

Rocky Mountains Santa visits Ms Rheinhart

Santa stands at the front door of 1200 Daley. His breath is still clouding the entrance way, the outside temperature is well below freezing.

He has his red and black sack over his back, in standard Santa movie style. The silly hat and cheap fake beard, as usual, are annoying the hell out of his face and chin.

He rings the doorbell and shouts “Ho Ho Ho”. That clichéd but important calling card.

The sleigh is parked out back, with the reindeer off the reins, munching on the long grass left by Angela Rheinhart. Truth be told, he almost overshot the house completely, as he was busy looking up at the Milky Way arcing over the sky, and was distracted by a meteor flashing through the sky, disappearing down low behind the mountain ridge to the South. Winter in the Rockies on a clear night is fantastic for star-gazing. As long as you have warm clothing.

Santa likes Angela Rheinhart. And Angela Rheinhart, based on his visit last year, likes Santa. A lot.

He used to deliver to the previous occupants of 1200 Daley, and boy were they a miserable bunch. Dour, boring, with a wife, overweight, old-style Big Hair, who looked beaten-down and frayed at the edges, and a husband who had already gone to bed. The wife simply smiled, with a weird plastic-surgery frozen smile, and took the gifts from him, then said “thanks, you can go now” with that air of finality that one gets from a person whose interaction style is based on brief discussion, followed by dismissal.

But last year, when Santa knocked on the front door (no, Santas do not go down chimneys. Have you seen the real size of a modern American chimney? Even a child sweep could not get down and up one of those damn passages), and the door opened, and the new lady of the house stood there, in a white toweling robe, her hair damp from the shower, with her deep cleavage visible, her tanned strong legs meeting the Welcome mat, and said cheerily “well hello Santa, I have been expecting you. I hope you are coming with a special present”, in a voice that said “you wouldn’t want to disappoint, would you?”, Santa knew instinctively that this year, 1200 Daley was going to be a different drop-off.

And so it proved. Mrs Rheinhart, who immediately told him “call me Angela”, and then turned away to walk into the living room, somehow letting her robe fall open at the front as she did so, was clearly made of all things nice. And naughty. The interview, before Santa handed over the gifts, was extensive and detailed. It ended, after Angela had uttered many curse words, with him firing his large shower of cum into her open mouth, as she literally begged him to “fill me, you s.o.b”, furiously playing with her round pair of tanned breasts as his cock twitched and spewed into her mouth and over her chin in front of the wood fireplace, his firm hand on her head as he pointed the cock at her with the other hand. Not only was Angela eager for his present, she swallowed it with great enthusiasm, even squeezing a couple of final drops before slowly letting go of the softening weapon, and running her hands up his abdomen, sighing with that endorphin-fuelled sigh that many women utter when they have been satisfied.

Mr. Rheinhart, if indeed there was a Mr. Rheinhart, was nowhere to be seen all evening. He learned a long time ago at Naughty Santa School to not ask too many questions. Get in, give the lady her present whichever way she wants it, then the gifts, then get over to the next house.

Of course, how he, a 52 year-old guy with greying hair, no beard, and a decidedly average body, ended up as a Santa is still something of a mystery to him. When his friend, who did work as a mall Santa at Christmas, said that he had been asked about being a Naughty Santa, he assumed it was a joke, and burst out laughing. The friend put down his beer, looked at him, the way that adults look at stupid children, and said, deadpan “they phoned me, I don’t think it is a joke”.

Which led him, just for laughs, to email them the next day, whereupon he was asked to submit a photo. He assumed that since he did not look remotely like Santa, they would reject him, but no, they then asked instead for a photo of him only wearing tight briefs. Next thing he knew, he was told to attend an “audition”. The rest, as they say, is history.

The evidence of the success of his interview last year was when the emails arrived at the North Pole clearing house from Ms Rheinhart requesting the next Christmas visit on...December 27th.

Santa is hopeful that Ms Rheinhart will be expecting another discussion, with his length being used to good effect.

He sees a shadow at the door in the hallway light. The door opens.

Angela is standing there. Her hair, which last year was only just below her ears, has grown out almost to her shoulders, and is now an off-center mass of wavy dark. She still has the unseasonal tan. She smiles her expensive smile, her eyes are bright.

Down, down, down, and Santa’s length twitches. The message is much more open than last year. She is wearing a see-through white nightgown, with her high round breasts pushing at the fabric, her nipples are saying Hello. Her tanned fit legs swoop down to the mat again. Expensive gold chain on the left ankle. She lifts her right leg, and rubs her left calf with her foot, leaning against the doorway with her left arm.

“Hello Santa” she says, in a half-whisper, half command. “We have been expecting you. Please come...in”.

Santa’s length twitches again. We? Come...then the “In”. What is this? Is Mr Rheinhart a cuckold? Will her husband be sitting, urging him on as he slams into her in the living room?

Angela turns to the right and begins to walk down the hallway towards the living room. Santa can already smell the faint aroma of Pinon pine, suggesting that the fire is burning again this year. Last year, the Pinon aroma and Angela’s pussy smell merged in his nostrils to make him work even harder as his tongue relentlessly worked her engorged clit, while she arched her back and cursed him in creative English as her hips ground the clit on his mouth and tongue.

He is conscious of the reality that after 1200, he still has to visit 1433, where the lady known as Leena awaits. Leena is a pocket rocket, 5’1” of blonde bubbly athleticism, with one of the great pussies, wet but grabbing. Last year, he felt like he short-changed her, since he had already used up

most of his cum on Ms Rheinhardt.

This subdivision must have something in the water. Or the mountain air.

Santa follows Angela down the hallway, she turns right into the living room. He walks in, preparing to drop the sack from his shoulder.

Freeze. Uh oh.

He is standing at the edge of the large rug in front of the fireplace. To the left is the long sofa, to the right is the pair of recliners. But things are very different this year.

Firstly, there is a large mattress, covered with sheets and pillows, on the rug in front of the fire. The fire is crackling.

And...OK then.

Sitting on the long sofa is...Leena, wearing a black see-through nightdress that comes halfway down her thighs. Her pert breasts are visible, her strong toned arms, her powerful ex-gymnast thighs and calves. Power, which when allied to a desperate need for attention and submission, kept him busy for quite a while down the road last year. Her blonde hair, with pink highlighted streaks, parted at the side, is shorter than last year. Her diamond nose stud sparkles in the light as a flame shoots up from the fire.

She smiles at him broadly. "Hello Santa. We meet again." She opens her legs slightly, and runs her right hand down the outside of her thigh.

Well, scratch 1433, this is a double-header...but...

Sitting next to Leena on the right is another woman. She is wearing a light blue nightdress that comes down to her knees. She has long dark hair cut in a straight off-center bob. She has broad shoulders, which is just as well, because she needs support for what is below. Dominating her upper body are a massive pair of broad breasts, pushing hard at the blue fabric, screaming "let me out". She is also wearing what looks like an elaborate belly chain, with Middle Eastern chainwork and objects. Her long legs are crossed, with her elegant calves tapering down to long feet, with a silver chain on each ankle.

Angela turns back towards him. She takes his left and in her right hand. "I think you know Leena." She pauses. "Well, she says she knows you. And this is our new neighbor Caroline".

Caroline smiles at Santa. "Hello" she says in a very quiet voice. Santa thinks she looks a little nervous.

"We invited Caroline along because I know how generous you are." She pauses. "Caroline needs a pick-me-up for Christmas. She has had a bad year. But you can see that she has come prepared."

She runs her hand down the red coat, towards the zone of Length, feeling, finding, rubbing. She looks at him, smiling again. "I see that you are also prepared. Go sit down. We have something to show you."

Santa drops his sack by the tree on the right-hand side. That present shit can certainly wait.

Angela takes him by the left hand and turns towards a recliner. He sits down, briefly moving his hand to loosen the lower part of the silly costume. The length is already lengthened.

Angela moves to the left, and hits a remote control. The lights dim. Now all they can see is by the lights dancing in the fire grate as the Pinon burns and crackles. Fire light is different. Warm, soft, erotic, dancing.

Leena and Caroline stand up. Santa whistles inwardly. Standing up, Caroline's breasts are even more imposing. Large, broad, pushing hard to be liberated.

There is a loud crack from the fire. Santa can smell the Pinon wafting into the air. But he can also smell female perfume. Somebody is wearing something exotic, aromatic.

Angela moves around behind Caroline, and puts her arms under Caroline's, moving her forearms and hands around, covering, or trying to cover, the huge scenic objects. She begins to massage the breasts, her thumb and forefinger flicking the nipples. Leena moves to one side of Caroline and runs her hand down Caroline's thigh, under the bottom of her nightdress, and up the inside of her thigh, towards the area between her legs. Caroline's tongue is moving in her mouth, she lets out a low moan as Angela flicks her nipples.

Santa leans forward, then back. He takes a deep breath, as Caroline utters a gasp, with Leena's left hand now rubbing her clit. Caroline swallows, and her mouth opens, her tongue busy.

Santa exhales, with a low sigh.

This Christmas Eve delivery schedule has just been shot to Hell.

Angela pulls her arms back behind Caroline, reaches up to her shoulders, and peels the shoulder straps down over Caroline's shoulder points. She drops her arms, Angela pulls the straps down and then pulls the nightdress down, it sticks on the massive breasts, but then the breasts fall free, slightly droopy, large, broad, imposing. Bending over, Angela pulls the garment down further. Leena pulls back her arm, it falls on the ground. Caroline kicks it away with one of her feet. Angela's arms come around from behind again, massaging, playing, weighing, feeling the breasts. Angela, quietly, secretly, is liking the feel of the pillows, far beyond her previous experience.

Leena's fingers plunge back into a wet pussy. Caroline moans out loud. "Shiiitttt" she whisper-gasps. Her mouth is moving along with her tongue.

Angela speaks. "Santa, do you want to play with the pillows?"

Santa swallows. His length is already rock hard.

Leena jams her fingers back up into Caroline's pussy. It is already very wet. Caroline utters a squeak, and Leena feels her hips grind.

"Time to get rid of the suit, Santa" says Leena.

As Santa rises to his feet Leena stands back from Caroline, and peels off her nightdress, her small breasts, slightly droopy, a broad flat stomach and the powerful legs, with a brown landing strip above her pussy. She steps out of the garment, bends over, picks it up and throws it away from the mattress.

Santa tugs at the fake beard, unhooking it from his ears, and throws it on the chair.

Angela shrugs out of her nightdress, liberating the round brown breasts, the slightly curved stomach, and the tanned legs. The dress also disappears into the semi-darkness. The only light is the fire, which crackles once more.

Santa unbuckles his belt, steps out of the pantaloons, and pulls off his boots and socks. He unbuttons his jacket, and peels it off, throwing it to his left.

He has not yet reached the briefs when Leena and Angela both sink to their knees in front of him. Leena looks up at him.

“We need to unwrap this present” she whispers. She puts both her thumbs in the waist band, as Caroline sinks to her knees directly in front of Santa. She pulls the material down, over the Santa package. It springs out, erect, long, straight.

“Ooh, Santa, you look good” whispers Leena. She pulls the briefs all the way down, Santa steps out of them.

Angela runs her hand up Santa’s left thigh, then across to the cock, running her hand up it to the tip. She runs the tip of her finger over the tip. Santa feels the intangible rush of sensation of somebody else’s hand. He gasps.

Angela takes the cock in her hand and tugs on it. Then she leans forward, and in one swift movement, moves her hand to the base and slides it into her open mouth. Caroline whispers “yes”, she flicks both of her nipples with her hands. Leena runs her hand up Santa’s thigh and looks up at him.

“Angela is going to fluff you, Santa, then you are going to give Caroline a good hard time. Then you can give us a good hard time. Remember to save the best for last”.

Santa swallows as the Angela mouth begins to cause sensations. Naughty sensations. Sensations that make him want to punish bad girls and women.

Leena turns to her right, and puts her left hand on Caroline’s shoulder, steering her forward. Caroline shuffles left on her knees. Leena puts both of her hands on the large Caroline pillows, feeling them, weighing them, getting the measure of their broad heaviness. When Caroline first showed up to tea several months ago, Leena was amazed at how large her breasts were, and assumed that they were bought and paid for. But no, Caroline said “all my own work” and they do feel natural. Large, heavy, imposing, natural. Leena loves to play with female breasts, but does not get the opportunity very often. This feels good. She leans forward towards Caroline, their mouths meet, they kiss, tongues saying Hi, Caroline’s tongue is warm, enveloping, like the pillows.

Santa moans as Angela sucks harder on his cock, pulling on the base in time with her mouth movements. Looking down, Angela's tanned body, with her breasts moving slightly as she moves her head, is carnal catnip. He puts his right hand on her head and takes hold of her hair gently. He moans again.

Leena breaks off from kissing Caroline, and moves back towards his right leg. Caroline turns back to face Santa, she looks up at him, smiling, holding her breasts up in her hands. From above, the breasts look even more imposing.

Angela pulls off of Santa. She looks up at him. "Santa, you need to show Caroline how you can talk without speaking". She turns to Caroline. "Lie down, Santa is going to eat you".

Caroline slides onto her side, rolls over, and shuffles on her back to the middle of the mattress. Leena reaches over and gives her a pillow, she lifts her head and Leena slides it under her head. The pillows flop either side of her chest, she draws up her legs, revealing a pussy with dark lips.

Santa kneels down, then slides down onto his stomach. He slides between the Caroline legs, moving his head up towards her clit. He can smell the aroma of pussy. He puts his hands underneath her thighs, wrapping around. Then, he slides his tongue in, meeting wet clit, aroma of pussy wafting. He finds the bundle, Caroline utters a squeak, and grabs at the sheets with her hands.

Leena and Angela slide up and begin to suck on the Caroline nipples, working them with mouth and tongue. Caroline moans, a low moan, coming from somewhere else. Santa feels her hand, grabbing for his hair, she grabs it, then lets go. A curse word hits the air. Then Santa feels her hips buck. She is heading up the curve.

The clock strikes 11. Caroline utters another primeval moan, and her hips buck and twist, as she tries to help with the journey up the wave.

11:15

Santa slams into the wet pussy of Caroline again from above, she has come alive and is now positively chatty. "Yeah, fuck me...harder" she snarls, then she arches her back and grabs at her breasts again as they undulate from the impact of Santa's cock.

Santa can feel Angela's hand on his left buttock as she kneels to his left. Leena is kneeling on the right, watching Santa give the new neighbor a jolly good railing. She now has a busy tongue. She is going to be next with Santa, then it will be Angela's turn to get it long and hard. Then...it will be time for Santa to give them their dessert. She hopes that he will have enough for all of them.

11:30

"Yeah..." Santa exhales as he bottoms out his cock inside the wet, grabbing pussy of Leena. He is holding her hips firmly as he pulls back and then slams in hard again. Leena gasps and utters another "fuck", adding to the several dozen already spiraling in the air above the mattress.

Caroline is lying between Leena and the fire, propped up on her elbow, watching Leena, with her hand flicking and rubbing her left nipple. She is in sort-of-afterglow after her ripping climax when being slammed from above. When Angela said 'do you want to meet my Santa' she thought it was some sort of joke. But no. She now believes in Santa Claus again. Especially this Santa.

"Make her cum, Santa" whispers Angela from behind Santa. She is kneeling behind him, her breasts pressed into his back, pushing on his ass with her right hand. She likes to feel Santa's ass as he fucks another woman, it feels hard, primeval, and she can imagine her pussy being rammed by Santa already. Said pussy is wet, and she can smell it. She breathes in deeply and pushes again on Santa's ass. "Give it to her" she snarls.

11:45

"Do it Santa. Show her who is boss".

Leena, kneeling to Santa's right, snarls the words as Santa pulls his cock back almost all the way out, then slams it into the wet Angela pussy. Angela, her head down, moans loudly and raises her head, then lowers it again as Santa pulls back before slamming in again.

Caroline is kneeling to Santa's left, massaging the large broad pillows, watching pocket rocket getting it long and hard. She is already thinking about taking Santa for a ride. She drops her pillows out of her hands and leans in towards Santa. She kisses him full on the mouth, Santa can feel her breasts rubbing against his chest and arm as her tongue darts.

Santa is in a groove but not that dangerous "If I carry on I will soon cum" groove. It is the "show the woman the hard end of the cock" groove.

Leena speaks up.

"Get on with it Santa. You need to give us our dessert after this". She leans into his right ear. "Cum on."

Santa moans and slams into the wet pussy harder. A satisfying squelch sound is heard. He reaches forward with his left hand and grabs the brown head of hair, holding it firmly without raising Angela's head. Angela fights briefly with her head, and moans loudly as slam and squelch coincide again.

12:00

Caroline moans as she sinks all the way down on Santa's pole again. She grinds her pussy on the cock, forward, backward, forward again, holding onto her breasts, corralling them, trying to prevent them from developing a rhythm of their own.

She intervened after Leena collapsed onto the mattress, breathing heavily after her climax, leaving Santa kneeling on the mattress, his cock pointing skyward, covered in pussy juice. Her primitive

libido took over, and she slid forward and jammed the cock into her mouth, tasting Leena as she furiously worked it. Then, after a few seconds, she pulled back off it and hissed “lie down” at Santa. Fortunately he did as he was told.

Caroline drops her breasts and pushes down on Santa’s chest as she grinds her pussy on the cock again. She can feel the wave beginning again. She spits, and curses and moans, then she leans forward, as Santa grabs at her breasts, trying to corral them with hands that are too small. Her belly chain makes a faint rattle, then the rattle is drowned out by the sounds of squelching from a very hard cock meeting a very wet pussy.

Kneeling either side of Santa and Caroline, Angela wonders for a minute if they will get to swallow. At this rate Caroline is going to drain Santa for herself.

She bends over to Santa’s head. “Remember you owe all of us” she whispers.

At that precise moment, a low growling moan starts, as Caroline approaches the top of the curve. She slams down again on Santa’s cock, grinding once more, then she leans back, her pillows bouncing and swaying as she tries to get the cock in as deep as possible. The moan rises in frequency. She grabs at her breasts, and utters more curse words, then her hips start to twitch and buck. Santa feels it, he knows that she has reached The Other Place.

A primitive cry fills the air above the mattress, as Caroline’s pussy spasms, and she leans forward, grabbing Santa’s chest, trying to squeeze the flesh and muscle. Then a low “fuccccccck”, exhaled from Somewhere Else.

Caroline has now gone Somewhere Else three times.

12:10

Another crack from a Pinon log.

“Shiiiiit”.

Santa grabs at the sheets with his fisted hands.

Leena lifts her head off his cock, runs her tongue up over the tip, but then Angela grabs the cock and sinks her mouth over it.

Caroline leans down and in, her breasts smushed between Santa’s legs, her mouth open.

The girls are kneeling around Santa as he lies on the mattress, trying to get their dessert.

Angela begins to work the cock with long strokes of her hand, while her mouth sucks and her tongue flicks the tip. Santa can feel that he is climbing the wave. His primitive side begins to utter a long low moan.

Leena runs her hand up Santa’s abdomen to his waist, rubbing his body. “Give it to her” she whispers.

Santa thrusts his hips up to meet Angela's mouth. He is watching her working, her breasts swaying under her, her ass in the air, the dark pussy lips visible. Leena is kneeling the other side, with her head down close to Angela's head. Caroline is also leaning forward, her can feel her massive pillows on his thighs.

Angela pulls her head up off the cock, and lets go of it. Caroline grabs the cock in her left hand and sinks her mouth over it, and begins to work it with her hand and her mouth. Her breasts are brushing and swaying against Santa's leg, he can feel nipples tracing on his skin.

Santa moans loudly again. He is suddenly heading up the wave towards the peak. The rush is on, and he is now helpless to stop it. The sensations in his cock are running out of control upwards.

Caroline lifts her head off his cock, as if she has realized that something is about to happen. She continues to work the cock with her left hand, pointing it vertically in the air. Leena and Angela have their mouths open. They are waiting for the inevitable.

"Fucccccckkkkkk.....". The sensations in his cock peak, and his hips shudder as the climax rips through his cock as a wave, ending at the tip. Then, as Caroline tugs, the first spurt. A small one.

Then the first massive spurt, straight into Caroline's open mouth. She flinches and her head leaps up in surprise as the rope of cum hits her mouth and tongue, some of it misses her mouth and shoots in the air and falls on her hair. She pushes the cock sideways defensively.

The second spurt. Straight at the face of Angela. It hits the side of her face and chin, some of it lands in her mouth. She also flinches.

Caroline swallows, pushing the cock the other way. Another powerful spurt, right into the mouth and onto the chin of Leena.

Caroline tugs on the cock, a fourth smaller spurt leaps in the air and falls on her hand and Santa's pubic area. She sinks her mouth over the cock. Another spasm, more cum hits her mouth, she swallows again. Salty, aromatic, sweet, and now the air is full of that unique smell that says a man has exploded everywhere.

Angela swallows some cum, reaches over and grabs the cock from Caroline, who lifts her head off it. Angela pulls it towards her open mouth and jams it in, tasting cum, and feeling more drops landing in her mouth as the final spasms die away. She sucks on the cock, Santa moans and his hips fight as the sensations go over the edge. She lifts her head back off the cock.

Leena grabs the cock and runs her tongue up the side, tasting cum, feeling the stickiness of coagulating cum. The smell of cum hangs in the air, overpowering the Pinon smell, it is on Santa's cock and body, and on the faces of the three suburban women.

Leena works the cock, as it slowly begins to soften. Caroline swallows again, tasting the odd combinations of cum. Angela runs her hand down her face, and brings it up to her nostrils, smelling the odor, feeling the stickiness.

Santa moans gently as Leena tugs on the cock before stopping, holding it gently in her hand.

Leena breaks the spell. She laughs.

“Ho ho ho Santa. Thanks for the dessert. You give generous portions.” She drops her hand off the cock, slides along the mattress, and leans over and kisses Santa on the mouth. He briefly tastes cum, and pussy also.

Angela slides along Santa’s right side, and leans down and kisses Santa. “Thankyou for the trip to the North pole” she whispers, smiling.

The clock strikes again. The fire crackles, a big crackle.

12:30 am

Santa lies back, his head under two of the pillows.

Still snuggled up on his left is Leena, her head resting on his shoulder. On his right is Angela, her longer body snaking down on his, her right leg over his right leg, wrapped around. Her right arm is across his midriff.

The shower sound from upstairs has stopped. Caroline went upstairs 15 minutes ago, saying “I have to get rid of his cum from my hair”. She probably also meant her face and chin.

Santa suddenly realizes that he is going to be late for his next appointment tonight, at 2352 Houston. He is assuming that he will once again be told by the lady at 2352, whose name is Patricia, to strip for her in the bedroom, as she lays on the bed. For the last 3 years, she has demanded the same thing. Patricia is not that exciting as a gift recipient. Well, after this, who would be?

Santa lifts his upper body up on his elbows. Leena rolls off his shoulder and sits up. Angela also sits up.

Leena looks at him. “Where are you going?”. Her voice suddenly sounds...worried.

“I have another appointment. You know, lots of houses to visit.“

“Think again”. The voice is Angela’s. “I think that Caroline wants more. She has been celibate for a while. Don’t you have a backup?”

“Welll...”

The voice is more definite. “You need to find your backup. Because when Caroline gets back, we are ready for Round 2.” She leans over and runs her right hand down his chest, past his waist, towards his cock, which is still asleep. She runs her hand down over it, then takes in her closed fingers, and begins to work it.

She leans into his ear. “Caroline and I are going to make you hard, and then we are going to ride you. Then you are going to fuck Leena from behind again, which, as you know, she rather enjoys. Then you are going to give us some more cum.“ She pauses. “Then, and only then, can you give us the baubles, trinkets, or whatever other stuff you have in that bag of yours.” She paused. “Then, if

you have been bad enough, we might let you go. “

She tugs harder on the cock. Santa can feel it already growing again. The lady is right. As the aliens in the sci-fi movies always used to say, resistance is futile.

“Let me call for backup.”

He reaches for the discarded silly suit, laying on the wooden floor next to the edge of the rug. Inside the pocket is the PoleCell phone. He pulls it out, turns it on, and hits Text.

He types to his backup Santa. “Sorry, reindeer trouble on Daley. Reins broken and they have escaped. Plse can u do remaining streets in Almond Green subdivision thx.”

A few seconds later the response comes back. “OK. Had trouble other side of town myself. Demanding woman and her BFF. The usual”.

Haha. The mother and BFF ambush. Happens all the time. Part of life’s rich tapestry. The real problem is if the man of the house wants to join in, or act as the cuckolded partner. Then egos intervene, and suddenly Santa becomes “that Red s.o.b. who my wife now raves about”.

Santa tosses the phone back on the silly red suit.

Angela pushes him back down onto the mattress. “Time for us to get you ready again” she whispers. She slides down his body, then lifts herself up on her knees. Leena slides down on the left side, and also slides back onto her knees.

Suddenly, walking in from the left, is Caroline. She looks fresh and clean, she is smiling, walking purposefully, with her upper body, with broad shoulders, dominated by the massive play pillows. They sway as she bends over, and kneels down on the mattress down by Santa’s feet. As she kneels down, Santa hears the miniature Santas on her elaborate belly chain rustle slightly. She leans back, running her hands over the pillows, flicking the nipples.

Angela takes Santa’s cock in her left hand, and pulls it up to the vertical, working it with her hand. She looks at Caroline. “Do you want to start this time around?” she whispers.

Caroline leans forward, and opens her mouth. Angela puts her right hand on Caroline’s head and, with her left hand, feeds the cock into Caroline’s open mouth. She sinks over it, and begins to suck, eager, motivated. She reaches down and takes the base of the cock in her right hand, and begins to work it with both her hand and her mouth, her breasts touching Santa’s thighs, brushing them as her head moves up and down. The mouth is saying “You are going to perform again and it had better be good again”.

Santa drops his head back onto the mattress. He closes his eyes. He feels Leena’s hand running up his chest.

It is going to be a while before he gets to hand over the rest of those damn gifts.