

A Carnalli Christmas

(2018 version)

Pas Shen

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Part I
Friday Evening
Florida

Cobryn stopped in the foyer and dropped all his bags on the floor. Ven and I turned around and laughed at his nose-wrinkled look of disgust.

“It looks like a fucking Vegas whorehouse out there!” he growled. “Do you guys really need more Christmas lights?”

“Yes!” I said. “That last section of the roof needs more icicle lights! The last box we got is defective.”

“Well don’t ask me for anymore help. I’m out.”

“Aw, c’mon, Cobryn!”

“Nope!”

Connor just shook his head, scooped up some of the bags and took them into the kitchen.

“Man! Looks like we’re living with a couple of Grinches,” Ven said loudly to me.

“Yeah. Looks like!”

Cobryn sneered and grabbed his crotch.

“Then why don’t you two come suck some Grinch cock?”

“Only if you dye it green for me, first,” Ven said then mockingly puckered his lips.

I rolled my eyes and muttered, “we’re never getting these lights done.”

“And what the hell do you guys need with the rest of these?” Cobryn asked, toeing one of the remaining bags. “You could light a whole stadium with what you’ve already got.”

“We wanna put more inside,” I said and gestured at the walls of the living room. “It’s still kind of drab in here.”

“More? It already looks the second coming of Moulin Rouge!”

I gaped at Ven who then gaped at Cobryn.

“Wait, wait!” Ven laughed and held up his hand in disbelief. “Are you telling us you watched Moulin Rouge?”

Cobryn scowled.

“My last girlfriend was obsessed with the movie,” he growled.

Connor walked back out, still shaking his head as he picked up more of the bags and sympathetically patted Cobryn’s shoulder.

“Hey-fuck off!” Cobryn swatted his hand away. “I never watched it! I just saw parts!”

“Then we’ll have to get you some of those Broadway tickets for Christmas,” Ven said and winked at me. “Alan and I would be happy to go with you when we get back to New York. Right, Alan?”

I chuckled.

“Oh yeah I’d love –*owww*! Cobryn!”

Ven and I turned away from the barrage of candy canes being launched at us at a hundred miles per hour. I picked up the nearest decorative pillow to protect my head.

“Hey, ow! That just hit my cornea!” Ven cried. “God damn it, Cobryn! Those little bitches hurt!”

“Don’t they though?” Cobryn grinned and took up the last bag. “It’s just a shame they weren’t the jumbo size or I’d’ve shoved one up both your asses.”

“Ooh kinky!” Ven called. “Let me know if you find some!”

I laughed as Cobryn stalked off toward the kitchen.

“His temper’s definitely gotten better,” I said and Ven’s tongue-in-cheek look at me made me laugh again. “What! He didn’t throw all those bags at us! That’s an improvement in my book.”

“Hm. You might have a point,” he muttered.

Connor walked in the living room and plopped on the couch between us, a beer in one hand.

“I can’t believe you two really bought another damn tree,” he said with a grimace at our red and gold tree across the room. “You’ll just be draggin’ it to the curb in another day or two.”

“We couldn’t not have a tree for the living room,” I said. “We need one for the party.”

“And now we have three trees! Did you really need one in the office *and* in the bedroom? That’s three times the shit we have to box up later.”

I grinned and looked over him at Ven.

“The Grinch and Scrooge under one roof.”

Ven puffed out his lips and rested his cheek on Con’s shoulder.

“Aww, c’mon, Con. How can you not like Christmas?”

“Easy! It’s the season of assholes! You know how many theft issues I deal with every December?”

I didn’t have to look at Ven to know he was rolling his eyes. I shook my head, scooped up all the candy canes and went to put them on the tree.

“I’m not talking about all that,” I said. “It’s been so many years since we spent any holiday together in the same house. I’ve been dying to get a Christmas with you guys....”

He slipped his arm around my waist and, with a soft chuckle in my ear, said, “Yeah. You may be right about that. I can’t wait to see your face...when you find out what we’re giving you.”

“We?”

I turned my head and his gaze dipped down to my mouth when I bit my lip.

“Oh yeah. All of us,” he said.

“I can’t wait.”

I parted my lips for him as he brought his lips to mine. His tongue gently slipped between my lips and grazed the tip of mine. I moaned and turned to put my hands on his broad shoulders.

“Hey!”

Ven tugged on my shirt until I pulled away from Con’s mouth.

“Did you two forget about all the people we’ve got coming tonight?” he said.

“We don’t have time for that.”

Con shot him an annoyed look.

“Did you forget that I was against this party in the first place?”

“Yeah? And whose friends still agreed to fly down here for it?” Ven countered.

Con pointed at the ceiling and I laughed.

“How does Cobryn have so many friends?” I said. “He’s so unsociable.”

“I’ll bet he comes in a close second though,” Ven said, then to Connor. “You can’t tell me your friends didn’t invite some of your groupies!”

He shrugged.

“Wait! Your friends invited people, too?” I cried. “How many people are coming tonight?”

The three of us stood there, staring at one another until the doorbell rang. Then our heads slowly swiveled toward the door.

“This can’t be good,” Ven said softly.

I looked at my watch.

“Who the hell is that? We still have another hour yet,” Con said.

So much for getting the rest of the lights up.

Cobryn rushed down the stairs and I caught a quick glimpse of him running through the foyer.

“Of course it’s one of Cobryn’s annoying friends,” Ven growled and whipped around to run into the kitchen.

“And why are you so all about this party?” Con asked me. “I was ready to spend some quality family-time with you tonight.”

I smiled and leaned into his side.

“I’m sorry. I promise I’ll reward you for later.”

“Yes you will,” he said and his hard, sapphire eyes weren’t smiling back at me. When he walked away and clasped hands with some of Cobryn’s medic-buddies, I just stood there with my mouth open. There seemed to be multiple layers to his sulkiness tonight. Had he already plotted out his revenge on me for sending him out with Cobryn? How many ways had he imagined himself punishing me as he stood in the long checkout

lines with Cobryn?

Part II

I darted upstairs to take a quick shower and changed into a clean pair of jeans. I was rolling a red, long-sleeved pullover down my torso when Ven jingled into the bedroom wearing cherry red leather pants, a matching vest and a big, floppy Santa hat that dangled halfway down his back. From the back, his ass was bare to the world.

“You’re not seriously wearing that, are you?” I asked.

“What? You don’t like this?”

I laughed when he turned around and slapped his hand across his ass.

“You look like S&M Santa, Ven!”

“Then my look is complete!”

A low laugh came from behind me.

“Is that an open invitation?”

Ven whipped around when Connor stepped into the room. It was obvious Ven still got nervous whenever Con paid too much attention to his ass.

“It’s an invitation of sorts.” Ven lowered his head and offered a grin of challenge.

“I want you guys to be Santa’s helpers.”

I groaned in dread when he grabbed our hands and pulled us toward the closet. The only reason Con allowed him to do it was so he could stare at Ven’s bare ass. It did have a nice little jiggle each time he took a step. Made me want to take a bite.

“Didn’t you learn anything last Halloween?” Con asked with a sigh.

“Don’t pussy out on me this time!” Ven gestured to the three costumes he’d tossed on the bed. “We’re all doing this tonight!”

I grimaced and pointed to the costume lying across the pillows.

“That better not be mine!”

Connor whistled and picked up a red velvet thong and a strapless, cherry red dress. It looked more like a scrap of leftover material with white faux fur at the chest and along the bottom hemline. Just barely long enough to cover the wearer’s nipples, crotch and ass.

Ven climbed onto the bed and I shook my head when he held up the wide, black belt and matching red heels.

“Oh helllll no!”

They both grinned like a couple of idiots when Con held the dress against my chest.

“This’ll only fit you, Alan. We’re all too tall for this.”

“I want Alan to be Mrs. Claus,” Ven said. “Not that you wouldn’t look cute in it, too, Con.”

He chuckled.

“If you actually get Alan to wear this, I’ll walk buck-ass naked downstairs. Right now.”

“Really?”

Ven laughed and started bobbing up and down on his knees like an excited kid as he watched Con trying to take my shirt off.

“Quit it!”

I shoved him back several steps and he gave a startled look like he wasn’t expecting me to fight back so vehemently.

“I’m not wearing that!” I growled. “Where’d you put my black jeans?”

Ven snorted.

“Black jeans. Alan, don’t you want to see Connor put this on?”

He held up a plush, Christmas tree costume with a hole at the top and at the sides. In his other hand, he held up slippers that looked like a pair of wrapped Christmas gifts.

I looked at the costume then I looked at Con.

And then I burst out laughing.

“Oh my God! I can’t...” I was laughing too hard to finish my thought.

“So is that a ‘yes’?” Ven said.

“Yo! What’s going on?”

Cobryn walked in and stopped in the middle of the room, eyeing the dress in Con’s hand.

“Wow. Wrong time for kinky Christmas fetishes, ladies! We’ve got more people waiting for you downstairs.”

Connor quickly shoved the dress in my hand, which made Ven and Cobryn chuckle.

“Ven wants us all to dress up,” I said and held the dress up for Cobryn to see. “And I’m going to wear this if you wear those.”

Cobryn turned his head when Ven picked up a pair of jingling elf shoes and a green hat. He walked over to put them in Cobryn’s hand and I burst into another round of hysterics when he put the pointy-eared hat on his head.

“Hey, green is really your color!” Ven said.

Con put a finger to his lips and turned away with a wide grin. He was trying so hard to not laugh that it was making me laugh.

“What the hell are you guys smoking?” Cobryn flung the shoes and the hat to the floor. “I’m not wearing this shit!”

“Then you can be the Christmas tree.” I pointed to the costume on the bed.

We all laughed when he swooped up the shoes and hat and stormed into the adjoining bathroom.

“I’m kicking your ass as soon as this party’s over, Ven!” he shouted through the door.

Ven laughed as I started throwing off my clothes. I was with Cobryn on this one. Ven was sorely in need of some brotherly correction, which I hoped involved a nice fat paddle to his bubble ass. Con had bought one for him in jest, but I really wanted to break it in now.

Literally and figuratively.

More voices were starting to drift up the stairs as I wiggled my way into the tight dress. Someone turned on the music and I hesitated at the door. I really didn't want to be subjected to all the weird stares this was doubtlessly going to bring me. There were already a lot of voices down there. And none of them sounded familiar.

I looked back at my brothers and started laughing again.

"Jeez. Looking at you guys somehow makes me feel better," I said.

Con stood stiffly in his tree costume with his arms tightly crossed at his chest. Cobryn was still struggling to adjust his bulge in the tight green spandex-like pants. He had so much that his green jacket was struggling to cover him.

"Alright! Fuck! This!" He finally just yanked them off and threw them at Ven's feet.

"Hey! It won't look right without those!" Ven said.

"Just be glad I'm wearing any of it," Cobryn growled and pulled on his jeans.

"This is so fucking stupid."

"You better wear the shoes then!"

"Oh I'll wear them..." Cobryn slowly walked up and stuck his nose in Ven's face.

"And for every hour that I do...is an hour my dick spends ripping apart your ass."

Ven tilted his head and eyed Cobryn's lips.

"You wanna fuck me, Coby?"

"That's just part of what I wanna do to you tonight."

"Oh yeah?" Ven leaned in and teased his lip-ring with the tip of his tongue. "Then I look forward to our private party."

Con joined me at the door and shook his head as he looked me up and down. I grinned and stepped back when he tried to reach for me.

"Save whatever you're trying to do for later," I said. "I promise I'll wear this to bed if you want."

Ven laughed and smacked Con's ass as he passed between us.

"Good thing you're not the elf tonight," he said. "You'd never hide your boner."

I hesitated at the door and couldn't find the motivation to follow him and Cobryn out. There seemed to be a lot more voices downstairs now. Everyone was starting to arrive.

"Getting nervous?"

"Sort of."

I started to turn around but Connor grabbed my arms and shoved me face-first into the wall.

“Hey! What-?”

“I want my payment now,” he said in my ear.

I looked back and realized that he’d not only taken off his costume, he’d unzipped his jeans and taken his cock out. My heart skipped several beats when he ran his palm up the back of my thigh, slowly bunching the back of my dress up as he went. His fingers slipped under one strap of my red thong and a shiver went through me as he slowly tugged it down my legs.

“They’re gonna be pissed if we don’t follow them downstairs,” I said in a breathy voice.

His answer to that was one well-lubed finger deep in my ass. I sucked in a sharp breath when he knelt behind me and thrust his tongue in. The feel of him pulling me open wide with one finger while his hot, wet tongue shallowly dipped in and out instantly stiffened me.

“Jesus!” I breathed, moving my hips with him as he quickened the in and out thrusts of his tongue. “It still amazes me how you guys can get me so horny so fast.”

He alternated thrusts with two fingers and his tongue. When he reached around for my cock, I almost came at his touch and had to stop moving my hips.

“Shit. I’m gonna cum if you don’t start fucking me right now!”

He pulled back, wiping his mouth as he looked up at me through my legs.

“You ready for it?”

“Yes!”

“Think you can go a couple of rounds?”

I reached back with one hand and spread my ass wide open for him.

“Fuck! Me!”

He laughed at the urgency in my voice and finally stood with his cock in his hand. I closed my eyes when he gingerly rubbed his hot tip up and down my moist crevice. My whole body seemed to sigh in ecstasy when he began to push inward. The sting of his bulbous glans stretching past my sphincter made me tense slightly and he twitched in reaction.

“Shit. Ease up, will ya? You’re too tight.”

“Sorry.”

I held myself with both hands against the wall as he pummeled me hard and fast, aware that any minute Ven or Cobryn could come in and ruin our fun. I didn’t know what it was about the dress that seemed to have revved his engine so hard, but I’d have to remember it the next time I wanted instant sex.

And, usually, Con was good for at least half an hour but tonight he was shooting inside me in under five. The warm, wetness that started to trickle down my legs made me look back at him with wide eyes.

“Did you just cum already?”

He grinned, pulled out and grabbed a tissue off the dresser to wipe my ass. I frowned when he tucked several more tissues down the front of my dress.

“Hey! I’m still horny! “You can’t be done already!”

But he tucked his cock back in his pants like he was.

“Connor!” I spun around as he was putting his costume back on. “What the hell? You’re seriously leaving me like this?”

“Don’t worry.” He kissed my cheek on his way to the door. “There’s plenty more where that came from. Just be patient.”

“Patient? What the hell for?”

He held out his hand like he wanted me to go downstairs with him. With my dick fully erect. And my ass and thighs wet with his semen.

“Have you lost your fucking mind?” I growled. “Do you see me right now? I’m not even wearing underwear!”

“No one’s going to see your dick through all those wide folds,” he said and tucked my cock under the thick, velvety material of my dress. “It’s not as bad as you think.”

I looked down and realized he was right. The bottom flared out enough that no one would know I was still horny. And though I didn’t understand why Con seemed to want to leave me in that state, I still took his hand and let him pull me alongside him.

“Bastard,” I grumbled to which he just chuckled.

Part III

The party was in full swing when we got downstairs. People were crowded in the living room around the tree, in the kitchen around the food and at the bar in the dining area. I got a lot of laughs and funny sideways glances from the people I passed - though no one laughed as hard at me as they did when Connor turned on the blinking lights to his costume. And, considering his earlier surly mood, his sudden good mood shocked me.

I tried to imitate his jolliness but the wetness between my legs was hard to ignore. And the dancing bodies rubbing and pressing against me kept me aroused. Our house was so crammed with bodies that I couldn't avoid touching people no matter where I went.

I need to get out of here!

I tried to work my way beyond the crowd of dancing bodies in the living room, but someone grabbed my arm and ground their rock hard dick against my right ass-cheek. I gasped and looked back just as Cobryn was unzipping. He stayed close behind me, hiding his hand and his cock behind my dress to make everyone think we were just dancing close together. He kept one hand on my hips so that we swayed and gyrated in-sync, but I couldn't hide the strain from my face when his tip pushed inside me.

Fuuck!

He slowly pushed his entire length in and I had to bite my cheeks to keep from crying out. Dancing with him inside me wasn't providing anywhere near the right amount of friction I needed to get off so I kept trying to move my hips to get him to thrust.

But he kept the strokes shallow and slow to avoid giving us away. The jostle of our steps and the slight side-to-side gyrations of our hips were the only time I felt any sense of a satisfying sensation.

"Come on. Fuck me harder," I said, leaning my head back to speak in his ear. "This isn't going to make me cum."

His low laugh in my ear brought goosebumps to my entire body.

"What makes you think I'm trying to make you cum?" he whispered.

I squeezed my eyes shut as we continued to move together in a way that kept his rotating strokes inside me to a maddening minimum. I kept squeezing my muscles around him, desperately seeking out the deep pleasure he refused to give me.

The whole time, no one ever noticed what Cobryn was doing to me as we circled the room. In fact, he came so fast that he didn't give anyone a chance to be suspicious. I scowled back at him as more warmth trickled out of my ass and dripped on the floor.

"The hell, Cobryn!"

He grinned and grabbed some Kleenex from the top of my dress to wipe me with. Just like Con had done. And that was the moment I knew for sure that they had planned

this in advance. The dress, the tissues, Con's pre-fucking...they had all planned to tag-team fuck me all along.

I didn't get a chance to say anything about it before Cobryn was moving away from me. I quickly followed him out of the living room and darted into the kitchen to hide. I wasn't going to give anymore of my ass if they were just going to keep leaving me unsatisfied. I needed to sneak away to the nearest bathroom and take care of myself as soon as possible.

Once I've calmed down a little first.

As hard and wet as I was, not even my dress could hide me. I was standing out way too proudly. So I walked behind the island counter in the kitchen and grabbed a cup of the rum punch to wait out my erection.

I choked on a mouthful when a cold whoosh of air hit my ass. I looked back when Ven lifted the back of my dress and plunged right in. The cup slipped through my fingers and punch sloshed on my feet as he fucked me gently against the counter. He moved slowly and gently inside me so that anyone walking by would just think he was simply reaching for a drink or a bite of food. From the waist up, it looked like he was innocently standing behind me. No one could tell he was balls-deep in my asshole.

"Have you been able to cum yet?" he asked me softly.

"No!" I grit out.

Ven thrust inside me long enough that I was able to cum -in spite of the lack of speed and prostate pressure that I'd been craving. He even pumped my shift to make sure that I came when he did.

My whole body shuddered when the building pressure in my penis and testicles was finally released. I clutched the counter so hard that my knuckles went white.

"Feeling good now?" he whispered.

Red imprints of the counter's edge remained in my palms when I finally drew them back. Ven looked over my shoulder and chuckled to see them.

"Hey. Was I that good?"

"Shut it."

"Hey guys- whoa!"

Emery laughed as he approached the opposite side of the counter. He grabbed a handful of chocolate-covered pretzels and popped two in his mouth while he eye-balled my dress.

"What the hell are you wearing, Alan? Red is so not your color."

I snorted and angled my thumb at Ven.

"Blame him. This was his dumb idea."

"But he looks good in it, right?" Ven wiggled his eyebrows. "Tell Alan how sexy he looks!"

Emery opened his mouth, closed it, then stared at me like he couldn't figure out what to say.

“How the hell do I even answer that in a way that doesn’t insult Alan?” he cried.

“Just ignore him,” I growled. “That’s what I always do.”

“Hey!”

I grabbed a plastic cup and ladled some punch into it for him.

“And make sure to drink plenty of this. You’ll be a lot more tolerant of all my brothers this way.”

Emery just laughed and accepted it.

“Thanks.”

Ven pointed to a tray near Emery. .

“You should also try one of those little smokies I made. Alan was just telling me how tasty my meat is.”

I elbowed him in the gut and he grunted and stuck out his tongue.

“What? You don’t like my meat?” he wheezed.

Emery just laughed and piled some of the food onto a plate. I waited until he was out of earshot before turning and punching Ven.

“Ow Punk! Not in the same spot!”

“I don’t believe you!” I said, shaking my head. “Is this why you wanted us to wear these stupid costumes?”

He chuckled and reached under my dress to pinch my ass. I quickly smacked his hand away.

“We just wanted to do a little wassailing. What’s wrong with that?”

I was mad but I couldn’t help laughing at that.

“Wassailing?”

“Yeah! You know, where you pass around a drink for good health and prosperity?”

I snorted.

“I know what wassailing is, but I don’t think you do.”

He winked at me and started to stroke his fingers up and down my left cheek.

“It’s sexual wassailing. We’re thinking about making it a new Christmas tradition.”

I gaped at him when he winked and walked off toward the living room. Con had mentioned something about having a surprise for me, and if this was what he’d been referring to then my brothers were some real kinky motherfuckers.

Part IV

I quickly cleaned up in the downstairs guest bathroom and joined everyone in front of the TV in the living area. At this point, Ven and I were the only ones still wearing our Christmas costumes. Connor and Cobryn had long since discarded theirs. No doubt in a dark, forgotten corner somewhere Ven could never find.

“Alan! Where are you going?”

I frowned and turned around. Sneaking through the living room was impossible while my brothers were all on the couch.

“I’m going upstairs to change,” I said.

He laughed and wagged his finger at me.

“Ah-ah! You’re my Mrs. Claus until morning so getcher ass over here!”

“Ven -!”

“Nope!”

I gave the dress a frustrated tug farther down my thighs and sat beside him with my legs crossed and my arms crossed over my chest. My nipples kept wanting to pop out and with Emery sitting on the floor so close to me, I was uncomfortable. The house was kind of chilly and they were like pebbles.

Ven grinned and reached over to pat my thigh.

“That’s a good lady, Alan.”

“Shut it.”

By midnight, the house finally got quiet. People were leaving in groups -some to find a good after-party. Others just to go home and pass out. By twelve thirty, my brothers were passing around and sharing a couple of bottles of wine with Emery and Avi. The last of the guests who remained at our party.

“Are you guys really into this movie?” Ven asked, leaning forward to see me from his end of the couch.

“Not me,” I said. “I assumed you guys were.”

“Hell no.”

Emery wiped the corners of his eyes and took a deep breath.

“I kind of am. I’ve never laughed so hard at *It’s a Wonderful Life* before.”

“Good wine makes everything better,” Con said and held up the last bottle.

Emery quickly shook his head.

“No, it’s not the wine. You guys just have a really warped sense of humor.”

“Hey!”

Ven suddenly jumped up and started searching through the DVD/gaming cabinets. Emery shot me a questioning look and I just shrugged. I was no better at predicting him than anyone else in the room.

“Yes! I knew I put them in here!”

Ven spun around with four blank bootleg DVDs in hand.

“What do you say we settle in for a couple of Christmas classics? Look!” He held each DVD up one-by-one. “First we’ll start with *Miracle on 69th Street!*”

Everyone chuckled at that.

Emery groaned and slapped his hand across his eyes. “Nooo!”

“Really, Ven?”

He chuckled at my dry expression.

“Well, if you’re not into that, I’ve also got *I Saw Daddy Sucking Santa Claus* and *The Twelve Inches of Christmas*. ”

Everyone was really laughing now. Cobryn’s cheeks were puffed out and he was slapping his hand on the armrest in an attempt to swallow his mouthful of wine. I thumped him on the back when he started to cough.

“Those are some real classics you’ve got there,” Con said, shaking his head.

“Ooh! We’ll definitely start with this one!” Ven tossed all but one of the DVD’s in Con’s lap. “This one has midgets! You just can’t go wrong with elf porn!”

“Oh God!”

I covered my face with a hand and shook my head. Even I was embarrassed for Ven when four naked elves appeared on the TV. An awkward hush fell over the room as the orgy in Santa’s workshop began.

“Ven! Where the hell did you find this shit?” Cobryn said.

Ven just grinned and saluted him with his plastic cup.

“My secret!”

We only got halfway through the first movie when Emery held up his hands and stood.

“Okay! I’m out! I draw the line at Santa’s fat wrinkled ass!” he cried and yanked Avi off the couch.

I laughed and followed him to the door as he dragged Avi toward it. I waited until they got in our limo and were driving away before I stepped back inside. I froze when Connor rushed past me and darted upstairs.

“Where are you going?” I called.

No answer.

I frowned at Ven and Cobryn as I joined them on the couch.

“Where’s Con going?”

“It’s midnight. So it’s officially Christmas morning,” Ven said.

I crossed my arms over my chest.

“Did you guys get gifts? I thought we decided not to do gifts!”

“We didn’t. But you needed a couple more things.”

Con rushed back in with an armload of half-assed wrapped boxes and dumped them across my bare thighs. I picked up one of the smaller boxes and chuckled at the way

it had been stuffed into a wad of wrinkled paper then wrapped all around with one long length of scotch tape.

“Aww look at the love that went into this!” I grinned. “Now I feel bad that I didn’t get you guys anything.”

Ven grinned as I tore into the gaudy red and gold metallic paper.

“You might not feel that way in a minute.”

I paused.

“Why?”

He nodded at the gift box.

“Just open it.”

“No. I’m afraid to now!”

He lifted the red tissue paper and, with one finger, pulled out a pair of assless fishnet underwear. I shook my head and gave a frustrated laugh at their evil chuckles.

“You bunch of bastards.”

“Alan! Wait!”

Ven laughed and tugged me back down onto the couch. I sighed heavily at the gifts he balanced across my knees.

“You can’t leave yet! You’ve still got all these to open,” he said.

Cobryn got up to block my escape route and I aimed my scowl at him.

“How bad are the rest of these that that’s necessary?” I asked him.

His grin actually gave me chills.

“Don’t worry. You’re gonna like this next one,” Ven said, pushing another into my hands. “Open! Open!”

“Oh joy.”

I sighed, tore open the the half-wrapped box and yanked out the ridiculous amount of tissue paper. There was more paper in the box than anything else.

“Oh jeez. Really, Ven?”

Ven wiggled his eyebrows as I pulled out an old book on the “Joy of Gay Sex”.

“That was a bitch to find! You won’t believe what I paid for that version on ebay.”

“Too much, I’ll bet.”

I rolled my eyes and stuffed the book back in the box to open the next couple of gifts. One-by-one, I set out an assortment of erotic items on the coffee table: an assortment of thongs and g-strings, massage oils, lickable body paint and a rainbow assortment of condoms.

I just laughed as I opened my largest gift.

“Whoa! What the hell am I gonna do with all this lube?” I counted the economy-sized bottles jammed inside. “Twelve bottles!”

“Yeah. One for every month of the new year,” Ven said with a laugh.

“I doubt even prostitutes use this much in a year!”

Con laughed softly through his nose and leaned in to nuzzle the side of my face. I swallowed hard when his lips grazed my ear.

“We could always go for a new record,” he whispered. “...starting tonight, in fact.”

My mouth fell open when Ven dangled the fishnet underwear in my face.

“You want me to wear that now?” I growled.

“No, not right now. These are only for me to enjoy. Later.”

Cobryn gave a deep chuckle at the look on my face and knelt to draw my attention to him.

“I have to admit...these gifts are more for us than for you,” he said and my breath hitched when he gripped my bare thighs with his hot hands. “I really wanna see you try out everything we got you tonight.”

“Jesus, Christmas is gonna kill me,” I muttered.

He grinned and pressed his lips tightly to mine. I closed my eyes as he gently pried my thighs apart. My cock instantly reacted to the hands lifting the hem of my dress and I shivered as the cool air hit my warm, still slightly moist crotch.

“Damn, Alan, you’re still not wearing any underwear?” Ven asked.

Cobryn pulled away from my mouth, grabbed my hips and yanked me to the edge of the couch. Until my ass was halfway off. Then Ven leaned in to thrust his tongue deep in my mouth as he pushed me down. I reached up to tangle my fingers in his hair and moaned as my legs went over a pair of broad shoulders.

Fingers gently but thoroughly covered me in a thick layer of gel that felt surprisingly warm to the touch. It almost felt too hot as more was delicately stuffed into my anus.

“What is that?” I murmured against Ven’s mouth.

“Peppermint lube,” Cobryn said then ran his warm, wet tongue across my anus, up my perineum and higher.

I moaned when he sucked my balls into his mouth. His tongue swirled around the base and I jumped when he thrust two fingers deep into my anus. My hips bucked each time he thrust in.

“He ready?” Con asked.

“Yeah but Ven’s going first,” Cobryn growled.

“Me? Why me?”

Cobryn scissored me open and my cock stood stiffly in appreciation as Ven gazed at my gaping hole.

“You saying you don’t wanna be the first to turn that pretty pink hole white?” Con asked him. “I will if you won’t.”

Ven’s mouth fell open when Cobryn used two fingers from each hand to pull me open even wider. The cool air going inside broke me out in goosebumps. But the feel of

my brother's beautiful blue eyes gazing down at me was what ultimately had me trembling.

"I wanna watch you fill him up," Cobryn said and reached over with one hand to unzip his red leather pants. Ven was as stiff and wet as me when he sprang free. His abs clenched when Cobryn's fingers went around him.

"Do him good and deep. Once for me," he said. "Because when I fuck him, I'm not gonna be gentle."

Ven nodded and finally shifted off the couch. Cobryn moved aside so he could stand in front of me, but Cobryn kept his fingers clamped inside my anus to hold me open while Ven angled his tip toward me with one hand.

"Mmm!"

I bit my lip and lifted my head to watch him sink slowly into me. He was gritting his teeth like he was trying to not cum from the sight of his glans disappearing into the flesh Cobryn was holding open for him. He was so hard that the pressure filling me had me softly grunting the deeper he sank.

"Damn, you're still so wet," he muttered and slowly began to move.

Connor reached down and gave me his hands to hold onto while Ven quickened his pace, violently slapping our testicles and stomachs together in the otherwise quiet room. I lost myself in his dark, sapphire gaze as he leaned over me to watch my face. The lights of the Christmas tree reflected in his irises like flecks of gold on a calm ocean. I couldn't help staring into them even as he leaned in to kiss me.

"Shit."

Ven suddenly froze and I felt a warm hand massaging our testicles together. Connor pulled away so I could see Cobryn's hand moving between our bodies. Ven was looking down at him, watching like he didn't trust Cobryn's intentions.

"What are you doing?" I asked, but Ven's head suddenly whipped back. He went up on his toes then looked back at Cobryn with a grimace.

"I knew it! Get your sausage-fingers out of my asshole!"

Cobryn chuckled but his arm didn't stop moving. "I told you I was fucking you tonight. Did you forget?"

"Since when have you *ever* been serious about wanting to fuck me?"

"I'm always serious about wrecking your lily-whites with my fuck-stick."

"Oh gross!" Ven said laughingly.

His arm snaked around Ven's middle and Ven roared as he was yanked backwards. His penis flopped out of me with a wet pop and I shot upright with wide eyes.

"Cobryn! What the fuck!" he shouted. "I haven't cum yet!"

"Good!"

He bent down and thrust his shoulder into Ven's stomach. Ven gasped as he was hefted over his shoulder.

"No! No way, Cobryn! You're not fucking me- !"

He grabbed a fistful of Cobryn's hair but Cobryn just laughed and continued toward the stairs, completely unfazed by the pain.

"Keep it up, Princess. See what this gets you."

"Just let me finish Alan!" he cried.

"Um, where are you going?" I called with a laugh.

"Upstairs!" Cobryn barked. "My dick has a three-hour session with Ven's insides."

"Cobryn!"

Con threw his head back and laughed heartily as Ven called for help. I tried to get up but he grabbed my arm and kept me on the couch.

"Ven's earned this tonight," he said. "Keep me company for a little while."

I ignored the shuffling and sounds of struggle in the foyer and let Connor tug me onto his lap. He'd waited so patiently for his turn without any stimulation that he was wet, red and straining against his taut stomach. I never saw him take off his jeans so he was sitting there in all his erect glory.

"Wow. Your patience with all of us still continues to amaze me," I said and reached down to position him at my anus. We both groaned as I beared down on him, slowly taking him inside me until we were balls-to-balls.

He gave a tight-toothed chuckle when I leaned in to nip the side of his neck and thrust his hips upward.

"Best christmas ever," he said softly in my ear.

"Mm-hmm!"

I rested my hands on his shoulders and braced all my weight on my knees so that he had full control of the speed and depth of each thrust. All foreplay aside, he and I were just ready to get off.

"This remind you of anything?" he asked and reached behind me to knead my ass with both hands.

"Mm? Not really. Is it supposed to?"

"I'm just remembering when I was kid...how I used to bounce you on my knees when you were just a baby. A lot like this."

I couldn't keep from laughing when he demonstrated by bouncing me up and down on his thighs. With his cock still inside me. I closed my eyes when he tipped his head back to swirl his tongue around my right nipple.

"God, that's just so wrong," I murmured but somehow the thought went straight to my cock. I clenched him between my thighs and rubbed against his stomach as I came.

But his hips didn't stop. I clung to him as his hips pistoned harder and harder into me, massaging my overly sensitive prostate until I thought I was going to cum again. When he finally came, more muffled groans and a loud thump from the foyer disrupted our concentration.

Con paused and turned around when my gaze went over his head.

“Holy -!”

He quickly slapped his hand across my mouth to silence me.

“Shh.”

Cobryn had pinned Ven against the wall of the stairwell and he was pounding into Ven so hard with his hips that the wainscoting at the base of Ven’s back was breaking. Ven’s eyes were squeezed shut but the gasping sounds coming from his mouth weren’t because of any pain. His bare legs were tightly squeezing Cobryn’s waist and his fingernails had dug bloody welts into his shoulder blades.

“Wow,” I said, shaking my head when Con withdrew his hand. “I can’t believe Ven actually agreed to this.”

Ven must’ve heard me because he said, “Yeah, and this shit ain’t happening again...!”

He trailed off as his orgasm overcame him. He threw his head back and his cries echoed through the whole downstairs.

Cobryn laughed and went still for a moment before pulling away from Ven. Ven’s legs buckled and he went ass-down on the steps, glaring at Cobryn as he zipped up his jeans with a smirk.

“Thanks, Prick! Now I can’t walk!”

“Don’t worry, Princess. Just rest your dainty ass there for a minute and I’ll carry you upstairs to bed.”

“No thanks!”

Ven immediately reached for the railing and used both arms to pull himself upright. I grinned and fought to not laugh at the way he sort of waddled up the steps. Moving at a grandma pace with one hand on his tailbone.

“And don’t you say anything either, Two-Dick Tom!” He paused and pointed to me. “You know you won’t be walking right in a minute either!”

I finally laughed and followed the rest of his limping progress up the stairs.

“Hey! Merry Christmas, Ven”

His voice once again echoed through the mansion:

“Bah-humbug motherfuckers!”

We all keeled over with hearty laughter.

“Best Christmas ever!” I cried.

A huge thank you to everyone still supporting me after all these years! Merry Christmas and may your new year be the best one yet! Much love to you all!

For more information and updates, follow me on Facebook: [pas.shen.90](#) or check out my new website: [PasShen.com](#).

*Sneak peek of chapter 1: Carnalli Bonds & Blood
(Coming late 2019-2020)*

Chapter 1

Saturday Evening

Red Rayven night club

There was little difference between the feel of the kick drum thumping in my chest and the rapid beat of my heart, both of which Connor Carnalli dominated. My second oldest brother was in full performance mode tonight, drumming out his heart at the back of the stage with his polished silver dog tags gleaming in the spotlight and black Xsports sunglasses reflecting the head-banging guitarist in front of him. Each time he swirled his drumsticks between his fingers, my eyes drank in the tattooed muscles and tendons of his big, bare arms. When he tossed his shaved head back in the middle of an especially vigorous rhythm, I could almost feel his stubble-roughened Adam's apple on my tongue. Taste the salty sequins of sweat dripping down his olive skin. The man was sex incarnate.

The drums paused for a long guitar riff and all the college girls in front of me jumped out of their table seats to squeal and holler. Con had pulled his sunglasses down his nose and was grinning in our direction. I was dying to blow him a kiss or mouth something dirty but I didn't. I simply smiled and waved. Competing for his attention wasn't necessary. I was already front and center on the stage of his world.

Dry laughter from my right side stole my attention from the stage. I turned my head to see my third oldest brother, Cobryn, smiling derisively back at Con. He'd stretched his lean arm across my shoulders to hug me tightly against him.

"Are you seriously trying to piss him off or just bored?" I asked.

He tipped my head to one side to kiss me, and I got my answer when he continued to stare at the stage from the corners of his eyes. These days, he and Con used their mouths to suck each other off almost as often as they did to argue. It was almost a habit at this point.

I laughed silently through my nose and just let the inevitable happen. Whatever Cobryn was thinking, he'd earned some serious "dick-to-throat corrective treatment" from Con later tonight. It usually made him damn near impossible to deal with the next morning, but seeing the two of them in bed together was worth all the temper tantrums. I was the luckiest motherfucker in this club.

Our lips separated slowly. Cobryn's hand dropped away from my cheek and my eyes lingered on the silver hoop in the middle of his lip. I'd gotten used to the hard little protrusion but the double studs below his lip still threw me off. They gave him a much harder look than I was used to, and I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

The blue screen of my phone glowed to life on the dark table between us, and I immediately turned in my stool to unlock it.

"Is that Emery?"

Cobryn leaned sideways to see my screen. I noticed that he had to hold his sandy bangs to one side as he looked down. His hair had really gotten long.

"I hope it is," I said. "Let me see."

Emery and his boyfriend had just come back from vacation. I'd spoken to him on the phone yesterday and had offered to take him and Aví out for a 'welcome back dinner'. It was going to be my first time seeing either of them in over two months so I was excited.

Cobryn, on the other end of the spectrum, was getting moodier the longer we sat. Emery was now forty minutes late and I had yet to get a call or text. At this rate, Cobryn wasn't going to be able to sit down for a couple of days if he kept provoking Connor.

The first two numbers in my call log were from a number I didn't recognize. The third one down, however, was a five minute old call from Emery.

"Shit!"

I wasn't surprised that I'd missed him. His ring tone didn't stand a chance against the club noise. And he must've guessed that since a text message followed shortly thereafter: *Sorry. Running late. Be there in 5. Running late.*

"Sorry. Guess that's my fault," I said. "I should've checked sooner."

"About fucking time." Cobryn knocked back the last of his beer. "Ask him if he's here right now or my ass is out the door."

I started to type out that very question and a second message from him popped up. Cobryn leaned against my shoulder to read it.

"The VIP area?" He laughed and shook his head. "He can't be serious."

We both looked up, hoping to catch a glimpse of Emery's tall wheat-colored head or Aví's jet black hair somewhere near the entryway hall of neon-purple and red lights.

"You see them anywhere?" I asked.

Cobryn growled something I didn't catch.

We both turned in the opposite direction to look toward the winding, metal stairs of the VIP balcony. Assuming we hadn't already missed them, we should've been able to spot at least one of them moving toward it. Where the hell were they?

"How the fuck did he swing VIP?" Cobryn asked. "I didn't think his family had that kind of green."

"They don't. Someone probably reserved it for him."

"Like who?"

I clenched my teeth and breathed sharply out through my nose. A cold knot of nerves slowly expanded below my ribcage until it almost hurt to breathe. It shouldn't have been possible but I think I had some idea.

The center dance floor was nuts to butts with dancers. Trying to look past them was nearly impossible and the blacklight chandelier over the dance floor wasn't bright enough to clearly show faces. I could make silhouettes enough to tell male from female but not much else.

Even the red gaslights from the faux stone walls were only bright enough to cast red specks on the closest bystanders. Unless I got up and walked around the club, I wouldn't find anyone.

"Shit!" I pushed my stool away from the table, my hands now shaking with impatience. "Let's just meet them upstairs! If they're in the room already they shouldn't need us to get in."

Cobryn stood and waved for Con's attention. I don't know if Con could clearly see us through the bright stage lights but he seemed to nod when Cobryn pointed at the balcony. His cop's eyes never ceased to amaze me.

I sent a quick message to his phone just in case, telling him where we would be once his set was done. They were close to wrapping up. The club DJ was already setting up his equipment in the far corner. He wouldn't be far behind.

Cobryn led me by hand through the dark maze of people and tables with surprising ease. Crowds magically parted for him whenever he got into one of his dark moods, and since getting the labret studs, they tended to move even when he wasn't. He looked like a bouncer.

I don't think he realized it happened as often as it did, but it was really amusing to watch groups of tall, twenty-something men taking wide steps back just for him. Even women were hesitant to get close. They turned away to avoid any attention as he passed, and for that, I was willing to let him pierce anything he wanted.

We reached the sectioned-off foyer at the base of the stairs and the stocky, bald bouncer behind the ropes stiffened when he saw my brother shouldering his way through the bystanders like nothing. He looked Cobryn up and down from behind his dark sunglasses. The toothpick sticking out of his gray Duck Dynasty beard bobbed up and down like a humming bird's wing. His instincts were probably telling him that my brother was trouble, and going by the sour look on Cobryn's face, he was about to be proven right.

I quickly stepped between them to diffuse the tension.

"Hey! Sorry, but we're Quentin Carnalli's brothers!" I hollered to him. "We're supposed to meet Emery Thompson upstairs. Do you know if he's gone up yet?"

The man didn't answer and I could feel him staring at us hard. I'd never seen him in the club before tonight and he obviously didn't care who we were. Unless Emery cleared us, we weren't going upstairs anytime soon.

"Do you wanna see my I.D.?" I pulled my wallet from the back pocket of my jeans and took out my license. "Look, here's my license! And if that's not enough, Ernie can vouch for us! Just ask him!"

He didn't bother to take my license when I held it out. Instead, he went for the walkie in his back pocket and requested backup.

"Hey, what did I –?"

"Motherffff –!"

Cobryn pulled me back to stand beside and a little behind him. He'd taken a wide stance and his arm muscles were tensed for a fight. Unless someone came to clear up the misunderstanding soon, he was about to make this place a mini-war zone.