



*Rockin' Under the
Christmas Tree*

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It had been a crappy year. Not only had my ex-husband gotten remarried, but the guy I'd dated for several months had told me in July that he'd found a woman who wasn't as "difficult" as I was. Since then, I'd met a few guys through the adult dating site I belonged to, but no one serious had shown up. Honestly, I was tired of hook-ups. All I wanted for Christmas was a man who wanted me in his life, not just his bed, and I didn't hold out much hope of finding him.

My friends had tried to get me into the holiday spirit with nights out and parties. A couple of them had even dragged me along on shopping trips. I hadn't been in the mood to deal with holiday mall crowds, but I'd tried to get some Christmas spirit. No luck

I wasn't expecting any presents under my tree this year. On Christmas morning, I would travel to my parents' house several miles away to engage in holiday pseudo-cheer with them and my siblings, and the nieces and nephews who always reminded me that my own marriage had broken up before kids could come along. I'd get presents there, and I would smile and thank the givers, and then I would go home and be alone again.

I knew I was wallowing in bah-humbugland, but I couldn't help it. A year ago, I'd been fresh out of my marriage and was still savoring my freedom. Being alone hadn't bothered me, and the friends Jack and I'd accumulated during the marriage had still been around to visit and give me something holiday-like to look forward to. Unfortunately, most of those people had turned out to be Jack's friends, not mine, and this year they were celebrating with him and his new wife.

I spent Christmas Eve in my usual place: in front of the computer in the adult dating site chat room. I wore purple flannel pajamas, carefully chosen in a color that had nothing to do with Christmas. My one concession to the holiday was a cup of eggnog, heavily laced with rum. I was chatting with my few online friends who weren't already celebrating the holiday or weren't busy getting Santa's gifts ready for their little ones when my friend Greg logged in.

If I'd had a choice about which man I wanted to unwrap on Christmas morning, it would have been Greg. He was gorgeous; tall with sandy brown hair and deep brown eyes and a body like a pro athlete. I'd met him in person at a few of the parties the chat room group hosted, but we hadn't hooked up. We had a great friendship, and so far that had been all. I was pretty sure he was interested, and I damn well knew I was. I just didn't know how to get the point across to him, and I wasn't sure I wanted to screw up our friendship for the sake of a fuck.

"Stellar, what are you doing for Christmas Eve?" he typed, addressing me.

"JingleBalls, not a damn thing," I typed back. "Sitting here with my eggnog and my cats, waiting for it to be late enough to go to bed." I couldn't help cringing when I typed Greg's handle, which he used year-round. He had way too much Christmas spirit. He'd started talking about the holiday back in September, and his insistence that Christmas was the best thing ever

had become a running joke in chat.

“Stellar, no gifts to open?” he asked.

“Jingle, not unless Santa really exists.” And was willing to bring Greg to my door so I could unwrap him. Just thinking about it made me tingle.

Maybe he would offer to come over and keep me company. Maybe for just one night, I would relax my “no more random hook-ups” rule. After all, Greg wouldn’t be exactly a random hook-up. We were friends, and there was nothing wrong with adding some benefits to the friendship.

I didn’t say that to Greg, of course. He probably had Christmas Eve plans. Some sexy younger woman coming over to suck his cock or something. Besides, I’d told him I wanted more than sex, and he’d seemed pretty determined to stick to hooking up with women and avoid relationships entirely. We weren’t on the same page, no matter how much I wanted us to be.

“Stellar, you might be surprised.”

“I’m sure I will be.” I wished there was a sarcasm smiley to use on my post. I wouldn’t be surprised by anything that night. It was just another night.

After a few minutes, Greg typed, “bbiab,” letting us know he was leaving the chat room for a while. I stayed, reading the conversations and occasionally participating. Before I knew it, twenty minutes had passed and Greg hadn’t come back. He must have had some Christmas stuff to do. Or someone to do. I was bummed; I’d been looking forward to some banter with him to keep my mind off my boring existence for the evening. Now I was stuck in the room with several people I didn’t even know, and a few who I knew but who were involved in a conversation about their decorations and Christmas dinner plans. Not a discussion I wanted to have.

Half an hour later, my doorbell rang. I jumped. I wasn’t expecting anyone. Since I lived alone, I was very cautious when someone showed up at my place without notice. Who the heck would be at my door at nine on Christmas Eve?

I peeked out the window beside the door, looking through the sheer curtain instead of moving it aside. If an axe-murdering Santa was out there, I didn’t want him to know I’d seen him.

No Santa, axe-murdering or otherwise. Instead Greg stood on my porch, wearing a Santa hat, a white T-shirt and patterned cotton shorts, and a huge red bow. My heart pounded, and it wasn’t because I was afraid of what he had planned.

Greg was here. At my door on Christmas Eve, and that could only mean one thing. I was going to be unwrapped for Christmas. The thought sent a delicious little tingle through my entire body, centering in my pussy, which had gone far too long without attention from anyone other than me.

I whipped open the door. “Are you insane?” I demanded. “It’s fifteen degrees out here! What

are you doing here dressed like that? Get in here!”

“I brought your Christmas present, Sheila,” he said through chattering teeth as he stepped inside. “I thought you'd be happy to see me.”

“Of course I am, but you're going to catch pneumonia.” I closed the door. “What do you mean, you brought my Christmas present? Where is it?” As if I hadn't already figured it out. If he wanted to play games, I'd be more than happy to play along. Besides, I wanted to make damn sure I hadn't misunderstood his intentions. Maybe he actually had a gift hidden in his shorts or something.

He pointed at the bow that covered half his torso. Ribbons from it wrapped around him. “Right here. I'm it, sweetheart. I know you're interested, and I've wanted you ever since the night we met. So now's our chance.” He lay down on the floor under the Christmas tree that I'd put up out of habit. “Go ahead. Unwrap your present.”

I laughed. “You really are insane.” But he was right; I did think he was hot, and I'd been interested in him since the first time we'd met at one of the chat room meet and greets. The sexual tension between us had been building since then. And now here he was, under my tree, all wrapped up for me. Hell, who was I to turn down a gift? Even if he did look like a dork lying on my carpet wearing a bow.

I knelt beside him and tried to untie the ribbon. I wanted him so badly my fingers shook and I couldn't get the stupid thing loosened. “Where did you get this thing?” I asked. “And how do I get it off you?”

He grinned. “I've had it for a while, because I've been planning this for a while. I knew you'd be spending Christmas Eve alone unless someone else gave you something better to do. If you want to get the bow off, keep working at it; if you want your present badly enough, you'll figure out a way to get it open.”

He'd been planning this? That turned me on even more. All the times I'd thought about fucking him, and he'd been thinking the same thing. I should have said something sooner.

Then again, having him show up to be my Christmas gift was fucking hot, and I didn't regret having to wait for it a bit.

I did, however, regret that he'd decided to wear the goddamn bow that I couldn't seem to untie to save my life. I picked at it with my fingernails, until a nail broke and I swore. “I'm going to get scissors and just cut the damn thing off.”

“If you're that impatient, do what you have to do.” Greg folded his hands behind his head and crossed his legs. “I'm nice and comfy here. It's up to you to open me.”

“What about me? Don't I get opened?” I wanted him to open me. First by stripping me down and then by spreading my legs and shoving his hard cock into my cunt. A nice little pulse throbbed between my legs, and I was wet. Ready for him to do whatever he wanted to me.

“This is your Christmas present, Sheil. You get anything you want.”

“Anything?” He didn’t know what he was getting himself into with that offer.

“Anything at all.” He winked. “Once you unwrap me, that is.”

Screw untying the bow. It was taking way too fucking long, and I didn’t want to wait anymore. I grabbed my scissors from my desk and started cutting. “Hope you weren’t planning on reusing this.”

He grinned. “Nope. I don’t plan on regifting myself.”

I finally got the ribbon undone, pulled it out from under Greg where he had wrapped it around himself, and tossed it aside. With the bow out of the way, I could see the Christmas tree on the front of Greg’s T-shirt. It matched the little trees scattered over his shorts. The nice, big bulge in the front of his shorts made my mouth water, and I licked my lips. “You really do get into the spirit,” I said.

“Yeah.” He sat up and gripped the bottom of his shirt. “And now I want to get out of it.”

I swatted his hands. “I thought this was my present. Doesn’t that mean I can unwrap it as slowly as I want?”

He raised an eyebrow. “You cut off the bow. I don’t think you want to be slow about this.”

He was right. I tugged at the bottom of his shorts, then changed my mind about what I wanted to see first and pulled his T-shirt off. He raised his arms, but made no other move to help or hinder me. He really did want me to unwrap him.

I threw the T-shirt over to join the ribbon in the corner and studied the top half of my “gift.” I’d never seen Greg shirtless. Damn, his chest was even hotter than I’d thought! All pecs and no hair. I couldn’t resist kissing right between his nipples.

He moaned softly. “Keep doing that and you’ll get more of a present than you’re bargaining for.”

“Oh, really?” I kissed him there again, then, for good measure, licked each nipple. He shuddered, and I smiled. This was going to be fun. “How about now?”

“Mmm. I think you’d better finish unwrapping.” He lay down again. “Go for it.”

I ran my hand over his hard cock, and my pussy tightened in anticipation. “Feels like you brought a nice, big package for me.”

He closed his eyes for a second, then smiled up at me. “Find out.”

I slowly pulled his shorts down. His cock sprang free, resting against his belly. A droplet of precum already glistened at the tip, and I shivered at the thought of tasting it. His cock was thick, and just the right length to fill me up. I wanted him so badly I ached, but I couldn’t just strip and pounce on him. With a couple deep breaths and a lot of effort, I got myself under control. “It

really is a nice package.”

“Why, thank you.” He took my hand and brought it to his cock. “So what are you going to do with it?”

I rubbed his shaft, then wrapped my hand around it and stroked him, nice and firmly like I was sure he would enjoy. From the way his eyes rolled back for a moment, I knew I’d been right. He moaned and lifted his hips, encouraging me to keep going.

I did for a moment longer, then gave in to the need to suck him. Bending down, I swirled my tongue around his cockhead, tasting the tang of precum. He was so ready to fuck, and I wanted to just rip off my pajamas and take a ride. But first I wanted to get full use of my present. Sucking guys off always turned me on.

For a few seconds, I sucked just the head of his cock. He made noises that were either pleasure or protest, possibly both, and lifted his hips again. I backed off and glared at him and he subsided, but I knew he wanted to fuck my mouth and the second time he tried, I let him. He used my mouth the way I hoped he’d use my pussy later, thrusting in as far as I allowed him while I used my hand to stroke the rest of his length and cup his balls. His sounds grew louder, and I smiled. He was about to lose control.

“Fuck,” he gasped. “Sheila, I’m going to come.”

Good. Obviously I couldn’t speak, but that was exactly what I wanted. For him to come in my mouth so I could taste him.

And he did exactly that, erupting with loud, wordless cries. I swallowed each burst of semen as he bucked under me, until he finally relaxed with a sigh. I gave him one last lick and rocked back on my heels. “Anything I want, right?”

He took a deep breath. “Fuck, you’re good at that.”

“Yes, I am.” I grinned. “Are you going to answer me?”

“It’s your present, babe. But fuck, what you just did was a hell of a present for me.”

“Glad you enjoyed, because I definitely did.” I stripped off my pajamas and straddled his chest, kneeling. “I want to be eaten for Christmas, Santa.”

“Gladly. I’ve been waiting months to get a taste of your pussy.” He grasped my hips and pulled me forward on my knees until I was close to his mouth. Then he flicked my clit with his tongue. Little shocks shot through me, taking my arousal up to eleven, and I moaned. “Mmm, just as yummy as I thought it would be,” he said. “Come a little lower, babe, so I can really get my tongue into you.”

I lowered myself. He slid his tongue along my slit, stopping to nibble my clit with his lips, then plunging his tongue inside me. It felt so fucking amazing I almost came on the spot, but I forced myself to hold back. I wanted this to last more than I wanted release, even though I didn’t think Greg was the kind of guy to stop the first time a woman came.

He alternated between tongue-fucking me and focusing on my clit, while the explosion built inside me until the need to come was almost painful. Then I let go of my control. “Oh, God, Greg, I’m coming!”

He took his mouth off me long enough to murmur, “Come for me, babe.”

He flicked his tongue against my clit again and that was all it took. My moan rose to a near-scream as my orgasm ripped through me. It had been a while since I’d had anything other than a self-inflicted orgasm; I came so hard I thought I would black out. My body shook and bucked as total ecstasy ripped through me, and I cried out things I didn’t usually say.

Finally the waves subsided. Greg touched my clit again with his tongue and I jumped and shook my head. I was sensitive as hell now, and I needed a breather. “Too much.”

He guided me backward with his hands, then pulled me down to lie on him. “I guess you liked that.”

“Hell yeah.” I took a couple deep breaths and shuddered as an orgasmic aftershock hit me. “Damn, I wish I’d known how good you are at that.”

“Well, now you know.” He pushed his hips against me, letting me know his cock was hard again. “And you see how much I enjoy it. Let me know when you’re ready for the rest of your present.”

My cunt tightened again, partly in aftershock and partly because I was more than ready to fuck him. “All right, but I think there’s one part of my present that needs to be rewrapped before we get started.”

“Check the pocket of my shorts. I brought a few, um, wrapping papers.”

I hurried to the corner, grabbed his shorts, and pulled three condoms out of the pocket. “Three?”

He smiled. “In case you like your present enough to want more. Which I’m pretty certain you will, if I do my job right. If you want me, you need to wrap me, babe.”

I opened one of the condoms and unrolled it over his cock. Then I straddled him again, teasing him by rubbing my slit along his shaft. “Can I have a ride, Santa?”

“Hell, yeah,” he moaned. “Fuck me, Sheila. I can’t wait to be inside you.”

I couldn’t wait either, and the teasing was torturing me more than him. I reached between us and held his cock so I could slowly lower myself onto it. Very slowly, even though I wanted to just ram myself down. But I hadn’t been fucked in a while, and I needed to let myself adjust to his thickness.

Thanks to Greg’s expert oral, I was wet enough that I felt no discomfort as my cunt stretched to take his cock. Once he was completely inside, I sat still for a moment, smiling down at him. I’d wanted this for a long time, and I could hardly believe I was actually having him. “You feel

so good in me.”

“You feel amazing, babe.” Greg cupped my cheek with his hand for a moment. “You’re beautiful.”

My heart swelled, and I tried to think of something to say. Before any intelligent words came to mind, he grasped my hips and lifted me slightly. “And it will feel even better once you start fucking me.”

Nothing like taking the sap out of the moment. It was probably a good thing; it would have been far too easy to say something embarrassing otherwise. I rose and slid back down onto his cock, letting out a sharp cry at the intense pleasure. “Fuck, that’s so good!”

He caressed my ass. “Then keep doing it, babe. Fuck me as hard as you want; I want to feel you come before I do.”

I started fucking him, slowly at first, then faster and harder. After the first minute or so, Greg began meeting my downward moves with upward thrusts. His cock hit just the right spot inside me, and I reached down to play with my clit as we fucked. Within minutes, I was shouting his name as I came again, pleasure exploding through me so I could feel nothing else. My pussy clenched on his cock and my whole body tingled.

He tensed beneath me, stopping his movements for a moment. “Keep going,” I begged through another wave of pleasure. “Fuck me until you come.”

He moaned and thrust up into me again, pulling me down to lie on him as he picked up his pace. He pounded into me, and, still sensitive from my orgasm, I came again almost immediately, shouting into his ear even though I tried to keep control. Holding me tightly against him, he cried my name as he bucked, spasming inside me again and again. I screamed as another burst of ecstasy took me, and then lay limply on my lover, trying and failing to bring my breathing back to normal.

After a few moments, I managed to lift my head to look into Greg’s eyes. He smiled up at me, still panting. “Fuck. I knew you’d be good, but I never imagined how good.”

“You were pretty amazing yourself,” I said.

“Why didn’t we do this sooner?” He smoothed my hair away from my face. “We could have been doing this for months now.”

“You said you were only looking for a once-in-a-while thing.” I bit my tongue. Way to harsh the afterglow.

“I was an idiot.” He nudged my hip. “Off, please, so I can take care of this.”

I eased myself off his cock and sat on the couch. The rough texture of the fabric against me let me know I would be sore the next morning, but it was definitely worth it.

Now we just had to figure out what came next. Was this a one-time thing? Were we talking

a friends-with-benefits arrangement? I knew what I wanted. Greg had become the best friend I had. He always made me laugh, was always ready to cheer me up when I'd had a shitty day. I couldn't have picked a better boyfriend if I'd custom-ordered one, except for the part where he'd said he didn't want a relationship.

That had been a while ago. Things might have changed. I would just have to wait and see. Whatever happened, I didn't think the emotions welling up in me were only a result of being fucked. I loved him, and I hadn't wanted to admit it even to myself. Now I couldn't deny it.

Greg went into the bathroom and came back, sans condom, to sit beside me. He pulled me into his arms and I lay my head on his shoulder. "Did you like your gift?" he asked.

"I loved it," I said, the closest I could come to saying what I really felt. "Thank you, Greg."

"Thank *you*." He kissed my temple. "I wasn't sure you'd even let me in tonight, let alone go along with this. I'm glad you did."

"So am I." But now it was over; it was just a matter of time before he put his clothes back on and left. I wouldn't have minded his spending the night, but I didn't dare hope for that much. "Are you going to be warm enough going home?"

"Home?" He sounded disappointed. "Are you throwing me out?"

I looked up at his frown. "No, of course not."

"Good, because I was kind of hoping I could wait and leave in the morning when the sun is out. Might be warmer then." He gently lifted my head and brought his lips to mine in a sweet kiss that sent warm chills through me. "Can I stay the night, Sheila? You don't want to get rid of your present yet, do you?"

He wanted to stay. I almost jumped for joy, but reined myself in. "God, no."

I kissed him, teasing his lips with my tongue until they parted. Our tongues explored each other's mouths, and despite the incredible fucking I'd just had, I wanted more. After a moment, I pulled away and sat up. "Let's continue this in my bed, shall we?"

"Wait a minute." He put his finger under my chin and turned my face so I had to look directly into his eyes. "I didn't only come over here to fuck you."

"You didn't?" My pulse sped up and I held my breath. He couldn't be about to say what I hoped he was. There was no way I could be that lucky.

"I told you I'd been an idiot." He rested his hand against my cheek. "We've been friends for months, and I kept saying I didn't want a relationship. That was only partly true. The whole truth is, I didn't want a relationship with anyone except you. We started out talking and flirting, but it's more now, Sheila." He took a deep breath. "I love you."

Oh, God! He'd said it. He'd actually said what I'd dreamed but had never believed he would.

And he was sitting there waiting for an answer. “I love you too,” I said quickly, the words tumbling over each other.

“Then can I have you for Christmas?” He pecked my lips. “Not just your body. I want all of you, Sheila. In every part of my life.”

It was the most romantic thing anyone had ever said to me. Even Jack’s proposal hadn’t been anything compared to this statement from Greg. My eyes watered, and I swallowed a lump in my throat. Maybe Santa really did exist, because I’d just gotten exactly what I wanted for Christmas.

“Yes,” I whispered. “You can have me.”

“I love you.” He stood and pulled me up into his embrace. “Thank you for making my Christmas wish come true.”

“I love you too.”

We kissed again, and this time there was more behind it than just lust. When our mouths parted, he smiled and looked at me with so much tenderness I almost cried again. “Merry Christmas, babe. Here’s hoping it’s the first of many for us.”

I caressed his cheek, feeling the prickle of stubble against my hand. “Merry Christmas. And I hope so too.” I smiled. “But this one will always be the best.”