**Holiday Girl**

It’s Friday night. The night club is loud and dense and sweaty and the crowd flickers in and out of existence as the lights strobe around them. I can feel the fast-paced rumble of rap lyrics in my bones as the speakers rhythmically thunder with bass.

LESS is the name of the club. It’s the kind of place where half the girls aren’t wearing panties and half the boys have perpetual erections.

I’m at the club with my boyfriend, Jason Thompson – he’s the perpetual erection type. Jason is sitting next to me in a big, circular, corner booth, but he’s ignored me all night – instead he’s leaning over me, having a conversation with a pretty, young girl on the other side of me. I don’t know this girl, but I immediately dislike her.

They talk about inane subjects, such as the schools they’ve attended and the cars they’ve driven. I use the word ‘they’, but in reality the conversation is obnoxiously one-side – the pretty girl is yammering a mile-a-minute while my boyfriend simply stares down into her aggravatingly perfect crease of tan cleavage. I notice him staring as the girl’s breasts jiggle slightly with each hand gesture she makes. I’m a pretty understanding girl, though, and would never chide my boyfriend for such a simple faux pas. Instead I sit there between them awkwardly nursing my Vodka-tonic.

I don’t like this girl. I don’t like her hair. It’s blonde and wavy and perfect and it seems to spring and bounce with her chattering head as she talks. She seems bouncy. Her breasts are bouncy and her hair is bouncy and her head is bobbling from side-to-side. Bobbling is similar to bouncing.

I study her. I also don’t like her dress. It’s red and short and slutty and it seems tailored to her – it seems to fit her as if she were designed for it. She stands up to ask my boyfriend to dance. She’s perky and flirty -- like she’s 18 years old – like she’s a cheerleader. I hate her.

Ok, I admit it. I’m jealous. My boyfriend looks frozen by the offer to dance. Stunned, like he’s immobile, like a mannequin with a giant hard-on.

I don’t blame him, I guess, so I say nothing as they get up to dance. I smile, insisting that I don’t mind. Why would I mind? That sounds like something a prude would do. I’m certainly not a prude, so I watch my boyfriend grab this pretty young girl’s hand and drag her into the sea of people on the dance floor. They disappear as I drink another vodka-tonic… and then another… and another. The drinks are $10 a piece, but they seem like a good value, considering the circumstances.

I’m on drink 6 by the time they get back. They’ve been gone for what seems like an eternity, and they’re hot, drunk, and sweaty by the time they return. My boyfriend’s t-shirt is tight, wet, and clinging to him – coincidentally the pretty girl is clinging to him too, and I imagine that’s she’s equally tight and wet. I don’t like her. Her hair is now glistening and beads of sweat seem to be sizzling off her chest. He has his hand on the small of her back – or possibly her ass, I can’t tell -- steadying her as she drunkenly sways in her ridiculous, red high heels.

For most boys this would be the end-of-the line. This would be the point where an ordinary girlfriend would put her foot down. I, however, am better than that. I am a good, understanding girlfriend, so instead of jealously storming out of the club I let the tight, wet, firm, slutty, glistening, pretty girl stumble into the booth next to me – practically on top of me.

I must admit that she smells good – like some aromatic mix of candy and sex and sweat – like Halloween just stuck a lollipop up her tight little asshole. I imagine what this might look like – her young butthole pinching the white paper stem as it sticks out between her two tan, firm buttcheeks. I smile thinking about it.

I notice that she’s smiling back at me. It’s an impossibly cordial, pretty smile – maybe she doesn’t have anything up her ass after all.

“I’m Mandy.” She says over the loud club music that is still blaring.

That rhymes with candy, I think to myself. My smile grows.

“I’m Kelli.” I say.

“Your boyfriend is a great dancer.” She chatters, parts bouncing.

Her breath smells like peppermint – like she just gave Christmas a blowjob – like peppermint elf cum. I try to imagine what this might look like. I imagine her stripped naked in the snow, wearing nothing except for a Santa hat, high heels, and slutty, red, thigh-high stockings as a dozen, well-hung elves gather around her. I imagine one of the elves working the lollipop in and out of her asshole like an anal bead while the other elves force-feed her their oversized dicks, dumping load after load of peppermint-flavored elf cum in her mouth.

Jesus, I’m drunk, I think to myself. My head begins to spin as she bobbles and bounces and breathes. She breathes Christmas onto me – it smells amazing. I’m disoriented by her.

“I love your dress.” She continues. She reaches up and gently feels one of the straps, either accidentally or purposefully letting her hand linger against my skin.

Within 5 minutes I no longer dislike her. Within 10 minutes I know her last name – it’s Evans, even though I was hoping it was Kane. Soon we’re squeezing more people into the booth and she’s sitting on my lap and she has her arm draped around my neck. It’s casual, but flirty, and the boys are watching.

She’s flirting with me, I think to myself. I try to keep her from being so damn friendly, but it’s infectious. It’s all infectious. She’s infectious. She keeps touching my bare skin and breathing peppermint on me while she talks to me. I imagine that one of the elves turns and notices me as he shoots sticky white ropes of white peppermint cum onto Mandy’s busty, tight, contrastingly tan body.

I smile at her. I can feel her as she moves against me. I feel the need to touch her, so I do. It’s no longer casual. The boys have hardons now. At least, I imagine they do. They’re watching us like they’re watching two girls oil-wrestle. Mandy is the center of attention. No. WE’RE the center of attention.

More people crowd into the booth, and she decides… well, I’m not sure what she decides… she spins and straddles me. She literally hikes up her dress, spins and faces me – chest to chest. I guess she’s decided she likes the attention. I like the attention too. The boys are like iron now. I know this because if I had a dick and I were watching this I’d be like iron too. Coincidentally, if I had a dick Mandy would be sitting right on it.

I see my boyfriend watching us. His eyes are wide and he’s smiling a giddy, uncontrollable grin, like a 15-year-old that just saw his neighbor’s pussy in a truth-or-dare game. I know exactly what he’s thinking –he’s hoping I like this girl as much as he does. He’s lucky, because I like her more.

I’m startled by this realization and my pulse picks up. I know I must be at least as excited as he is. She’s facing me now and my mind is racing, but it’s thrown off track as she whispers more peppermint on me. The elves all look at me as if I’m crashing their party. They’re intense and erect and dripping.

Mandy sways on top of me in time with the music. The boys like this. I like this. I’m drunk. I know what else the boys will like, so I gently place my hand on her breast. She smiles and shifts on me, causing her dress to slide up. I can see her panties – they’re red and lacy. I’m sure the boys can see her panties too. We make a show of it – hands, breasts, and sweat.

I’m taken by her. She leans in close to me, her face inches from mine, and suddenly it feels like there is no one else in the room. Peppermint. The elves undress me. My dress slides off and falls into the soft, white snow. My bra pops off as the elves surround me and pull me to my knees. It’s inevitable now.

Our lips touch – softly at first, but with a kind of energy that I didn’t expect – it’s an energy so intense that it causes me to shiver. I kiss her like we’re alone – like I’m hers – like it’s snowing.