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12 Naughty Days of Christmas 2017

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UNWRAP ME



12 NAUGHTY DAYS OF CHRISTMAS 2017

PIPER STONE

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Piper Stone
Unwrap Me

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CHAPTER 1



“So tell me, girlfriend. What is nestled in that saucy scarlet foil bag you have?”

“Handcuffs and a flogger.” Cristal Collier eyed the stunning raven-haired beauty and grinned. Somehow she knew that naughty bit of information would surprise even her best friend, Wendy.

“What? You have to be kidding me! The most conservative woman I know is bringing sexual toys as the white elephant gift?” Feigning shock, Wendy fanned her face and blinked furiously. Then she changed to a safer topic. “Brenda has outdone herself. Look at these amazing decorations.”

“Uh huh. You told me to kick up the heat. And I’m not conservative!” She surveyed the beautifully decorated home, wishing her Christmas could seem so spectacular. At this point, she was spending the majority of the holiday season alone. Completely alone.

“That I did. I think you picked the perfect time to do it too,” Wendy breathed as she eyed the front door.

“Oh, no you don’t. I know that wicked look, my sinfully-mischievous-soon-to-be-ex-friend of mine. What are you hiding?”

Cristal wasn't in the mood for games, even though she was feigning a good mood.

"Just a little surprise and no, you won't be able to drag it out of me. Put your gift under the tree and let's grab a drink. The fun is about to begin."

"Why do I have a very bad feeling about this?" Cristal laughed as she plopped the bag under the garishly decorated Christmas tree. Trimmed in amethyst and gold, the twinkling multi-colored lights were almost blinding. Brenda certainly had vibrant tastes. Then again, all of her friends were highly opinionated and very intelligent socialites, and while their tastes varied, they were the best of friends. She was the only one that had hidden behind closed doors for two long years. An ugly divorce could do that to you.

"Come on, slow poke!" Wendy dragged her toward the kitchen. "This is a party, remember?"

"I know." Cristal shook her head as she brushed her hands down her recently purchased hot little Victoria's Secret dress. Little was the operative word. Never in her life had she owned, let alone worn, something so slinky and daring. As she passed by the hall mirror, her reflection reminded her that voluptuous curves were all the rage. *Yeah right!* Hissing, she shook her head. "I look ridiculous."

"Stop it! You look hot as shit," Wendy chided. "If I were into girls, I'd do ya." Her sparkling laughter floated down the hall. "The color is fabulous with your copper curls! Oh baby, va va voom!"

Cristal blushed and blew her a kiss. "Red is my favorite color."

"You just need to stand in front of one sexy man and say, 'Unwrap me, stud.'"

"That's not gonna happen at *this* party." Laughing, she eyed the crowd of already intoxicated revelers. While Brenda threw lavish parties, her guests weren't what Cristal would call scintillating, although the holidays did draw out a more festive crowd. Several couples were already half naked and it was only ten-thirty in the evening. "But the naughty show's going to be fun."

"Here, drink this before you turn into an old fuddy duddy."

Filling two crystal wineglasses with merlot, she handed Cristal one before taking a sip of her own.

"Fuddy duddy? I'm wearing a skin-tight mini dress with no bra, four inch stilettos and a brand new lace thong. Does that seem old to you?"

"I need to think." Wendy mused. "Yes."

"Wretched bitch!"

"Let's make a deal," Wendy said, her eyes twinkling.

"What do you have in mind?"

"That you allow Cory's bad behavior to stay in the past and enjoy all the dazzling treats that come your way tonight. No questions asked. Have a wild and wicked time with someone. Take a walk on the wild side."

"Are you suggesting I have a one night stand?" Cristal glared at her best friend and groaned. Wendy Mitchell had been her support, her anger partner and her drinking buddy since Cory walked out several years before, seeking a new life with a blonde vixen that was still in college. "You're serious."

"You bet. It'll do you a world of good. You haven't had sex in like ten years. Come on!"

"Why don't you say that a little louder so the entire party knows about my miserable life?" Groaning, she knew Wendy was right, but trusting a man again was almost beyond her.

"Just looking out for your best interests. Sweetie, you look dazzling, you're of age and you're horny as shit. Find a man and fuck him hard. Hmm... delicious idea."

Cristal raised her eyebrow. Before she could retort, Brenda flanked the women, hands on her hips, her look nothing short of scandalous. The third in their three musketeers friendship was ballsy, brash and enjoyed all things kinky.

"You're both missing the gifts, and I agree completely with Wendy. Time for you to shed your inhibitions. Take a chance," Brenda cooed.

Off to the side, Cristal stood with Wendy and watched the

festivities. "I see you're both plotting. That terrifies me." Cristal chuckled, but damn it if she didn't crave having a man in her bed thrusting his thick and very hard cock into her pussy. *Whew.* The thought alone forced a tremor into her wet, hot cunt. Her snazzy collection of vibrators just wasn't doing it for her any longer. As a single bead of perspiration trickled down her cheek, she could see the mischievous looks exchanged between the two women. Her hand shaking, she took a sip of wine as she was led back into the living room. Cory, he'd been her knight in shining armor. The collapse of their marriage had stripped her self confidence, leaving her a shell of a woman.

"I know that look. Relax and enjoy," Wendy whispered.

"I'm trying to." The admittance was real. The reality something else entirely.

Brenda grinned. "More presents to give out. Okay, who's next?" Clapping her hands, she sashayed toward the Christmas tree. "Number forty-five."

"That's me!" A woman stepped forward. Wearing little more than an elf suit, the buxom blonde giggled like an imp.

"I hate this," Cristal mumbled under her breath. She was ready to bolt. Hiding under her warm covers at home seemed to be the way to go.

"Listen to me. I'm giving you your Christmas present early this year," Wendy whispered, pushing Cristal forward into the room. "Go with me on this. A little holiday eye candy and hopefully more." Nodding toward the front door, she purred softly and stepped away. "Merry Christmas, lady. You deserve a wild and wooly tryst, and he's the perfect candidate."

Cristal fought the white hot flash of blatant savage desire as Thorne Mitchell stepped down the single stair from the entrance foyer. Shaking, she heard her heart thumping in her chest in wild, ragged pulses. "I... don't understand. Why is he here?" *Thorne, dear God!*

"My darling baby brother just moved back into town, and

without that low life of a girlfriend he cavorted with for too many years, thank God,” Wendy purred and licked her lips. “What, I forgot to tell you that? Shame on me.” Barely able to contain her giddiness, she waved to Thorne, drawing his attention.

“No! No! Don’t call him over here!” Cristal hissed, stealing a glance down at her dress. A series of memories flooded her mind – the boy... the man... the stud that... Pressing the back of her hand over her mouth, she thought for certain she was going to pass out.

“Stop it! All he’s done since he came back into town was ask about you. You had an effect on him. No other woman has,” Wendy chortled.

A harried squeel dragged Cristal’s attention away from the slice of pure vanilla chocolate hunk.

“Oh my God! Look at the candle and the bubble bath. My hubby is going to be happy tonight!” As the excited blonde showed off her gift, the grunts and moans of the crowd filtered into the dense air.

“Me, really? I mean... it’s been what, six years?” Cristal watched him place a shimmering foil package under the tree, nod to Brenda and saunter their way. And he only had eyes for her. *Dear fucking God, I’m going to faint.* The stunning six foot four inch blond man took sexy and gorgeous to a dangerously new level. Licking her lips, she nonchalantly gazed down the length of his carved body. No man ever filled out a pair of tight black jeans like Thorne. A scarlet silk shirt hugged his chiseled pecs, and he looked good enough to be a calendar cover for the Chippendales. The years of maturity had turned him into one delicious treat for the eyes.

“Five, but who’s counting? And I think he’s a very happy man seeing you.” Bubbling with giggles, Wendy wiggled her finger, pointing discretely to the thick bulge between his legs.

“Wendy!” Cristal chastised, but holy fuck, the man was hard and horny. Was it really because of her? She remembered the lanky boy who had grown into a stunning man right before her eyes. Intense desire had burned within both of them for years, to the point that he had eventually surprised her with a passionate kiss. The

memory sweet, she shuddered as she envisioned the sticky summer day, the large oak tree and his hard body pinning her to it. While she wanted nothing more than to make love with him that day, she'd been trying to rekindle a dying marriage. The guilt continued to plague her, even through Cory's copious affairs.

"I want you. I've craved you for years," Thorne whispered as he cupped her face, his thumb dragging back and forth across her lips.

"Thorne, we can't." Cristal was mesmerized by his eyes, the way he touched her.

"You want this."

"Yes, but I'm still married."

The thoughts were haunting, driving her into a state of desire she hadn't experienced in years. Swallowing hard, Cristal shook off the images. This shouldn't be happening.

"Hi ya, baby brother." Rising onto her tiptoes, Wendy kissed his cheek.

"Hi ya, sis." Turning his gaze, he blazed a long slow trail down the length of Cristal. "Whew! Damn, you look hot." Thorne grinned.

"Thank you. I'm just the same," Cristal managed.

"Doesn't she look hot?" Wendy jabbed his ribs.

"Very much so." Taking Cristal's hand, he brushed his lips across her palm and darted a series of licks up and down her fingers. "Mmm... I've missed you."

Did he just lick me? A screaming echo pulsed in her ears as jagged shimmers of fuchsia and tangerine stars floated in front of her eyes. "Thorne." Her voice was barely audible, as sensations that she'd never felt before rushed through her body. Her pussy clenched as a trickle of her juice slid into her panties. "I didn't know you were back from California."

"Seems like someone kept my arrival a secret." Thorne gave Wendy an evil grin.

"Number forty-six!" Brenda called. "Now don't forget, you can snag another gift if you don't like what you get."

"I'm glad... to... um... see you." *Damn it girl! You aren't in high school. He's just a man.* Cristal smiled. Thinking he was just a man was a woefully ridiculous statement. He was the man of her fantasies every single night of the week. Thorne was five years her junior and the age difference had always bothered her. While she'd never told anyone of her brazen hunger officially, her friend Wendy knew stone-cold Cristal had the hots for her brother. She'd followed his career in the magazines, even cutting out her favorite pictures. An aspiring model and actor, his savvy business sense afforded him all the perks and toys a man might desire. And as he undressed her with his eyes, she knew he wanted her naked, lying on silk sheets.

As Brenda waved a welcome to Thorne, she kept the gift giving going, calling out, "All right, Bart, your turn!"

"I can't wait to see what you have for a famished male." His voice gravely, Bart whistled into the crowd as he grabbed the elf figurine printed bag.

They stood quietly, watching the gift exchange.

"We need to liven up this party," Wendy said casually.

"Would you consider having a drink with me?" Thorne asked. "Maybe we could go somewhere quiet."

"I'd... I'd love to," Cristal answered, feeling her confidence building. She glanced at the group crowded around the tree and grimaced. Her foil bag had been pushed right to the front.

"Lordy, how did you know?" Bart's booming laughter filtered throughout the room as he held up a baby pink woman's tee shirt. Covered with sequins, the material shimmered in the festive lighting.

"I think that'll look great on you, Bart," Brenda laughed as she picked up another package.

"Why don't we sneak away? I need a drink and I'd love to get to know everything you've been doing." Thorne grabbed Cristal around the waist and swung her around in circles. "I can't wait to get to know you again."

"Hey baby brother, just wait for a minute or two," Wendy admonished. "You can't leave the party just yet."

Laughter filtered across the room as several guests clapped.

Brenda coughed. "We're on a roll guys. "Number forty-seven!"

Thorne winked at Wendy and pursed his lips. "Whatever you say, sis."

"Thorne," Cristal breathed. *God, they're all in this together. What are they thinking?* Have an affair with a boy? But he wasn't a boy. He was the man she dreamed about every night. She gazed into his eyes and felt every part of her body quiver for Thorne. He was the guy she longed for to fill her most secret fantasies. Her routine was almost the same every night. A glass of wine, a lovely vibrator and thoughts and visions of Thorne were all the fuel she needed as she shoved a thick sex toy into her cunt. While the images were nothing short of stunning, she craved real flesh and blood.

"Yes, baby?" Thorne inched closer, grinding his hips back and forth across hers. Wrapping his arm around her back, every move was a sensuous dare.

"Squee! Look at this tasty treat, guys! Chocolates! I have all kinds of ideas how I'm going to use these and it has everything to do with my man." The squeals jazzed the guests until they whistled and cat-called.

"Just a couple more. Bart, Samantha, do you want to trade your gifts for the last two under the tree?" Brenda asked.

"Not a chance!" Samantha cooed as she swayed her hips back and forth.

"No, we'll keep it. I think my naughty wife kinda wants to see me in pink," Bart mused.

Cristal eyed the wrapped package as a single tremor of anticipation trickled down her spine.

"Number forty-eight." Brenda grinned and gazed toward Cristal, her look nothing short of a kitten-caught-in-a-bowl-of-milk stare.

Cristal didn't have to look at the tiny slip of paper to know her number was up. "You both set me up."

Wendy pushed her with a single finger. "You bet. Call it an intervention."

Brenda lifted the red foil bag and nodded toward Thorne. "That must make you number forty-nine. Why don't you two lovebirds open your gifts together?"

Help me God, I've dropped into my own private moment of hell. Cristal felt every part of her body shaking.

"Hmm, I think you might like my selection. I had a particularly scintillating woman in mind," Thorne breathed as he brushed a single finger down her bare back.

Chills danced down the length of her body and directly into her pussy. Barely able to feel her legs, she glided forward. Why was it that all eyes were on her? As she slowly unwrapped the foil package, she attempted to control her ragged breathing, but with every stolen glance at Thorne, she became lost in a sea of wanton desire. The Victoria's Secret box was the first give away of just how far her wicked friends had gone to conspire against her. As she pulled the bright pink tissue paper away, she gasped.

"What did you get?" Wendy giggled.

"Pull it out," Brenda encouraged as she strolled to the CD player. Flipping a switch, the sounds of Madonna's *Santa Baby* floated into the room.

Swallowing hard, Cristal fingered the beautiful scarlet lace and shook her head.

Thorne inched forward and lifted her chin. "While I long to see you in this, I plan on stripping it off and ravaging your body. I've waited long enough to taste you."

The words were a simple statement and for a moment Cristal couldn't speak. Her lower lip quivering, she gazed into his midnight blue eyes, mesmerized. She was also full of anxiety.

Leaning over, his long golden locks fell across her cheeks as he pressed his lips against hers. He swept his tongue across the seam

of her mouth and breathed in deeply before easing back. "You're the most beautiful woman in the world. You have to know how much I've wanted you."

Cristal had no idea how to answer.

"Can we see?" Wendy asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Um... okay." Her hand shaking, Cristal pulled out the corset and matching thong. Sighing, she felt all eyes on her and knew she'd be embarrassed, but at that moment she was titillated from the wicked thoughts brewing.

"Now we're talking!" Brenda laughed as she grabbed her glass of wine. "Thorne. Open your gift."

"No!" Cristal gasped. Oh shit! He was going to think that... that... As she watched his grin turn mischievous she was torn between her concerns about their age difference and her guilt about their single moment of passion. *Guilt? The asshole Cory's out of your life.* Hearing the words of her friends racing through her mind, she realized they were right. It was time to live a little.

"Yes," Brenda half shouted as she handed Thorne the gift.

It seemed like slow motion, Cristal watched as he opened the bag and yanked out the contents. "Well, well, I know exactly what to do with these," Thorne said as he locked eyes with her. Holding up the fuzzy red cuffs, he grinned, then jerked out the flogger. "I think I like this best and I know exactly how I'm going to use it."

Crack!

Cristal jumped at the sound as she eyed his playful look, his eyes casting a long gaze down her body. *Holy fuck!* What had she gotten herself into?

"Now the fun really begins," Brenda laughed.

"Who knew you had a kinky side?" Wendy added, grinning at Cristal.

"I did." Thorne's voice was a mixture of husk and need as he advanced, his actions predatory. Jerking her into his arms, he grunted as he crushed her mouth, thrusting his tongue past her pursed lips.

Stunned, Cristal dropped the naughty outfit and whimpered through the kiss. Every part of her body on fire, she could no longer breathe as she tried to collect her thoughts and focus. Still, the savage beast caged for so many years forced its way to the surface. Bursting free, she wrapped her arms around his neck, drawing him closer. As they explored the dark recesses of the other's mouth, feelings of ecstasy exploded throughout her body. Her nipples hardened, scraping against her dress and she was left breathless.

Thorne grunted and pushed her hard against the nearest wall, the thud reverberating throughout the room, mixing with the excited gasps. Pressing his hands down her arms, he gathered the silk between his fingers and lifted her dress slowly as he ground his hips back and forth across hers.

Her heart racing, she brushed her hands down his back to his ass, marveling in the feel of his hard body as his cock throbbed against her belly. As the kiss became a manic moment of rapture, she wound her leg around his just as his fingers pressed against the thin elastic of her thong, pushing his finger underneath. The moment he touched her clit, she moaned as her body pitched forward, driving his finger past the lips of her pussy. Incredible sensations washed over her body as he plunged his finger in and out until her tight muscles grabbed the invasion, drawing him in deeper. For several seconds, he thrust in and out of her cunt, the feeling of ecstasy sweeping her body.

Thorne broke the kiss and nipped her bottom lip, taking the tender flesh between his teeth until she whimpered. Easing his head back, his eyes darted back and forth across her while he continued thrusting his fingers deep inside.

Clawing his arms, Cristal allowed a slow breath to escape as she attempted to focus. This was insane. They should stop. But she didn't want to stop. In fact, she refused to pull back. She wiggled, her body undulating with his magical rhythm and she knew she could come easily. The scent of her hunger wafted up between

them and it was at that moment she remembered they were in the middle of a party. “Thorne. We can’t do this. Please.”

Thorne sighed and gently removed his fingers as he palmed the wall beside her head. Drawing his fingertip into his mouth, he sucked the long digit, allowing the noise to flutter over the din of the music. His sultry words meant only for her, he grinned as he removed his finger, drawing a circle around his mouth. “You taste so sweet. I can’t wait to bury my tongue in your hot little pussy.”

The moment he moved back, she could see the stunned looks on the guests’ faces. Suddenly she’d gone from being an upstanding art dealer to a shameless hussy in five minutes flat. The quiet in the room was deafening.

Until everyone began clapping and whistling.

Mortified, Cristal could barely think and even though they all appeared thrilled that she’d pitched her confining steel mask away, she couldn’t face them. She could feel the heat rise from her chest, skating up her neck to her face, and at that moment she would’ve fallen to the floor if Thorne hadn’t been holding her.

“Way to go, baby!” Wendy teased.

This is insane. Oh, my God. She was shaking all over.

“You okay?” Thorne asked as he eased her away from the wall.

“No... yes... no...” Stealing one quick look into his soulful eyes, she pushed him back and bolted toward the hall. She had to have time to collect herself. *Jesus! What the fuck did I just allow to happen?* Chastising her horrendous behavior, she bumped against the wall as she ran down the hall toward Brenda’s bedroom. Her breath caught in her throat, she fumbled for the light, unable to find the switch. Finally just heading for the bathroom by the glow of the moonlight streaming in through the open blinds, she resisted sobbing.

Shaking, she gripped the counter and clawed the marble until her hands ached before reaching for the bathroom light. There was a back door, and she had every intention of using it. The second she flipped the switch, hands grabbed her around the waist. “Ah!”

As she heard the sound of the door closing, she realized her sexy attacker was Thorne. She eyed him in the mirror and bit her bottom lip.

His look was ravenous. "You aren't going to run away from me again, Cristal. I refuse to let you go. I was stupid enough to allow that to happen five years ago when I knew that bastard was hurting you. Instead of helping you understand that we are meant for each other, I listened to all your reasons for letting you go and I left you alone."

"What happened between us was wrong."

"No, it wasn't wrong, for God's sake and yet I ran away to California to get you out of my mind," Thorne said through clenched teeth.

"What? What are you saying?"

"Yeah. Wendy never told you, did she? I did everything I could to put your memory away, but every time, you came screaming back into my mind. No matter what relationship I was in or success I had, it was always about you. Wanting you. Needing you. Craving you."

"But... you have everything and..." Cristal couldn't believe his words, his haunted eyes.

"I had nothing. Be with me."

"You're Wendy's brother. You're so much younger. You have your whole life ahead of you."

"You have it all figured out, don't you? Every excuse to push me out of your life again. But your body gives you away. You want me. No, you *need* me."

"Thorne, I..." *All figured out?* As the past years flashed in front of her eyes like a wretched movie, she grimaced. "No." But he was right, her body was screaming 'yes', wearing a huge beacon of lust as if it was strapped across her chest. Cristal gave him a look and felt the curl across her lip.

"No more talking. I'm taking you right here." Giving her zero

options, Thorne yanked her body into his, capturing her mouth as he pushed her back against the cold marble.

Cristal completely let go of her inhibitions. Every part of her body screaming with a need that somehow threatened her sanity, she groaned as he kissed her savagely, his fingers entwining in her hair as he pressed his hardened cock against her body.

Thorne grunted like a wild animal as he explored the dark recesses of her mouth, dragging her away from the counter. Sliding his hands down her back to her ass, he squeezed her buttocks before yanking up the soft material of her dress, exposing her naked cheeks. Breaking the kiss, he traced his tongue around her mouth as he inhaled her scent. "Hear me. I'm going to fuck you. I can't be as gentle as I want to be."

In that wild moment of shamelessness, Cristal knew she didn't want gentle. Opening her legs as an offering, she fumbled with the buttons on his shirt, jerking the soft material out of his jeans. "God damn it, I want hard and deep." Hearing the shameless words, a giggle bubbled past her lips.

Thorne smiled and inched back, yanking the shirt up off his shoulders. His gaze nothing short of wolfish, he leaned over and took the hem of her dress into his fingers. He grinned, a glint evil yet playful in his eyes, and slowly drew the material up and off her body, pitching the unwanted clothing to the floor. "Gorgeous."

And she felt gorgeous. As she stood wearing only the wisp of lace, Cristal relished the way he savored the look of her hourglass figure, her full breasts.

"God damn woman, how I've wanted you."

Reaching out, she palmed his chest and drank in his spicy aroma, a mixture of the deep forest and exotic spices, and every part of her wanted to consume every inch of him. She gave him a playful look and slid one hand down inside his pants to stroke his cock, something she'd envisioned time and time again. "Oh, my..." Long and thick, he throbbed in her hand and she suddenly felt like

a kid in a candy store being allowed to select every heavenly piece she wanted.

“No teasing. You did that for years,” Thorne grunted as he gave her a long, hard look. He wrapped his fingers around the thin lace of her panties, jerking them off her body.

Gasping, Cristal fell back against the counter from the force of his actions. “Thorne.” Breathless, as he tipped her back into a deep arch and licked across the seam of her mouth down her chin to the nape of her neck, she closed her eyes. The feel of his hard body pressing into hers was so much better than her vivid imagination.

Thorne slid his hands under her breasts, squeezing them as he flicked his finger back and forth across her nipples until they were hard peaks. Lowering his head, he took her nipple into his mouth, sucking as he pinched her other pebbled bud, twisting the tender flesh between his fingers.

“Oh, yes,” Cristal moaned, enjoying the slice of pain. As a series of electric jolts thrashed through her body, she gripped his arms and threw her head back.

He moved to the other breast, replacing his fingers with his mouth, giving it the same amount of attention until she shook in his arms. “So damn hot.”

Her eyelashes fluttered against her cheek as she opened and closed her eyes, lost in the intensity of sheer rapture. As he bit down on her nipple, she squealed and clawed his arms, raking her nails down until she knew she’d drawn blood.

“I have to taste you.” Sliding his hands down, he cupped her ass and thrust her up onto the counter, forcing the clutter away. A clatter of items hitting the floor echoed in the small space. Thorne leaned her back gently until her head was against the mirror, lifted her legs and dropped to his knees. “Gonna eat that sweet pussy of yours, baby.”

“Shit... oh...” Cristal clenched her eyes shut as his tongue swept across her clit. Jerking up from the counter, she grabbed his shoul-

ders and as he licked down the entire length of her pussy, she groaned, her legs shaking.

Thorne gathered her thighs into his hands and opened her wide as he buried his face in her cunt, dragging his tongue up and down the length of her pussy.

“Sweet Jesus!” Giggling, she lolled her head back as he drove his tongue deep inside. Every part of her was on fire as he licked her furiously, nibbling the tender flesh of her clit until she was shaking as tingles raced into her pussy.

“Feel good?”

“Mmm...”

Thorne continued his barrage as he thrust his fingers inside, flexing them open as her muscles gripped the tight invasion, milking. Brushing the fingers of his other hand down the crack of her ass, he teased her dark hole. “I’m going to fuck you there one day.”

Cristal moaned and opened up like a flower. His blatant command of her body was both terrifying and thrilling and as she gripped the edge of the counter, she used the power of her arms to shove her groin into his face as he licked her furiously. “Oh God... ohgod, ohgod!”

Thorne plunged his tongue and fingers in and out as he pressed the tip of his finger inside her ass.

The combination was too much. “Oh!” Clamping her mouth shut, every part of her body was shaking from the intensity as she exploded into his mouth. “Ah... yes!” The single orgasm became a violent wave as she struggled in his arms, her body flailing, her heart racing. “Thorne!”

Thorne drank in her sweet essence as he pressed his finger inside her ass, forcing in past the tight ring of muscle as she squirmed.

The orgasm was blinding; nothing had ever felt so good. Her entire body quivered as he continued, one finger becoming two. “Oh... my heaven!” Beads of perspiration trickled down both sides

of her face. Laughing, she sagged and eased her arms out, gasping for air.

Thorne held her until she stopped wiggling. He peppered kisses on the insides of her thighs, easing up an inch at a time. Looking up, he licked his lips in appreciation. "Mmm... Cristal, you're incredible."

Sighing, Cristal kept her eyes closed as the last ravaging sensations pulsed into her body. She knew he'd risen to his feet and yet she was too exhausted and sated to move. As he guided her off the slick counter, she whimpered. Finally opening her eyes, the look of lust gave her a luscious moment of enchantment. She brushed her hand down to his fly button and grinned evilly as she unfastened and unzipped.

"Not so fast." Gripping her hand, he jerked it up as he growled. "You'll be under *my* control tonight." Thorne flipped her over, forcing her stomach hard against the slick, black marble. "I have to be inside of you."

Crack!

Shocked, she whined as the slice of pain rushed through her system. Staring at him in the mirror, she grimaced as he raised his hand and slapped her ass cheeks again. "Oh!"

Slap! Crack!

"You'll obey me."

Whap! Smack!

The pain was exhilarating, driving her into a heightened state of ecstasy.

Crack! Pop!

"Do you understand me?" His words were strangled.

"Yes."

"Yes?"

Smack! Crack!

"Yes, sir." The words came easily.

"Better. From now on, you'll learn exactly how much I want you."

The dichotomy of his age, his passion and aggression stunned her to the point that she was unable to think, could barely breathe. As he placed her palms on the glass, spread her legs and patted her ass, she watched his every move. Licking her lips, as he lowered his jeans and his cock sprang free, she fought giggling like a damned schoolgirl. His shaft was longer and thicker than any she'd ever had, and as she salivated over the amazing look of the man, she grinned.

"You're staring."

"You're gorgeous."

Thorne wrapped his hands around her hips. "And you finally belong to me." Impaling her pussy in one hard thrust, he pressed her body against the counter until she cried out from his savage actions.

"Thorne!" Her blood sizzling, she struggled against his powerful strokes as he drove into her again and again, the sound of his balls slapping against her nothing short of a powerful aphrodisiac, sending a series of red-hot sparks thrashing through her body. "Oh.. ohohoh!"

In and out he pummeled into her, his actions manic until he was left breathless, yet he growled, his timbre filled with husky desire. "So good, and I've wanted you for so damned long."

Breathing out as beads of perspiration trickled down the back of her neck, she whimpered and met every long drive with one of her own, her muscles clamping around his thick shaft. Never had a man filled her so completely. As he switched the angle, driving her up in hard moves, she jerked onto her tiptoes and moaned, his cock hitting the mouth of her cervix. "Yes... yesyes... oh... my."

"So tight, baby. So damned good." His tone dark, his voice strangled, he pumped into her harder and faster until the only sounds were his massive body forcing hers into the cold marble.

Watching the sweat drip from his brow as he took her like a savage beast brought a series of shivers dancing down her spine.

"I can't hold it."

“Don’t... Come inside me... Please!” Cristal had never wanted anything more in her life than the man claiming her.

Throwing his head back, Thorne screamed. “Yes!”

Cristal savored the way his hot cum felt as he erupted inside her cunt. Lowering her head, she lifted her hips in complete acquiescence to him. And in those wonderful moments of light and almost love, she wasn’t sure if she could ever see Thorne again.