



Christmas Desires (Desire Genie)

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Description: Elle

This festive season, I've found someone who will fulfil my forbidden fantasies about the big guy in red.

My ex-boyfriend called me perverted, but this year, my searching brought me to a Dom they call the Desire Genie, who says he will bring all my kinks to life. He's even offered for me to experience a scene with his friend, too. Will Santa and his little helper bring my secret Christmas desires to life?

I guess tonight I'll find out if I've been naughty or nice.

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CHAPTER 1

E lle

Electricity ran underneath my skin as I moved through the large room. The country manor glowed with decorations for the festive season. Warm white lights twinkled on an enormous Christmas tree covered in red bows in the corner. I made a beeline for the wood-panelled bar and tugged at the hem of my little black dress as I slid onto a stool. A bubble of tightness swelled in my throat, and I bounced slightly with the beat of the low-level music.

The barman smiled at me, and I ordered a white wine. The cool alcohol did nothing for my internal state. I gripped the stem of the glass as I stared around. Most men wore expensive suits, and the women wore cocktail dresses. The grandeur of the room didn't look how I imagined a sex club would look, but apparently, it was very discreet, and this was the semi-public area. Because it was exclusive as fuck here, the real debauchery went on elsewhere in the sprawling manor house.

The check-in desk took my phone when I signed all the electronic paperwork, so I couldn't distract my nerves by playing Candy Crush or texting Zoe. I wished my wing woman were here, but she was across the pond, pandering to a fit-but-grumpy CEO who sounded like he wanted more than just her image consultant skills. So I was alone without backup, waiting to meet a guy they called the Desire Genie . I probably ought to be more nervous than excited. Zoe always said I trusted people too quickly and made too many spontaneous decisions. But I'd done my research this time, and as daft as it sounded, I thought he might be my only hope.

In my increasingly desperate pursuit to explore my kinks, I got organised on how to fulfil them. No one would describe me as a shy girl, and I'd yet to find a guy that could handle me. I was sick of boyfriends looking at me weirdly when I told them what I liked in the bedroom. I thought it was girls who were supposed to be vanilla? However, through the wonder of the internet and an interesting conversation with a fellow fashion buyer, I found an online community for kink lovers attached to this club.

Murmuring brought my attention to the door. My breath caught in my throat at the sight of the guy in the doorway. The lighting played off his impeccable suit that was definitely not off the rack. As a fashion buyer, I prided myself on knowing clothes. The light grey wool mix brought out his piercing dark eyes. They swept the room and landed on me and a smile curved his full lips. I shivered as he came closer. The size of him made me want to squeeze my thighs together.

"Candy Cane, I presume?" His deep voice ran over me like velvet.

I nodded. "Gene?"

He asked I call him Gene, not Desire Genie. I'd picked my seasonal name for effect.

The bartender nodded at him and slid a coke towards him as he took a seat next to me.

"Glad you found the place."

"It's not what I expected," I said.

The beautiful, listed building on the edge of the Peak District wasn't where I imagined sex parties being hosted. You could book a room to stay after playing too.

“What did you expect? Dungeons and leather restraints? We have those. But not in the main lounge.” He flashed a set of pearly white teeth.

I suppressed the need to shake my sweaty hands out.

“It’s classier.”

“That’s the general aim.” He took a sip of his drink, and I watched the strong column of his neck move. Was neck porn a thing?

“I reviewed your limit list. You are an adventurous girl. You should explore full membership here.”

I hummed. It was certainly a temptation for me. The club gave women a reduced rate. I’d heard they made single women feel very welcome. As an online member, I could attend a certain amount of nights as an invited guest of a main member. The membership was steep but incredibly tempting, especially if I could land the bonus attached to an up-and-coming account at work. In the meantime, I was here as Gene’s guest. He’d run a poll in the forum about unfulfilled kinks and chosen my answer from the group. He offered to be the Dom to bring a particular desire of mine to life.

“Are you still interested in exploring a scene with two Doms?”

The buzzing inside me intensified. Gene had broached the idea during one of our online chats. I didn’t think too hard; this entire experience had released my freak flag, and it was flying free. Did I want to experience double pleasure? That was like asking a girl if she wanted chocolate with her chocolate. I wanted it all.

“In for a penny, in for a pound. Or a double pound?” I smirked.

Gene grinned. “You’re going to love it here.”

One of my kinky forum friends who previously experienced a scene with Gene said he was an incredible Dom, and I was safe with him. As a reckless type of girl, this was reassuring to me.

“Let’s sit somewhere more comfortable, and I’ll have him meet us.” Gene helped me off the bar stool and ushered me to a sofa beside a fireplace.

Up close, colourful tattoos peeked out from beneath his cuffs, and his fresh, lemony scent tickled my nose. We set our drinks on the small table separating the two couches and sank into the buttery leather seat.

“Would you like to find a Dom long-term?” he asked.

And explore the side my previous boyfriends found perverse? Hell yes.

“I’d be open to that,” I said demurely.

I wanted to shout, “Do bears shit in the woods?”

Gene nodded. His eyes focused behind me, and he raised a hand, rising to his feet.

“Simon,” Gene said, and I turned to look.

My breathing sped up. The new guy wore an expensive blue shirt open at the neck and dark, pressed trousers. His dark-caramel coloured hair caught the light as he drew closer. He wasn’t as tall or stocky as Gene, but his lithe frame gave the impression of coiled strength. My heartbeat pounded in my ears. Wow .

They shook hands and clapped each other’s backs like old friends. The newcomer’s eyes caught mine, and a smile teased the edge of his full lips.

Holy shit . It was hot by this fire.

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CHAPTER 2

E lle

I tried fruitlessly to create a neutral face, convinced I must be drooling. The effect of both these gorgeous guys up close was frying my brain.

“This is Candy Cane. The sub I was telling you about. Candy, this is Simon.”

I smiled at him, regretting the stupid name now as it sounded daft. Simon’s gaze roved over me like a caress, and a spark flew up my arms when he gripped my hand and kissed my knuckles.

“Pleased to meet you, Candy. So you got a night with our infamous Genie.”

My smile widened, slightly overwhelmed by their dual focus. The live wire feeling was back. I glanced between them and only managed a nod.

“Words, little one, words.” Simon’s voice turned strict, and my nipples pebbled in my dress.

“Yes.” I held his gaze, and my usual sass rose to the surface. “I got a buy one, get one free deal too.”

“Brat.” His eyes smouldered into mine.

Gene cleared his throat and produced an iPad from nowhere.

“I want you to review your limits. Simon and I have checked them over.” He passed me the tablet, and I looked over the familiar questionnaire, the fine hairs on my arms rising.

Just filling in that list for Gene opened up possibilities that had me reaching for my vibrator. I had to Google some terms, but none of them put me off. He only created an intense curiosity to explore this and relief that maybe I wasn't a freak like my ex called me. Perhaps I'd found people who were kinkier than me, and I was eager to learn everything. I finally wanted to feel like myself. I was waging a one-woman sexual revolution!

“Nothing has changed,” I said when I finished scanning.

“These are for Simon and me.” He swiped through to the questionnaires for them both.

I scanned them. There wasn't much in the hard limits.

“Gene doesn't kiss, but it's not a limit for me,” Simon said as I passed the iPad back.

“You've requested we lead the scene where we believe you would enjoy going without knowing all the specifics beforehand,” Gene said.

Gene had been meticulous about consent and safety in our discussions – perhaps the thing that made me most comfortable. There was no coercion. We talked everything through and agreed on each possible detail. We brainstormed scenes, and most things sounded amazing.

“Yes, I want the anticipation.”

None of my exes were ever creative enough to surprise me, and running through all

the options with Gene was like trying to choose from an expensive restaurant menu when you've just been told everything is free. I wanted someone else to decide.

"Remind me of your safe word and the check-in."

"Green is, I'm fine, amber for a pause and red or... Grinch for stop." I cringed.

Gene said red was enough, but I could have another safe word if I wanted. In my exuberance, I chose something silly, and now, sitting in front of these intense guys, it sounded very childish.

"Look at me," Simon said.

I glanced up, expecting disgust.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. Open communication is an adjustment initially, but you never need to fear ridicule."

Was I that transparent? I shook myself. Tonight was a fantasy come to life, so I squared my shoulders to show that I was ready.

"It's fine. I'll get used to it."

"Good girl," Simon murmured, and my system zinged to life.

Gene made me repeat the words as I held their gaze. It gave me a strange sense of power. In my bones, I knew they would stop if I asked them. Gene was calm, but Simon's gaze, although controlled, held more heat.

Was I really going to shag both of them? Hells yes! Early Christmas present for me.

“Have you been a good girl this year, Candy?” Gene leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“Maybe,” I hedged, thinking about all my foul language and sometimes extended borrowing of clothes samples.

Gene smirked. Standing, he extended his palm. “Let’s show you around and get you comfortable.”

I stood and smoothed out my dress, not bothering to finish my wine. Gene’s warm hand spanned my lower back, and Simon flanked me on the other side. Something inside my chest fluttered. We drew a few eyes as we walked across the large room.

The corridor was cooler than the lounge with its roaring fires, and as we moved further into the big house, the paintings grew gradually more erotic.

“This is the Garden Room.” Gene indicated double doors to the right, with a plaque labelling it. “The various rooms are open to move between, but only when the light above the door is green.”

We explored further, and he showed me the doors to the Sun and Moon Rooms, explaining the types of activities that tended to go on in each. Apparently, you chose a particular room for the night based on your preferences or needs.

We ascended a spiral staircase, and my fingers tingled as I touched a hand to the polished wooden bannister. Arriving on the first floor, I tried to control my erratic heartbeat.

“These are all individual rooms. Guests book them for periods. We are in this one tonight.”

He opened a heavy-panelled door to a lushly decorated space. The four-poster bed drew my eye, and the stocking attached to the bottom of the bed made me shiver. The room was decorated for Christmas. Simon walked further inside, and I noticed a cross attached to the wall and a sex swing. Various objects sat on top of a dresser; some I recognised, a flogger, a cane and some cuffs, others I didn't. A full-body quiver wracked me, and I pulled my eyes away.

“Colour?” Gene asked, and I realised his dark eyes had seen my reaction. “We’ll be checking in regularly.”

“Green.”

So fucking green . I wanted to yell. I was a loudmouth by nature but felt out of my element with Gene. Like my snarky personality had curled up for the night, resigned to leave me to it.

Simon strode over to a comfy armchair near the Christmas tree. Moonlight spilt in from the adjacent window, adding to the festive glow.

“On the bed are some clothes. Change into them and get into bed. I will change, but Simon will stay here and watch you. He will watch until it’s time to join in.”

Watch me change. Watch us. My breathing hitched, and a wicked smile spread across Simon’s face.

“What is your safe word?” Simon asked.

“Grinch. Red,” I said automatically.

“To slow or pause?”

“Amber.”

“Continue?”

“Green.”

“Good girl,” he said, and the heat rose at his words again.

He leaned back and spread his knees like some resplendent god. He could easily model with the level of presence he had.

“Get dressed. I’ll be back.” Gene disappeared through the door opposite the main one.

I dropped my gaze from Simon’s and walked toward the bed. Laid out was a top made of black netting and a cute pair of silky, pink pyjama bottoms with candy canes on them. A note on top held two simple commands.

No underwear. Loose hair.

Excitement raced through me as I let my shoulder-length curly hair down and slipped out of my dress. Simon’s eyes burned into my back as I bent and slipped my black thong off.

“Turn.” His command lashed at my senses, and I swallowed thickly.

Turning, I was acutely aware I had a black bra and heels on but nothing else.

His eyes roved all over me, and he rose from his chair. “May I?”

He held out his hand, and I passed him the sleep shorts, a tremble in my arm giving

me away.

He knelt in front of me. "Lift." He tapped my leg.

I lifted it, and he leaned forward, inhaling as he slipped the soft material over my foot. Tapping the other, he made me raise it as he hooked the other side on. Torturously slowly, grazing my outer thighs, he pulled them up. The heat in his eyes as he looked up scorched through me, drenching my pussy. No one had ever stared at me with such intensity. Once the shorts were in place, his fingers briefly gripped my hips, and then he stood again and reached around, unclipping my bra. Slowly he pulled the bra down, and the material rubbed against my hard nipples as it fell away, causing me to suck in a breath.

Somehow, I felt even more naked now, and the heat blazing off his shirt fuelled the fire. My senses were full of his musky scent, and my shorts were already damp.

"So pretty." He skimmed his fingers across the underside of my breasts.

He leaned down, and I held my breath, waiting for him to take a nipple into his mouth, but he snatched up the top from the bed behind me.

Air puffed out of me. I'd never been this wound up. He stretched the neckline and drew it down over my head. The elastic netting glided over my skin as I pushed my arms through. Each netting hole caught on my straining peaks as he extended it down over my tummy. When it finally settled into place, my engorged nipples stuck through the material obscenely.

"Such a perfect combination of naughty and nice." He stepped away, and I swayed towards him, catching myself at the last minute.

"Shoes off and into bed. Santa won't visit unless you are a good girl." He turned and

walked away, leaving me panting.

CHAPTER 3

E lle

This is it . No one was going to leap out and call me a freak. My naughtiest desire was coming to life, and it was even hotter that Simon would watch. My body throbbed with need. Stumbling slightly, I yanked my heels off and pulled the covers back, slipping into bed as chills raced over my skin.

Simon flicked the lights off, leaving only illumination from the Christmas tree and the moon. He settled back into the armchair, his eyes glittering in the multicoloured lights. My breathing was shallow as I struggled to remain still. Closing my eyes, I willed my body to calm down, but it didn't work. The anticipation clawed up my throat, threatening to bubble out.

Sleigh bells tinkled, and the door creaked open. My breathing kicked up, but I kept my eyes closed like I was asleep. I felt his presence draw closer, and a gentle stroke across the covers ramped up my desire.

“What do we have here?” Gene’s voice was husky.

I continued to feign sleep, pretending I wasn't electrified with need.

“Have you been naughty or nice?” Coarse hair tickled my ear as his breath ghosted across it.

His hand snaked under the covers, and his leather gloves caressed my skin, making

my breath hitch. Agonisingly slowly, I opened my eyes and focused on the mass of white beard obscuring his face. His dark eyes gleamed down at me from below his hat brim. Heat shot through me as a red jacket swam in my peripheral vision.

“Tell me, Candy, have you been a good girl?”

“Yes, Santa,” I breathed, barely able to get the words out.

“I hope you aren’t lying because naughty girls lie.”

I shivered. “No, I’m a good girl.”

His hand ghosted over my pussy, and I arched into his touch.

“According to my list, you haven’t been a nice girl this year. In fact, this top” – he stroked a finger across my nipple – “proves you’re naughty. It tells me you have been having dirty thoughts about Santa. You want to distract him from his deliveries.”

“What will you do?” I blinked at him, watching his expression above his fake white beard.

“Naughty girls get the cane.”

“A candy cane?” I fidgeted.

He chuckled and yanked the covers off me, and cool air rushed across my nipples.

“Only good girls get a candy cane. Bad girls just get the cane.”

I pouted, leaning into my childish side, and he chuckled.

“Up.”

I stumbled to my feet. The padded suit made him appear larger than before, and excitement zipped through me when I spotted the black leather gloves that disappeared under his fur-lined sleeves. He had a sack slung over his shoulder, and I watched, mesmerised, as he extracted a red leather collar and set of cuffs from it. I shuddered as he clipped it around my neck.

“Wrists.”

I held my hands out, and he secured the red leather to my wrists. The inside was soft, but when he clipped them to the collar, it meant I had very little range of movement for my hands. The knife edge of fear created by being bound heightened my state.

Gently, he led me with the chain over to Simon, who watched us coming with a predatory glint in his eyes.

“Lie over his lap, naughty girl.”

“Are you Santa’s little helper?” I asked, my sass rising the closer I drew to Simon.

Simon’s eyebrows raised at my cheekiness, and he chuckled throatily. “Oh, I’m Santa’s helper all right, but I’m not little, and I’ll be helping fill that bratty little mouth.” He patted his lap. “Over.”

Unsteadily, as I couldn’t use my hands, I laid over his firm thighs, too excited to sass him any further. There was rustling, and the rough material of Gene’s Santa suit brushed the back of my legs. Simon hooked a thumb in the waistband of my shorts and yanked them down.

My pussy clenched as I imagined the image of me laid across his lap, my arse

exposed as Gene playing Santa stood behind me. It was debauched, and I was totally here for it.

A gloved hand skimmed over my cheeks, the fur lining his cuffs whispered over my overheated skin.

“Colour?” Gene growled.

“So fucking green,” I panted, and a silent rumble of laughter passed through Simon beneath me.

“She doesn’t sound sorry for being a bad girl,” Simon mused.

“She will be.” Gene’s voice held a menacing edge. “She needs warming up for the cane.”

His gloved hand smacked down on my buttock. The stinging pain made me gasp and jerk.

“Count.” Simon’s arm pinned me firmly across his thighs.

“One.”

“One what?” Gene asked.

“One, Santa.”

Blows cracked across my cheeks, some harder, some softer. The pain, acute at first, morphed into pleasure. My pussy dripped with moisture, and the tops of my thighs slid together as I panted.

“Ten,” I squealed, squirming against Simon’s restraining arm. My arse was on fire, but the rest of my body blazed with need.

“Such a good girl.” Simon smoothed his palm over my smarting skin.

“She’s ready,” Gene growled, and I whimpered.

Could I take it? The edges of my vision were hazy.

“Give her a reward to suck on,” Gene said, passing something to Simon above me.

Cool glass smoothed across my lips, and I opened my eyes to zero the stripy object. Oh my god, was that a glass candy cane dildo?

“Open,” Simon growled.

His erection dug into my side. I opened my mouth, and the cold glass slid into my mouth.

“Suck.”

I did obediently, and it smothered the squeal from the pain that whipped across the back of my legs. I hate the other cane!

“Suck it and take your punishment for being naughty, then we’ll show you what nice girls get,” Simon cooed as Gene smacked the thin cane down on my tender buttocks.

The pain morphed into a pleasure so dangerous it overcame me, dimming my senses. I rocked on the edge of an orgasm, and suddenly he stopped. Simon pulled the candy cane out of my mouth and replaced it with his thumb.

“Suck my thumb while Santa gives you a reward for being a good girl.”

I sucked, and Gene ripped my pyjama bottoms off my ankles roughly, kicking my legs apart, exposing my wet pussy.

“Such a bad girl enjoying that so much,” Gene said, pressing the cool glass to my drenched entrance.

Sucking harder on Simon’s thumb, Gene pressed the glass dildo inside me, and the sensation of being full of cold hardness made my eyes roll back.

“Look at you, dirty girl, being fucked by Santa’s candy cane,” Gene said as he built up a rhythm.

My orgasm hurtled towards me, and I moaned around Simon’s thumb. Their combined ministrations saturated my body and mind with sensations. Someone’s fingers found my clit.

“Come for us,” Simon growled.

I detonated as a bomb of pleasure burst inside me, spreading out of my centre as Gene ruthlessly fucked me with the candy cane, prolonging the orgasm.

He pulled the dildo free at the same time Simon removed his thumb from my mouth, and I slumped forward over his knees, boneless and floaty.

The sensations came to me down a tunnel as they unclipped my wrists from the chain and moved me like a rag doll until I reclined back against Simon’s front, sitting between his thighs in the chair.

Gene covered me with a soft blanket and offered me a drink. My mouth was dry, but

I hardly had the energy to take a sip. The Christmas tree lights sparkled in the corner of my vision, and I lost myself in their beauty.

Simon's hands smoothed over my hair and down my arms. After a few minutes, it coaxed me back to life. Unfortunately, the burning sting of my buttocks flared up too.

"There she is," he whispered in my ear, and I blinked my eyes open, not realising they'd fallen shut. "We aren't done with you yet. Give me a colour."

"Green," I said, my voice strangely hoarse.

"Santa's waiting for you over there. You need to get on his lap to receive your present."

CHAPTER 4

E lle

I blinked over to Gene, and my breathing hitched. His Santa suit was open as he reclined in the middle of the sofa, his arms spread and carelessly draped over the backrest, exposing his muscular tattooed chest. An impressive erection tented his baggy, red trousers.

“I don’t think you’re quite ready for him.” Simon pushed the blanket from me.

He lifted my cuffed hands to loop around his head, stretching out my muscles, then nudged his face next to mine inside the cage of my arms. This action arched my back, thrusting out my chest. My fingers came to rest in his hair, and the electric sensations underneath my skin started up again. He lifted my legs to curl over his and then shoved the net top high above my breasts. He was offering me up like a buffet, exposed to Gene’s gaze, all while the steel rod of his erection pressed into my butt.

Gene lazily pushed down his trousers. His impressive cock sprang out from a thatch of dark curls. Simon’s fingers ghosted over my throat, securing me against him. His other hand skimmed down my breasts and rib cage down to my pussy.

“You’re so responsive. So wet for us. Such a good girl,” he whispered in my ear as I shivered, my eyes locked on Gene’s cock as he lazily pumped it, still wearing those black gloves.

“I need to get you ready to take Santa’s big cock.” He circled my overly sensitive clit,

and I writhed against him,

The hand at my throat tightened, briefly cutting off my air. “Stay still.”

A thrill pulsed through me, and his hand relaxed. I sucked in a breath. Simon’s fingers worked tortuously, circling my clit and then dipping down to my drenched entrance.

“Imagine what he’s going to feel like inside you. This tight little cunt is going to be ruined by Santa’s massive cock.”

He continued the filthy commentary about Santa ruining my pussy, and once again, I was dangling on the precipice of an orgasm. Simon’s hand withdrew.

“Please,” I sobbed.

Simon folded my arms down and grabbed my waist, standing me on unsteady feet. “Go to him now.”

I stumbled forward, my cuffed hands in front of me, a flush dotting my upper body.

“Stop,” Gene commanded as I drew level with him. “Turn.”

I rotated, looking back at Simon. His gaze trailed over me, and I yelped as Gene pinched my tender buttock.

“Such a pretty colour,” he said.

A fine layer of sweat coated my body and made me shiver in the cool air. Gene caught my hips and pulled me back towards him, slotting his legs between mine, making me straddle him. He guided me to kneel on the edge of the couch facing away

from him and brought me down onto his sheathed cock. The stretch was delicious, and I shuddered as my wetness aided my descent. I balanced forward with my cuffed hands on his legs. Ink ran down one thigh, forming colourful patterns and depictions of genies that disappeared beneath his carelessly pushed-down Santa trousers. I raised my gaze and looked at Simon, who had got naked while Gene was impaling me. His dick was thick, and his body was lean and athletic.

“Look at you, dirty girl, sitting on Santa’s cock.” He strutted forward.

My pussy clenched around Gene.

“You’d look better with your hands cuffed behind your back, but we’re easing you in.” Simon cupped my face.

My whole body buzzed as my breath panted in and out.

“Santa is going to fuck you now, and I’m going to use that bratty mouth. Put your hands here and tap my leg three times if you need us to stop. Show me now.”

Frustration welled inside me. I didn’t want to demonstrate my nonverbal safe word; I was buzzing with the need to come. Simon must have read that on my face because his expression hardened.

“Do we need to stop?” he asked.

“No.” I put my cuffed hands on his thigh and tapped three times.

“Good girl.”

I shivered again.

“She loves that. So responsive,” Gene said. “Suck his cock while I fuck you.”

He thrust up into me, although it was more of a grind in this position, and it nudged me toward Simon, who smeared pre cum across my cheek and then held himself at my lips. I licked the salty flavour off him.

“Open,” he commanded, and I took him into my mouth.

I sank into myself, surrendering to the sensation of being caught between them. Gene framed my back, fucking up into me almost lazily. Simon gathered my hair into a fist, and they settled into a rhythm. I steadied myself, but I was just a rag doll, mashed between them as Gene ground into me from below and Simon fucked my throat. I gagged, and my eyes watered. They overwhelmed my thought process, pinning me and using me.

Gene jostled me forward as he slid us off the sofa. My feet hit the floor, and Simon’s cock bottomed out in my throat. From this new bent-over position, Gene thrust into me with renewed force and found my clit with one hand as the other held me up by my hip. He circled, and the gloves’ leather added another layer of sensation. The pulses of pleasure hurtled me towards another release.

“Come for us.” Simon’s grip tightened.

Gene sped up on my clit as he thrust, and I soared upwards. I exploded into pieces of stardust and light as the pleasure swept me away. Dimly, I was aware of Simon groaning as he stilled and came. I gasped for air as he pulled out, jerking himself and covering my chin and breasts with his cum.

Gene continued to fuck me through the waning orgasm until he roared and stilled inside me, his cock pulsing with his release.

“So beautiful,” Simon said reverently, rubbing cum onto my sensitive nipples.

“Take her,” Gene said, sliding out of me and nudging me forward to Simon.

Simon grabbed me and swept my feet out, carrying me over to the bed. We settled into a spooning position, with him cocooning my back as my breathing came under control. He removed the cuffs and massaged my wrists. My eyelids felt heavy.

“If you want a nap, Santa might fuck you awake. Would you like that?” Simon whispered in my ear as he stroked down my arm.

My brain was working slowly, but I liked the sound of that. I liked it a hell of a lot.

“Yes.” I nodded, but my head was heavy.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Ask me.”

I cajoled my brain to form the request.

“Please let me nap, then fuck me awake, sir.”

He smiled against my ear, and Gene climbed into bed, pressing closer to my front and smoothing a hand down my arm. I tried to keep my eyes open as I wanted to trace the intricate patterns of Gene’s tattoos, but I trusted them to look after me, and the warmth and the afterglow tugged me under.

CHAPTER 5

E lle

Sensations reached me from afar – tingling skin, heaviness in my centre, and pleasure snaking through me.

“Merry Christmas, Santa’s filthy girl,” a husky voice said.

Someone lifted my leg, and I moaned at the sensation of the deeper angle. I blinked, and a furry white bobble floated in front of my face. My breath caught as I realised Simon was wearing the hat and moving on top of me – inside me. A burst of lust exploded through me as my brain came back online.

“Yes, squeeze me just like that,” he said, leaning back.

The dim, festive lights glinted off his lean torso. The Santa hat sat low on his brow line. Holy shit! He made a sexy Santa.

I moved to touch him, but a clinking made me realise my hands were cuffed down, this time above my head. I was restrained at their mercy. This heightened every sensation cascading through me.

“Colour?” Gene’s gravelly voice made me look over.

He lounged in the chair. Gloriously naked, all his ink on display, and his keen eyes observing us.

“Green,” I panted.

Simon lifted my other leg and folded me entirely in half, thrusting deeper.

“She’s perfect,” Simon gritted out.

Gene stood up and came closer.

“A Christmas present for you,” he said as he drew level with the bed.

A buzzing started, and I realised he had a small bullet vibrator. Simon widened my thighs and sat back but didn’t lose rhythm. The drag of his cock changed, and the angle stimulated my G-spot. I arched against the restraints and closed my eyes. The vibrator touched my clit, forcing them open again with a cry. It was too much and not enough at the same time. My toes curled in on themselves. These two were going to kill me.

“That’s it, come for us.”

I fell over the edge into the orgasm, and it sucked me down like a black hole.

Simon pulled out, letting cool air rush over my overheated skin. I lay dazed for a few minutes as Gene unclipped my cuffs from the bed and undid them, massaging my wrists.

“Up you get.” He nudged my loose limbs to sit up.

Simon sat back against the headboard. His erection sat proudly upwards. The condom was empty, and I realised he hadn’t come.

“Do you want to stop?” Gene asked.

I shook my head and crawled towards Simon, who grinned, his Santa hat skewed on his head.

“Words,” Simon growled as I straddled him.

“No, I don’t want to stop.”

“No, what?”

“No, sir.”

His eyes gleamed, and he helped me position myself over him by gripping my butt cheeks and spreading me wide. I slid down on him, and the slight soreness added to the knowledge that these two had worked me over tonight, and I loved it.

My unrestrained hands fell onto the warm skin of Simon’s chest. Gene shuffled behind us on the bed.

“Your form said you wanted to explore anal, but that takes some preparation.” He stroked a finger down the crease of my arse, and it feathered over my back hole.

I groaned and squeezed around Simon.

“A beginner plug would be a good start while Simon fills you up.”

I shivered as Simon guided me up and down, his wide fingers spreading my cheeks for Gene. A bottle cap clicked, and Gene’s fingers returned covered in cool liquid. The pressure at my back entrance, coupled with Simon fucking into me from below, made my eyes roll back. Gene breached my tight ring of muscle, and the slight burn hurtled me to the edge faster than ever. How the hell was I ready again?

The pressure left, replaced by a cold, slippery object that felt huge for a second until it disappeared fluidly inside.

I cried out at the weight of it. Simon moved his hands to my hips.

“Bounce,” Gene barked.

I met Simon thrust for thrust. The next second, the bullet was back against my over-sensitive clit. Simon hammered his hips upward, and the feeling of him inside me made my eyes roll. I clenched up, and the added weight of the plug caused pleasure to burst from my centre. I screamed, and Simon pulsed faster, prolonging my release and following me over with a grunt.

Panting and riding the wave, I slumped forward over Simon’s chest. Gene slid the bullet away, and I was a limp noodle once more.

Eventually, Gene helped me up and led me into the shower. I might have levitated there rather than walked. Simon joined us, and between them, they washed me. My mind floated as I enjoyed the water rushing over my skin and the ministrations of two sets of large hands.

Once everyone was clean, they worked together to dry me off, trading off to dry themselves. They left me to go to the toilet, and when I emerged, Simon pulled a fuzzy robe around me, and I snuggled into the collar.

“You did astonishingly well, Candy,” Gene said. “Simon will take you to the pod suite you booked.” He’d dressed in a pair of sweats and a T-shirt.

“Thank you. It was amazing,” I said, unable to form a more coherent sentence.

I knew instinctively that my time with Gene was over. It had been spectacular. My

body was sore in places but free from tension, and I had no regrets.

CHAPTER 6

E lle

Simon placed an arm around me and steered me out of the room. We stopped in front of a door marked Pod Three . He opened the door and revealed a tiny room. The futon mattress was against the wall and covered with blankets and soft cushions. A vast beanbag leaned against the bed, and a canopy of material extended over it like a tent with an open flap. Fairy lights dangled from the top of the room. It looked like one of my childhood dens but bigger and squashier. A warm feeling settled in my centre.

“That’s your private bathroom.” Simon pointed to a door to the left.

“It’s cute in here.” I walked inside, my toes sinking into the thick carpet.

“Hence the name, pod. We found people needed time and space to decompress. The rooms aim to enhance the sense of safety.”

I nodded. Sense of safety? I might never leave ! The pod suites here were cheaper than the hotel rooms, but I chose it based on the information pack indicating it was best for single guests.

“Let’s get you settled. Your things are here.” He gestured to my small suitcase that I hadn’t noticed behind the door.

He arranged the blankets and cushions and moved me about like a doll. Once

situated, he made me drink half a bottle of water, then turned me over and smoothed some cream into my sore bottom.

“You like being bossy.” I smiled at him.

“I’m a Dom who enjoys aftercare. And brat taming.” He winked as he rubbed my heated skin.

“Will you stay?” I glanced away. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t ask that.”

“You should always ask for what you want. I can stay until you fall asleep, but then I must go.” He pulled my leggings back up.

The disappointment that filled me surprised me with its intensity. Gene had left, and it seemed natural, but being parted from Simon seemed more acute. I turned away, sitting up and attempting to hide the disappointment on my face.

“But I would like to play again. Would you consider attending again as my guest?” Simon looked up at me as I settled back against the pillows.

“I’d love that,” I said, really meaning it.

His energy and confidence were just what I looked for in a sexual relationship. Having fulfilled my seasonal kink, I was supposed to be looking for a boyfriend, not a play-Dom, but if I ended up this satisfied every weekend, then I’d use my next bonus on a six-month membership. I worked hard and deserved the stress relief. Simon might be the Dom to explore all of my kinks with. I couldn’t quite believe how much we’d covered in one night. I said so to Simon as he wedged in next to me.

His chuckle warmed me. “That’s not usual. Most people need a slower lead-in. Learning their edges slowly, but you took to it like a duck to water.”

“I’m not sure I have any limits,” I mused.

“Everyone has them, but we’ll explore where they are.” His smile was seductive, and even my exhausted body felt a ripple of excitement.

I knew I’d be walking funny by tomorrow, but it was worth it. It was vindicating to know that I wasn’t a freak. It was nice not to have to force my partners into trying things. The multiple relationships I’d been through trying to be more adventurous paled compared to tonight.

I couldn’t wait to tell my best friend Zoe when she returned for Christmas. She’d roll her eyes and then demand to know every detail. The NDA I signed about Gene’s identity and members here meant I couldn’t discuss them outside the forum, but I could describe things broadly. Should I text her or wait to see her face?

“What’s got you smiling?” Simon asked.

“Just imagining texting my best friend and telling her I finally shagged Santa.” I coughed. “Two Santas.”

Simon let out a booming laugh. “You are a brat.”

“I prefer the term spirited.” I grinned at him. “I can’t wait to play again.

“Sleep first, and we’ll explore another day.” He ran a finger down my cheek, and something lightened inside my chest.

My bones were tired, but I was deeply content. Apparently, I’d only been out about half an hour earlier. Only long enough for Simon to be sure I was asleep before fucking me back awake. A tiny burst of lust flared through my tired system. That was something I wanted to do again.

I snuggled down, letting my eyes fall shut.

I woke buried in blankets and roasting hot. I sat up and looked around the room. Definitely alone . Flopping back onto the soft covers, I basked in last night's replay as I smoothed my hand over the soft blankets, smiling.

Best Christmas Ever.