

Christmas Candi

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Christmas Candi

“No!”

Candi stood with her hands on her hips and glared at Bartholomew, the chief Elf in charge of making-sure-the-reindeer-all-got-their-yearly-dose-of-Pixie-dust-so-they-could-fly. She knew what she wanted, and she wanted Bartholomew.

Bartholomew glared right back at the little Pixie. “I’m way too busy to take time off right now just because you want to get laid. You’ll have to settle for Randy or Jeff. I have eight sets of harness to clean, the reindeer need to practice their rooftop landing techniques, and to top it off, Vixen is being a royal pain. If we don’t harness her right beside Prancer, she really lives up to her name.” He rolled his eyes in disgust. “Females!”

Candi smothered the urge to giggle. He could bluster and splutter all he wanted, but he really had no choice. If he wanted her to turn over this year’s supply of magic Pixie dust, he’d have to drop those tights of his and let her lock her legs around his luscious butt.

He knew it.

She knew it.

She rolled her eyes. Males! She pasted a concerned look on her face. "Would you like me to go talk to Vixen?" That bulge in the front of his pants told her he didn't want her going anywhere.

"No." He sighed and reached out to wrap his arms around her waist. "If you insist on having me, I suppose we'd better get it over with so I can get on with the Christmas preparations."

Candi glared at him again, earning a slightly sheepish look from the stocky Elf.

"Would you stop glaring at me if I admitted that I've been looking for you every morning this week?" His breath tickled her cheek as he lowered his head to nibble his way across her bottom lip.

Candi reached up to wrap her arms around his neck, leaning in to rub herself against his muscular body. "That's better." She darted her tongue out to tease her way into his mouth. "A girl likes to know she's appreciated."

Bartholomew slid his hands down to cup the cheeks of her ass and Candi felt the familiar heat start to flow along her nerves. These yearly encounters were the highlight of her Christmas season. Male pixies were very sweet and kind and gentle -- just what she didn't want in a lover.

Bartholomew, with his gruff voice and hard, muscular body, suited her just fine. She twined her arms around his neck, tangling her fingers in his shaggy mane of white hair and danced her tongue down his in erotic invitation, her knees melting when he took her up on it. Damn, the Elf knew how to kiss!

Abruptly, he scooped her up in his arms and strode toward the barn, leering down at her. "Ever wanted to do it in Santa's sleigh?"

"Bartholomew! What a wicked idea!" She giggled and snuggled happily against his chest. Elf sex was worth the twelve-month wait!

Bartholomew kicked the barn door firmly shut behind him, striding to the legendary red and white sleigh that Santa used each year for his midnight run. Luxurious furs in a multitude of shades lined the seats. He tossed her on top of the heap and stood back to strip.

Candi propped herself up on one elbow, admiring his heavily muscled shoulders and chest. Then he shucked off the leggings and she licked her lips, an impatient whimper escaping her throat as his magnificent cock bobbed into view. Long and thick, it curved proudly upwards from its dark nests of curls, a glistening drop of pre-cum betraying his eagerness.

Naked, he advanced toward her, a sinfully wicked grin on his face. "Now to unwrap my present." Climbing into the sleigh, he pounced, skillfully unbuttoning her shirt to let her ample breasts spill into his hands.

Her nipples puckered into taut little berries in the cool air, and she could feel flames of lust licking their way to her belly as he lowered his head to feast. He scored his teeth across each sensitive nipple, licking, nipping and sucking until he had her writhing beneath him in her bed of furs, little gasps escaping her lips with each pass of that talented tongue.

Without pausing, he shifted his weight to the side and slid his hand under her skirt, pulling it up to bare her naked sex. She wriggled her hips and looked back up, liquid heat pooling in her groin at the unrestrained lust blazing from his eyes.

He held her gaze as he slowly licked and nibbled his way down her belly, stopping to dip his tongue into her belly button. Candi whimpered and writhed beneath him as honeyed heat slid down her spine.

"Liked that, did you?" he chuckled darkly, pausing to explore the hollow of her hips with sharp little nibbles.

"Mmmm, yessss." Candi reached down to undo the strip of leather holding her skirt on, dropping the scrap of material over the edge of the sleigh. She craved skin to skin contact with her Elvin lover.

Bartholomew slipped a finger into her slick sex, the grin on his face sinfully wicked when she sucked in a ragged breath and arched upward off the pile of furs. He continued to nibble his way down towards the apex of her thighs while he slid his finger in and out of her wildly creaming pussy, each stroke of that long skillful finger sending flashes of erotic heat sizzling through her belly.

Lick. Stroke. Nibble. Stroke. Lick.

Candi whimpered and moaned, twisting in delighted lust beneath the Elf's talented mouth and hands. He knew just when to lick, when to nibble, when to slide that finger deeper into her slick channel. Just when she thought she couldn't take any more, he fastened his mouth on her sex, gently scoring his teeth across the sensitive nub of her clit before stabbing his tongue deep.

"Bartholomew!" Candi screamed as she came in long shivering waves of pleasure that rippled in an endless loop from pussy to breast and back down through her belly.

He quickly pulled himself up over her, bracing his forearms on either side of her, his thick shaft prodding her. "I love the way you scream when I push you over the edge," he growled. "I could listen to the sound all night." He lowered his head to devour her lips as he rammed his luscious cock deep, his furry balls snuggling up against her butt.

Candi whimpered, bucking her hips upward to make sure she got every last inch. She could smell his arousal, see the damp sheen of sweat on his gorgeous body. Darts of liquid heat danced through her, radiating out from her pussy.

Bartholomew settled in to an easy rhythm, in and out, his cock stretching and filling her deliciously. His mouth moved over hers with fierce possession, hot and hungry while his tongue swept in, tasting her, teasing her, driving her wild.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, hooking her ankles together to hold him to her as she matched him thrust for thrust. Darts of lust streaked through her as her sensitive channel welcomed him again and again. He circled his hips, driving her higher and higher as she whimpered eagerly beneath him.

She rode the wave of pleasure ever higher until he slammed his massive cock into her one last time and the world shattered into a million brilliant rainbows of color. Dimly, she heard Bartholomew's shout of triumph as he gripped her hips hard, holding her in place while his seed jetting into her depths in hot spurts.

As she slowly drifted back to sanity, cradled in the arms of her lover, she heard an impatient sigh. She opened her eyes to see Bartholomew grinning down at her. "I think we've got company."

As if that were a signal, Randy appeared at the side of the sled, a grumpy expression on his weathered face as he addressed Bartholomew, keeping his eyes carefully averted for the naked Pixie. "The reindeer are waiting for their Pixie dust."

Candi looked into Bartholomew's twinkling green eyes and the two lovers burst out laughing.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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