't know what was happening to her, and she wouldn't till she woke up.

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For most people, Christmas was a time to relax and hang out at home and have a restful, joyous day in. But not for the Carrolls.

The Carroll family, spearheaded by Doris and Connie, saw Christmas as not just a holiday, but as an opportunity. An opportunity to help others. An opportunity to share in the joy and blessings that their family had on such an important day. Everyone should have a great Christmas, and if everyone could just feel a bit of those positive Christmas feelings and carry them with them on a daily basis, wouldn't that make the world a better place?

So, while most families relaxed on Christmas, it was not so for the Carrolls. They went to work.

Not all the Carroll's were exactly thrilled with this yearly arrangement. Doris had always felt strongly about helping out others and helping out the Church on Christmas, and Connie had helped with the cause once she entered the family, taking to it fast. Doris's sons never seemed particularly thrilled to have this thing imposed on them from a young age. Tim especially always whined and complained about it, wanting much rather to stay home and play with his new toys. As for Frank and Dan, they both dutifully went along with it, at least for a while. For Dan, it was wanting to help out their mom more than any

great feelings towards the Church or Christmas. For Frank, who had designs on being in law enforcement, he saw it as good training for doing something good for the community, even if it wasn't necessarily what he'd prefer to be doing with his time.

This all carried over to the next generation of Carrolls. Frank's wife was used to these community events being a cop's wife, so this was nothing unusual for her. And Connie's two kids, Max and Gwen, both really hopped on board from a young age. They were both such good kids, well-behaved and good-hearted and kind. They were both happy converts from a young age, willing to help out their mom with anything, including helping out others on Christmas Day, either here in Deerberg or back home, even if that meant having less times for themselves on the big day.

But all good things can't last.

At some point, Connie's husband Dan opted out from Christmas festivities. Connie knew he wasn't a big church guy, and although she wasn't crazy about that she wasn't one to impose her feelings on someone, despite how much she may have disagreed. Sure, she'd make the occasional cutting comment, mostly in jest, knowing Dan was thick-skinned enough not to be offended. But despite his personal feelings, Dan would still bite his tongue and show up to events at the church, supportive of his wife's and kid's beliefs. But even this got to be too much for him, and while he'd still show up for some of the major services, he opted out on the Christmas day stuff, preferring to actually enjoy Christmas to its fullest at home. At this Connie was upset, knowing how important this was. Even though it seemed like they both gravitated towards their mother in most things, they both did really look up to their dad, and Connie was afraid they would follow in his footsteps.

And she was proven right.

Gwen had fallen first. While she still went to church services, she didn't want to do the Christmas day stuff anymore either. At first, Connie didn't know if it was for some dumb reason, like it wasn't cool anymore to help others, or something like that. Her reasoning was

unfortunately along those lines, with her saying she didn't want to do work on Christmas, wanting to just relax and enjoy the day. It seemed like a silly reason to Connie, but Gwen's mind was made up, and on this Connie couldn't put her foot down. Gwen was a great young woman, kind and sweet. And it wasn't like she was giving up church. She was just taking one small step back, and for fear of pushing her away further, Connie relented. So, she and her father were staying back at the house, probably lying about, no doubt, doing nothing. Tim and Viv had stayed back as well. Tim always hated this stuff, and Viv didn't seem particularly jazzed for it either. So, they volunteered to hang back and babysit Christiana, Frank and Denise's daughter, as the rest of them headed out to the church, which made sense to everyone involved.

But Connie still had Max on her side.

Max had always been just the best son a mother could hope for. Kind and caring, devoted to the church and its teachings, empathetic to others, he had become an incredible young man. At 19, he was wise beyond his years. Connie thought that if more were like him, the world would be such a better place. She also felt strongly, like a lot of people did, that her son was going places. Max would change the world, and she felt it was her duty to make sure he stayed on the right track. She didn't usually need to do much. Max had great instincts and a kind heart, so his natural inclinations were usually right on. He was a good young man, so on Christmas day, he was always onboard to help.

The main Deerberg Christmas event had many aspects. They had a get together at the church itself, a social event that welcomes underprivileged families and handed out gifts to them. Doris and Connie volunteered there. There were also a group of volunteers that would take a bus and help out at the local soup kitchen, feeding the homeless and allowing them a chance to warm up. Frank and Denise helped out there. Then, there was the gift handout, where they'd give a group of people a sack of gifts each to handout to everyone in town. These gifts were usually just little goodie bags that the Church had put together in the previous days, composed of treats and little gifts, stuff that would give everyone in town some cheer and also spread the word of Christmas and the Church. This job was usually given to younger people, teenagers, young men and women, people who could hoof it through the neighborhoods and get the job done.

This is where Max had volunteered.

Both Max and Gwen used to do this when they were a little younger whenever they were in Deerberg for Christmas, with their father's supervision the whole way, of course. Dan would carry the bag, and would give them the gifts to hang on the various doorknobs of the houses of whatever neighborhood they'd been selected to handle. Dan had opted out first, and now, Gwen, so it was now just Max, lugging the bag, handing out the presents to each house he was assigned.

Max had been offered to do another job, an easier one, but he opted to keep doing this. Not just that it was a job he knew, but he was looking forward to a little bit of alone time after the hustle and bustle of the last few days. So, once this was made official he simply grabbed the bag of gifts and set out to work, looking forward to the silence and peace of a snowy Christmas morning.

He'd had the chance to take a car to make his work easier, but he'd opted against it. He liked walking, and he'd been assigned the neighborhood surrounding his grandmother's house, so he could just walk home. And besides, he didn't want to speed this whole thing up. He wanted to prolong his alone time. He wanted the peace and quiet.

He had a lot to think about.

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It wasn't just a mother's pride that made people look upon Max Carroll highly. He was a really, really great young man. Kind, and calm and steady, he was wise beyond his years. He never fell into the same trappings of youth like many his own age. He didn't really drink, and he'd never had the urge to do drugs or go crazy with partying or girls or anything like that. Now, it wasn't like he was a stick in the mud. He could still have a good time and be fun to be around. And he did very much like girls. He wasn't some boring Jesus-freak that people were weirded out by. He was simply seen as a kind, mature, good-looking young man. And people liked him a lot. He was popular. A good

student. An athlete, making varsity on the school baseball team. Adults liked him. Teachers liked him. Guys liked him. Girls liked him.

Girls liked him a lot.

Max had sprouted into becoming an extremely handsome young man. Tall, a little over six feet, with an unruly shock of brown hair that made girls swoon. Soulful hazel eyes. A nice, slightly tanned complexion. A warm smile. Perfect teeth. A nice laugh. The young man was very appealing to the opposite sex.

His body held up its end of the bargain. Fit, and well-muscled, without being overly so. Enough for a girl to fantasize about being swept off their feet by him. And there were other parts of him girls fantasized about too. The baseball games he played him were surprisingly popular with his female classmates, as many of them liked spying out his cute butt and the very prominent bulge between his legs. So, it became pretty clear that girls didn't just like him.

They wanted him.

This is where his beliefs instilled in him by the teachings of Church were most prominent. Max felt very strongly about maintaining his virginity till marriage. To him, sex was this meaningful, important thing, not something to just be thrown away with some nameless girl at some party. He felt like your first sexual experience said so much about you and your future. If you just give it away to some girl just because it felt good, what would stop you from behaving that same way in the future, even if you were in a relationship or married? He felt like losing your virginity to someone was something incredibly special, and there could no greater gesture of love and commitment than waiting for that special someone, and sharing that form of love only with them. To Max, sex wasn't something to be taken lightly.

People knew this about him, his devotion to his religion in this sense. It wasn't something that he was preachy about, fully willing to let others do their own thing and follow their own path without judgment. This was just how he personally felt, and it was something that he'd

discuss during Bible studies at the church back home with a group of like-minded people. That being said, one of the girls there clearly wasn't afraid to share this personal info with her friends at school, and the word was out that Max, this handsome young stud, was a virgin. It wasn't something he was ashamed of, and it didn't affect his popularity. But the problem that rose up was that instead of pushing people away, it made girls want him more. He was suddenly a prize. An unattainable fruit. And the girl who could land him and steal his virginity would be the queen of the school.

Max was hit on mercilessly. Like, all the time. Now, it may sound like a thing most guys would die for. And, sure, while he appreciated the attention, he didn't necessarily approve of who he was getting it from. Because it wasn't like he was getting flirted with by the nice, sweet kind girls. The best and brightest. The A students and the church-going girls. No, he was getting hit on all the time by, to be frank, the sluttiest girls in school. The girls who were always in trouble. The ones who were known for a having a bad attitude. The girls who you would catch smoking around the corner. The girls who were known for their killer bodies, who were known for partying and sleeping around and dabbling in drugs. Those girls seemed to be REALLY into Max. He didn't know why, as he was far from the type of guy they ran with. Maybe it was because they were so the opposite of him that they wanted him, but he couldn't say for sure.

But it wasn't just them. The more popular girls seemed to turn on the charm whenever he was around, preening and posing, wanting to catch his attention. He could feel their ill intentions, and it reached the point where he'd almost get defensive as soon as he was being flirted with. It almost felt like girls wanted him for the wrong reasons, and it reinforced a feeling that he had to be the one to seek out the girl for him, as opposed to picking from the girls who flocked to him. He knew what he wanted, and he wasn't gonna settle for anything less.

There were some girls at the school who ticked a lot of his boxes. Kind and pretty, with a belief system rooted in the Church, as his was, but he just never felt that connection with them. So, by the time he left high school and moved on to college, he was still a virgin. But unlike most, he was totally fine with it.

College was… wow. It was like entering a whole other world. There were no shackles. No holding back. The partying. The drinking. The girls. The flirting. Everything was like high school, only increased to an insane degree. As a church-going lad, it felt like he had willingly set foot into a den of sin. This place wasn't built for people like him to survive with their purity intact.

Luckily, the school did have a church group, where people like him could congregate with people of similar belief systems. It was small, sure, but in this place, so far from home in all ways, it was a relief to find a few people to bond with that felt the same way he did.

And it was there he met Lizzy.

He knew immediately. She was the one. The one he was waiting for. The girl for him. She was so sunny and friendly and pretty, and she had the exact same belief system he did. About church and life and love.

The funny thing was that she lived in the same dorms as he, a couple floors up. He saw her in passing a few times, and they smiled at each other when they did so. Max thought she was very pretty, but that was that. And when he saw her at the church group it felt like fate. They got to talking and bonding and laughing, and within weeks of school starting, they were officially dating.

They had so much in common, while having enough differences so things were interesting. He turned her onto things like sports, which she wasn't too knowledgeable about, and she turned him onto bands he'd never heard of. Deep cuts that only people in the know were aware of. He turned her onto good movies that she'd never heard of, and she turned him on to some TV shows he wouldn't have given the time of day otherwise.

They quickly became that slightly obnoxious couple that were always laughing and smiling and holding hands. They were just so happy to be together and being together just felt so right. Max didn't want to go

too fast, but he was almost ready to admit he was in love with her already.

While looks were secondary to him, he had to admit that he'd done pretty well for himself with her. Lizzy was very pretty. A blonde with fair skin, a bright smile, and a cute smattering of freckles, she made his heart rush every time she looked at him. And despite not being an athlete, she had a good body. Slim and fit, with a cute little butt and perky B-cup breasts. Seeing her in a modest swimsuit was enough to get his blood pumping.

And it wasn't like him being virginal meant he didn't feel those same urges that other guys felt. He felt those same lustful feelings that others did, and being a fit 19-year-old guy, he was constantly feeling very, VERY strong feelings. He just had a bit more control than most. He wasn't so chaste that he didn't masturbate. He would go insane if he didn't. He avoided looking at porn, although there were a few weak moments where had given in and taken a peek, but he was always left feeling ashamed afterwards. Compared to most people his age, his fantasies were adorably chaste and prudish.

The problem he was finding was that, being in college, in close quarters with all these girls his own age, there was temptation everywhere. And most of these girls had very little shame. He was being hit on just as much if not more by girls than he had back home. The same type of girls that used to hit on him in high school, only these were even badder, even sluttier, and even more stunning. Luckily for him, he was a loyal guy. But he couldn't deny the physical gifts these girls had. In his lesser moments, he even let them enter his fantasies.

He and Lizzy had their fun. They would go to parties and socialize, but since neither drank, they could only enjoy these parties so much before getting frustrated by the drunken masses around them. They would often just hang out in one of their dorms for a quiet night in, watching movies or cuddling or a little bit of fooling around. Nothing beyond kissing and pressing up against each other, as both wanted to wait for marriage. She felt even more strongly about that than he did, and she was so happy to finally find a boy who understood that.

Max loved Lizzy. She was everything he was looking for. Everything he ever wanted, both in personality, and beliefs, and in looks. She was so stunningly pretty, and friendly, and nice. When he kissed her, he felt sparks. Their love was real. He knew it.

But that being said, the temptations of college were taking their toll. Not in the sense of him actually giving in to anything bad, but... in high school, when everyone in his class was partying and going on dates and acting immature, he took solace in the maturity of his choice to wait and hold back and not do such things. But, here in college, a far bigger community, one far more sizable and diverse than his home town, it felt like even more people around him were living it up and partying and having the time of their lives, living irresponsibly. Instead of him taking solace in his disciplined choice of living by the virtues of the church and his solid foundation of beliefs, he felt more alone. Left out. Obviously, he had Lizzy, but it felt like he was on the outside looking in as all his friends and peers were experiencing life, partying and having fun. For the first time, he considered the fact that maybe he was the fool for being mature at a time he was supposed to be spontaneous and fun. These thoughts filled him with a sudden fear and doubt. He just didn't want to get twenty years down the road and realize all the things he missed out on.

It always felt like whenever things verged towards anything adult, he'd back out. He wondered if the same thing that made him look mature in high school made him look childish and wussy in college. He had buddies, because he was a charming, friendly, easy to get along with kinda guy. But when they said they were all going to the strip club, he'd back out. When he'd be walking down the halls of his dorm, and there'd be gorgeous girls dancing as music played in their room, and they'd dance real close to him, he would back away as if burned, instead of having a bit of fun. He'd hear friends and peers talking about the crazy stuff that happened at parties, and all he could share was what movie he and Lizzy watched the night before. Some of his buddies would talk about the smoke-shows they'd hook up with, and he was the boring guy with the girlfriend who had no experiences to share.

There were so many things like this where he was the one guy who didn't participate, and it began to wear on him. Despite the strength of his beliefs, part of him was afraid he just wasn't living life. That being said, there were times where his caution was proven correct.

At school, there was this thing that he didn't know existed that was apparently a major college thing nowadays. They called it the 'MILF-Hunt.' Apparently, it started out as a frat thing, but eventually caught on as a college rite of passage, not just at their school, but all over. The gimmick of the 'MILF-Hunt' started as a thing that guys had to do to get entrance to a frat. The rules were that a bunch of the pledges had to go out and bed an older woman. To seduce her, have sex with her, and return to the frat with undeniable proof of this coupling. The only rules were that the women had to be at least 40, and they had to actually be a mom. The M in MILF was an important distinction. Also, for those who had partaken with an older woman before, they couldn't just bang someone they'd already done it with. And the last rule was that this all had to be done in a set time, usually one night, which increased their desperation to seal the deal. It didn't really matter if these women were good-looking or not, or if they had great bodies or not. Now, for the lucky ones, these women they hooked up with were in fact very attractive older women. But often, with the timer running out, they had to put the moves on an older woman they would normally look past. But to make the frat, and earn the respect of their brothers, they got the job done.

This was a thing for a few years at the frats, but eventually, from the stories they heard from the pledges, no matter the woman they hooked up with, these 'MILF-Hunt's gave them, like... the best sex ever. This, combined with the rise in popularity of MILFs and cougars in society in general, with younger men hooking up with and marrying older women, or hot famous hunks hooking up with much older women, led to the frats turning the 'MILF-Hunt' from a pledge event to a full-fledged frat event. A group of bros would go out on the town with the intent of hooking up with an older woman. These guys, full of unhealthy amounts of self-confidence, knew they were hot. And they knew that they could get these desperate older women to do anything for them. And a lot of the time, they were proven correct. Then, when the deed was done, they'd come back the next morning, laughing and trading their tales of hooking up with these slutty older women. Another notch on the post for these guys.

The 'MILF Hunt' caught on beyond the frats, becoming a school-wide thing, not just at this school, but many of them, with guys often setting aside a night maybe once a month for a 'MILF Hunt' in town. This got so popular that you'd even find fliers posted on kiosks advertising the next 'MILF Hunt'. Once the administration found them, they'd be taken down, of course, but the damage was usually done by that point. The 'MILF Hunt' was becoming a major thing.

And it couldn't have happened at a better time.

The rise of 'MILF-Hunts' corresponded with the rise of the extreme sexualization of older women in today's society. The taboo of older women/younger men pairing was rising in popularity. So, as more younger men went out 'hunting' older women, more older women were out there too, seeking out younger men.

The world was adapting to this hyper-sexualization and worship of older women and their bodies. There were more bars that catered to this type of thing, facilitating easier hunts. There were less standards than there used to be with how sexy older women dressed, allowing them to parade their stuff without shame. There were even strip clubs now that were staffed exclusively by older women, presenting their sexy mature flesh to an audience of very appreciative younger eyes.

So, as these hunts kept going on, a pattern started developing. A group of guys would go out for the night pursuing MILFs as part of the hunt, but the next morning, one of them wouldn't come back. This was the case damn near every time. Their friends and classmates quite simply wouldn't see them again. Now, none of this is a comment on their safety, nothing like that. No, the situation these lost young men found themselves in was nothing like that. It was more that these cocksure young men found themselves entering into something that they were not prepared for. Something that wasn't a game or a joke. A situation where they were in way over their heads. A situation they could not pull themselves free from. These were arrogant young men going against confident, experienced older women.

It almost wasn't fair.

These younger men had their youthful stamina and bodies, but some of these older women were the real deal. Sure, it was easy to stick it to desperate old cougars, but when these arrogant young men came across some of these true blue, prime cut MILFs, they didn't know what to do. These women were confident. Mature. Experienced. They weren't these willowy little airheads they normally dealt with. These were real women, aged women with hot bodies whose skills in the bedroom could tear a man apart. Throwing a cub into their midst was almost unfair. These women used to have to hunt in the shadows, pursuing these premium studs for pairings that weren't the societal norm, simply so they could slake their own form of wicked pleasure with the men most capable of giving it to them. Now, the prey simply walked up to them and offered themselves up. It would be laughable if it wasn't the truth. This 'MILF-Hunt' was at times leading lambs to the slaughter, these young men wholly unable to handle such women.

So, you had these women of great power, experience and confidence all around, far more in need of good sex than their younger peers, and these young hard men had devised a game that all but ensured older women were getting the satisfaction they deserved. And these young men thought the joke was on these older women! No. This game was very real, and when these guys approached them and experienced what they could do, the whirlwind of hot, nasty, sweaty action only an older woman could provide... they didn't know what to do. There was no going back. No escape. They had experienced something they couldn't comprehend. They were drowning in pleasure, and they couldn't ever find the will to escape. No man could.

Cause older women played for keeps.

So, how did this relate to Max?

Well, he experienced the fallout of these 'MILF-Hunts' first hand. He'd heard of this game, and he thought it was kinda silly, so he never once took it that seriously. When his roommate and some of their buddies on the floor invited Max out for a 'Hunt' of their own, he laughed it off and easily declined. He'd gotten the gist of what comprised these

'Hunts', and it seemed deeply silly to him. Plus, the tall tales of some guys not returning from the 'Hunt'... it just seemed ridiculous.

And then Ty Griffin from down the hall never came back.

No one was sure what happened, only rumors. Max's roommate, Mike, said that Ty had definitely gone home with someone that night, a MILF, some older woman who was dressed well, like a lawyer or something. No one ever heard from him after, at least no one they knew. One of the girls from down the hall said she saw him a few weeks later when most everyone else was gone, packing up his stuff as he was leaving the dorms and dropping out, a mere month or two into his first semester. She said she saw some older woman with him, bossing him around, but she figured it was his mom. Only a select few knew differently.

From this point on, Max and his friends were more attuned to stories of 'MILF-Hunts', and there were plenty of rumors and fables to be told. No one knew if they were true, or if they were just legends and myths. Early rumors talked about how a fraternity pledge hooked up with a frat member's mom to get into the frat. Another one mentioned how a guy ended up banging his own aunt in his desperation to get in to the fraternity he wanted. As the 'MILF-Hunt' grew, so did the rumors. Apparently, the female chief of surgery at the major nearby hospital had hooked up with a sophomore the previous year. One mentioned how a guy argued his way out of a ticket by letting a not-particularly-hot older female cop ride him in the back of the squad car. Rumors surrounded certain older female professors, but those remained rumors.

There were even rumors about the school president, an older, upstanding professional woman. Someone said they saw her in the back of a crowded bar with a studly twenty-year-old student sucking her tits, a student who dropped out soon after. Obviously, she denied these vicious rumors, and made a ruling that any public advertising for 'MILF-Hunts' would be removed on sight, and if caught, the offender would be expelled. And that seemed to be that, other than the rumor from someone who lived near her that said they saw that same student sucking on her tits in her back yard a few weeks later.

It wasn't much after his first interaction with the 'MILF-Hunt' that one of Max's buddies from high school said that he and some of his friends were going on a hunt of their own. Now, this friend of Max's, Jed, was similar to Max in a lot of ways. Steady, calm, mature. They shared a similar belief system, although Max was a lot more dug in than Jed was. But Jed had a good head on his shoulders, and he wasn't one to do anything rash. He was very level-headed, not one to make a major mistake. He thought the whole thing with the 'MILF-Hunt' was silly as well, but he was using it as an excuse to hang out with his friends.

But Jed never came back.

His friends said he was claimed by the hunt, poached by a woman at the club his buddies took him to. Some claimed that woman was a freshly divorced high-powered executive who was looking for some young dick to ride day after day. But nevertheless, this guy that was so like Max had touched the other side, and he lept in completely, dropping out of school and letting himself drown in lust.

So, for young Max, a guy who was doing his best to stay on the straight and narrow, he was being pulled in every direction. You had all these slutty, nasty college girls on his periphery day after day, presenting a constant temptation. On another direction, you had the dark allure of the 'Hunt', and the mystery as to why so many would fall into its vortex. And his heart was in the middle, wanting to be good, wanting to be right. Like, people always thought so highly of him. He'd even been told at one point that he could be the president, that's how much they admired him as a man. He didn't want to let everyone down who believed in him. He didn't want to become just another college student, lost in partying and drinking and sex. He wanted to be something.

Yet, there was all this temptation around, and it was temptation for a reason. There was something he wanted, something he wanted that he knew better than to partake in, namely sex. He was a horny 19-year-old who was dying for some true relief. He wanted to save himself for marriage, for someone he loved, for Lizzy, but it was getting harder and harder to wait. If Lizzy gave him the go-ahead, he would lose his

virginity to her right now. Losing it to someone he loved and envisioned spending the rest of his life with seemed like enough for him, even if it didn't happen after marriage.

This was the issue running across his mind this cold Christmas morning. Taking the streets in the bracing winter air, his blood was nonetheless pumping. For some reason, he'd just been crazy horny all morning. That, combined with being away from Lizzy for almost a week now... he really missed her. Not that he could get full relief from his current condition with her but being around her and cuddling with her was usually enough comfort to take the edge off. And plus... he just missed being around her, and he felt alone. He missed the girl he loved, and he was a bit down being away from her.

The cold air wasn't really helping him get rid of his first condition as much as he needed, and the silence and quiet of the morning wasn't helping him either. He couldn't stop thinking about how much he missed Lizzy, and how horny he was. Maybe he could take his mind off things. Maybe this gift handout would allow him to cool off and distract him from his troubles.

Maybe this Christmas morning was exactly what he needed.

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Max's job this morning was simple. He was carrying around a sack, fashioned in the style of the one Santa had, only this one had a strap so that he could wear it like a backpack. In it were enough little goodie bags to hand out one per house on his assigned route, each containing some little treats and nifty gifts. Nothing too crazy, but nothing too generic either. Because everyone deserved a Merry Christmas, and the church hoped to help in their own small way. And if it spread the good word of the Church and the tenets of Christmas, that was simply icing on the cake.

The sack wasn't overly hefty, but nonetheless, this job was typically reserved for people that could handle the weight of the gift sack. When Max was younger, his dad would carry around the bag while he and

Gwen would hand out the gifts. When his Dad stopped participating, he being a young athlete, would get bag duty while Gwen would walk the gifts up to the door. Now, it was just him. For every house he was assigned, he'd walk up to the front door and hook the little gift bag around the doorknob. Then, he'd move on, trudging along the snow covered sidewalks to the next house, repeating this over and over again till the bag was empty. It wasn't a complicated job, and he could let his mind drift to other things.

Like Lizzy.

He was a guy who normally stayed focused on the task at hand, but not this time. As he went along, he was texting his girlfriend, going back and forth as he traipsed through the snow. He almost ran into a couple people a few times, so he learned to keep his head up. But he kept texting with her.

A lot of it was that cringey lovey-dovey stuff that comes from two young people in love. And while they would flirt and tease with each other, since they weren't having sex, they usually kept things in check. But this morning, Max found himself being a bit more forward with his flirting, a fact that she certainly noticed. She gave it back to him a bit, before eventually reminding him to cool his jets, which he dutifully did.

But as said before, for reasons unknown to him, this morning, more than most, he was, like, crazy horny. He'd been hard practically all morning. Almost painfully so. And the cold wasn't alleviating him of his current state, not in the slightest. He'd have taken care of himself if he'd had the chance, but things had been so busy all morning, plus all the family was around. And, you know... it kinda felt weird for him to jack off on Christmas. This day wasn't about that kind of stuff. He should be better behaved and focused. This wasn't just some normal day.

This was Christmas.

He tried to focus on anything else. He remembered how fun this was when he was a kid, walking through the neighborhoods, seeing all the different houses. The homes in this neighborhood were mostly the same, with the only exceptions being some newer, nicer houses in a few different areas, and some slightly smaller, cheaper houses on the far edges. He knew this neighborhood well, and he always took joy at seeing all the different houses lit up on Christmas. You could hear laughter and Christmas joy from indoors. When you'd see people, either walking around or shoveling or making snowmen, they would be so friendly and kind. Max could still remember his boots crunching in the snow, the snow hitting his face, a memory he looked back upon warmly.

Today however, a lot of that brightness and those warm Christmas feelings were gone. The Christmas spirit seemed absent. Sure, there were still some decorations up, but there was no laughter to be heard. No joy. When he would pass someone, they would simply grunt as a greeting and get back to what they were doing, as opposed to engaging in friendly conversation as they used to. The trappings of Christmas were all still there, but it all felt so hollow. So soulless. Max used to love seeing all the different ways people were enjoying their Christmas. But now, it seemed like all that joy and fun was gone. People stayed indoors, playing with their presents no doubt, as gifts now seemed to matter way more to people than the spirit of Christmas.

The gift handout experience just wasn't the same anymore.

The only thing that was the same was the cold. The bracing, bitter wind and the swirling flakes of snow were worse than ever. That, combined with the lack of Christmas spirit, his yearning to see Lizzy, and with him being distracted by his physical needs, meant that he wasn't really enjoying himself. This felt more like work than anything, and he felt like a fool for volunteering. A few minutes in and he was already just yearning for this to be over with. Hanging up gifts, marching between houses, texting as he did so, he was moving at a pretty good clip, wanting to get the job done fast.

Max didn't know it yet, but he was circling around something, dancing around the edges of a revelation. He was right about the fact that Christmas had changed, but he didn't fully understand how. Not yet.

But he was about to be exposed to the beating black heart that was at the core of Christmas in Deerberg. He was about to witness firsthand what Christmas had become about, and what all these people were doing to celebrate it.

As he headed up the front walk to the next house, he looked up from his phone and paused near the the door as a muffled noise hit his ears. Coming from inside, it was loud enough for him to hear. It almost sounded like... like a moan. A moan of pleasure. Without really thinking about it, Max looked around, seeking the source of this mystery noise. Then he realized, at the position he was standing at, he could see past the side of the blinds of the bedroom window. Meaning, he could see in the master bedroom of the house in front of him. And just like that, he could see the source of the noise.

Holy shit! He could see two people on the bed, having sex. Two naked bodies, rolling in the sheets, fully visible to Max. And it wasn't lovemaking either. These two were going at it! Bodies sliding and humping against each other, covered in sweat, moaning out in pleasure. Max was so shocked he couldn't look away.

They were a very attractive couple. The man involved looked to be in his late twenties. Handsome, well-built. But the woman involved... wow. She was insanely gorgeous. An attractive brunette with absolutely massive breasts, she was taking control of the situation, riding the man reverse cowgirl, her ass facing the man on the bed, her huge melons facing Max.

Max had seen some porn, but actually seeing sex in front of him was an undeniable thrill. And seeing it with these two, who were both in their prime. Late twenties, fit, attractive, it was like watching a porn scene play out right in front of you. The straining feeling in his pants only got worse as bolts of excitement lit up his nerves. And he could hear what they were saying as they went at it.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" the woman called out, her ass driving into the man beneath her, her boobs jiggling as she did so.

"Oh my God! You're amazing! I can't believe we waited this long!" he cried out. At this, he reached around and slid his hands onto her bouncing tits. She reached down and squeezed her hands over his, making him really dig into them. And at this, a revelation hit him. His left hand had a ring on his finger.

Hers didn't.

Holy shit! This guy was cheating on his wife with this woman. Sure, she was beautiful... very beautiful, but was that enough for him to cheat on his wife? There had to be some sort of misunderstanding here.

"Fuck! Haha! I don't think your wife will ever even think we'd do this! Yes! Baby, we could be fucking so much now and she will never catch on! Yes!" the woman screamed out.

"Oh my God! Yes!" the man said, driving up into her even harder.

Max turned away. He'd seen something he wasn't supposed to, something truly wrong and unholy. How could anyone do that? Cheating on his wife? On Christmas? Damn, that was just so wrong. Max made a move to walk away, in hopes of both not getting caught or appearing like a creeper. But then he remembered the job at hand. Ducking down slightly, he quickly and silently marched up to the door, hung up the gift on the door, and walked away fast. Max realized it might seem silly to still pass on the gift, especially considering that those two were clearly not prescribing to the tenets of the church, but in the moment, it just seemed like the right thing to do.

Those images were burned in Max's mind as he moved on. Their words, their actions... her body. Wow, he'd never seen boobs that big in real life. But that didn't matter. That wasn't the important thing. What he witnessed was wrong. Sinful. That dude was cheating on his wife with that... that harlot! How could they be that cruel? That heartless? How could any feelings of pleasure possibly make such awful behavior worth it?

He tried to clear his head, moving on to the next house and hanging up the goodie bag there. But literally two houses later from THAT house, a few short steps down the road, as he walked up to another house, he again heard moaning! Looking around, he saw the source of the noise, similar as before, looking through the edge of the bedroom window.

On the bed was a woman, an older woman. Blonde. Tanned. While she wasn't the prettiest woman in the world, she was attractive enough, despite the signs of aging on her. She was fully dressed, wearing a button up yellow top and a black skirt, which seemed odd given the temperature outside. But considering the heated action going on in the room, they might make sense.

She was sitting on the bed, legs spread lewdly, exposing her naked vagina. But it was beyond Max's view, because on his knees on the floor in front of her was a younger man, maybe a year or two older than Max, eagerly eating the older woman's snatch.

"What a good boy you are! Fuck!" The older woman moaned out heatedly, patting the young man on the head.

"Mmmmmphh!" he groaned as he continued pushing his face into the older woman's vagina, his mouth eagerly pleasuring her.

"God damn! Fuck!" she moaned out, squirming in pleasure. "Babe, you should be hanging out with your girlfriend right now! Yes! You could be spending your Christmas day with her. Fuck! But you just had to come back to me! Yes! You had to get between my legs and eat my nasty pussy out again! Yes! You should be next to your pretty little girlfriend, smiling and laughing, but you had to come over here instead and make me fucking cum! Yes! YES! YES!"

Holy shit! This guy was cheating too! And he was cheating with some older woman? What was going on? Clearly, something had happened between them before, and despite the guys best efforts, it was

happening again. And again, just like before, this guy was cheating, this time on his girlfriend instead of his wife. And just like the guy in the other house, he was cheating on Christmas, opting to eat out an older woman's pussy rather than spend time with the girl he loved. What the hell was happening here?

Max was right up on it now. He was seeing the dark, beating heart of Deerberg today. He could see what Christmas in Deerberg and all around the world was about now. Greed, and selfishness, people taking what they wanted and putting their desires above all others' needs, no matter who gets hurt. But most importantly, he was seeing the one thing Christmas was all about now.

Sex.

Hot, nasty, sweaty sex.

Christmas used to be about kindness and family and peace on Earth and charity, but more and more, it was about people ensuring they got the one thing they wanted. The one thing people wanted more than anything. The one thing that mattered to people more than family and togetherness and all those positive qualities.

Sex. Fucking. Deep, brutal, animal rutting.

Max was a pure soul, running from the forces of darkness, trying to elude them for as long as possible so he could cement his goodness with the one he loved. But unfortunately for him, the light was fading, and the darkness was growing, chasing after him, trying to claim him.

And as Max was about to learn, he was completely surrounded.

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Most of the homes in this neighbourhood were built at the same time, meaning that, for the sake of expediency, most of them were designed in about the same way. There were some exceptions, of course. Some of the bigger houses on Fourth Street, namely the Carroll and the Calvorson estates, were among some of the older homes in the neighbourhood, and bigger as well, built well before the majority of the homes in the neighbourhood. And there were some newer houses around the edges of the neighbourhood that were different, but for the most part, the majority of houses in this development were designed by the same team and built up at the same time by the same group of workers. And an interesting design quirk to these houses was something you could only catch when you were heading up the walkway to the front door. This walkway was L-shaped, connecting the driveway to the front door while leaving space between the walk and the house for some bushes.

As you walked along this path and made the turn towards the front door, it would take you right past the big window of the master bedroom, a room which pushed out slightly from the front of the house. While this looked aesthetically pleasing from the outside, it did expose a flaw in the design. The designers made a small mistake initially, not matching up the size of the supports for the blinds with the size of the window, allowing an outside view into the room when walking past if you looked through the sides of the blinds. Some people had long corrected this flaw, or obscured this unintended view, but a lot of houses just didn't. And on top of that, the design of the walkway meant you were leading a pedestrian past the window to the master bedroom, where very private matters often occurred, and since the window was on eye level, if the flaw in the design was still there, or if the blinds were just open, that person could see straight inside. It was just poor design all around.

Most of the time, this wasn't an issue, as the homeowner would simply keep the blinds or the curtains closed, obstructing any view. This was basic personal privacy. But on a quiet morning like this, on Christmas day with the snow falling gently, it was too pretty to not open the curtains or blinds up to look out at the beautiful sights. And besides, it's not like anyone was expecting someone to come up to the door. And even if they did, it was the last thing that mattered to them. That meant that on a day like this, a person walking up these walkways would be seeing a lot of things they weren't supposed to.

And that meant Max was seeing a lot of things he wasn't supposed to.

As Max did his work, and reflected on the things he'd already seen, he quickly realized that he had a direct view into the bedrooms of just about every house he walked up to, on a day where people were expecting no interruptions. And the things he saw didn't help the conflict he was feeling.

And what did he see, you might ask?

Sex.

To put it plainly, he bared witness to a lot of sex.

Like, a lot of sex.

It was crazy. This town was so small and quiet, yet, it seemed like practically every third house maybe, he'd catch some people in the throes of passion, going at it in the middle of Christmas morning. The longest streak of houses he didn't catch anyone was the first set of houses he'd dropped off gifts to, and part of him wondered if maybe he had just looked past it without realizing it. (He had. Those houses were just being a bit quieter than some of the others, and at that point, he didn't know to look.) But as it went on longer and longer, he saw more naked bodies. He heard more filthy words. He saw things his young, inexperienced eyes could barely handle.

Max was glimpsing upon the dark, beating, rutting heart of Christmas. He was getting glimpses at the culminations of other people's stories, glimpsing upon them as an outsider. And that was the truth. In the realm of sex, he didn't know anything. He was an outsider, only able to glimpse upon it from afar and wonder about the passions they were feeling. A traveler between tales, a background character in the stories of others, searching for his own conclusion.

Being as removed from the action as he was, he didn't know the full story of any of the scenes playing out in front of him. He could only guess from context, but the truth was so much more amazing than any fiction his mind could come up with.

Like at one house he went up to. He glanced into the bedroom to see someone like him, about his age, similar build, similar look. And he was with a girl, and this girl looked almost exactly like this girl that lived on his floor at school, a fit yet curvy brunette with long, curly hair and mountainous breasts. And these two were just going at it on the bed, limbs and bodies wrapped around each other, lips locked, bare chests pressed against each other as they humped against each other like animals. These two college-aged young people were going at it with the ferocity that only two horny people their age could. But the strange thing was that they weren't alone. No, at the other end of the room, seated in the chair, was an older woman, fully clothed, with silver hair and an expressionless look on her face, just... watching. Watching these two young people just fucking like animals, never looking away.

What the hell? How could this be explained? Being from a different world, he could never hope to understand. He just wasn't equipped to understand.

But the explanation was quite simple. The older woman in question was neighbors with the family of the young man in front of her. He'd brought his girlfriend along with him for Christmas, and it was obvious by the way they were all over each other that they wanted nothing more than to just rip off their clothes and fuck each other as hard and as often as they could. It was plainly obvious to those who knew what to look for, and this older woman that lived next door had a keen enough eye to notice. Unfortunately for the young couple, his house was so busy that they didn't have a free moment. That was until the older woman made conversation with him as he was shoveling snow, and put an offer out there. He and his little girlfriend could come over to her place for a bit of private, fun time together, as long as the older woman got to watch. At first, the confident young man dismissed the older woman's request outright. It was insane, right? This much older woman that had lived next door to him and his folks for a long time. He knew her enough to say hi in passing, but that was about it. And now, she was offering her place as a fuck-pad

for him and his girl. That was weird, right? Oh, and she wanted to watch. It was crazy!

He told his girl about this crazy offer, and they both laughed it off initially. But as the days went on, and no relief was to be found, they were both getting antsy. Finally, as they looked to each other one day, her eyes meeting his, she asked him quietly "Do you want to go next door?" As crazy as the offer was, he was so desperate that he didn't care about anything else. He needed sex, and it didn't matter that someone else would be watching.

And that's what led this young couple into fucking in front of this older woman.

This was the third time they had done it at her place, and they were getting better and better at it. They were now getting used to having an audience for their intense, vigorous sex, and they were getting better at performing for her, angling themselves to give her the best views. The older woman never really gave any indication positively or negatively about what she was seeing, staying calm and expressionless as she watched the action, only really speaking when they entered her house or left. But the truth was, she was very much enjoying what she was seeing, enjoying these two hot young people going at it. She watched them fuck, studying them as they banged. She may be older than them by a great deal, but things had already gone so much farther than they would have ever imagined at the start. She was now simply watching, waiting for the right time to take things to the next step. To where she could join those two on the bed so she could show that little minx how to juice a big young cock right. And she was gonna be doing just that very, VERY soon...

A few houses down the road, Max saw an African-American couple going at it. They were both in their thirties, and both attractive, him being fit and, uh... well-equipped. And she was this perfectly thick-bodied woman with absolutely massive jugs, and they were bouncing everywhere as she rode him reverse cowgirl. Both of them had worked up a sweat as they went at it. He didn't know if they were a married couple, but what they were doing was not lovemaking, not in the slightest. He was groaning in pleasure, and she was moaning out

words that he couldn't make out. As Max hung up the gift on the door, he heard her say something about the 'home team.'

In truth, there was a lot going on here. The man involved was a pretty famous face, a guy who grew up in Deerberg and went on to play professional football. He was a star in the city and the beacon for parents to point to as a good example for the younger kids in the community. His popularity soared as he played in college, then got drafted in the first round. He was a big deal to people all over the country, but he was always coming back home to help out in Deerberg. So, overall, he was just a good guy. The only real controversy had come when he got married a year or two into his pro career, marrying a blonde pageant girl. The more old-fashioned people around Deerberg bristled when he married a white woman, a thing that most people weren't bothered by anymore. But his old social group back home prickled at this too, a little upset that he'd gone down that same old path a lot of young black men did these days, namely marrying a white girl. Not they were angry with him for this, but they were kinda let down, hoping they he could be half of a really strong, successful black couple and give a good example to kids in a time where the racists out there would be very antagonistic towards any successful black person. That all being said, he'd done a damn fine job of being a good role model, carrying himself well and never getting any real bad press. He'd had a successful career before injuries shortened his time on the field. He'd settled into an early retirement, sitting on the nest egg he'd accrued and settling into a nice life.

But clearly, something had changed. Because in there was not his wife. No, not in the slightest. That wasn't some pretty little blonde pageant girl. That was his ex, his girlfriend from way back in high school. An aggressive, big boobed black woman, a girl he'd left behind as his college career took off across the country. But she had made it a point to run into him here in Deerberg, and needless to say, they'd reconnected. Her old tricks still worked on him, and she was showing him that she could work his crank like no other. And she was proving that point over and over again, her voluptuous black form bouncing on top of him, draining his nuts again and again and again. His talented hands were slapping her big ass, or groping her huge boobs, almost lost in the pleasure.

He was supposed to be helping at a charity event this morning before flying back home to spend Christmas with his wife and family, but instead he was well on his way to missing his flight, lost in the pleasure of his ex-girlfriend's body, spending Christmas in fucking Deerberg instead of at his big house with his loving family in the big city. As she bounced on his lengthy dick, moaning out like a whore, she was speaking out smugly as she fucked him away from his white wife and welcomed him back to the home team, more specifically her hot black body.

At the corner, as Max moved towards the house there, he heard the dark, rhythmic pulsing of music. As he looked into the window, he saw a pale-skinned young woman with dyed bright green and blue hair, coated with sweat as she rode a man hard. She was squatting over him as she rode his huge cock, and the man beneath her was writhing in pleasure, his hands holding up her big tits as she rode him.

This guy was a lot like Max in many ways, only older. He had come out of school with so much potential. He'd had incredible grades, he was bright, and handsome, and successful. He was going places. On top of that, he'd come from a good family, and his pretty young wife was gorgeous and bright and successful on her own. Together, they were something special, and he was clearly going to have an incredible life.

But then he went out to a club with some clients to schmooze them over. It wasn't his kinda place, but with his good looks and pure spirit, he obviously attracted a lot of attention. He tried to keep off to the side, sipping his drink and not getting too absorbed in the party scene, yet the girls were so all over him that his clients practically shoved him in to the middle of the crowd. That was how he met this girl, this younger woman who was all up on him quickly. Booze ended up getting sucked down, as did some recreational drugs, and this young man was lost in the party.

By the time he and this girl had first learned each other's names, they'd already had sex.

He'd gotten the sale, as the clients he was with were not above this type of thing in the slightest. He tried to forget all about his big mistake, but the memories never left his mind. He returned to this girl, gotten sucked into the party scene all the way, and completely abandoned the life he'd been living. His job gone. His wife gone. His set, easy life, gone. But he spent day after day getting fucked into oblivion by this party slut, and that's all that mattered.

A block or two away, Max approached another house, and without even hearing anything, he looked into the house, fully expecting to find something torrid. And he was proven right.

On the bed was a woman, an older woman, completely naked and on her knees. She had a good body, and seeing her in profile, her shapely ass and large boobs were evident and very impressive. But her identity was hard to ascertain, as she currently had her face buried between the cheeks of a younger woman's ass.

Standing on the bed was a younger woman with dark blonde hair, maybe 19 or 20, standing in a lingerie set, with stockings, suspenders, and a lace garter. But all her naughty bits were exposed, her round, shapely ass, her bare vagina, and her massive, massive boobs. She had a smug smile on her gorgeous face as she ground her ass against the older woman's face. And on top of her head was a Santa's hat.

Max was momentarily transfixed. Like, he was a good, decent dude. But like most men, at the merest hint of lesbians, he went dumb, watching rapt as this older woman feasted on this younger woman's ass. The older woman looked to be in heaven as she attacked the blonde's ass, rimming the tight hole. And as the older woman's hands reached up to squeeze the younger woman's ass cheeks, she exposed the wedding ring on her finger. And of course, the blonde had no such bauble on her finger. This was so beyond Max's comprehension that he couldn't even begin to try and understand what had led them to this point. He simply left the gift hanging on the door and moved away fast.

It was a shame, too, as this was the culmination of a lot of waiting for the older woman. She'd lived a long, fruitful existence here in

Deerberg, being popular and gorgeous and successful. She had a husband and two kids, and seemingly the perfect life. But she knew this life was a lie. She knew deep down that there was an eager, ravenous lesbian deep inside her, bursting to get out. She tried to suppress it as much as possible, taking it as a twisted desire of her animal mind that she had to keep at bay. She had never fed this desire, but that only made it more and more hungry as time went on. Sure, she'd explored some porn centering on just women, but she'd never admit to that. And when she masturbated, as all people do, she tried to focus on the men in her fantasies, but it was always the women who got her off. She got married and threw herself hard into the church, but that desire never went away. Whenever she was out, she would always check out the gorgeous women passing by, her mind flashing to them naked in very slutty scenarios, before she put down those intrusive thoughts. She was married. She was happy. She was straight!

But some girls just did it for her, like the one she was currently rimming. She saw her so many times when she was shopping, the younger girl working as one of Santa's elves at the department store. And the outfit she always wore was just so filthy. Tight and skimpy. Showing off her legs and her ass and those tits! Damn, those tits of hers were amazing! So fucking sexy. Didn't she know what she was doing? Didn't she know she was driving people crazy with lust dressed like that? Didn't she know that she was driving her crazy? That girl should be helping kids go up to sit on Santa's lap, not making befuddled mothers have to go masturbate as soon as they got a private moment!

The older woman would give the younger one a piece of her mind every time she visited the store, but the younger woman was unaffected. She knew the score even more than the older woman. She knew the woman was giving her a piece of her mind because she was fighting the urge not to give her a piece of her ass. The older woman was more upset as time went on, and she would stammer and stutter and try not to look. The younger woman dared her to own up to it and just give her her number, and even though the older woman acted upset, she eventually gave her phone number to the little tease. It was all under the pretense of having a way to teach the younger woman a lesson and teach her the error of her ways. But as soon as the younger woman sent a picture of herself in her slutty underwear and bra to the older woman, the wife simply melted. By the time the young bitch

invited her over, she was ready to do whatever the young slut wanted, even if it meant making an excuse to leave her family at home on Christmas day.

And there she was. Her tongue was eagerly rimming the young slut's asshole. When the young woman had enough of this, she turned around and pushed her cunt right against the married woman's face. The mature woman eagerly leaned forward and used her open mouth to form a tight seal over the young slut's pussy. As she tasted her divine juices for the first time and looked up past the young woman's perfectly mountainous breasts, the older woman realized she had never felt so satisfied. This was her. The true her. This was right. This was divine. This was heaven. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head with pleasure as the younger, arrogant slut ground her cunt against her eager mouth.

Max was unaware of all of this. How sex could impact lives so severely. How it could make someone abandon their family on Christmas just to slake their own wicked desires. He was keeping himself outside of all this, because he knew that if he gave in, he'd fall in completely. But it seemed like everyone was having such a good time. Was he the only one not having fun? Was he the boring one? Was he not living life? Max tried to forget about these images burned into his mind, but this wasn't even the end of it.

It was just the start.

Those two weren't even the only women he caught banging each other. A street later, he saw two women fucking doggy style, a Latina wearing a strap-on as she gave it to a blonde hard. Both of these women were absolute smoke-shows, taut and fit with perfect asses and gigantic breasts. It seemed like something out of a porno, but it was all real. The Latina was really going at it hard, spanking the blonde's ass as she made her squeal in delight.

These two worked together. The Latina was the boss where they worked, even though they were about the same age, with her being a bit older. And even though the Latina identified as straight, the occasional woman would drive her crazy. And when these lesbian

desires hit her, they always hit her hard. And with the blonde... that lust hit her like a ton of bricks. She couldn't be blamed, really, as the blonde had a mind-meltingly lustful body. Her big boobs, a perfect ass, a golden tan. A gorgeous face. A nice smile. Sure, the blonde was sorta, kinda, technically married to a man she loved with all her heart and planned to spend the rest of her life with. But the Latina had needs, and she got more and more explicit with them around the blonde, the naughtiest of comments always at the tip of her tongue. The blonde was nervous, but deep down she was interested. And now, she was the Latina woman's bitch, her hubby was out of the picture, and she was devoted to the pleasure that only a woman could give her. A year prior, she would have been in disbelief if you told her what she was doing on Christmas, but now, she couldn't imagine a holiday more Merry.

Literally next door to this one, Max found another couple going at it like animals. And it was kind of an odd pairing, with the woman being maybe 29 or 30, and the guy being maybe a year or two older than Max. You don't see many women in their prime like her going after guys his age. And clearly, this woman had no regrets, riding this younger man hard, her bare ass slamming down into him as she fucked him. She had her hands on the headboard, giving her added leverage as she rode him. And she used every bounce as an opportunity to slide her luscious, massively-sized tits across his face, and he was happy to be smothered in the process. Both were very attractive, her a slim, busty, pale-skinned brunette, and him, a tanned, tall, well-muscled, very well-endowed younger guy. Max didn't know how a guy his age landed a woman like her, but he didn't dwell on it, hanging up the gift bag and moving on quickly.

It was a bit of an odd pairing to be sure, and if you knew their history, it'd be even more surprising. She was a young lawyer, an ambitious, aggressive, very good young lawyer who worked at one of the most respected law firms in the nation. Her bosses asked her to handle a case. The son of a very prominent couple had gotten in trouble for public drunkenness and starting a big fight. Going by the security camera, he was clearly guilty of something, but it was her job to lighten his sentence as much as possible and keep him out of jail. She had to work closely with him to figure out how to handle the case, and that came with great difficulty, because she couldn't stand him. If you looked up 'Smug spoiled college douchebag', you'd find his picture. A guy whose parents had money, who always got away with everything, who thought everything he did was charming and smooth, and

thought every girl wanted him. Frankly, she thought he might be best served by getting punished a bit for his bad deeds and actually learning a lesson, but she had a job to do, so she had to swallow her personal feelings and handle the case.

He made it a challenge, because everything he said to her was given in a tone of flirting, with him hitting on his sexy lawyer every chance he could. And it wasn't even clever either, his methods boorish and lazy and way too arrogant. She knew she was good looking, but at work, she kept things professional and above board. And sure, she could see why younger girls might like a guy like him, with his good looks and confident smile and his gym muscles, but she was an actual grown woman. She knew better. And besides, she was happily married to a great guy, a man that was a school teacher. She would go home to her husband after dealing with this guy and share all the terrible, crass come-ons he put her through. To her, they were annoying, but her husband was amused at his lazy, stereotypical jock-bro behavior.

He probably wasn't so amused now.

Working with him as a client was a struggle to say the least. Not only was talking to him a chore, navigating around his efforts to hit on her, he was even more shameless when he didn't think she could hear him. She heard him talking on his phone to a buddy as he sat in her office waiting, talking to him as she was about to return after talking with her boss. Listening through the door, she heard him bragging to his buddy about how hot his lawyer was. He mentioned how she had this perfect, mouthwatering ass, and these massive tits that he couldn't stop thinking about squeezing. He also claimed that it was super obvious that she was really into him as well, and he could just tell they were this close to hooking up. He was bragging about how soon it would be till she was pressing her big tits into his face, and how close she was to getting on her knees for him and letting him rub his cock all over her face. He was bragging about he had her this close to swallowing his jizz when she made her presence known. She had to hide her contempt for him as she looked at his cocky, knowing smile.

The 19-year-old said he'd charmed his way into the bar and had gotten a few drinks in when he met this girl he really wanted, a grad student. He eventually gave her ass a healthy squeeze, which her

boyfriend caught him doing, and that started the big fight between him and his friends and the boyfriend and his buddies. And the big point he really wanted to make clear was that he did end up hooking up with the grad student a few days later, which to him proved that he hadn't done anything wrong. That she did in fact want it, and it was the other guy's fault for not getting the job done with his girl. Although the cameras did show him throwing the first punch, it did give them an angle to work with to put the blame on the other guy as the wronged boyfriend seeking revenge. He was happy to allow her access to his phone with the texts proving this. And yes, his texts did prove his story true, as he had a pic of the grad student's smiling face covered in his thick cum. But they also gave her photo evidence of the weapon this younger guy was packing.

She had to make her case, so she had to take extensive notes of his relevant texts. And to do that, she had to look at all his recent messages, meaning she could see all the lewd comments he was making about her and her body. Him talking about motorboating her tits, or tit-fucking her, or dominating her hot ass with his big rod, or making her his bitch, or making her scream like a slut... real polite, mature stuff like that. And she also saw so many dick-pics that he had sent out to girls. Long, thick, smooth, with nice, big balls. Despite her dislike of him, she had to admit... he had a pretty amazing dick. All his obnoxious bro talk was kind of a grind to get through and annotate, but she'd be lying if she said that getting rewarded by the occasional, impressive, juicy dick-pic didn't somewhat soften the blow. She found herself staring at these pics more than necessary, as they had no bearing to her case. Damn. It was no wonder he was showing it off so much. It was no wonder he was so arrogant. It was no wonder why he always seemed to get his way...

Strangely enough, her feelings towards him began to soften from that point on. Sure, she still found him obnoxious, and a d-bag, and he probably deserved to get punished for getting drunk, hitting on a taken girl, and kicking some dude's ass. But... as obnoxious as he was, she did start to warm to his douchey comments and obvious flirting with her. His bro humor started wearing her down, and despite her icy demeanor, she started to have to stifle her laughter and remind herself to keep focused on the job at hand. She was still aware of his immature behavior, and she still shared with her husband all the annoying things he said and did, not letting him know that things between them had gotten far less icy. At least she recognized this

change in her, and was slightly nervous about it. So, because of that, she was eager to be done with this kid, as was her husband. She was wanted to just get to court and be done with it.

It was an uphill battle, as the evidence was all against them, but she was a very good lawyer. It also didn't hurt that, despite the grad student nominally being the other guy's girlfriend, she was very much on her client's side now. So, getting her to admit to what actually happened and in the process expose her betrayal was something the other guy was not interested in having put on public record in court, so she never got called to the stand. For the lawyer, this was truly the winning chess-move. Her client's version of the situation stood tall, he escaped any serious charges, and emerged with a slap on the wrist. His parents were pleased with her work, as was he, as evidenced by the handful of her ass he took as the verdict was being put down. And if there was any evidence of her changing feelings on him, she didn't object once, even as he squeezed her perfect rear again and again and again. No, she didn't object, not in the slightest.

Both her and her husband were happy to be done with her young douche-bag client, and she was happy not to have to deal with his crass come-ons over and over again. She was also happy to not have to deal with the complicated feelings he brought out in her. However, when he texted her a few days later, she found herself eagerly replying. At first, she had been extremely hesitant to give this punk her cell phone number, as she knew what he'd do with it, but as her lawyer, they had to be in contact during the case. Despite his attempts to take things down the low road, she had kept things strictly professional during his time as her client. But now that that time was over with the way they were texting back and forth, it was clear that she wasn't so eager to be done with him.

He hadn't changed, not in the slightest. He was still the same d-bag. He was still crass and arrogant, he hadn't learned his lesson, and he was never going to. Yet she was going back and forth with him, texting like she would a friend, not like a client she used to not be able to stand. She told herself she was done with him, that it was all innocent, that she would never see him again.

One week later, she sucked him off for the first time.

He just showed up one day at her office as she was leaving work. They got to talking, he turned on the charm, got her giggling at his stupid come-ons, and her mouth just sorta ended up swallowing his throbbing rod in the backseat of his car. She didn't mean for it to happen, honest, but that didn't stop her from swallowing his cum as he held her head down and called her his bitch. That didn't stop her from sending him sexy pictures via text in the days following that first encounter and getting more and more into flirting with him.

And it didn't stop her from having sex with him not long after.

So, when you look into his house, and see his smug, smirking face as she rode his big cock, with her rubbing her huge bare tits across his handsome face as her married pussy gripped his thick, bare, 19-year-old cock, you would understand while he was smiling. As he slapped his lawyer's ass and made her moan in pleasure, you would know why he was so arrogant. And as you watched this gorgeous, professional woman going at it, riding his big, powerful cock, knowing she had lied to her husband about a big case in order to sneak off and hook-up with her boy toy, you would know why.

But Max knew none of these things. He didn't know the overwhelming power of lust and desire, but he was aware of its existence, and he feared it. He feared being caught in its power. He feared having sex so good it changed who he was as a person. But seeing that change firsthand, over and over again, that power was becoming more and more evident. It was getting harder to deny it.

He thought he found some respite as he walked up to another house. There was a guy outside shoveling snow, and when he saw Max approaching, he smiled warmly and waved at him, knowing why he was there. At least this guy wasn't locked inside, cooped up with some huge-boobed vixen, and as Max looked inside the house before hanging up the gift bag, he expected to see nothing.

He was wrong.

Although the man of the house was outside, hard at work, his wife wasn't. She was inside, in the bedroom, with another man. A younger guy, in fact, probably about his age. That guy outside couldn't be stupid enough to just have some young man sneak into his place as he was outside. That was impossible. He knew that his wife was indoors, and he knew this young man was there too. That meant... wait, could that mean? Could that be a mother and son? No! Impossible! People didn't actually do that!

But the evidence seemed undeniable. The woman in there, older but still very sexy, on her knees, her top pulled open, her huge boobs hanging down as her head was in the younger man's lap. He was sitting on the bed, his pants below his knees as she inhaled his huge cock, from the tip to the base, swallowing it, her spit covering it. Her fingers were massaging his nuts as he reached down and squeezed one of her huge boobs. Her red hair was hanging down, tickling his thighs as she sucked him off. And she did suck him off, and Max watched as the young man held her in place as he pumped a giant wad of cum down his own mother's throat. She swallowed every drop and looked up and gave him a warm smile.

Max was catching on. He could see the situation playing out right in front of him and tap in to the true, sinful energy at play. It was starting to rub off on him, despite his best efforts. He was staring into the void, and he was starting to see how it worked. That was a mother and son in there, doing something truly sinful. Hooking up behind the dad's back. How awful and wrong. But for some reason, all he could remember was that satisfied smile the wife gave the son after swallowing the contents of his nuts. She looked so pleased with herself.

As he walked away, he saw the husband nod at him and begin walking towards the house. His wife would no doubt be there, all cleaned up, smiling and hugging her husband for a job well done. But in truth, all she would think about was the good job her son had done fucking her tight throat.

The next street over, Max saw another scene of hellish sin. As he got close to the house, he suddenly heard the sound of very, very loud

sex. Fearing to get any closer, he nonetheless did so, and when he peeked in, his eyes went wide.

He saw a man in there, on the bed, maybe around 40 or so. And with him was not just one woman, but, like, six women. Six girls, maybe Max's age. All of them gorgeous, with perfect asses and big breasts. And none of them had a stitch of clothing on. None of them. They were all a little different and varied. There were two Latina girls, one black girl, one Asian girl, and two white girls. But they were all focused on the same thing.

On the bed was the guy and three of the girls. One of the white girls was sitting on his face, grinding against it. One of the Latina girls was riding his big, thick dick as he drove it up into her. And the Asian girl was standing between them, forcing the Latina's face against her crotch, making her eat her out. The other Latina girl was passed out next to them, cum leaking from her snatch. The other two girls were sitting to the side, watching the sex and regaining their strength. Max watched as they sauntered out to the living room, firing up some joints and sitting back and relaxing. The house was a mess of stuff strewn everywhere. It was like they all just cared about one thing, and nothing else mattered.

In the bedroom, Max heard the Asian girl scream out...

"You like that? You like fucking young sluts like us? Do you think your wife is happy knowing you betrayed her for us? That you embarrassed her and ruined her career? You don't really care, do you? You'd sell her out again and again just to have us forever, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you!?"

These girls worked in unison, as if they were a pack who knew how to hunt without having to communicate. They were driving this man crazy, fucking him lewdly, like animals. There was just something about them, something inherently evil and wicked about these young girls. If he saw them in public, he would know they were trouble. These girls were danger, and with the way they went at it, it was almost like they were a gang or something.

Max was right on. These girls were in a gang. They had all gotten in trouble in school till they dropped out. They'd gotten heavily into partying, dabbling in drugs, getting in with the wrong crowd. They eventually got into crime, breaking and entering, assault, robberies, felonies. They were not a good crowd, and they eventually landed in trouble with the law. The detective in charge, an older woman, was working hard to compile their list of crimes and put these girls to justice. But these girls were cleverer than that. Through a very like-minded lawyer, they'd visited the detective's house. She was out, as they knew she would be. But her husband wasn't. He was a good man. An honest man. But when a gang of sex gorgeous, evil little minxes make a move on you, you do not say no.

And he didn't.

No man could resist the temptation, even if these girls were pure trouble. Before he knew it, they were in his house. In his bed. On his dick. As his wife pulled an all-nighter at work, he pulled an all-nighter with this gang of sluts. By the end of the night, he was theirs. They'd poisoned him with their twisted wiles and hot bodies. This affair had given them access to the house, and access to the evidence of the case his wife had been working on against the girls. Enough for them to turn the tables and completely derail the case, exposing the flaws in their arguments and the new holes in the evidence, which their own clever lawyer was able to use to get the case thrown out.

Embarrassed professionally and her life upended personally, the cop's life was in ruins. Knowing what had happened, her and her husband were clearly done. Having a nest egg of his own to fall back on, he bought a house both for himself and as a home base for the girls. It was party central, with his life a blur, spending his days sucking on these girl's big tits, pleasuring their eager cunts, and drilling their tight asses, with the girls cycling in and out of the house as they took care of their own business.

Max moved away from this house, fearing what he was seeing, hoping the sin wasn't rubbing off on him. But he feared it was, as he found

himself seeing these scenes playing out with crystal clarity and total understanding. He was seeing too much.

He just wanted this to be over.

He kept moving down another street. He tried to keep his head down and ignore the sensory overload, and for a while, it worked pretty well, ignoring the moans he would hear from indoors. It was crazy how much sex was going on this morning. Christmas morning. A few blocks over, he dared to look up again as he walked towards the house, not hearing any noises, he was again taken aback by the sight he was seeing through the window.

On the bed was a woman, a black woman in her late thirties, very attractive, her long hair done up in braids, braids which dangled down as she was on the bed on all fours. And her hair wasn't the only thing dangling, as her absolutely massive tits hung down as well, swaying beneath her, grazing the bedspread. This position also pushed out her round, full, shapely ass, pointed upward as she rested on all fours. And with her was a man, a white man, maybe in his late twenties, very fit, very handsome, with dark brown hair and a few days of beard growth on his handsome face. He was resting on his knees on the bed, his hard, thick, lengthy dick protruding outwards, towards her waiting mouth.

In an instant, through this one image of them, it was like he saw their story with perfect precision. Staring at them, he understood them completely. She was a woman who'd worked office jobs all her life, doing just enough to get by, dress well, and have the occasional bit of fun, but this was not enough. She always imagined some rich guy coming along and sweeping her off her feet. But the longer time went on, the more she realized that wasn't happening. Sure, she still had her fun. With her body, that was inevitable. That being said, she was very work and money focused, always looking for an opportunity to make more cash.

He was brought into her office. A young guy, a rising star with a fancy degree, brought in to run things. It felt weird to have a boss around ten years younger than her, but after working with him for a bit, she

saw why he was where he was. He was a good man and very, very sharp. He ran things well, he knew his stuff, and he was a great leader of people. Everyone quickly liked him, including her. On top of that, he was just a good face for the company to push, handsome and charismatic, a married man with a family. He was well worthy of his leadership status.

After years of waiting for someone to sweep her off her feet, she realized that maybe it was time to act. If that guy wasn't gonna come to her, she would go to him. She would take what she wanted. She was gonna get the life she deserved, one way or another. And her handsome young boss was the perfect candidate. Young, successful, rich, he was the exact type of guy she needed to seek out. Then, one late night at work, with only her and him present as they went through old client accounts, she made her move. Both were stressed out and tired and needed a break. It started with her coming up behind him and rubbing his shoulders, her huge boobs ever so slightly grazing the back of his neck. It ended with her riding him on the couch, her massive black tits in his face.

Their affair started that night. They were wise enough no to give off any signs of what had happened. He was the boss of their office, and she was one of the office managers, handling customer files and phone calls, so they didn't have to interact together that often. That one night was an anomaly in them working together, but it was all she needed. He was nervous around her at first, and he never made another move, clearly feeling guilty about cheating on his wife with her. It was a while before anything else happened. And it was only when she went along with him to meet a client across the country, and they were at the same hotel that something happened again. They'd never talked once about what had happened, and he was still nervous around her, keeping their chatting to a minimum this whole trip. He did his best to explain that what happened was a mistake and could never happen again.

They had sex again a couple hours later.

They did it multiple times that night, spending the night together in his hotel room. And after that point, his guilt started to fade. They started hooking up more after this, doing it after work, and sometimes, even during work, having her bent over his desk and

drilling her from behind, his hands clutching her giant black tits and his driving hips making her full, juicy ass jiggle. They kept doing it, more and more, sneaking off for private time more and more. She took great joy at stealing his attention from his pretty white wife, and she knew that she was well on her way to stealing him away completely.

Like today. It was Christmas day, and she got him to leave his family for a few hours, under the guise of having an international call to make. Instead, he went across town to her house. To her bed. Ready for more. Ready to indulge his new addiction.

Max watched these two, poised for action on the bed, ready to just do it. He stared into the void of lust and sin, and as he watched the black woman lean forward and smoothly taking his thick white cock into her mouth all the way up to the root, her thick lips wrapped around the base... the void stared back. With him looking at the action unfolding in front of him through the window, her eyes went straight to the window, straight to Max, looking right at him as he watched her. And how did she react?

She gave him a little wave.

Her long-nailed fingers twinkled up and down as she waved at the young man watching, clearly unbothered by this intrusion. Then, she got to work, attacking the man's dick with her mouth, her long braids and huge breasts swaying as she did so.

Holy shit!

He'd been caught! He'd stared into the waters of pure sin and lust, and it had simply waved him forward, welcoming him in, telling him the water was fine and he should dive in head first. No. No! He couldn't.

Being caught made it feel so much more real. In a way, the small separation of the window was enough to make it feel like it was not real, that he was watching something that wasn't there. Like watching

the TV. But this time, the TV waved back. The TV greeted him, breaking the fourth wall, acknowledging his presence.

Watching was one thing but being caught was something else entirely. Even though he wasn't in trouble, he began to panic, moving at double time to the next house. His blood was pumping and he was painfully erect. From all that he had seen, he couldn't be blamed, but it sent him into a turmoil. He felt strongly in his beliefs, he did, but he was so horny right now. He knew that if Lizzy was next to him right then, he wouldn't be able to resist losing his virginity to her, the promise of waiting till marriage brushed aside. He had never been this horny, and after all that he'd seen, all that wickedness... it simply made him want it more.

All those people seemed to be having the time of their lives. Embracing the waters of sin and lust, drowning in it. For so long, that world had been separate from him, something he was fine with, but seeing all this sex made him think again. Was... was he afraid of sex? No. He wanted to have sex. He did. He just didn't want to waste it with someone he didn't know or care about. He wanted it to mean something. To be definitive. But there was another question. Was he afraid of what sex would turn him into? Did he trust himself to have sex and not enjoy it too much? Was he afraid he couldn't resist becoming a lust-crazed animal? Was that why he was afraid of dipping his toe in those broiling waters, because he wouldn't be able to resist diving in completely. He couldn't say for sure.

But it didn't matter. He had Lizzy. He was happy with her. Maybe something could happen when they saw each other again, but he wasn't about to make a huge mistake with someone else. He just wasn't thinking clearly. His mind was addled by the gallon of cum currently holstered in his bloated nuts, ready to fire. He would just finish his route, head back to grandma's house, sneak up to the bathroom, drain his nuts, and finally start thinking a bit clearly again. After that, he would just try to forget all the incredible sights that had been burned into his memory and proceed on with his life as scheduled. Refocus on Lizzy, and not all the temptations out there trying to lure him into sin. This was a weak moment, and it was in these moments where the strength of his vows needed to shine brightest.

Max marched through the falling snow, head down, laser focused on the job at hand and nothing else. He hummed to himself or sung lightly, trying to drown out any noises he heard from the houses as he got closer. Sometimes there were moans, causing him to hum louder. Sometimes, the house was quiet, and the windows were drawn, but the silence was almost worse, as his mind was coming up with all sorts of things that could be going on that were so much more wicked than whatever he could hear and see. But he did his best not to listen and not look at anything other than what was absolutely necessary for the job he was working on. It required an incredible level of focus to drown out all distractions, but somehow, someway, he got through most of the rest of the neighborhood without incident.

He was finally able to start breathing a little easier when he arrived on Fourth Street. He'd worked out his path through the neighborhood just right so he could finish up right here with his grandma's house being the last one on his sojourn. It was here that he'd hand out the last few gifts left in his bag, and he knew what to expect from these remaining houses, so he figured the worst was behind him. Plus, these houses were all older, so they didn't have the same easy view into the houses here as he did at the other homes. Standing at the end of the street, he paused a bit before continuing.

He crisscrossed the street in order to hit all the houses, so he wouldn't have to backtrack. He hung up gifts on the old guy Bruce's door, despite knowing that he was a bit of a grinch. He hung up a gift on Dr. Wen's door, then the Morris's. He hung a gift on the door of that young couple the Allens, then he hit the Burkhouse's and the Calvorson's.

At last, approaching the final house on his route, he began to breathe easier. Sure, his nerves were still alight, and he could feel that throbbing coming from his groin, but shielding himself from all that stimuli allowed him to cool down somewhat. He felt like this long strange day was finally, blessedly done, and he looked back at his grandma's house, knowing he was so close to some peace and quiet. Gift bag in hand, he approached the door, ready to hang it there and head home. Reaching out calmly to hang up the gift, he jumped as the door he was reaching out towards suddenly opened in front of him.

Looking up, he watched as a figure emerged from inside, and as he looked at her, his eyes went wide.

"Well, well, well..." Janet Winston purred with a wicked grin, looking at the young man on her doorstep. "I guess Christmas wishes do come true..."

She stood in front of him in the open doorway, smirking, but what was shocking at first was how she was dressed. She was clad in a thin, silky black robe which went down to her thighs, and it was not tied up in the front, meaning it was wide open. And she was not wearing much beneath it. With her robe parted, she was giving him a view of her body in a lace black lingerie set, a lacy, thin black bra and some shockingly small panties. Now, keep in mind, this was an old lady, a woman who was a lot closer to being a peer to his grandmother than his mother. Every time he ever saw her, he viewed her as an old lady. An old crone who seemed to have fallen victim to the telltale signs of the aging process, namely wrinkles and sagging and greying hair and weight gain. A woman who had lost a step. Whose best years were behind her. And now, here she was, greeting Max in her doorway, standing in her thin, open robe and expensive looking lingerie, giving the young man a view of her exposed body. This should be a gross, disrespectful, disgusting act, an egregious violation of both his personal space and the spirit of Christmas. It should be, except for one little thing:

Janet had the hottest body he'd ever seen.

That wasn't an exaggeration. She had the hottest body he'd ever laid on eyes on, without a doubt. This... this wasn't the woman he knew. He barely recognized her. She was supposed to be an old lady with an aging form. But this... this was someone else, right?

Standing like this, wearing so little, she was showcasing her luscious form to him. Her long, firm legs, completely bare and mouthwateringly smooth and taut. Above that was the small black triangle of lace covering her nether-regions, scooped low to show as much skin as possible. Tiny straps held it to her mature form, riding over her hips and disappearing behind her back. Above the material of her tiny

underwear was her flat, taut belly, shockingly fit and sexy despite her age. For a moment, her navel stole his gaze. But his eyes couldn't stay there for long, as her boobs drew his eyes upwards.

They were the size of watermelons.

No joke. Janet's boobs were the size of watermelons, literally. And they were just as firm and ripe, vaulting off her chest, gigantic yet shocking perky at the same time. There was no sag whatsoever. Her slim, fit frame made them appear even bigger. The thin, lacy bra was struggling to contain such massive blimps, straining to keep them in place, the straps digging into her shoulders. Her breasts were packed into the lacy garment, the smooth flesh pouring over the edges ever so slightly. And they pressed into each other as well, giving her a mile of deep, succulent cleavage. And on top of all that, the black lace bra was also partially see-through, allowing an onlooker to see a hint of her round, pink areolas as the hard nubs of her nipples stood out very clearly beneath the thin garment.

Max had never seen bigger boobs in his life. They looked massive, and round, and smooth. With each little shift she made the luscious flesh ripple and jiggle. Damn... they were so big. And firm! How could such massive udders be so firm? It was just... wow. For a few moments, he couldn't look away.

He finally looked up at her smirking face, clearly unbothered by his stare. He could have sworn she had looked older the last time he had seen her, but not now. Those wrinkles were practically gone, same with the crow's feet and the grey in her hair. Her sharp eyes looked youthful and lively, and her lips looked full, plump, and smooth. She looked gorgeous, but a sort of wicked, confident type of beauty that could make a man shiver. And on top of all this, her skin was glowing with a smooth, even tan. It made her body feel like it was emanating with heat, cascading off of her, only adding to the already heated view she was providing him.

How could this be? She looked younger now than he'd ever seen her. Younger than she'd looked when he first met her when he was a kid. And he could have sworn he saw her, like, a day or two prior and she

didn't look this. She looked amazing, like a woman 20 years younger than her age, if not more. She didn't look like an old lady any more.

She looked like a total and complete MILF.

If there was any hope that his nerves and tension had left him, he was wrong. His once softening erection had reversed course, turning as hard as steel in his pants. Janet Winston, the neighborhood spinster, had him painfully erect, and he was again awash with nervousness.

"What brings you out here on a morning like this?" she asked confidently, stepping out. Despite being barely clothed and barefoot, she took one step out onto the porch, into the cold. "Oh!" she said, glancing down towards his mid-section, and in a flash, he wondered if she had seen his erection. "Oh I see..." she began, increasing his worry. "This is that silly little Church thing with the gifts!" she said, and for a moment, he was temporarily relieved that she hadn't seemed to notice his predicament. "You're being a little Santa Claus, right?" she said smiling. "Although, you certainly aren't little, are you, Max? You're a man now. I can tell!" She raised her eyebrows and glanced downwards again.

Okay, she had noticed his straining bulge, and that knowledge only made him harder. What was wrong with him?

"Oh, I, uh... here," he stammered, reaching out to hand her the goodie bag. She glanced down at it lazily but made no move to grab it, one arm on the doorknob and the other against the door frame. The silky black robe hung loosely from her shoulders as she made no effort to close it, continuing to present her lingerie clad form to the young man, the grandson of her neighbor.

He knew Janet a little bit, as she'd always been around whenever he'd visit his grandmother. She'd always seemed friendly enough, but it was obvious from the stories his grandmother would tell that she did not like Janet in the slightest. So, Max never really dealt with her much beyond the occasional greeting and listening in as his folks

talked to her. And now he was facing her down, one-on-one, the last house on his trek, and he didn't know what to do.

"Are you okay?" she asked with a knowing glint in her eyes, smiling slightly. "You seem... distracted..." He glanced nervously at her tanned, jiggling, bra-clad breasts, his eyes falling into her cleavage and staying there. Trying to ignore his cock throbbing in his pants he spoke up.

"I'm fine..." he croaked out, eyes glued to her chest. What was he doing? This was old Mrs. Winston! Even though the sights he was seeing were shocking, he knew that she was, like... an old lady. Sure, she looked good now... she looked amazing now, like, so hot... but he knew she was a hell of lot closer in age to his grandmother than his mom. Ignoring the incredible view of her body she was presenting him, he tried to keep that fact in mind. He didn't know what she had done, if she had surgery, or some new age healing process that made her look like this, but he tried to keep focused. He tried to ignore her eye-popping body and her succulent, mouthwatering cleavage. God, he could drown in there...

"You sure?" she asked, looking at the top of his head as he was so obviously staring at her chest. "You don't look fine. Well, you DO look fine, but you seem like your struggling with something..."

Finally, he pulled his eyes from her bra-clad boobs, embarrassed by his lack of control. She smiled at him victoriously, knowing she had him on the hook.

"I'm fine," he repeated. "Here," he said again, trying to hand over his gift again. But once more, she made no move to take it.

"I know what's happening here," Janet announced knowingly. "Your grandmother mentioned how you have a girlfriend. It must be so HARD being away from her for so long! You must be tied up in knots so bad you just want to BURST!" As she punctuated these words, a throb coursed through his erect pillar. Looking at her in the eyes, it

was clear that she knew exactly what was going on with him. At this, he gulped.

"Um... here," he said nervously, pushing the gift towards her. He wanted to get away right now. Why was she dressed like this? Why was she toying with him? Why couldn't he just get some peace and quiet? Why did he, of all people, have to see all the things he'd seen this morning?

"You know..." she began, again making no move to grab the gift from him. "You hear all these stories about how younger men these days go so crazy over older women. And I have to wonder if you came over here for something else..." she teased, raising her eyebrows and jutting out her chest. His eyes drifted down to her big breasts again, straining to escape, the soft, succulent flesh oozing over the edges of her bra. The way they jiggled... it was hypnotic.

"I... no!" he began, shaking his head. "I've done this job for years. I'm... just trying to help out on Christmas. Nothing more," he tried to say firmly. Again, she regarded him with amusement.

"Oh, honey," she said, almost pitying him, as if she knew how in over his head he was. Poor thing. It was obvious how on edge he was. How badly he was gagging for it. He was a young man. Of course, he was rock hard. And, of course, he was hard for her. She was a babe. "You don't have to be ashamed of it. I know how it is for young guys like you, especially around a woman like me..."

At this, she stepped back slightly and gave him a little spin to show off, causing her thin silk robe to flow outward, revealing her thong-clad ass to the young man. You heard right. Old Ms. Winston was wearing a thong. And even though it was a flash, the image burned itself into his mind.

He couldn't lie. Her ass looked simply incredible. Two round, firm, meaty cheeks, full and juicy and perfect, with a deep crevasse between them. No sag, no cellulite, just premium, firm ass-flesh. The bands of her tiny thong rode along her hips before meeting at the top of her

ass-crack in a pronounced triangle of material. The band then traversed between the cleft of the firm cheeks before wrapping back around towards her crotch. Her ass stood out from her slim body, begging to be touched. Slapped. Spanked. How was this possible? How could a woman her age have an ass that immaculate? How could a woman her age look so young and have a body this perfect? What was happening here? The flowing robe fell back in place again as she spun to face him again, her weighty boobs jiggling perfectly as she came to a stop.

"So, go ahead and look. It's what you came over here for..." she teased. Her body was having an effect on him, as his cock was straining to be free from his pants. He was dying with need, and her exposed mature flesh was not helping. He knew she was much older than him, but she sure didn't look it. And his cock did not care in the slightest. It saw titties and ass, and that's all it wanted. It didn't matter that she was an older woman. Her body was perfect, and that was all it took to make him very excited. Her words had Max shaking his head, feeling even more upset as he simply held out the gift again.

"Please..." he said firmly, asking her to take it from him. Again, she smirked, an act that was really beginning to make him mad.

"Max, you've grown up to be so young and fit and handsome. You deserve to loosen up a bit and have a good time, honey. You deserve a little bit of fun, especially..." she began.

"Stop!" he called out firmly, surprising her. All the anger and tension and nerves were finally boiling over. He'd had enough. He was tired of it. "Can you please just take the damn gift? Because all day, I've been going to house after house in the bitter cold and I swear every house I went to, I looked in and saw people just... fucking! I've seen so much shit today... I just wanna go home, okay? I wanna go home and warm up and talk to my girlfriend. So please, Ms. Winston... just take the damn gift!"

Janet's eyes flashed in surprise as the young man got fired up. Sensing his resolve, and a little bit impressed by his will, she pulled back.

"Okay, okay," she said, nodding, seemingly having gained a bit of respect for him. "I'll take the gift. Just... I just did my nails, so... can you maybe bring it inside, set it down under my Christmas tree? You'll at least get to warm up a little bit."

Max didn't really want to go inside Ms. Winston's house, but... in the end, he was a good guy. He wanted to help out, even when all evidence was pointing the other way.

"Fine..." he relented. "Just... that's all I'm doing, okay? I'm not in this for anything else..." he said, putting the boundaries down, making his intentions clear. If she did try something, he didn't doubt that he'd be able to get away. He was a young, fit man, an athlete, and she was an older woman. He couldn't imagine any way she'd be able to make him do anything he didn't want to.

"Okay, okay," she said, stepping back, allowing him to step past her. Keeping a healthy distance between them, he stepped into her house. As soon as he was past her, she couldn't hide the small smile that crossed her lips as she shut the door behind him and locked it, shaking her head.

These young men could be so naïve sometimes.

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As the minutes passed from the moment Max stepped inside, the snow continued to fall outdoors, blanketing the town of Deerberg, quieting the noise, casting a pall of silence over the whole town. With the outside traffic at a minimum, the silence and quiet and beauty of the falling snow over this town... there was a purity to it. And that was quite fitting for Max. He'd spent his day out there, in that cold, in that beauty and purity. He was an untainted, upstanding, soulful young man. If the rapture occurred, he'd be one of the lucky ones who would rise up instead of down, the purity of his life making this reward earned.

It was behind closed doors where all that nasty, brutal sinning was occurring. Behind closed doors, hidden from the purity of the world, except if you happened to be looking. Max had spent all day on that border, looking at all the sinners from his place on the other side. He was separated by a wall of brick and mortar and glass, separated between his world of purity and safety and the darkness of sin. But all those windows gave him a view into that other world. Into the dark and shadowy world of lust, exposing him to sights he'd never seen before. And as disgusting as those sights seemed to him, each one impacted him. Each one left its mark, imprinting upon him. Lulling him into a daze. Polluting the pure waters of his mind, bit by bit.

The entire morning, he'd been in the bracing cold, toughing it out, while everyone else had their fun. That separation allowed him to view all that nastiness from a distance, which was good. If he was any closer, or if there was nothing between him and those lusty, writhing bodies, even someone as pure as him might be lulled in. But he was smart, maintaining that distance, never letting himself be put into a position to be rendered vulnerable. He was doing a good job.

But the trek had taken its toll. Worn down, tired, and drained, he wasn't at his best. But, how much trouble could he get in by this point? He'd made it 99% of the way just fine, and he could see the finish line. It was right there.

So, why did he let himself walk into Janet's house?

Maybe if he had started out here, at a stage where he was at his best, he wouldn't be so worn down. Maybe if he hadn't seen all the things he'd seen, he would have a clearer mind. Caught off guard, he'd accidentally crossed the barrier he'd been walking along this entire morning, and he'd done it without even considering the possible consequences. He didn't think it would be an issue. Just walk in, set down the gift as directed, and leave. That was it. Two minutes, tops.

He didn't understand the foolish mistake he'd made. One that could only come from his naïve belief in the best in people, as well as the arrogance that comes from not knowing better. There was no malice in his overconfidence. His lack of experience simply made him vulnerable

to this type of mistake. So, in a sense, his life of purity and clean living left him more vulnerable than most.

But this was all circling the point really. Dancing around the main subject. Just talking and talking as the world went on and the people within, like Max, played out their stories, and for some, lived out their destinies. Blathering on in a long-winded fashion, musing on the nature of purity versus sin, when there were far more interesting things to be talking about.

Like the fact that Max and Janet Winston were currently fucking.

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"UGH! FUCK!" Janet moaned loudly as she bounced on Max's thick, meaty, unblemished 8.5 inch cock, her ass driving down into him again and again and again.

"Oh my God!" Max groaned from beneath her, eyes closed as he writhed in pleasure. The sensation of having his bare cock buried inside an actual vagina was an almost otherworldly pleasure that he just couldn't believe it felt so good. How could he have resisted this for so long?

Max was on the other side now. He wasn't watching from afar anymore. He wasn't letting the fun pass him by. He was in the action. For all his confidence in the strength of his beliefs, and the incredible discipline he'd shown when faced down with temptation previously, he lasted mere minutes on the other side before embracing sin. He thought his strength of character and strong will would allow him to dip his toe into a den of sin and escape unblemished. But all those beliefs didn't stop him from succumbing to the overwhelming temptation. And he had succumbed completely. He was in a house, stripped down, lying naked on a bed with a woman, having sex with her. And not just any woman, but Janet fucking Winston.

"Yes! Yes! This cock is perfect! I love it! Yes!" Janet moaned, taking every inch of his hard, throbbing meat, riding the young man like the bull he was. She was relentless, bouncing on him vigorously, her round, full, meaty ass slamming into his hard body. She was gripping the headboard for added leverage as she fucked him, driving down into him, fucking him into the bed. As she did so, her, perfect, firm, melon-sized tits were bouncing like crazy, jiggling in the young man's palms as he dug his fingers into them and held on for dear life.

"I can't believe this... oh my God!" Max groaned in almost pained pleasure as he felt Janet's pussy squeezing the living daylights of his throbbing, needy, rock hard dick. How had this happened? What was going on here? He couldn't believe he was doing this. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this with Janet, his grandmother's old neighbor lady. He couldn't believe she was actually this hot! And he couldn't believe it felt so good!

"Fuck! Yes! You feel so good inside my nasty cunt! Yes!" the older woman moaned out, pausing every few moments to grind on the full length of his young, throbbing meat, savoring how good it felt inside of her aged pussy. That pussy of hers was shockingly tight, squeezing the young man's cock magnificently, driving him crazy.

"Ugghhhhh!" Max groaned in pleasure, barely able to handle it. As he tried to withstand this insane pleasure, his hands were busy squeezing her gigantic mature breasts, digging his fingers into the soft, succulent flesh, squeezing them over and over again. Jesus! They were so big! And soft! How could they be this soft!? The flesh of her massive jugs felt amazing oozing through his fingers, her hard nipples digging into his palms. As the older woman resumed bouncing on the younger man's cock, he drove up into her ever so slightly.

"Fuck! You're gonna be something special, baby," Janet sighed, rising and falling on the younger man's full length again. "If you're this good on your first time, once you get some more experience under your belt, you're gonna be a fucking master at making women scream! Yes! YES!"

Max was so overwhelmed that he was honestly not doing that much, just lying back on the bed and letting the older woman do her thing. But he was so physically appealing, a handsome young face, a fit, taut, muscular young body, that it was hard for him not to be good in bed, even when he wasn't being as active as his partner. Add onto that a smooth, unblemished, untouched 8.5 inch long dick, thick as a baseball bat, hard as steel, with a pair of swollen, cum-filled balls the size of plums, he really had it all. Any woman worth her salt would want to fuck the shit out of him, but for a trained, experienced old slut like Janet Winston, there was an added pleasure in defiling and corrupting someone so pure and untarnished. Making him lie there and take it, driving him insane with her tight, wet cunt, showing him a whole new world... the mere thought drove her crazy. Her nasty cunt was gushing around his bare, meaty pole, making her scream out like a cheap fucking whore as she rode him.

"Ahhh! Fuck! Yes! That's a good dick! A real good fucking dick! Yes!" she moaned out as her cunt swallowed his dick from the top to the base on every bounce, her tight pussy gripping his cock like a vise as she rode him, her juices leaking copiously onto his swollen weapon. "I'm so glad you waited for an old slut like me to pluck that tasty V-card from you! Yes! UGHH! Rather you not waste it on some little young thing who wouldn't know how to treat you right! FUCK! You needed a real woman to break you in! Yes! To teach you how to fuck a woman right! UGH! Who knows all the tricks! AHH! Hon... ugh... fuck... I'm glad I was at the top of your mind! I'm gonna break you in real nice!" Her words were punctuated by the loud, meaty slaps of her round, full ass slamming into his thighs roughly.

"No..." he sighed, trying to defend himself against her slanderous lies. He hadn't worked this hard and been this disciplined only to give his virginity away to Janet fucking Winston. She was an old lady! Or at least, he thought she was. But looking at her hot, fit body, her perfect round ass and enormous, firm breasts... even though he'd always thought she was a lot older, maybe he had been mistaken. Or maybe she had just aged far better than he'd ever noticed. No, it was impossible. He knew for certain she'd never looked this good before. The last time he saw her, she looked way different. Way more like the old lady he thought she was. He was positive about that... right?

He didn't even know how he'd gotten to this point. One second, he'd walked into her house, annoyed as he had to put the gift under her tree instead of her just taking it from him. He had glanced away from her for just a second to set the gift down, and when he looked back, her robe was on the ground and her hands were on her hips, standing in front of him in just her bra and thong. He remembered her approaching him with dark intentions behind her eyes, her huge, firm tits bouncing as she moved towards him. He couldn't even remember what she said, the jiggling of her massive, bra-clad, blimp-like tits was so hypnotic. They bounced side-to-side as she walked, back and forth, bouncing and jiggling... it was mesmerizing. He couldn't ignore the sight of her copious breast-flesh pouring over the edges, and he even thought he could see some nipple through the black lace. But that was beside the point. He needed to leave, now! She was clearly up to something. But... his feet seemed almost stuck to the ground. What was going on? He couldn't move he was so awestruck by her body. He couldn't look away from her, his eyes continually falling to her cleavage. Like, how could anyone her age look that good? Seriously. He swore the last time he saw her it seemed like she looked far older, with her body worn down with age and weight gain, wrinkles and sagging, her rumored freewheeling lifestyle having long caught up to her. But now, she was right in front of him, looking far younger than he'd ever seen her, and he couldn't deny that this woman he always thought of as an old lady looked seriously hot. And not only that, she had the hottest body he'd ever seen! What dark deal with the Devil had she made to get her body looking like this? Her body was insane! She had never looked this good. He had found himself enraptured quickly, despite himself. Regardless of knowing better.

He couldn't remember what happened next. She kept talking, about what he couldn't remember, and he kept nodding along, barely listening as he stared at her massive, tanned, lace-covered melons. They were so freaking big. So soft. So smooth. He could barely hear what she was saying he was so distracted. The blood was pumping behind his ears. His nerves were on fire. His cock was throbbing in his pants, a fact she was very clearly aware of. He'd been so worn down by all that he had seen this day that he didn't have the strength to resist anymore. So clearly, his mind was somewhere else. When she saw his very obvious distraction and offered to show him the goods, he was too distracted by her huge tits to object in the slightest, even though the alarm bells in his head were going crazy.

The next few minutes were a blur. All he knew was that when he came to some better senses, her bra was off, his hands were cupping her mammoth tits, and his mouth was slurping on her hard, tasty nipples. At the same time, she had fished his smooth, meaty, lengthy rod from his pants and was vigorously jacking him off, making him groan in delight as they stood in her living room, pressed into each other. At that point, he was putty in her hands. Beyond rational thought, weakened and tired, there was nothing he could do to stop them from the inevitable, her leading him by the cock to her bedroom. Nothing he could do to pull back from the path they were on. The path that would only end with them rutting like animals.

There was such a miniscule path of events that could have led him to doing such things with this woman. If he hadn't been away from Lizzy for so long. If he hadn't been cooped up and surrounded by family, not having a chance for some peace and quiet. If he hadn't volunteered for the job of handing out gifts. If he hadn't been so shockingly horny since this morning. If he hadn't seen so much filth and nastiness all fucking day. If Janet didn't suddenly look so hot-bodied and sexy. If his grandmother hadn't been so beaming with pride about him at all those neighborhood meetings, giving enough info to Janet to allow her to develop a specific plan to ensnare the backed-up virgin hunk. If any single one of these things hadn't gone the exact way they had, he wouldn't be here. He'd be at his Grandma's house, texting with Lizzy, virginity intact. Instead, he was here, at Janet's house, in her bed, buried balls deep in her tight, mature, nasty cunt, hands on her giant breasts, squeezing them roughly as she rode him.

All that work, all that discipline, just to end up rutting with this old nasty whore.

The path that led him here was so narrow and specific that it would have been almost impossible to deliberately follow it. The fact that Max had ended up here... it felt strangely like it was meant to be. As if this was his destiny...

"You love it, don't you?" she said, grinning proudly as she ground against him. His eyes were closed, and his hands were still squeezing her massive jugs, so she grabbed his wrists, slammed them into the bed, and made him listen. "Tell me! Tell me you're loving this! Tell me

this is what you've been dreaming of! Tell me this is all you imagined and better!" she demanded, staring into his eyes, pausing in her fucking, leaning forwards as she ground herself around his pole. As she did this, her mammoth tits cascaded against his chest, the soft flesh of her boobs oozing against his hardened chest muscles, their weight on his chest substantial. She saw the pleasure overwhelming him again, his head swaying in bliss, so she squeezed her cunt around him, bringing him back to life.

"OH!" he groaned in pleasure, beyond words. Why did this have to feel so unbelievably good? Why did this have to feel even better than he ever could have imagined? Why did Janet's pussy have to feel so much better and more satisfying than anything he'd ever felt before?

"You like that?" Janet demanded. "You like that shit?" she asked, grinding against his pole. She slid her body up slowly so her tits were now resting on his neck, just under his chin. Just under his nose. She took his hands and put them on her big, firm, bare ass, cupping the perfectly-shaped meaty cheeks as she ground into him, over and over again, driving him insane with pleasure.

"Oh my God!" he sighed again, eyes closed, head swaying. His hands gripped her large, juicy, heart-shaped ass roughly, squeezing it as she ground against him, her ass flexing as she did so.

"Face it, baby! We're lovers now!" the older woman crowed proudly, her fleshy tits jiggling against him, making him feel smothered beneath the older woman. "You're not a virgin anymore, honey! You've probably faced so many girls who wanted this dick, but you held back! Yes!" Max's grandmother, Doris, had been boasting for years about Max, and she was proud to share that Max was so active in the church. And lately, she was happy to share that he had already met this girl he really liked, but he had vowed to save himself for marriage. Doris admired this fact about her grandson, but Janet found it laughably naïve. "You have your little young girlfriend, and you held off with her too. But the second you came to my doorstep, you just had to have me! I was too hot! You found me so sexy that you couldn't hold back! You had to get balls deep inside a real woman like me! Yes! Fuck!"

He wanted to say that what she said wasn't the case at all, but every word she said was true. He couldn't deny it. He had held off for so long, and it wasn't until his encounter with Janet that he couldn't hold back anymore. Sure, part of it might be that it was simply her being the right person striking at the exact right time. Any other day, another time, he'd be able to shoo someone like Janet away... at least he hoped he could. But this wasn't any other day.

"You just had to have me," she said, grinding against his post again, her heavy tits brushing his chin. "A guy like you probably fantasizes every day about a woman like me with a body like mine! Yes! And I've kept an eye on you since you've arrived here. Mmm... So tall. So handsome. Mmm... you're too delicious not to stare at. To fantasize about. I've seen you outside, shoveling snow. Those muscles at work. That butt of yours as you dug in deep and lifted all that heavy snow. And that bulge of yours... I could see it from across the street. Haha! You don't even know how much you show off that big, fat dick of yours, but you do! Mmm... I bet every woman you pass by dreams about having filthy sex with you! Every one of them! But none of them had what it took to land you! Only I did! Only I was hot enough for you to throw it all away! Haha! Yes!"

"No..." he sighed, but it was weak. He couldn't deny any of it. He was balls deep inside this old slut, so there was some truth in what she was saying, although not in the way she described. He didn't fully understand how it had reached this point, but he was doing it. Despite all his best efforts, he'd lost his virginity, and not with a girl he loved, but with an old, nasty seductress. He still couldn't believe it.

"Here... let me prove it to you. Let me show you how much you're into me..." she said, looking straight down at him. He was still trying to deny the pleasure she was bringing to him, as that would be an admission that she was totally right about everything. But she couldn't stand for that. She wanted him screaming to the heavens. She wanted him to admit that he never wanted a young woman like his girlfriend, and that he wanted someone like her. But to do that, she had to give him a little more of a push. Moving her face down, she moved her lips to his, pressing them together and letting her tongue slither into his open mouth.

"MMMMM!" he groaned, eyes wide in shock as Janet slid her tongue into his mouth. He was taken off guard by the fact that he was suddenly making out with this older woman, open mouths pressed against each other, her tongue sliding against his, swapping spit. All the kisses he had with Lizzy were sweet and spinetingling and loving, but this... this kiss was pure nastiness. He couldn't stop himself from falling into the kiss, into the lust of the moment, lips smacking as he made out with this older woman with a crazy hot body.

Janet was overjoyed with how things were going. Mere hours before, when she had first woken up, she wouldn't have been able to pull this off. Her mind was the same, but her body... it wouldn't have been able to get the job done. Age had taken its toll to a greater degree than she would have liked. But then she awoke to a mystery gift under the tree, a set of black lingerie. A lacy bra and a tiny thong. It had a note that told her to go to sleep with them on, and she'll wake up a whole new woman. So, having no reason not to, she did as the note suggested, adorning her worn down body with these fancy underthings, even if they didn't quite fit.

Her sleep was restless, her mind a rush of fleeting thoughts, heated imagery, and pleasant memories. It wasn't restful, for sure, but she did sleep for long enough to get the job done. When she woke up, she was covered with sweat, feeling worn down and almost feverish. She was still groggy as she padded over to the bathroom, and it was only as she flicked the light on in there and looked in the mirror that she saw the changes the lingerie had enacted on her.

Her tits, which had long ago succumbed to the sag and lost all that firmness and perk, were back. Standing out from her chest, looking proud and firm, straining to escape her bra, they looked bigger than ever. Her tits were pretty damn big before, and when she was younger, they were super firm, but these... wow... these were more massive and more perky than ever! Her ass, which had gone flat and flabby, was full and tight and perfectly formed again. The round, meaty cheeks stood out from her body like a shelf, looking positively eye-catching. It was as if she had done 1000 squats a day for months on end, but she'd done nothing. Her legs were long and firm again. Her waistline was trim and perfect. Her belly was sexy and flat like it used to be. And her skin was just glowing, as if she lived on a beach and let her skin cook to perfection.

That wasn't even counting how her face looked. Her wrinkles were gone, as were her crow's feet, all of it. Her skin was smooth and perfect again. Her hair had lost all its grey and looked long, shiny, and lustrous. She looked twenty years younger, but even when she was that age, she didn't look THIS good. She had the massive tits of perky 20-year-old, the ass of a hard working 30-year-old, all encased in the hot, fit body of a 40-year-old. She'd never looked better. She didn't know what force had done this to her, if the signed name 'Mrs. Claus' was the actual Mrs. Claus. But she would be eternally grateful for this blessing bestowed upon her. If Mrs. Claus was real, she'd put on a fucking Santa hat and sing Christmas carols every fucking day.

And she just felt better too. She was suddenly full of life and energy and lust. She wanted to jump up and down. Go outside and run like she used to. And she was horny in a way she hadn't been in years. The engines inside her were running again, and they were going into overdrive. Part of her just wanted to grab her favorite pink dildo and go to town on herself, but she had held back. No. That would be a waste. She wanted to wait. To try out her new and improved hot body the right way. The way it was meant to be used. She knew everything was closed for the holiday, but she promised herself that she'd go out tomorrow and go spoil herself on some hot, slutty clothing. And after that, she'd go out on the town and pick up someone young and hot, just like she used to. She couldn't wait. And she didn't have to wait. Less than an hour later, Max was at her doorstep, as if delivered to her by the forces of fate.

Someone out there liked her.

And at the moment, someone here very much liked her too. Despite his protestations, Max's cock was throbbing inside her, loving this long, drawn out pleasure she was inflicting on him. He didn't fight back in the slightest during their fierce, nasty make-out session. Her tongue was dueling with his, mashing together, open mouths feasting on each other, cheeks hollowed as they went at it. Saliva was leaking past their joined mouths as they made out, and the kiss only stopped when she pulled back, as sliding her tongue from his mouth. Looking down at him, he seemed overwhelmed and dazed. His eyes flicked

open and looked up at the mature woman on top of him, her mature, luscious form on top of all his young, hard muscles.

"Hahaha..." she laughed throatily, wiping the spit from her mouth. "Let go, hon. Embrace it. You're clearly loving this. A guy like you with this body and that dick... boy, it's a waste of time not to be using it every chance you get. It's what you're built for! And it's a waste for a bitch like me not to be getting used like I deserve to. That's what I'm built for..."

Seeing he was still dazed from the fierce kiss they'd shared, she slid upwards ever so slightly till her mammoth tits were hanging above his face. Then, before he could react, she stuffed a nipple into his gasping mouth. In his lust-ridden, overwhelmed stupor, he had no choice but to succumb to instinct and begin sucking on the hardened nub, lips wrapped around her areola, tongue flicking at the nub, soaking it with his spit again. She pressed her tits against his handsome face, smothering him, causing a groan to rise from his throat and jolt of pleasure to course through his cock. With him pinned down beneath her lust inspiring body, she resumed bouncing on his rock hard weapon, using her powerful ass to drive down into him, fucking him into the bed, bathing his rock hard pillar with the intense clutching power of her experienced, nasty cunt.

"Mmmmpphh!" he groaned into her tits as she began riding him again. The soft, warm, luscious flesh of her mammoth boobs were molded to his face as she used her lower half to drive him into the bed, this older woman completely outfucking this young athlete. She had the body of a true blue MILF slut, and she was using it for its intended purpose, namely raw, filthy sex! She was bouncing on his entire length, her tight, grasping pussy swallowing his big, fat cock, speeding up as she got more and more into it.

"God damn, it's been a long time since I've had a dick this good!" she moaned. Despite any protestations he might have, his hands were clutching her firm ass cheeks, pulling her down into him as she rode him. Her rapid bouncing pulled her nipple from Max's eager mouth, leaving his handsome face lodged in the older woman's cleavage, the mammoth, weighty udders jiggling against the sides of his face. "Yes! YES! Oh fuck! Yes! AHHH! So good! What a good young man you are,

giving a hot older woman the dick on Christmas! Ahhh! Yes! I can feel your balls against my ass! Fuck! Your little girlfriend has never experienced this cock! Not like I have! Fuck! I think that means you like me more than her, haha..."

"Jesus..." he groaned. It wasn't true! He loved Lizzy! But, if that was true, it would be her in this spot, not... not Janet. Not this older woman. Sure, she had this crazy-hot, out-of-this-world body, a body any younger woman would be jealous of. But still... sex was supposed to be about love and affection, not this. Not this raw slaking of animal desires. This was everything he was against.

But why did it feel so fucking good!?

He wanted to hate what was happening to him, but he couldn't deny that it felt absolutely amazing. That this was the greatest feeling of pleasure he'd ever felt, by a huge margin. Why did this have to feel so good? So right! No moment in dating Lizzy compared to this. Fucking this older woman with a porn star's body outweighed everything he'd ever done with the girl he loved, and it wasn't even close. He'd gone further with this old slut than he'd ever gone with Lizzy, and in way less time. How was this possible? He'd been dating Lizzy for months now and he'd stayed pure, but in a matter of minutes, he'd ended up balls deep inside this old scheming whore.

"UGGGGGHHHH! FUCK! FUCK!" Janet groaned, her pussy spasming around him. As her bouncing sped up, the meaty slapping of her ass slamming into his thighs echoed throughout the room, consuming Max's hearing. Her huge, sweaty tits were now sliding over his face, the soft flesh driving him crazy. He couldn't stop himself from fucking up into her. He was so overwhelmed and consumed by lust. The pleasure felt so good, he had to follow it. "AHHH! Fuck! FUCK! This is amazing! YES! YES!" she screamed out.

For her, this felt like a long overdue victory. She'd been rivals with Max's grandmother for decades now. Janet had always wanted to live her own life by her own rules, but Doris would stand there in judgment every step of the way, always talking about her perfect, church-going family, unafraid to run Janet down about her lifestyle

and loose morals. Janet couldn't imagine being so uptight and conservative when there was so much fun to be had. Janet wanted nothing more than to stake out her superiority over that prude by fucking her man. When she was younger, she'd flirted with Doris's husband, but he never bit. And later, when her boys got of age, she threw some game their way too, but again, they never indulged. She wanted nothing more than to get that victory over her neighbor and prove herself superior just to rub it in Doris's face, but it seemed like any chance of that had fallen by the wayside long ago. She then spied out Max. He'd grown up and filled out and become a real man. And he was such a point of pride for Doris that Janet wanted nothing more than to steal him for herself and use him for her own sick desires. But she was a realist, and at her age she knew any chance of that was long gone. Then she woke up with this hot body, and this perfect, hunky young man ended up at her door. And just like that, the possibilities became very, very real. And now, after decades of disagreements with Doris, she had won. She had taken the best of them, her handsome, pure, kind grandson, and was using him for her pleasure.

"YES! YES!" she screamed out, her victory only turning her on more as she heaved herself down into the young man harder, their bodies slamming into each other. And she never slowed down, showcasing the benefits of her suddenly fit body by running a marathon on this younger man's cock. "You like that nasty cunt, you fucking stud? You like having your big cock fucked by an old, nasty slut?" She spat all this out to him as she rode the young man furiously. Her sweaty, naked, lust-inspiring flesh was sliding against his hard muscles as she rode him, heaving her body back into his cock as she stayed clutched close to him, her mammoth boobs and their massive weight sliding up and down his face. Like a cascading river, her boobs were slowly eroding away at his defenses, getting to the true him.

He'd speculated to himself earlier that maybe what kept him so secure in his beliefs of staying a virgin was that he had a certain fear of sex. Not really a fear of insecurity, of being unsure what to do and it being awkward for him, but the opposite. Maybe he feared he'd like it too much. Maybe he feared if he indulged even a little, he wouldn't be able to stop. Maybe he wouldn't be able to pull back. Maybe he saw the slippery slope that was sex and feared taking that first step. That if he was at some party and let a girl give him an innocent hand job, he'd begin down a path that would end with him in a drug-fueled orgy,

surrounded by huge-breasted naked whores as he snorted coke out of one of the girl's cleavage while fucking another up the ass roughly. Or that he'd end up tied down to a bed with a ball gag in his mouth while some wicked girl used him for whatever wicked desire she had in mind, and he'd have to go along with whatever she had in mind because his choice was irrelevant. Max feared what would happen if he crossed that barrier and started having sex. He feared what he'd become if he liked it too much.

And that was the truth of it. Deep down, he knew he would like it. A lot. Despite Max's vows of purity, in truth he wanted to have sex. He wanted sex more than most guys, in fact, because knew he would like it... like it a lot. He knew once he stuck one toe into the waters of sex and lust, he'd fall in completely and happily drown. Fearing what he'd become, he wanted to preserve himself as best he could by being with someone who would love him and treat him right and nurture the good parts of him. He didn't want to send himself off with someone who would use him for the wrong reasons, use him to satisfy her own wicked desires while stifling his own pure needs and desires in the process.

Unfortunately for him, what was happening here was all wrong.

For him.

Was it possible that he knew? That at some level, he knew what was gonna happen if he stepped into Janet's house, and he went along with it anyway, his animal brain dictating his actions? That Janet was right, and when confronted with her hot body, he wanted nothing more than to have sex with her, knowing how much he would like it? No. No.

Impossible.

"Fuck! Yes! That's a good fucking dick! Yes! God damn, you're filling me up completely! Holy shit! I've never felt such a hard fucking cock!" Janet screamed out loudly, slamming herself back against him, her

clutching cunt gushing around his swollen pole as she rode him from tip to root roughly.

"Oh my God..." he groaned, her tits sliding across his face, nipples digging into his skin and across his lips. He knew sex would feel good, but he never knew it would feel this good! Her pussy squeezing the entire length of his thick, bare cock, coating it with her juices, driving him insane with lust and need, taking him to the edge of climax but not taking him over. It was a glorious torture that he couldn't get enough of. Lizzy had never felt so far away from him. He felt like she was in a whole other world from this. Like she didn't belong here. But Janet... she belonged.

Maybe he did too.

"Fuck! I could just tell you liked that nasty pussy, baby! Yes! Girls know these things! Yes! Yes! Ugggghhhhh!" she groaned, her pussy spasming around his swollen meat as she rode him. "You ain't built to be a virgin, baby. You're built to be fucked! YES!"

"No..." he groaned, wanting to deny her, but his body said otherwise. His hands were still palming her big ass, pulling her down against him as she fucked him, and he kept humping up into her, pushing his cock up into her as she heaved herself back against him. He wanted to deny that his sole purpose in life was to be used by women for sex. He was so much more than that.

"Don't deny it, hon," she said, her ass still driving down against him as she remained clutched close to him, smirking as she looked down at him. "Just look at you. You're a born and bred stud! Ugh! Yes! Fuck, that's good! You can try and run and hide from your true fate, but we both know it! Fuck! Yes! Fuck! Your sole purpose in life is to make women scream and cum at the end of your big, fat cock! YES! YES! Forget about your girlfriend! Fuck! Yes! Forget about any vows and silly promises you've made! UGH! God damn! God fucking damn that dick feels amazing!" She pushed herself back slightly for more leverage, lifting her boobs from his face as she continued riding him.

"No..." he sighed again, trying to deny her words. But as he looked up through dazed eyes, he could see her blimp-sized breasts jiggling and bouncing lewdly, hard nipples bouncing in the air.

"Ugh! Fuck! Max, you need to let go! Yes! Let go and let me teach you. Fuck... fuck! I've been fucking for a long, long time now. Yes! I can show you so much! I can show you the world, baby! Yes! Just let go! UGH! Let go!" Janet screamed out.

"I can't..." Max groaned in pained pleasure. Sensing an opportunity to get his hands on those perfect, oversized breasts, he let his hands slide up her body in an effort squeeze them again, running his fingers across the succulent flesh, poised to squeeze. Then, suddenly, her tone changed. She grabbed his wrists and pulled them away from her, slamming them into the mattress. At the same moment, she sat down fully on his cock so it was completely sheathed inside of her and paused, holding herself in place. She was not gonna let him have his own fun without giving her exactly what she wanted.

"What's your little girlfriend's name?" she demanded, looking down at him, getting impatient with his stubborn refusal to admit his true desires.

"Lizzy..." he groaned out, knowing it was probably a bad idea to give up her name, but he was so drained he couldn't stop himself.

"Well, forget her," she said firmly, scowling, squeezing her cunt around him at the same moment. "Forget about Lizzy. She doesn't matter to you, not really. Not anymore," she said, squeezing herself around him again. "If you actually wanted her, you'd be doing this with her, not me. If she actually cared, she would have spread her legs for you a long time ago. You know that. That's why this is all her fault, babe. You torture and withhold yourself for her, and we both know that with her, the wait won't be worth it," she stated, squeezing her cunt around him again. "It's because of her that you're so horny and desperate! It's because of her you're in such turmoil! It's because of her that you ended up giving up your virginity to a nasty old whore instead of a cute young girl your own age..." she boasted, squeezing her pussy around him yet again.

"Ahhhh!" he groaned, writhing beneath her in a pleasurable agony.

"This is all her fault, Max, and you know that!" Janet stated, squeezing her tight, mature cunt around him again, her massive, bare breasts swaying above him. "You're a young man with needs, baby. Any girl worth her salt would know that. I noticed it as soon as you came up to my doorstep. Any woman could see it! You saved yourself for years for a girl like her, but she denies you what you need the most! You know that. You tell yourself you love her, but deep down, you don't. Deep down, you think she's a dumb little prude bitch who doesn't have what it takes to make a man happy! I don't even know her and I know that's the case!" She squeezed her cunt around him again, hard, making him writhe and squirm.

"Ahhhh! Fuck!" he groaned loudly, trying to use his young muscles to escape her grasp and defend himself from the tortuous pleasure she was putting him through. He wanted to defend his girlfriend from these slanderous insults, but he couldn't. The pleasure she was giving him with her incredible, mature pussy was making the words catch in his throat, and the leverage of her position kept him in place. All that he could croak out was a pained, weakened "No..."

"The proof's in my pussy, darling," she announced, squeezing her cunt around his hard, fully sheathed cock again, squeezing hard, sending electric jolts of lust coursing through his body. "It was so easy to seduce you, hon. I was just some old slut with her tits hanging out and her ass in a thong, and that's all it took for you to throw away your promises, your vows, your girlfriend... all of it!" she announced, squeezing her cunt like a vise around him again, making him squirm. As she did this, she shook her chest, making her boobs jiggle side-to-side.

Janet always took great delight in breaking down these young, proud guys, breaking them of their bad habit of thinking they were meant to spend their lives with young, cute women when they were in fact meant to be satisfying old sluts like her. Whether or not that was their true destiny was irrelevant. She just liked leaving a permanent mark in these guys and casting doubt inside them. Maybe some of them

were able to move on and settle in with a girl their own age and cast aside the night they spent with her. But she would hazard a guess that a healthy percentage kept chasing the pleasure they'd experienced with her, spending the rest of their lives trying to relive the one night they had with Janet Winston, fucking themselves into oblivion with other older women like her. That was the service she provided to the world.

Well, that was the service she used to provide. She'd been on the bleeding edge of older woman/younger men relations, but age had reached her too, taking her out of the game. But no longer. She was back. Whatever force had taken her from a rundown, worn-out old lady to a premium, prime-cut, grade-A, porn-level MILF had gotten her back in the game when she had long since aged out. She was back, she was meaner than ever, and she was gonna break this young virgin harder than she'd ever broken any man.

"I can feel your cock throbbing inside me! We both know it's true," she said, holding herself in place, squeezing her cunt around his rock hard pillar again. "If you and little Lizzy were truly meant to be, you would have done it with her first. True love is magnetic. You wouldn't have been able to resist each other." Deep down, in his addled mind, her words registered with him. The fact that Lizzy and him didn't have that level of magnetic, all-consuming physical connection... did that mean that something was missing between them? That there was a gap in their relationship he was ignoring, maybe lost in the haze of what he thought was true love. If they did end up together, would the bloom come off the rose when he realized there was no heat between them? He loved her, sure, and he wanted to have sex with her, but mostly because he was so horned up that he just wanted to have sex. They'd been able to keep their needs in check, but here, on this morning, when he was at his wit's end and at his most desperate, she was too far away from him to help. She wasn't there for him when he needed her most. He'd been left alone, desperate, and horny.

The perfect prey for the new and improved Janet Winston.

"Fuck..." Janet groaned, her cunt gushing around the young man's meaty pole as she squeezed herself around him. She was as excited as he was. "I think the fact that your big, fat, beautiful cock is buried inside me means you like me more than you ever liked her! Yes!" she

groaned, grinding against his pillar, her massive, hanging breasts swaying above him, a hypnotizing sight for his eyes. "You got all up in me in minutes! Haha! Yes! Fuck! That's the magnetism I was talking about! It took you minutes to betray cute little Lizzy and fuck me instead. She meant so little to you when it counted most! Yes! Fuck! And, haha... it turned out you liked me a hell of a lot more! Fuck! With how hard you are inside me, I think you fucking love me!" she groaned out, rising up ever so slowly before sitting back down onto him, driving him crazy with this tortuously slow fucking. His cock was pulsing with need, and she knew how to draw out to pleasure to an almost infinite length, from here to oblivion.

Looking up at her, at this woman he barely recognized as the woman he knew, he again had to ask himself what had happened to her. He knew this was an old woman, he knew it. He didn't question his memory that much. But how could an old woman look this amazing? Her once aged, wrinkled face was gorgeous and sexy and possessive of a natural, seductive glint that added to her appeal. Her ass was suddenly round and firm and juicy. Her belly was fit and taut in a way few women her age could ever hope to be. And of course, her tits were just massive and perfect and squeezable. The way they swayed above him was like a siren's song, lulling him deeper into lust and sin. There was no way a woman her age could have this body. No way. He truly had to ask himself if she had made a deal with the devil to look this good. But looking up at her, she didn't look like a worshipper of the dark arts.

She looked like the devil herself.

Completely nude, body radiating heat and sin, she was probably a nightmare visage for the holy. Her gorgeous face smirking, her eyes flashing with an off-putting evil while her body did nothing but invite you close. She was lust and sin personified. As crazy as it sounded, it was the only thing that made sense to his addled mind. It was the only explanation as to how she could be this hot out of nowhere. She was a tool for the wicked. She was tits and ass and bad intentions, the thing young men like him were warned about. And now he knew why. By the time he knew what he was dealing with, it was already too late for him. He was in too deep. He'd experienced the sinful pleasure a wicked temptress like her could bring him. His body was loving it. His cock was loving it. The sin had already entered him, breaking him

down, poisoning him, sacrificing the virgin so he could be reborn in the flames. It wasn't his fault that he was enjoying this so much more than he should. What was one man against the forces of evil and sin?

These were the addled thoughts of a broken, naïve young men clinging onto his last shred of decency, seeking to absolve himself of the responsibility of his own actions. Sure, Janet had gotten this incredible body through otherworldly means, but she was not some tool for the devil. She was just a horny old slut that had a predilection for hot younger men. And now that she had these massive tits and a perfect, firm ass again, she was on the hunt. Max was not some persecuted, pure young man injected with sin by this foul, evil, sexy temptress and made to like what was happening to him. He was a horny young guy who, like most, had sin bubbling in his veins. And the right woman had come along to make the sin and lust bubble over. And unfortunately for him, that woman wasn't a cute young girl his own age, but a nasty old slut with huge boobs. His lust had been a steady boil the entire day, and Janet was the right woman to push him over the edge. Add in the sprinkle of a MILF fetish buried deep inside him and we have a perfectly reasonable explanation for how he'd ended up being ridden by this old slut.

But in his mind, if this was beyond his control, beyond anything he could fight, he could allow himself to give in to it. If he was fighting a force that no one could hope to withstand, no one could judge him for giving in to it... right? No one could judge him for enjoying the nasty sex, fully embracing it, and fucking the ever-loving shit out of this hot bitch on top of him. No one could judge him for betraying his girlfriend, embracing sin, and fucking his way out of the insane situation he'd found himself in.

Right?

"So, tell me, baby..." she purred, her voice a sinewy evil. "Do you love me? Do you love me more than little skinny Lizzy?" she asked, squeezing her immaculate cunt around his bulging weapon.

Max looked up at her, fury behind his eyes and pleasure coursing through his body. He knew in his heart he loved Lizzy, but to escape...

to get through this, he'd have to lie. He'd have to give the devil what she wanted in hopes to escape her evil clutches.

"Yes..." he admitted, and despite knowingly lying, he couldn't deny the rush that coursed through him at this admission. Looking into her eyes, he continued. "I love you."

Janet grinned wickedly at this, squeezing herself around him again as a reward, but she wanted more.

"More than boring little Lizzy?" she asked with an evil glint in her eyes.

"Yes!" he admitted through clenched teeth, trying to fight off the pleasure she was inflicting on him. "I love you more than Lizzy..." he admitted, his cock throbbing inside of her again. At this admission, she grinned again.

"There you go..." the older woman purred. In reward for his admission, she pulled his wrists up from the mattress and slapped his big palms against her giant, ripe breasts.

"Oh!" he groaned as he reflexively gripped the older woman's massive melons, fingers digging into the soft, succulent flesh again. He released her hold on him, but he kept squeezing away at them, squeezing her enormous jugs over and over again. God damn, they were perfect!

"Do you love my tits, Max?" she groaned, grinding down on his post again. "Do you like what fills up old Ms. Winston's bra more than your cute college girlfriend?"

"Uhhhh... yes!" he relented, not wanting to say that he liked Ms. Winston's boobs more than his girlfriend altogether, but knowing he had no choice. But again, this verbal betrayal sent unrivaled levels of pleasure coursing through him again. He squeezed her tits roughly and humped up into her as she ground against him.

"Well, if you love me so much, then prove it!" she dared him. "Fuck the shit out of me and make me scream at the end of your cock! Use all those tasty muscles to fuck my brains out and turn me into a gushing, quivering mess! Give to me what you've never given your little girlfriend! Make me happier than you ever made her! Show me that you love me so much more than her by making me cum like fucking crazy!"

At this, she began to bounce on his big cock again, bouncing from the base to the tip just like she had before. And finally, instead of the half-hearted humping he'd done before, he began really matching her, driving up into her as she bounced on him.

"That's it! Give me that dick, baby! Perfect!" she groaned as they went at it, her bouncing on him harder and harder. With his feet on the bed, he gave himself added leverage as he heaved himself up into her, their bodies slamming together roughly, meaty slaps filling the room. "Mmmm! Fuck! That's just how I like it, babe! Fuck my nasty cunt! Yes! I love it hard and nasty, baby, just like you do! Keep doing it just like that! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

He wasn't fucking her harder to give her what she wanted. The fact that he was doing just that was secondary. But he couldn't deny that the filth and nastiness of this illicit encounter was turning him on like crazy. His body was alive with lust and sexual energy, and fucking this older bitch faster and harder only turned him on more. Embracing the nastiness of this encounter had pushed him over the edge and down the slippery slope of lust, and he was making that slide faster and harder as the seconds ticked by.

"Fuck! FUCK!" she screamed out in pleasure, riding the younger man faster and faster, her tits bouncing in his palms. "Fuck that's good! You wouldn't be fucking me so god damn hard if you actually gave a shit about your little girlfriend! Yes! YES! I don't think you care about her at all! UGH! FUCK! All you guys truly care about is sex! Hard, nasty, FUCKING! Right? Poor little virgin girls can't match up to nasty fucking sluts like me! Yes! YES! You guys act all kind and nice, but the nice ones are ALWAYS the nastiest! Yes! When it matters most,

you always end up going for the whores! Fuck! Look at you. You go to church every Sunday, you make all these vows and promises to your cute little girlfriend, and now your deep-dicking a nasty old slut like me! Yes! YES! Fuck! I love it! Look where all that got you! Yes! FUCK! Keep fucking me! Keep fucking me, god damn it! YES!"

Max wanted to deny everything she said, but he couldn't escape the lightning bolt of lust that coursed through him at her little speech. Her lustful words tickled him just right, and despite wanting to speak out and defend himself and Lizzy, he only fucked the older slut harder, giving her exactly what she wanted.

"Oh my God! You're so fucking good at this! How are you so good at this?" the older woman moaned, heaving herself down, slamming her ass against the younger man's thighs again and again. "I've taken a lot of dick in my day, babe! I'm not a boring fucking virgin! Fuck! When I say I'm a fucking slut, I mean it! Ugh! God damn! I've had sex with a lot of men. So believe me when I say that you're fucking built for this! Yes! You're a goddamn natural at fucking nasty fucking whores like me! I think poor little boring Lizzy's gonna stay a virgin forever!" She cried out, almost daring him to respond.

Despite knowing what he was doing, despite knowing that he had resolved to just fuck his way out of this while gritting his teeth at all the claims she was making, Max had finally had enough. He had to say something.

"Ughhh! Fuck! Stop talking about her!" he demanded, trying to ignore the pleasure as they kept fucking.

"Oh! Why's that?" she smirked, riding the younger man.

"She's... oh... she's nice! And sweet! I love her!" he groaned, still fucking up into Janet and squeezing her giant boobs.

"Ugh! But you said you loved me more..." she replied. "Oh! Shit! Baby, you've gone further with me than you ever did with her! Yes! She's

never felt your balls slapping into her ass, but I have! Fuck! You've never squeezed her tiny boobies, but you've been squeezing the hell out of my great, big ones! And you've never cum inside her, but you are gonna cum inside me!"

"Whuh..." Max groaned. No... she couldn't be serious. He knew he shouldn't be doing this bareback, or at all, honestly, but actually cumming inside her? That seemed like a line too far. That being said, he knew she was an older woman, so he didn't know if pregnancy was a concern, but that was before she got this crazy hot body of hers, so... who knows?

Looking up at her, she looked like a fucking mature sex goddess. Gorgeous, intense good looks with no wrinkles. Long, shiny brown hair. Golden tanned skin, shining with perspiration. Her fit, flat belly, a beacon of fitness and sexiness. And then her tits. Her massive, round, perky, sweat-covered tits, shining in the light, the soft flesh pouring through his fingers, her nipples hard as diamonds. He knew somewhere in there was that broken-down old neighbor lady he'd always known. But what was in front of him now, her looks and that body, was all that mattered.

That body of hers was enough to take him over the edge. Her body was enough to make his nuts explode, and he could not afford to do it inside her. That felt like something he couldn't come back from. So, he made his move, pulling his hands from her big tits and grabbing her by the sides, looking to push her off.

Or at least, he tried to.

Even though he had the strength advantage, she had all the leverage, using her position to fight back. They rolled in unison as she fell to her side next to him. Limbs tangled, chests sliding against each other, they wrestled for control. But despite that, his cock was still buried inside her. Max thought his young muscles would win the day and escape the clutches of this older woman, yet when he thought he had the advantage, she squeezed her cunt around his cock hard, taking the fight out of him for just a moment. That was all she needed as she

rolled back in to place, with her luscious form on top of him, wrists against the bed again.

"We're not done yet!" she sneered, her face inches above his. Then she leaned down and extended her tongue, licking up along his cheek, making him shiver as she established her dominance over him. Squeezing her cunt around him again, she resumed bouncing on his big, swollen dick. "Like it or not, you're cumming inside me! My cunt's gonna pull a giant wad from those beautiful nuts, baby. Don't fight it!" At this, with her upper half holding him down, she began to bounce her ass up and down, fucking his swollen cock with her tight, gushing, nasty cunt.

Max's head fell back. He wanted to fight back, he did. He wanted to be the beacon of virtue and purity that others could be proud of. He wanted to stay as loyal to Lizzy as possible. But then again, he didn't. At the moment, all he could think about was how badly he needed to fucking cum, and that was the thing that mattered most. He was gonna blow his nuts inside this old slut if she kept going like this. If he wanted any hope of escape, he needed to do something. Anything. But after the day he'd had, he didn't know if that's even what he wanted anymore.

"Oh my God!" he sighed, his cock swelling up. Her ass was bouncing up and down, swallowing his entire length again and again. Her heavy tits were pressed against his chest as her hips drove down into him, fucking him into the bed loudly and firmly.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum on that dick baby..." she sighed, eyes closing his dick felt so amazing. "I'm gonna cum really hard on this big, fat dick baby! Don't you want to make me cum! Yes! That's why you came here today! Fuck! To make me fucking scream! Yes! Yes! To betray your dumb little girlfriend and fill me up with your fucking cum! Yes! YES! Do it! YES!" She screamed out in pleasure, her pussy squeezing around his fat young cock.

"Please!" he begged, the semen churning in his nuts. "I don't..."

"Fuck! Yes, you do, babe! Yes! Do it! We both know the truth! Now do it! FUCK! Cum inside me!" she groaned.

It took a man of supreme will to have gone this far without blowing his top. But even he had limits. The pleasure... it was too great. Too unescapable. Too overwhelming. Again, she drove down into him, over and over, wearing him down more and more each time...

"Oh my God! I think I'm gonna cum..." Max groaned, unable to escape the older woman's clutches, unable to stop humping up into her as hard as he could.

"Do it, babe! Do it fucking inside me! I wanna feel it! Fuck!" Janet groaned. She raised herself up slightly, allowing her perfect boobs to be visible to him again. Sensing he was finally beyond fighting back, she pulled his hands back up to her big tits, and proven correct, he began eagerly groping her giant knockers. "Betray Lizzy forever!" she urged him.

"Oh!" he groaned, feelings his balls twist. He didn't want to cum to thoughts of betraying his girlfriend, but that train was well on its way now, and in the moment, the knowledge of his betrayal only added to his lust. The fact that he was betraying his girlfriend with this older skank simply made it better.

"Do you want to cum inside me, baby?" she demanded, driving down into him, her cunt quivering.

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes! Yes!" he moaned out, the pleasure too good to deny. "Yes! I want to cum inside you! I want to cum inside your nasty fucking cunt!" There was no deception here. No lying for the sake of getting through this. This was the honest truth. He was so far gone he wanted nothing more than to fill this old, sexy slut with a gallon of fucking cum.

"Do you want to betray your stupid, plain, ugly girlfriend for me?" Janet asked, bouncing on him faster and faster, testing out how far he was willing to go in telling the truth.

"Yes!" Max screamed out, on the edge, still palming the older woman's melons, holding on for dear life as she rode him. "I want to betray Lizzy for you! I want to betray my fucking ugly, boring girlfriend for you! You're the hottest fucking woman I've ever seen!"

"Now tell me the truth!" she began. "Do you love me? Do you love me more than her?"

"YES! YES! YES!" he screamed out, cock swelling at this admission. He was right there.

"OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! YES! YES! YES!" the old slut screamed, pussy spasming.

"I love you! I love you more than Lizzy! Yes! Oh my God!" he groaned, nuts ready to pop. "I'm gonna... ahh! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I'M GONNA CUM! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

All morning, he'd been horny. After all the houses he'd seen, all the sex he'd seen, he'd been even hornier. And all the sex he'd had had taken him all the way to the edge without cumming.

Until now.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" The handsome young man roared out, like a lion, as his overworked cock finally lost control, flexing and as a giant rocket of cum fired out of him and deep into the cunt of the nasty old woman on top of him.

"FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK!" she moaned out loudly as a huge orgasm hit her luscious frame, making

her entire body shake with excitement. Nerves lit aflame, the pleasure hit her in waves, her spasming cunt squeezing his hard, throbbing weapon as thick, potent cum exploded out of it, splashing inside of her waiting cunt. The knowledge that this hunky virgin was firing off cum into her tight older pussy only added to her pleasure.

"Oh my God!" he cried out, his big hands still groping the older woman's tits roughly as he humped up into her. His body was acting on its own practically, his hips driving upwards as he came, filling up the older woman's pussy with his thick semen, ensuring his cum was buried inside of her as deeply as possible.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES!" she screamed out, driving down into him, ass flexing, cunt spasming as she ground into his thick, meaty teenage dick. Her body was shaking, she was cumming so hard. She hadn't cum this hard in a long fucking time. This might be among the best orgasms she'd ever had.

Max was in the same boat. This was unlike anything he'd experienced. Not even close. Jacking off and taking care of business on his own was nothing compared to this. He'd gone from being a virgin to fucking a woman bareback and cumming inside her. He was doing the job right, losing his virginity in style. It didn't matter that this wasn't his girlfriend. It didn't matter that this was some older woman. Cumming inside a cunt felt incredible. He never knew how good this would be. His cock was firing off cum like a firehose, and he wasn't even close to stopping.

"Jesus! Fuck! Fuck!" he groaned, gripping her tits as he humped into her, his dick firing off again and again, filling her cunt.

"Yes! Yes! That cum was meant for her, baby! But give it to me instead! Fill that nasty cunt up with cum! Yes!" she screamed out in delight.

"Oh my God!" he groaned again, ass lifting off the bed as his dick fired off more jizz into the old slut.

"UGH! GOD! FUCK!" she groaned, grinding herself against him hard, coaxing more semen from his bloated nuts into her waiting pussy. "I feel it! YES!" She moaned, feeling the younger man's cum inside of her. "Fuck! You're cumming so much! Yes! You must like that fucking cunt to be giving it so much cum! Yes! Give it all to me! Yes! YES!"

"Fuck!" he groaned, eyes clenched shut, unable to deal with the reality of the situation. He was a tangle of nerves being untied, stretched out to his limits as what felt like a gallon of cum was being squeezed out of him by Janet Winston's experienced pussy. In this moment where he was cementing his betrayal of his sweet, lovely girlfriend, Lizzy was the furthest thing from his mind. All he could focus on was pleasure, the insane pleasure this older woman was bringing him.

"UGHHHH! FUCK!" she groaned out gutturally, moaning like a true whore on this young man's premium dick. Her juices were gushing on his rock hard pillar as she came over and over on his huge, beefy cock. Her ass was flexing as she squeezed herself around him, using the young man's dick for her pleasure, stealing his prized virginity to slake her own filthy lusts.

She wouldn't have it any other way.

"Oh! God!" he groaned, seeking salvation from this unending, torturously amazing pleasure. He just kept cumming, again and again. It felt like it would never end. He held himself back from this pleasure for so long, and now that he had given in to the sins of the flesh, it was being drawn out for what felt like an eternity of unrelenting bliss. It felt too good! How could anything feel this fucking good!? It was a blissful agony, the penance for the sin of lust made real. This was the cost. He craved lust and sin and pleasure? Well, this is what he got. More pleasure than he could take. More than any young man could handle. He was drowning in it now.

Eyes closed, he kept humping into her, again and again, cum rocketing out of him. His hands stayed squeezing her sinfully soft, squeezable tits. Lost in a twisted knot of lust, the longer it went on, the further away he got. He kept humping. Squeezing. Cumming. The pleasure went so long it felt like he was being drawn out to the

infinite, till he was nothing but thoughtless, brainless animal lust, humping and cumming for an eternity.

He didn't know when it ended. He passed out well before that point, but even beyond that point, he was humping, squeezing, and cumming. But eventually, he passed out, all energy leaving him. He didn't know for how long. His mind was so worn down that he slept a black, dreamless sleep.

When his heavy eyelids opened up again, he didn't know where he was. Alone, nude, he didn't recognize the bedroom he was in. He didn't remember anything. Looking down at his uncovered, naked, sweat-covered form, splayed out on a bed he didn't know, he was completely gob-smacked. Lifting his head from the bed, he sat up, groggy and confused. Gathering his breath, looking around, he had a few seconds of untainted thinking before the memories came flooding back.

Oh God! Him... and Janet Winston? No. This wasn't possible. This was a dream. No... a nightmare. He couldn't have. No! He'd never cheat on Lizzy, especially with an old woman like Janet. Wait, her sudden, shocking body change, giving her the perfect body of a true MILF sex goddess, that couldn't be real. It had to be a dream. It had to. Yes!

His hope was quickly shattered as Janet sauntered in to her bedroom, completely nude, freshly showered, her body as hot as it had been during the sex session that was currently haunting his addled mind. Her round, perfect ass. Her mammoth, firm, blimp-like tits. She looked even better than he remembered. Fuck!

"Hey there," she purred as she glanced at him as she entered the room before padding over towards her dresser. Looking at herself in the mirror before pulling open a drawer, her naked body in profile, she stood there completely exposed to him as she did this menial task. There was something about seeing her like this that sent a jolt of lust through his exhausted form, bringing his cock back to life. The young man gawked, confused and speechless. Not looking over at him as she faced the mirror, she spoke up.

"I bet I know what you're feeling," she said as she found herself looking at her own reflection again, running her fingers over the skin near her eyes. She just stood there, slightly bent over, her round full ass pushing outwards, her massive jugs standing out from her fit frame, perky as hell. How could a woman her age look that young and sexy?

"Whuh..." he grunted, still waking up.

"I know how guys like you think," she resumed, still looking at herself in the mirror, evaluating all the flaws in her looks that were now gone. "I know your first hook-up is a pretty monumental moment, and guys like you tend to get all soft and emotional and want to, like, date and all that shit," she said, glancing at him, shaking her head and smiling. "But I ain't a relationship kinda gal. Especially now, with this body..." she said, glancing down at her own hot, tanned, luscious form. "I'm not settling down anytime soon."

"No..." he croaked as more memories came flooding back. What had he done? He couldn't have... no. How could he? He had betrayed his girlfriend! What was he thinking. "This... this was a mistake."

"Hahaha..." Janet laughed softly to herself as she pulled open a dresser drawer, looking for something. "Hon, you pumped a gallon of fucking cum inside me. There's no mistaking that."

Looking up at her, he recalled thinking she was some otherworldly force of pure sinful lust born in the fires of hell itself, but staring at her now, he realized that she was a mere mortal. An older woman. An uncommonly sexy, smoking hot older woman with a perfect ass and massive, melon-sized tits. With that body, she stood out from the crowd. But standing in front of him, looking for clothes in a quiet, silent moment, she looked nothing but human. He hadn't succumbed to a powerful evil. He'd succumbed to the same sins many others had, human-level sins. He'd been lured in by a seductive, confident woman and fucked into near insanity. For a guy like him, who had always seemed above it all, realized now that he was just as sinful as the rest of them.

"I... I shouldn't have done this," he said, sitting on the end of the bed, putting his head in his hands, trying to rub away the mistakes he'd make. At this, she turned her head and glanced at him. Still naked, she turned to face him.

"Hon..." she began, getting him to look up at her. Damn, she did look incredible. Her tits were so fucking big, vaulting out from her chest. Add on to that her flat belly, her long legs, her golden tan, her exposed pussy... she looked amazing. "You can try to run from it, but baby... your built for this. This is your life. Your little... thing... with the little boring virgin girl... that's not gonna last. I've seen the true you in a way she never can... you're not meant for her. You're not built for any younger girl. Hon... you're built to fuck older women. Like... it's crazy how true that is!"

"No," he said, shaking his head. "I... this was a mistake! I'll never make it again. I'm gonna go back to Lizzy... and make things right!" She smiled at him, almost pitifully.

"Okay..." she said, smirking, holding her hands up. "You don't have to believe me, babe. But trust me... you're gonna make an older woman like me very happy someday. Haha!" she said, laughing. She then bent over to retrieve some of her discarded clothing, grabbing her bra and thong and holding it in her hands, ready to pull them back on.

"No," Max said again. "I won't," he affirmed, denying her again. He wasn't some piece of meat for older women to use, even including his actions of today. He was so much more than that, even still. Right?

"Whatever you say, darling," she said, glancing down and smirking, clearly not believing him. He followed her stare, only to notice that his prick was rock hard again, standing out from his lap despite his outer turmoil. Now that he noticed it, he couldn't ignore it. God damn... why was he so fucking hard again? How could he be this horny still? It felt like the lustful endorphins were already flooding his system again.

"No..." he panted again. What was going on? Maybe if she wasn't parading her hot body like this, he wouldn't be in such a condition. Janet was about to step into her thong when she paused.

"Babe..." she began, smiling wickedly, taking a step forward, her naked, tanned tits jiggling as she moved closer. "You can leave at any time, but... you probably shouldn't leave in that state," she said, looking straight at his young cock. "God, I love young men..." she said to herself, before shaking her head. "But, anyways... you already cheated. You already pumped me full of cum and betrayed your virgin girlfriend in the process. But... we don't have to be done yet. Why not get your money's worth before you go? Why not have a bit more fun? It all counts as one cheat, right? How about we take a shower, me and you? I'll clean you up... rub you down. And you can do the same to me. You can put your hands on my body... wherever you want." He was looking up at her as she fully had his attention. "You can touch my perfect ass... my long legs... my big tits!" she said with some oomph, making her massive melons jiggle. "We can wash up, relax, and when all that's done, you can bend me over and fuck me up the ass!"

His dick literally jumped in an almost comical fashion as she said this. His eyes flashed with heat at the same moment. Her logic made sense. He'd already cheated... how much worse was doing a bit more? And besides, he couldn't leave in this state. The job was unfinished. He could... he could do a bit more. Yeah, he could. Then, when he left, he'd be done. It would all be over. He could escape this mess, learn from it, and return to Lizzy, never to make the same mistake again.

Janet smirked as she saw the gears turning, watching him commit whatever mental gymnastics he had to do to justify why he needed to fuck her again. Dropping the undergarments from her hands, she approached him, bent over, and curled her fingers around his rock hard pillar.

"Come with me," she purred, and like the good boy he was, he stood up and followed her as she led him towards the shower by the cock.

The pretense was to clean up, and for a few minutes, together in the shower, that was the case. But within minutes, Janet's big tits were pressed into the glass as Max held her by the hips as he roughly drilled her up the ass. He slid his hands around her to squeeze her massive melons as he pumped her ass full of dick. He was beyond thought. Beyond all that kindness and reason and purity bullshit. He was a cursing, rutting animal, fucking this older slut up the ass, not thinking about anything else but following the pleasure this hot bodied whore could bring him.

For him, it felt like all innocence had left him as he was corrupted by the sins of the flesh. For her, it was bringing him exactly where he needed to be.

After a few minutes of this, of him mercilessly fucking her up the ass, making her squeal and squirm in delight, she came on his cock again, her tight ass clenching around his iron rod as she screamed in lustful pleasure. And he followed suit, fucking her ass in a lustful rage until he exploded again, filling her ass with a giant load of thick, broiling cum.

By the time his shower was complete, he was supposed to feel cleaner, but if anything, he'd never felt dirtier.

Janet never stopped looking at him with that knowing smirk as they left the shower, dried off, and cleaned up. He stayed silent as he got dressed, trying to avoid her gaze. By the time he had pulled his clothes back on, she had done the same, pulling back on her black lace thong and bra. Looking into each other's eyes for a moment, he didn't know what to say. This whole thing was beyond awkward for the inexperienced young man. Like, this was an older woman that he barely knew that he just lost his virginity to. And through it all, she'd taken glee in running down his girlfriend and proclaiming his destiny to fuck older women.

What could he possibly say?

Nothing, that was what. Simply nodding at her smirking, confident face, he turned away, moving towards the front door and stepping out fast.

He was met by the bracing chill of the wind. He'd spent all day out in this mess, at least until Janet, and he'd adjusted to it. But now, it felt worse. It felt harsher. Crueler. Where before, he'd been used to it, now, it felt unfamiliar. Like he'd never experienced anything like it. Like he didn't belong anymore. He'd experienced the other side for a mere few hours, and now, in this world he'd lived his entire life in, this world of intense beauty and purity, he felt like a stranger.

He made it back to the house without incident, and he could only hope that no one could see behind his guilty eyes. But because people trusted him, no one sensed a thing. No one questioned him in the slightest. Even when he touched base with Lizzy via text, she didn't sense anything was off. He'd gotten away with it.

It probably didn't hurt that everyone else seemed distracted. Tim seemed a bit distant, plus him and Viv were helping with Christiana. And his dad and sister were sitting near each other, talking, both with huge grins on their faces, talking as if there was a shared secret between them. No one had noticed anything off with Max. And by the time the rest of the family got home, the house got so busy that he was able to fade into the background. He was able to hide his sinning behind his kind face, good heart, and his sterling reputation.

He truly had gotten away with it.

He vowed to himself that he would never be so stupid again. That he would never make this kind of idiotic mistake again. He would be better. He would never let Lizzy down again.

But in the hustle and bustle, he found himself looking out the window, towards Janet's place, the source of all his conflict. And every time he did, his cock would stir to life.

That was the thing now with the holiday. The sins that hid behind the façade of Christmas were spreading to the best and brightest. Not just the Carrolls, or the Morris's, or the Calvorsons... it was affecting everyone. It would sneak up and overwhelm them before they even saw it coming, and it wasn't slowing down. It was speeding up. And the marks that this spreading sin was leaving were permanent. The sins that come along at this holiday of love and charity were unable to be shaken away fully, even by the best of them. Once marked, they were poisoned. Corrupted.

The spreading sin had just reached Fourth Street, and those corrupted were marked forever, Max included. And these men and women had only just been marked by this spreading sin.

Who knows what that corruption would make them do in the future?