

“Trish”

By Dirty Dawg

Great. Another fucking Christmas spent alone. My sister in California and her husband, plus her two curtain-climbing, crumb-snatching, ankle-biting rug rats had invited me there, but I had no desire to spend five days watching my nephew proudly announce that he had, indeed, completed a successful delivery of “number two” in the correct and proper place. Neither did I want to watch my niece pick her nose and fling it at her brother, which according to my sister was her new hobby.

My brother was overseas, working for “the government” in some shadowy capacity, and wouldn’t be heard from. Both parents dead as Kelsey’s nuts, which all added up to the fact that I’d be spending yet another Yuletide season staring at the walls and wondering why I got so depressed.

I mean, aside from the fact that the last time I’d had a date Ronald Regan was in the White House, what else did I have to be depressed about? The fact that my job was a go-nowhere, mind-numbing, ass-crushing bore and I wanted nothing more than to drill my boss with a 9mm right between the eyes might contribute something to my depression. The fact that my last girlfriend had told all her friends that I was probably gay, nullifying any chance I might have had at dating any of them might have added a little to it, too.

But I wasn’t gay. I just wasn’t attracted to her anymore. She had turned from a warm, wonderful woman into a screaming shrew and I’d had enough. She wanted me to make love to her while she was wearing curlers and this green... gunk on her face. I mean, hey, I can be a trooper with the rest of them, but I have my fucking limits, right?

So there I was, Christmas Eve, watching a log slowly turn to ash in the fireplace, a cold Genuine Draft clutched in one paw, losing myself in the flame and remembering Christmases Past.

Like my senior year in high school. All of seventeen, ready to take on the world, full of piss and vinegar. Ten goddamn years ago. I remember wanting nothing more than to get out of high school and into the world. School, as I remembered, was boring and mind-numbing. Hah. I’ve been in the world since those years, and I’d give almost anything to go back to those days of hopeful innocence, days when my only worry as a developing zit on my nose and where the next beer was coming from.

And Trish. Who could forget Trish? She was a sophomore in college, a friend of my sister’s, and my girlfriend. I was the envy of all my friends, dating an older woman...a college woman. We’d known each other since about moments after my own birth, and had essentially grown up together. I was nine, she was eleven and just beginning to get interested in boys when she pulled me aside and solemnly asked if she could practice kissing with me.

Now, being a boy of nine, replete with frogs in my pockets and a disdain for anything even *remotely* female, I originally decline, lest any of my friends find out. If *they* found out I was kissing, of all things, a *girl*, I would have to fight for weeks to get back into their good graces, to prove that I was not a wimp.

In the end, she persisted, and I finally gave in. She practiced for hours, using her lips and tongue on me. Frankly, at the time, I was grossed out. But I learned how to kiss, and how to kiss well, because she taught me what a woman likes best, and more importantly, taught me that different women like to be kissed different ways. *That* went along way when I started dating.

I was a junior, and Trish was a freshman in college when we started dating. It had been pretty innocent, me filling in when my sister had a date and Trish tagged along. I became the fourth, so poor Trish wouldn’t feel like a third wheel. And things just went from there. She started calling me

for dates for just the two of us, and I started calling her. We'd been together for almost four months when she suddenly started laughing.

"You know," she said. "You never asked me out. I mean, officially or anything. We just...happened."

With a mock-serious expression on my face, I dropped to one knee and held her hand lightly in mine. "Will you please go out with me?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said slowly, "I mean, you're awful young and all that..." With a laugh and a growl I pounced on her and we spent the rest of the afternoon wrestling on the couch, stopping only for tickle fights and long, wet, deep kisses that made my toenails ache.

I was the first boy she let pet her below the waist, and a day after that, she let me be the first girl I ever performed oral sex on. I can still remember her taste today: A mixture of sweat, urine and her distinctly female taste that I craved. I must have spent the better part of a summer between her thighs, exploring and learning and licking and tasting every square inch of her. She never, ever returned the favor.

Because I never asked her to. The truth was, I went home every time with blue balls so bad all I could do was jerk off. I was jerking off so often and so hard that I had these little...I'm ashamed to say it, but scabs on my cock from tugging so hard. I knew that if I took off my pants and showed her my poor, abused cock, she would absolutely refuse to take it into her mouth, so I didn't ask.

And then, in her junior year in college, my freshman year, I got a "Dear Peter" letter. Sorry, she said, but I've met someone else, and we're going to get married. You'd like him, she wrote, he's a lot like you. And then, as always, she dropped the bomb that all women like to use, few mean, and ever fewer still can live up to. I hope we can still be friends, she wrote.

Yeah.

Right.

And I'm fucking Santa Claus.

I *don't* think so.

So there I was, like I said, sitting on the couch, feeling pretty goddamned sorry for myself, a rapidly-warming beer clutched in one hand, watching the fire slowly dim. Peace on Earth and Goodwill Towards Men, my ass!

The doorbell rang.

Probably fucking carolers, I thought. Too-cheerful people standing around singing about a joyous season. I decided to ignore them.

The doorbell rang again, and then again.

Sighing, I stood and walked to the front door, leaving my beer behind. One song, and then I would plead tiredness and go to bed.

I opened the door and felt surprise and astonishment, and frankly, arousal.

Trish was standing on my doorstep.

Alone.

Crying.

Trish was standing on my doorstep, alone and crying. (My mind, at this point, had vapor-locked. It screamed at me "LET HER IN, STUPID!")

I opened the storm door and she fell into my arms, resting her head against my chest and sobbed. "Oh, Peter, I don't know where to go," she said.

Pulling back, I asked, "What's wrong, Trish?"

"I left my husband yesterday and drove here. I didn't tell anyone, and I planned to stay with my parents. They went to Hawaii for the holidays. I don't have a key, and I have nowhere to go."

Thank you, Santa.

"Come in. You can stay here, of course." She smiled at me through her tears and took off her coat. I caught my breath and tried not to stare. She was dressed to impress someone, that was for sure. She was wearing a white leather miniskirt and a dark red blouse that hugged her tits. At 29, she looked wonderful. Her light brown-almost-blond hair lightly brushed her shoulders, and if anything, her figure had ripened into the mature body of a desirable woman. I felt a lurching in my trousers and ignored it.

Following me into the living room, Trish spied my beer and cocked an eyebrow at me. Nodding, I went and got another one.

"So," I said, handing it to her, "what's this about leaving your husband?"

"Bastard!" she spit. "I caught him giving some seasonal joy to his goddamn teenybopper secretary on his fucking desk. I threw his present at him and stalked out."

"So it's over?"

Sadly, she nodded. "I've known for a while that he was screwing around on me, just not specifically with who. But when I saw that little 19 year old slut spread-eagled on his desk getting butt-fucked by my husband...I decided it was over then and there."

"Butt-fucked?" I said, fairly shocked by her language. Trish blushed. "He likes that," she explained. And then, after a moment, added cryptically, "...and so do I." "I gulped so hard I was sure she heard it."

"So tell me what's going on in *your* life," she said. "I'm sick of my problems. Give me some of yours."

I laughed, and we sat down on the couch. We talked for about twenty minutes, about my crappy job, about her crappy job, and about all the things we'd missed out on in the last ten or so years. We were laughing at some of the old antic's we'd been through and I suddenly felt very, very aroused.

I stopped laughing and looked at Trish straight in the eyes. "I never forgot about you, you know."

She blushed. "I didn't, either."

"Do you believe in the axiom that 'What's good for the goose is good for the gander?'" I asked softly.

She nodded.

"Well then, I have to say that I am incredibly attracted to you, and I would very much like to make love with you."

A small, very private smile tugged at the corners of Trish's mouth. Quietly, almost too quiet to hear, she said, "I think I'd like that very much, Peter."

We inched closer, and then after ten years apart, we were together again, kissing softly, feeling each other grow hungry with passion as the kiss lengthened and intensified. Her mouth worked eagerly against mine, her tongue searching my mouth for all the familiar spots and locations. My hands moved to her shoulders, stroking her through the satiny material of her shirt. She clung to me, kissing me deeply, trying to suck my tongue down her throat.

My hands dropped to her breasts, and I massaged her gently through the shirt, feeling her hard little nipples poke into the skin of my palm. Trish broke the kiss and stood before me, gently swaying her hips as she unbuttoned her blouse. Tugging it out of her skirt, she sat on my lap facing me, her thighs outside mine as I buried my face in her chest, rubbing my cheek against her breasts as my hands went around her back, under the shirt, losing myself in the warmth and smoothness of her body and her shirt.

She kissed the top of my head and ran her fingers through my hair, pulling me urgently against her. "God, hold me," she said. "Hold me please, Peter!" I groaned and licked a nipple through her bra. The result was instant and exciting. She ground her chest into my face. "Oh, God, lick me," she screamed. "Lick my fucking titties!"

The old Trish had, apparently, learned some new tricks.

My hands went up her back, and instead of the fumbling teenager, my smooth, somewhat experienced but out-of-practice hands easily undid her bra clasp.

Slowly, I revealed each breast, tasting the skin as I removed the lace. Her breasts had grown, but they were still firm and heavy in my hands. "So beautiful," I whispered. "So wonderful, so perfect." I closed my mouth around her right nipple and felt the rough texture on my tongue. Trish started undulating her hips against mine, getting into the contact and the friction and the moisture.

My hands dropped to her leather-clad ass as I pulled her against me, trying to get inside her, trying to become one with her. I was cupping a breast in each hand, gently thumbing her nipples when she pulled away from me and stood, turning around and facing the fire.

I watched as her hands slowly came around the back and undid the button on her skirt, and then worked the impossibly tight zipper down. Swaying her hips from side to side, she worked the tight material off of her hips, down her ass and off her legs. She was wearing a white lace garter belt and long, black seamed stockings.

No panties.

"You like?" she whispered?

I fell to my knees and kissed each jiggle cheek, reaching my hand under and around to feel the moist excitement of her pussy. Like an old friend, my fingers located her clitoris, and I rolled her pearl between my fingers, feeling her gasp and tighten in my grip. She turned to face me and slowly rubbed her cunt over my face, slicking my skin with her arousal.

"Taste me," she said. I lowered my face between her thighs and inhaled her scent, feeling the tension in my groin become almost unbearable. I licked at her, and it was the same old Trish, only more aged, more refined. Sweat and arousal and the slight tang of urine filled my senses as I avidly licked her trench from just beneath her asshole to her clit and back. I stiffened my tongue and tried to drill it up her cunt, wanting to pop my entire head inside her wet, warm vagina.

Trish had my head in both hands, and she was mashing herself against me, bucking her hips into my face as I held on to her asscheeks and went for the ride of my life, feeling her slick juices cover my face, soak into my mustache and slide down my throat.

"Oh yeah!" Trish was saying, "yeah, yeah! Yeah! Fucking YES!" And then she liquefied into a wondrous climax, shuddering, her pussy snapping closed around my invading tongue, her fingernails digging painfully into my shoulders as I rode her out, screaming out in the pleasure I gave her.

She collapsed to the rug and sat there, her legs lewdly splayed open, gently playing with herself as I watched. "I'll be right back," I said. Quickly walking to my bedroom, I tore the comforter off the bed and snagged two pillows, returning to spread them out in front of the fire.

I tossed another log on and felt Trish kneeling behind me, placing her arms around my neck so she could rub my chest, her naked, heavy breasts resting against my back.

She kissed my neck and ear, teasing my canal with her wet little tongue. She remembered. That was one of my favorite things, something we jokingly called "Ear Sex." Feeling her thick, meaty tongue trying to worm its way into the center of my brain made my cock throb harder still.

"Turn around," she whispered throatily. I did, and her hands fell to my belt as we kissed again,

hungrily. Without looking, still kissing me, Trish stripped me and then gently pushed me back on the comforter. My cock, all thickly throbbing seven inches of it, bobbed from my waist.

"Mmmmm," she said. "You grew up, too." I laughed at her, but the laugh died in my throat as she opened her mouth and slid my entire cock in, to the root, in a single stroke. I groaned deep in my throat, and my hands reflexively grabbed hers and held it there for a long moment. I could feel the muscles of her throat clutch at my cock like another mouth, and I was afraid that I was going to shoot already; I wanted that blowjob to last, because Trish had apparently picked up a few tricks along the way.

I sat back and watched her blow me in the gentle light of the fire. Her golden hair caught the firelight and made it shine, and watching her gently bobbing head move above my cock fueled my passion to a new level. She used a shitload of saliva, getting me wet and slippery and more excited by the moment.

Her hands were not still; she teased my balls, rubbing each one like a crap player might a pair of lucky dice. I was doing multiplication tables in my head to keep control when Trish slid a finger into my unprepared asshole and started rubbing my prostate gland.

I forced her head down on my cock and blew a load down her throat. Gasping and gulping, Trish took it all, greedily drinking my load and smacking her lips. "So good," she said. "Sooo good." She licked at my pisshole and milked my nuts, making sure she got every drop of my creamy gift.

She fell on top of me and kissed me. I could taste myself in her mouth, and it turned me on beyond belief. We stayed that way for a while, gently kissing as she lay atop me, her heavy, full breasts pushing into my chest, our pubic hair mingling. Slowly, I became excited again, and she felt me stirring against her.

"My God," she said. "So soon?" Evilly, I grinned and rolled her over, spreading her legs.

"Fuck me hard," Trish said. "I love it hard and deep." I placed the head of my again-throbbing cock at her slick entrance and slid my entire length into her with one shove. I felt the slick, slippery walls of her snatch snap closed around me and I had to stop for a second, the pleasure was so intense.

Trish had locked her legs around my waist, and she beat a tattoo against my ass. "Fuck me," she hissed. "Fuck me hard!" I started a slow rhythm, building up speed until we were slapping together, sweat flying as I pounded her receptive cunt as hard as I could. Her fingernails were digging into my back and my chest as she held on.

Trish had several intense orgasm as I pounded her into the carpet. She pulled away from me and got up on all fours, wiggling her ass. "From behind. Fuck me as hard as you can from behind, Peter! Really slam me!"

I lined myself up and grabbed her shoulders, pulling her violently back, spearing her wildly clutching cunt with my cock. She groaned and slid a hand underneath, flicking her clit as I rode her through several more orgasms. Her tight, sticky cunt began to vise around my cock harder and harder. I was amazed at her muscle control and knew I couldn't hold out much longer.

"Gonna cum," I moaned.

"Oh, Peter, dear, please do come inside me! Give it to me! Give me all of it! I want your fucking cum in my CUNT!" Her dirty talk, combined with her hot, tight body worked their magic and I blew my load inside her, burying my cock to the balls as I emptied myself inside her. I could feel my own cum backing out of her cunt and warming my cock and balls.

We fell apart, and she rolled over on top of me. I could feel the accumulated sludge of our coupling leaking from her cunt onto my thigh.

“Merry Christmas,” she said with a twinkle in her eye.
“Well,” I said, “you certainly got *your* stocking stuffed!”