

THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS



J. Manque

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Where they burn books ultimately they burn bodies- Heinrich Heine

Note: This is not Clement Moore’s classic, *A Visit From Saint Nicholas*, which is also known as, *’Twas the Night Before Christmas*. This is an adults only story in no way related to Moore’s work. If you’re looking for *A Visit From Saint Nicholas* please go to Project Gutenberg where you can download it for free.

The Night Before Christmas

We’d only just arrived at our third Christmas Eve party when Abbey, my dear wife, who was always the best looking woman at these festivities in her sparkling holiday finery, took my elbow, led me aside, and said, “We have to go.”

She’s the boss, social butterfly, and timekeeper all rolled into one, so we said our goodbyes, put on our coats, and piled into the car. “Where to now?” I asked.

“Home.”

That came as something of a shock. Between family and friends most Christmas Eves our minimum obligation is five parties, though with so many we rarely have time for more than a pop-in and a quick drink. I actually like being the designated driver these nights because the one time I wasn't, between the champagne, eggnog, and seasonal beers, I was sloppy drunk by 10 O'clock and we weren't home until the wee hours. If you've never been to Christmas services sleep deprived and with a hangover count yourself lucky. But that's another story. "Are you sure? Just the two of us?" I asked.

"Home," Abbey repeated.

When we got in the house I was a bit surprised. It seemed as empty as when we left, but the tree was lit, as were scented candles, and the fireplace. Traditional Christmas carols sung by a choir echoed from the stereo, sounding nearly as ethereal as the cathedral they were recorded in.

"What's this?" I asked.

"A private party... invited guests only," Abbey told me with a sly smile, pushing her body against me, pressing her lips to mine.

"But who did it?" I asked, figuring it had to be one of her friends who slipped out the back way when we came in through the front, as Abbey would never allow an unattended flame in the house.

"Santa's helpers, and who knows?" she said. "Santa might come all the way from the north pole with gifts for good little boys and girls."

“That could be fun.”

“There is a dress code, though,” Abbey whispered between kisses.

“Oh, really?”

“Uhhh, hmm, gentleman must wear suits.”

“I am wearing a suit.”

“Birthday suits,” Abbey corrected.

“Scandalous,” I scolded. “And will the ladies be similarly attired?”

“We’ll see. I have to go change. When I get back I expect to see you... dressed.”

I couldn’t take my eyes off her as she left the room, her little party frock tight enough to reveal every curve of her luscious body. I must have stared at the empty doorway for half a minute before I could break the trance and tear myself away. I folded my clothes and placed them neatly on a nearby chair as I’d been trained- no matter how fierce the passion one of the house rules was that clothes had to be hung, folded, or in the laundry basket, a small price to pay for a woman like Abbey. She’s incredibly hot blooded, but likes a little discipline with her passion, something an old slacker like myself had trouble with at first, but has come to embrace.

I heard her returning before I saw her, heels on hardwood, a form of natural Viagra for me. When Abbey turned the corner my eyes nearly popped out of my head. She had a white trimmed red faux fur coat on. It was buttonless and secured by a shiny black belt, virtually the same coat Santa Claus wears, but tailored for the female form, and cut quite high revealing

the tops of her thighs. It contrasted with green suede gloves, and Abbey put her hands on her hips to give the full effect. Above the coat she wore the traditional floppy red and white hat, below, red pumps with dangerously high heels that showed off her shapely bare legs to their fullest, and not to brag, but Abbey has the best legs I've ever seen. And, she'll probably tan my hide for saying it, but if they gave medals for sexual skill, hers would be gold- unless they start awarding platinum.

Abbey leaned against the door jamb and smiled.

"That's right," she said, noticing me staring rather impolitely at the white trim on the bottom of her jacket that barely hid the object of my desire, "I've got nothing on under this."

I took her in my arms without a word, letting my erection push tactlessly against her through the fur. I bent her back and let her melt in my arms as our lips touched. When we came up for air I said, "I know what I want for Christmas," and reached for her shiny belt buckle.

"Not so fast," Abbey told me, disengaging herself from my grip with a confident smile. "Didn't you see them?"

"See what?" I asked.

She pointed, and there, on the coffee table, boldly laid out, were the heavy leather collar, the wrist cuffs, the ankle cuffs, and five heart shaped padlocks, all keyed alike.

"But... tonight... I thought..." I said, then stopped. It's not that I was any stranger to the items on the table. Abbey and I been practicing dominance and submission to spice up our sex

life for years. At first we switched roles, but as time passed she became more dominant, and I, under her tutelage, more submissive. But these weren't 24/7 roles, at least not really. Eventually we agreed that I could request an evening of bdsm, but she had the right to demand it, and unless there were extraordinary circumstances I would comply. And I'm not complaining. Abbey is an amazingly effective dominatrix, making me yearn to be on her leash, and no matter how embarrassing it is when it's happening, she always leaves me satiated, breathless, and longing for just one more kiss. Now, she had been quite firm with me recently, but we normally took a lot of breaks for traditional romantic sex around the holidays.

Abbey smiled confidently.

She knew the extraordinary circumstance was her making time for this night, that I had no reason to delay or decline. "Position one," she said, pointing next to the table. I took a deep breath. I sank to my knees and put my hands behind my back ready for binding, exactly as I'd been trained. Abbey's smile grew to a grin, and she slowly wrapped the collar around my throat and tightened it. I hated the sound of the lock clicking shut, yet it filled me with a warm, pleasant sensation all the same. Each of my wrists and ankles was similarly wrapped with the heavy, soft leather, and locked. "Position two."

I placed my hands behind my head. She grabbed the 'D' rings protruding from the two wrist cuffs and held them together in her fist, but didn't otherwise secure them. Her free

hand made its way down to my chest, which, like the rest of my body, had been shaved for more than a year, and caressed me slowly. Eventually she began tweaking my nipples-rolling, pinching, and cooling them with her saliva. In the past few months she'd become an expert in making them as hard as my rapidly growing erection.

When everything was as rigid as required she bumped me with her hip causally and ordered, "Move," then guided me towards the Christmas tree, she, still holding my cuffs, I, still on my knees. She left me kneeling there as she went to the couch and sat, crossing her legs, smiling. "I believe you know the tradition," she said as the Bose system filled the room softly with *Angels We Have Heard on High*.

"One present each on Christmas Eve," I said.

"You open that one," Abbey told me, pointing to a black foil wrapped package with silver ribbon at the very front of the pile of traditionally wrapped red, green and gold packages, one that I know wasn't there when we left for the party. It's not that I'm horribly materialistic, but most men become little boys around the holidays and keep a fairly close inventory of what's under the tree. "I'll open that one," Abbey told me, pointing to another black wrapped gift, long and thin, poking out at the back, another newcomer, one that wasn't quite so mysterious when I retrieved it, being the exact size and shape of the cane she'd been eying at Mr. S in San Francisco, the one I'd been trying to talk her out of buying as I know whose backside it would be destined for, because while I enjoy a little bondage and discipline, I'm not exactly a hardcore masochist.

“I wonder what could be in it?” I asked.

“I have no idea,” my lovely wife told me, flexing the cane through the metallic paper. “The tag says, ‘Secret Santa.’ Is that you?” she asked.

“It’s not from me,” I told her. “You know I don’t like things like that.”

“But it’s a present *for* me. It’s supposed to be about what *I* like... And I like this very much.”

“I guess that means you know someone who knows what you’d like, someone who isn’t me?”

“My Secret Santa,” she told me with a grin.

“And I bet I know who that someone is.”

Abbey’s grin grew wider as she stood. “I’ll take that bet. What do you say? Do you want to bet five of your best against five of mine?” The cane whistled through the air as she slashed it, even with the wrappings still on it.

I knew she’d bought the thing herself, that it was her way of offering to let me have a go at her to prove she could take what she could give, but while I’m no eager masochist, I’m absolutely no sadist. Even when we were switching I never hit Abbey’s ass with anything other than the palm of my hand, never pinched her nipples with anything but my fingertips.

“No bet,” I told her.

Abbey slowly peeled the paper from her gift. Underneath was exactly what I was afraid of, a device in the shape of a walking cane, but incredibly thin, incredibly flexible, and black as night. She sliced the air again. With no paper to add drag the whistle sharpened and was louder- scarier. “I bet I

could leave a few welts with this if I wanted to,” she said, lifting the end of my penis with the tip of the wicked thing.

“I know you could, but will you?”

“We’ll see,” she said, moving the cane, tapping the box in front of me. “Who’s it from.”

“Secret Santa,” I read from the tag.

Abbey smiled. “Open it.”

I started to peel the edges of the paper.

“Tear it,” she ordered.

I tore. Inside the plain brown cardboard box beneath was something that wouldn’t have caused as much anxiety if Abbey wasn’t holding that cane. It was a maze of highly polished black leather straps expertly riveted together to hold two padded round leather disks and a rubber covered metal ring about two inches in diameter. I knew what it was instantly, the head harness from the catalog she’d pointed out to me on several occasions as we lounged naked in bed, Abbey goading me to say I wanted to experience it while she stroked my erection- but I couldn’t do more than say I’d wear it for her if required.

“This does things I don’t like,” I said softly.

“Does it?” Abbey asked.

“Thank you,” I told her. Abbey liked to expand my limits. She never pushed too hard, but she always pushed the envelope just a bit, making sure we didn’t settle.

“Do I look like Secret Santa?” she asked.

“No.”

“Good, because it’s not from me.”

I rose to kiss her.

She raised the cane between us. “I told you. It’s not from me.”

“Sure, it’s not from you,” I said, knowing full well that to engage in any form of bdsm you have to have the ability to play games.

“Try it on. Let’s see if it fits.”

“Right now?”

Abbey nodded. She tried not to look expectant, but was pulling off her gloves, stuffing them in her pockets.

I pulled the harness over my head. All the straps were adjustable which made fitting it while wearing it a bit of a chore, but my dear wife came up behind me and said, “Let me help... hands down... open your mouth. No, wider...” and in less than a minute my head was ensnared to her satisfaction. My mouth was held wide open, and the eye coverings pressed gently on my eyelids, leaving my world utterly black. “There, that isn’t so bad, is it?” she asked, lowering one hand to my stiffening penis, giving it a few tentative strokes, firming it more without bringing me to full erection.

I shook my head. The harness wasn’t uncomfortable. It did stretch my jaw open a little more than I thought necessary, but it didn’t hurt.

Abbey ran her hands over all the buckles one more time before she was satisfied, then demanded, “Hands.”

I put them behind my back. She hooked my wrist cuffs together with a short length of chain. I knew by the feel of it that she used two ends of a ‘4-way’ - an ‘X’ of chain, each

segment only a couple of inches long, with a 'locking' snap link at each end, designed so that each one could be instantly closed onto a 'D' ring, but required two hands to open. The end result was that a dominant could close them easily on a slave's cuffs, but even the longest fingered and most dextrous submissive couldn't get free after they were on.

Abbey pushed her warm body against mine. "Can you see anything?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"Speak."

The sound that came out of my mouth was garbled and unintelligible.

"Music to my ears," Abbey whispered, giving me another stroke or two, keeping my penis nice and firm, "because I don't need to hear a thing you have to say when I'm in charge."

Bound and blind I'd already begun to space out, to enter that floating realm known as sub-space. Abbey, like most dominants, loved putting me in it, and not merely as a demonstration of skill. Subs become more open to training in that alternate reality- able to accept more pain, and can be coaxed to perform the most degrading acts that would otherwise be unthinkable. Subs, too, are supposed to enjoy it, revel in it as a freeing, even enlightening experience. But I rarely enjoyed it for its own sake. It always felt like I was slipping away, losing myself, which is far worse than losing control, which I was glad to do for Abbey.

She slapped my ass with the palm of her hand to keep me

from drifting off too fast. “Right?” she asked.

I nodded, feeling the first long strand of saliva drip onto my chest. I hated gags, the way they caused me to drool, but like blindfolds they accelerated my trip into the alternate reality of sub-space, something Abbey well knew when she pointed the harness out to me, visualizing me in it, then making that visualization real.

“You know what we haven’t done yet?” Abbey asked.

I shook my head.

“Tried my present yet. It would be a shame if it didn’t work.”

There was no use fighting it. It would happen whether I agreed or not, so I nodded.

“Let me get the naughty chair this time, dear. You just stand there and look pretty.”

Our naughty chair is a sturdy short backed wooden chair as much a part of our sex life as the collar and cuffs, but kept on public view in the living room as a shared secret because it looks just like the ordinary chair it otherwise is, selected from a little second hand store in Martinez because it fit my anatomy.

I heard the furniture being arranged more quickly than normal. The coffee table was moved aside, the chair placed in the middle of the room, and I was guided behind it. As I said, it was a perfect fit, my pelvis just the height of the top of the backrest. Abbey helped me to lean forward so that my chin was touching the forward edge of the seat, then she spread my legs so my feet were on the outside of the back legs.

“Perfect,” she said.

Abbey has a collection of ‘impact toys’ including several paddles, a short riding crop, and a cat O’nine tails with silky soft cord tails I hate because it stings so much more than you’d think when reading, ‘silky soft cord tails.’ I wasn’t exactly pleased when she started looking for more variety, and for some reason she’d become fascinated with canes, devices which could easily bruise and welt. Even Abbey’s dreaded cat rarely did more than leave me with a pink and sore ass.

The first stroke made me jump, a soft whoosh followed by a soft but sharp snap. It was worse than the cat, much worse than the cat, and she was obviously swinging quite easily. Another dozen or so just like it followed, given at ten to twenty second intervals, each followed by caressing or inspection. My ass was sore and throbbing. I knew from experience it would be a nice medium pink by now, and that this was just the warmup, that Abbey would have to see what her new toy could do when she really made it sing.

We were clearly on the same wavelength. “Ready?” she asked.

I shook my head. I pleaded with her to stop through the gag, and though only gibberish came out there was no doubt what it meant.

Abbey silenced me with a gentle, “Shhh.”

I took several deep breaths through the gag and tried to regain my composure, but Abbey was waiting. The instant she saw my body relax I heard the cane whistle. It landed with a crack that shook me, that was punctuated by an involuntary

little chirp of a scream through the gag's open center. It felt like a fine line of fire across my ass.

"That," Abbey said, "I like- I really, really like." She bent down next to my ear. "Are you going to be a good boy, tonight?" she asked.

I nodded instantly.

"OK, only four more, but cross me," she said, placing the cane on my hot cheeks, "and you know what happens."

I nodded again.

I heard her heels back slowly away as she got into position again, another whistle, another crack, another little yelp. This stripe was an inch higher. It didn't bear thinking about what would have happened if she'd landed it on the first one, but Abbey demonstrated remarkable control. In the next two minutes she landed three more strokes, each making me want to crawl out of my skin, each of which would yield a red stripe that would last for days.

"There," Abbey's voice was at my ear again. Her hand was on my erection, now throbbing, contradicting my assertion that I wasn't a masochist. She rubbed my glans ever so gently, but even so I had to fight not to have a humiliating orgasm in her hand. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

I shook my head. I took a breath and bit down on the gag. Then a wave of pride broke over me when I realized I hadn't shed a single tear.

"Are you ready for something different?" Abbey asked.

I nodded.

I heard her heels on the hardwood again. She left the room.

I thought I heard something close-by, but it was only a fleeting impression, and Abbey was soon back. I winced when she rubbed her hands against my ass. She had gloves on again, but they weren't suede; they were latex, and I knew what that meant as she spread my cheeks and felt the cold goo squeezed from the lubricant tube directly over my anus. Then a finger circled, probed, and was finally slipped in, twisting slowly. A moment later it found my prostate, and a few well timed strokes caused that horrible electric sexual thrill that shoots through your whole body like ripples in a pond then reflects back and terminates at the tip of your penis, threatening to drive you insane.

Abbey grabbed my testicles with her free hand to keep me still and remind me she was in charge, then slipped another finger in my ass and twisted them around methodically before a third joined the party. She worked slowly, methodically, so there was barely a twinge of pain, and more than a few of pleasure. I might actually have enjoyed it if I didn't know what was coming. With her third finger in to the knuckle she asked, "Ready?"

I nodded. I had to be honest with her. If I wasn't honest and she didn't believe me it would have meant another encounter with the cane. If I wasn't honest and she did it would have meant a probing and stretching from her forth finger.

Abbey withdrew her hand. "This," she said like she was teaching a lesson, "is a butt plug."

I knew what a butt plug was- an inverse hourglass shaped sex toy with a flat base designed for anal penetration. The

pointed tip allows for ‘easy’ insertion; the bulging body both stimulates the prostate and makes the penetratee feel like a pig on a spit, and the sphincter, once stretched to accept the plug’s body, contracts on the narrowing back end, helping to draw it in, preventing him from expelling it without actually grasping the flat base, the only part of the thing that remains outside the body, so that like an iceberg ninety percent is below the surface.

Abbey saw to it that I was intimately familiar with them. She had a collection in various materials, sizes, textures, and colors. From my perspective, quite literally, color was unimportant, even when not blindfolded, but Abbey seemed to like the variation, and even had one made of metal with a large decorative crystal in the base which seemed to entertain her very much. She loved to insert that one and put me over her knee for a long spanking.

“A slave has to accept more than corporal punishment,” Abbey, still playing schoolmarm, continued as the cool dull tip touched my anus. “He has to accept being the first one penetrated if his mistress desires.” She began to push it in. It was a medium sized ‘textured’ vinyl unit, one of her favorites, though ‘medium’ is a matter of opinion. “It also serves the practical purposes of helping him to delay orgasm, and making that release stronger, if not always better, if allowed.” I wasn’t concentrating on the lesson anymore. I was taking deep breaths as the widest part of the plug was forced somewhat painfully past my sphincter, then pushed rather easily in until its contractions seated the base against it.

“OK?” Abbey asked.

I took a deep breath and nodded as she reached around and stroked me to full erection. Then she helped me to stand, turned the chair a hundred and eighty degrees, and seated me in it, my bound arms over its relatively short back. She pulled my legs back one at a time, lifting my ankles well off the floor, attaching each to the 4-way chain, putting all my weight on my sore burning ass and making sure the plug was in just as deep as possible. She swung a leg over and straddled me, but my erection glanced off its target and slipped between Abbey and her coat, pressing against her warm taught belly.

“High and outside,” she teased, rubbing her soft skin against me until I was ready to explode. Then she stopped and asked, “Have you ever heard of Santa’s helpers?”

I nodded.

“Want one to fuck you?”

I managed to utter a desperate but understandable, “Please,” through the ring gag.

“Are you sure? No backing out.”

“Yeeesph,” I said.

“OK,” Abbey said, lifting off me, “your call.”

I expected her to plunge back, impaling herself on my throbbing penis. Instead, she withdrew completely.

She said, “Go ahead, slip off your robe.” I didn’t know what she meant, but a moment later she straddled me again. Breasts grazed my chest before being pulled back, so I knew her coat was gone. She grabbed my erection, holding it steady as she pressed her sex against it. It was wet, hot, and open. She

pulled my glans through her slit once or twice before she began to settle, slowly swallowing my shaft. I let out a long low sigh of relief. The binding, the sensory deprivation, the caning and plug- were all worth it for that moment of letting go, of letting Abbey have me completely.

“I’m sure you’ve had bigger,” Abbey said.

I nearly jumped out of my skin; I would have jumped out of the chair had I not been bound to it. Abbey’s voice was behind me, well behind me and above. Whoever I was inside was a complete mystery.

I moaned into the gag. I was ready to scream. The woman stopped as I began to struggle.

Abbey grabbed my head harness from behind. “Don’t you dare fucking panic. This isn’t for you. This isn’t about you,” she said, trying to calm me. “Remember we talked about spicing things up?”

I sat there, frozen, breathing deeply.

“Didn’t we?” she repeated.

I nodded. It was true, but we’d never talked about anything like this.

“Consider this extra spicy. OK?”

I inclined my head in a halfhearted nod. This was supposed to be every man’s fantasy, but I wasn’t even remotely prepared for it.

“Go ahead. He’s all yours now,” Abbey told the woman gently.

Fully impaled, she leaned forward, pressing her torso to mine, and it was a strange sensation. Even bound and

blindfolded it was easy to tell she was quite different from Abbey. I'm not sure how to put this diplomatically, but she was more ...pneumatic... than my wife. She certainly wasn't obese, but her body was fuller, softer, and her breasts were lower, larger, and not as firm. I'd guess she was probably a decade older than Abbey, maybe more, but she was still a snug fit, even if she was a bit hesitant in her movements, giving me the impression it wasn't the situation causing her anxiety, but a lack of confidence. Maybe she was divorced, or widowed, out of practice and having a hard time getting back in the saddle.

Abbey has a kind heart. She's always taking in strays, acting as a mentor, but this was a new chapter, maybe even a new volume. It was true- we had agreed to be more open about our relationship. We'd discussed meeting our peers in the bdsm community, but I'd assumed that would involve going to fetish parties or clubs. I never imagined I'd be offered up as a sex toy- whipping boy, maybe, sex toy, no.

Before long the woman was rocking back and forth fairly steadily, but she seemed distant, never trying to kiss me or even touch my face, but I'm sure that was Abbey's idea. It seemed she didn't mind seeing me used like a sex toy, but was reserving intimacy for herself, because every time I tried to lean a bit forward and get my face near my mystery date's, Abbey would pull the harness and my head back, keeping me straight in the chair as the unknown woman rode me like a living dildo, albeit somewhat nervously.

Abbey seemed to sense it. "Wait," she told her. "I've got something to show you," she said, and rushed out of the room.

I was floating; it's hard to keep up with what's happening when you're blindfolded and drifting in sub-space. Even if you haven't gone too deep perceptions become distorted. So for those who've never been there, it may be a bit surprising to hear that that's when I first realized, or at least when it first impacted me, that the woman had been there the whole time. She'd watched the new cane in action, and the plug lesson was real. Abbey wasn't teasing me- she was using me as a teaching aid. And just as that brand new defeat came crashing in I figured out where Abbey was going- what she was getting. When I did I wanted to crawl into my skin and curl up. My face burned. I must have turned beet red.

"Look at this," she said on her return. "I told you he was no breeder." And it was true. Two years after we got married we decided not to have kids, by which I mean Abbey decided not to have kids then we 'discussed' it. Shortly thereafter we had another discussion and decided that sterilization was the only surefire way to prevent pregnancy, and since I was the submissive partner, and it's so much easier to fix a man than a woman, that I'd undergo a vasectomy. She'd already chosen the doctor, and things happened fairly quickly after that, probably to prevent me from getting cold feet.

The deed was done within a month, and 20 orgasms later I was shooting blanks and Abbey had the lab results to prove it. Not only did she have them, she had them framed and hung on our bedroom wall, and were only removed when members of my family were visiting, or when she wanted to show someone as she was doing with the mystery woman. "See,

sperm count zero. Snip, snip... and just like that he's out of the gene pool."

I don't think I've ever been more humiliated in my life, but it did the trick. It made me less of a threat and the woman loosened up a bit. Her little machine steady movements became more passionate, but more than that, they were also more determined, taking in nature, and combined with everything else I found it so overwhelming it brought me to tears. Luckily the blindfold's soft lining absorbed them. It's not that I wanted to keep it a secret forever, but for that moment it was something private, something to be told later.

"That's it cowgirl," Abbey, who seemed to be enjoying the show more, said. "Show him who's boss. Take that steer to slaughter," and my rider responded with even greater enthusiasm leading to a more serious problem. Normally, I have little trouble waiting until Abbey is ready before coming, but this woman was a clean slate. I couldn't read her body at all, and I soon got the feeling her goal wasn't her orgasm, but mine, and despite her timid start, the lack of face to face intimacy, and my unexpected emotional response, it was something she was well on her way to accomplishing.

Abbey, though, had a strict 'ladies first' policy when it came to orgasms. If I were to come before my date I'd get a caning that would make the one I'd received look like a limp-wristed warmup. Just when I was about to abandon hope and give it up for her I winced in pain as the woman's teeth sank into my shoulder.

She was coming.

I learned later, when I examined the wound, that she didn't actually draw blood, but it sure felt like she was taking a chunk out of me when it happened, and the black and blue marks would last longer than the red stripes Abbey left. The woman moaned and gasped into my shoulder, doing her best to stifle her voice, something I didn't like. It meant she was likely no stranger and didn't want me to recognize who she was- a neighbor, one of Abbey's friends or work colleagues- or one of mine.

When the tidal wave finally began to subside I heard Abbey's voice. "You remember how to make him come, don't you?"

She nodded, her teeth still gnawing my shoulder.

"Whenever you're ready," Abbey said.

I was concentrating so hard on restraining myself that at first the words didn't sink in. It may seem strange, since I was balls deep in another woman, but I never imagined Abbey would let her cue me. That was something she spent so long training me to do, and considered so important in our relationship that even in this situation I couldn't imagine she'd let another woman go through with it. It was a mind-fuck transfer of intimacy, executed no more than a dozen small rocking strokes later when I heard the finger snap next to my ear.

The orgasm was instant, hard, and completely involuntary- exactly as I'd been conditioned. As I bucked and choked Abbey pulled the straps at the back of my head harness, pivoting my head dizzily so that if I could have seen

straight out of my eye sockets I would have been looking at the ceiling. Then her lips were on mine, right over the gag. She thrust her tongue through the ring as deeply as she could, leaving not a second's doubt who I belonged to. I moaned in Abbey's mouth while the plug, almost forgotten in the growing excitement, slammed my prostate like an anvil with each spasm, hitting harder and more uncomfortably each time.

Abbey withdrew her mouth. "Give it up, baby. Give it all up. You're totally fucked," she said as my mystery date lost the last of her decorum and rocked her hips like a loose paint shaker, milking every last drop out of me in a rather unpleasant way as I shrank inside her, continuing until I was so soft and tender I was twisting in the chair trying to free myself. When she finally stopped she only had to lift herself an inch or so before I flopped out of her. She then collapsed against me and tried to catch her breath.

"You fucked him good," Abbey told the woman, gently, "but the best is yet to come. Right?" she asked, giving my head harness a little shake so I'd know she was talking to me.

I nodded the best I could, knowing what was about to happen, but hoping it wouldn't. A minute or two later I was standing. My feet had been released from the 4-way, but not my hands, which were still pinioned behind my back, and my beautiful wife was holding my head harness with one hand and the chain between my wrists with the other. She knew this part was difficult for me to accept, that if I was going to rebel it would be now, so she kept me firmly in hand- knowing it to be my least favorite part of the game. It's not that I wanted to

be disobedient, but something happens to a man after release. Sexual excitement masks so much, which is why it's such an effective training tool. When it vanishes, replaced by post orgasmic let-down, those embarrassments, like being bound, plugged, and brought off by a stranger, become utterly humiliating, and rituals of submission impossible to fathom without 'encouragement.'

Of course Abbey also knew that if she asserted her dominance here she could assert it anytime, and has told me that it's the part of the practice she finds most fulfilling, that if given the choice she'd rather bend me to her will after I've come than have an orgasm herself. Naturally, as the dominant she's fully entitled to both. Though I knew what she was preparing me for, and was thoroughly repulsed by the idea, I only tried to turn away once or twice, and halfheartedly at that, as she guided me to my knees in front of the chair the woman was now seated in.

"Are you ready?" she whispered.

I tried to shake my head, but Abbey used the harness to literally turn me into her puppet, forcing me to nod.

"Because you got to have your fun," she said, "it's only fair that you clean up the mess, right?"

A moment later my head was nodding again, and when it stopped my chin was on the seat of the chair inches from my mystery date's sex. I could feel my breath bouncing off it, smell our mixed juices. Abbey touched my ass with the cane and that's all I needed. I extended my tongue slowly through the gag's ring until it made contact, and then felt the woman's

warm thighs clasp my head tentatively. She hesitated for a few moments before throwing her feet over my back and squeezing my head with her soft inner thighs as I began to lap slowly, deeply, as I'd been taught.

"Better than any warm washcloth, isn't it?" I heard Abbey's voice, muffled by the warm flesh, ask the woman.

Her reply, if any, was non-verbal. Within a few minutes the work of cleaning became that of stimulation, and her thighs became a vice. Her cataclysmic orgasm of a dozen or so minutes before was replaced by a string of quiet, genteel releases. It was obvious when she'd had enough because her legs parted and my head was pushed violently away. Indeed, if Abbey wasn't standing behind me I might have tumbled over backward. Instead she guided me gently to the floor on my side with a little chuckle.

I heard Abbey moving. "Robe?" she offered, and the chair creaked as the woman stood. I think they hugged. By this time the CD had come to an end, and I heard her pad away on bare feet, then the bathroom door down the hall closed gently.

Abbey knelt next to me. "You've been a very good boy," she whispered. Then, giving the base of the plug a little twist, sending a small tremor through my body, she asked. "Do you want this out?"

I nodded.

"It'll be a while," she told me, pulling my legs back, and re-securing them to the 4-way. "We're not done here, yet. Just wait."

A few minutes later the woman left quietly. Abbey escorted her out, thanking her profusely for coming. She didn't speak until the door closed with them outside and I heard a muffled conversation, but it was too soft to recognize voices. When Abbey entered a few minutes later she closed and locked the door, then sauntered up and stood over me, standing silently for some time. I imagined her hands on her hips, her perfect legs- and being able to look up her coat and see her sex if only I wasn't still wearing that head harness.

"Somebody looks like he's been ridden hard," Abbey finally teased, poking my belly gently with the toe of her pump. "Just the two of us now," she said. The perspective of her voice changed as she spoke, getting closer as she sank to her knees, "Well, three." I heard the sound of a couple of disposable wipes popping out of their container. "You know who else is here?" Abbey asked, cleaning my genitals slowly.

I shook my head.

"Misses Stretchy."

I shook my head harder, and managed a somewhat intelligible, "No," through the ring gag. I was well acquainted with Misses Stretchy, and it's not that I didn't like her occasionally, but she was controlling, insatiable, and not to be denied.

"You don't want her to be jealous, do you?" Abbey said, taking my flaccid oversensitive penis in hand and forcing it through a small rubbery hole in a purely businesslike way.

Misses Stretchy was Abbey's name for a special cock and ball harness, quite a simple thing really, essentially a heavy,

incredibly elastic ribbed latex body with three tiny holes in it. It didn't really hurt to have my penis pushed through the center hole, but there was also one for each testicle, and getting those through was no picnic. Abbey was as gentle as she could be, but only pressure could force them through their openings, and as elastic as the material was, the holes were, by design, quite small. It was as if each one was being slowly swallowed by a small snake until they finally popped through, and even then it felt like each was being constantly tugged, not painfully, but it was somewhat uncomfortable. Its crowning glory, though, was a molded rubber ring in the body between the two separated testicles, allowing anyone wearing the device to be led around by their balls quite easily.

By squeezing the base of the penis like a cock ring it slowed the blood flow out of the penis and caused an involuntary erection, while squeezing, lifting, separating, and holding the testicles high and wide delayed orgasm. I had to be quite careful to be obedient when it was on. One of Abbey's favorite punishments for failing to comply with an order in a timely manner is simply to grab one of those beautifully displayed plums and give it a nice squeeze. As they're unable to move in the scrotum when so bound, even a small amount of pressure causes inordinate pain- and inspires instant obedience. Once, while in Misses Stretchy's firm grip, Abbey did a striptease for me. I made the mistake of telling her, "Nice rack," when she removed her bra. I did it in a purely complimentary way, but was rewarded by having a rubber band tightly looped around my left testicle and left there for

half an hour. That, I can assure you made me quite contrite as we discussed the proper way to compliment Abbey's body without objectifying her, ending with a warning that if I'd said, "Nice tits," at the end of the conversation my right ball would have suffered the same fate, and for twice as long-scary because I was so close to saying it it wasn't funny.

Abbey often carried Misses Stretchy in her pocket or purse as a reminder, flashing her to me covertly on shopping trips or at family get togethers. On more than one long drive Abbey toyed with it as she expounded on its virtues- the way it displayed the 3 piece set, the way it ensured erection and delayed ejaculation regardless of whether I was tired or horny, the way it allowed for instant and irresistible discipline to be administered, but mostly the way I took to being led by it, either with a finger through the ring or a leash attached to same- not that any man wouldn't have been equally compliant if subjected to the same device and Abbey's will.

If I'm honest, though, it's one of my favorite toys as well, because there's always an element of surprise as to what will happen after it's on. Sometimes it's the precursor to an evening of intricately planned bondage and discipline; sometimes its just an accoutrement to a night of making love quite conventionally; most of the time it's something in between.

In less than a minute Abbey had me in Misses Stretchy's unyielding hands. Then she removed my head harness. It was wonderful to be free of it. I stretched my jaw, and found myself blinking, even in the subdued light.

“What did you think?” Abbey asked, wiping my face playfully with another disposable wipe.

“Who was she?” I asked.

Abbey just smiled.

“I know her, don’t I?” I asked.

“Yes, well... at least in a biblical way you do,” she told me; her smile grew.

“You know what I mean.”

“You’d recognize her walking down the street. That’s all I’ll say.”

“Please,” I begged.

“No. It was part of our agreement. You’re in her bag. She’s not in yours.” Abbey emphasized her point by putting her finger through the cock and ball harness’ ring and giving it a playful tug. “And don’t think I don’t understand. Men like to keep score. They like to be able to brag even if they never will, but what would you be able to say? You sat like a good boy with a plug up your ass while she fucked you, popped a blank in her when she snapped her fingers, then tongued her clean- yeah, a real lady’s man you are. Sinatra would be proud,” she teased with a little smile.

I sighed. Abbey was good at putting the barrel over me. I respected her for that. I loved her for that, even if it was hard to take sometimes, but it gave me a strange sensation to know I’d had intercourse with someone who might smile at me on the street, or engage me in banal conversation at some party, and I’d be completely ignorant that I was a notch on her bedpost.

“You see,” Abbey added. “I’m Santa. She was the good little girl. You... were the gift.”

I nodded.

“And I’ll bet there’s something you haven’t considered yet,” Abbey added.

“That maybe she’ll brag,” I told her.

“No,” she told me with a chuckle, “I’m sure you’ve figured out by now that a whole network of people, some you know, some you don’t, may hear the whispers as they move down the jungle telegraph. No, now you won’t be able to complain if I have a lover or two.”

My face must have been something to behold, because Abbey laughed. She picked up the cane and flexed it. “You didn’t ask who our Secret Santa was, did you?”

“If it wasn’t from you it had to be her,” I said, still somewhat shocked from her previous statement, and none too excited that I had stripes on my ass from a cane my anonymous lover bought for Abbey.

“Wrong,” she corrected, unhooking all the cuffs from the 4-way, giving me time to think, but drawing a blank. “They came from a generous gentleman friend, and you’d better believe he’s the kind of man who’d never let a woman put a collar on him, or allow her to... but then you knew that already. You’ll have to write a thank you card later. I’ll see that he gets it.”

I was already semi-hard in Misses Stretchy’s grip. Hearing that was like flipping a switch causing full erection, though I didn’t want it to. “You would tell me if you were... wouldn’t

you?” I asked.

Abbey raised her eyebrows and smiled, then changed the subject. “Santa has something for a certain good little boy,” she said, undoing her belt slowly. She let the coat fall from her shoulders provocatively, held it for a moment, then let it drop to the floor. True to her word, not that I doubted her for a second, she didn’t have a stitch on underneath, and she has a truly amazing body, one not even an iron willed man can resist. “Now, not another word from you until morning,” she said, then pointed to the hearth rug and said, “Position eight.”

I laid on my back, arms extended, toes pointed, next to the dying fire, while Misses Stretchy made sure my erection was pointed straight up and my balls offered like two shining sugarplums, one on each side. Abbey turned off all the lights except those on the Christmas tree. She approached slowly, circuitously, moving in and out of my field of vision as she did, knowing I wouldn’t move my head or eyes, which were fixed on the ceiling as required by position eight. The only sounds in the room were her heels on the hardwood, the occasional crack of the fire, and the steady tick of the mantle clock, a wedding present from my parents. The tease nearly over, Abbey straddled me, standing directly over my pelvis. Her nipples were hard and her slit glistened in the ebbing firelight.

“Do you know what I’m about to do to you?” she asked.

I shook my head, cognizant of my admonition to remain silent, and quite aware how exposed my testicles were for a quick disciplinary squeeze.

“I’m going to prove I wouldn’t ask anyone to do something I wasn’t prepared to do myself,” Abbey said, bending her knees, expertly lowering herself onto my erection in one hypnotic movement, sliding down my shaft until she was fully inserted, pressing my exposed balls between us, not painfully, but there was no way to forget where they were. Leaning forward she grabbed my nipples and began to roll them gently between her index fingers and thumbs the way I wanted to play with hers, but I was forbidden to move an inch without permission when put in one of her formal positions. This verbal bondage was far more intense than any physical bondage she put me in and she knew it.

I smiled.

Abbey’s body I knew. I expected a slow confident pumping that would evolve into frenzied bronco busting within a few minutes. Instead she remained frozen. The only movement was her breasts rising and falling almost imperceptibly as she breathed, moving her pert little nipples that I longed to tongue, to grab with my lips, even to stretch with my teeth when the time was right. But they may as well have been a thousand miles away.

I began to move my hips almost imperceptibly, trying to coax her.

“Hey,” Abbey warned, pinching my nipples painfully with her nails. “Try that again and I’ll find something bigger to squeeze than these.” Then after a few moments she started gently teasing them again- and nothing else.

Time passed at a glacial pace as I fought the urge to fuck

the most beautiful woman on earth, a woman already mounted on me. Sweat rolled down my forehead, and I was trying to control my ragged breathing when it happened. Above us there was a gentle click, and an almost imperceptible whir as the clock's Westminster chimes began to sound softly. On the twelfth bell Abbey whispered, "Merry Christmas, fuck monkey," then started riding me, taking me slowly, making sure I knew I was one hundred percent hers again- something I hadn't doubted since the day she first locked a collar around my neck.

And that's when I realized it was morning; it was tomorrow; it was Christmas Day and I could speak, "Merry Christmas, my love, my life. Thank you," I said, and Abbey lit the room with her smile, the way she does every day.

The end

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Other Stories by J. Manque

(with credit to Titivillus- for his usual contributions)

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About the author

J. Manque is a writer based near San Francisco, California. He's currently working on a million word magnum opus about life and politics in the 1990s. It will likely be released as three or four novels. The first, tentatively entitled ***Love on Concrete***, is scheduled for release in print and eBook form shortly. Here's a brief synopsis-

In the late summer of 1994 an act of civil disobedience triggers a chance meeting between an amateur dominatrix and an IT specialist, resulting in an intense psychological wrestling match that mirrors the politics of change of the mid 1990s. It ends with a torrid confrontation in a rundown motel in Reno's dirty heat hours before the 'Republican Revolution' changes America in ways that are still echoing through the world today. In between the two explore the dark shadows of the human psyche reflected in aspects of sexuality never discussed among friends, but always lurking just out of sight in a dark world of sodium vapor lights and diesel choked streets- in short, our world.

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