

A CARNALLI CHRISTMAS

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!"

"That last section of roof still needs more icicle lights," Ven said. "The last box we got was defective."

"Well don't ask me for anymore help! I'm out!"

"Aww, c'mon, Cobryn!"

"Nope!"

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

"Man, looks like we're living with a Grinch," Ven said loudly to me.

Cobryn sneered and grabbed his crotch.

"Grinch this."

"We're never getting these lights done," I muttered, rolling my eyes.

"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 gestured to the living room walls around us. "It's still kind of drab in here."

"More? It already looks like 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.

"Before you say anything!" Cobryn growled. "Clare was obsessed with the fucking movie. She made me watch it."

Connor walked out, still shaking his head as he picked up more of the bags. He sympathetically patted Cobryn on the shoulder.

"Hey, fuck off!"

Cobryn swatted his hand away.

"Aw man." Ven puckered his lips. "So what am I gonna do with the Broadway tickets I bought you for Christmas?"

"Shove 'em up your ass!"

Ven and I laughed and turned away from the barrage of candy canes that Cobryn lobbed at our heads.

"Hey ow! That just hit my cornea!" Ven cried, ducking his head.

I picked up the nearest decorative pillow to protect my head.

"Damn it, Cobryn! Those little bitches hurt!"

"Don't they though?" Cobryn laughed as he took up the last bag. "It's just a shame these aren't jumbo-size or I'd shove one up each of your asses."

"Oooh I'd kind of like to try that!" Ven called. "Let me know if you find any!"

Cobryn stalked off toward the kitchen, muttering something under his breath.

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

"If you say so, Alan."

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

"I can't believe you two really bought another damn tree." He grimaced at the red and gold tree across the room. "You'll just be draggin' it to the curb in a few days."

"We couldn't not have a tree for the living room," I said. "We need it for the Christmas party."

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

I leaned forward to grin at Ven from around him.

"The Grinch and Scrooge under one roof."

Ven chuckled and rested his cheek on Con's shoulder.

"C'mon, Con. Don't you like Christmas?"

"No! It's the season of assholes! You know how much theft increases around this time of year? It's a pain in my ass!"

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 off the floor and went over to the tree to hang them on the branches.

"I don't mean that," I said. "It's just been so many years since we spent Christmas together in the same house. I've been dying to spend it with you guys...."

I looked back when I felt someone standing at my back. Con wrapped a firm arm around my waist and, with a soft chuckle in my ear, said, "Yeah. You're right about that. I can't wait to see your face...when you find out what we're giving you."

"We?"

His gaze dipped down to my mouth when I turned my head.

"Oh yeah. Well, the three of us anyway," he said.

"Hmm. I can't wait," I said softly.

I parted my lips for him as he brought his lips to mine. His tongue gently slipped between my lips, grazing the tip of mine. I moaned and turned all the way around to set my hands on his broad shoulders.

"Hey!"

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

"We don't have time for that, guys! We've gotta get ready."

Con shot him an annoyed frown.

"For all those friends you invited?"

"Not mine!" Ven pointed at the ceiling. "Cobryn invited more than I did!"

I snorted.

"You can't tell me your friends didn't invite some groupies."

"Wait. Ven. How many people are coming here tonight," Con asked.

Ven thought for a moment. Then smiled and shrugged.

The three of us stood there, staring at one another until the doorbell rang.

"This can't be good," I muttered, looking down at my watch.

"Who the hell is that?" Con growled. "We still have another hour yet."

So much for getting the rest of the lights up.

Cobryn rushed down the stairs. I caught a glimpse of him running past the living room in the foyer beyond.

“Of course it’s one of Cobryn’s annoying bar buddies,” Ven said and turned to run into the kitchen.

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

I smiled and leaned into his side.

“I promise I’ll reward you for this later.”

“Yes you will,” he said, but his hard, sapphire eyes weren’t smiling back at me.

When he walked off to the foyer and clasped hands with some of Cobryn’s medic-friends, I just stood there with my mouth agape. There seemed to be multiple layers to his sulkiness tonight. Just how many different ways did he imagine my punishments as he stood at the long check-out 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 long-sleeved pullover down my chest when Ven jingled into my bedroom wearing cherry red leather pants, a matching vest and a floppy Santa's hat. I gave him the driest stare I could muster when he turned his bare ass to me. His leather pants were actually Chaps.

"You're not seriously wearing that to the party, are you?"

"What? You don't like this?"

I laughed when he slapped his left asscheek.

"You look like S&M Santa, Ven!"

"Good! Then my look is complete."

A low laugh came from the doorway. Ven took an unconscious step back when Connor came into the room and stopped in front of him, running his hot gaze up and down his body.

"Is this an open invitation?"

Ven lowered his head and offered a grin of challenge.

"Well, it's an invitation of sorts. Santa needs some helpers," he said.

He grabbed our hands and I groaned when he pulled us both toward his bedroom. The only reason Con even allowed him to do it was so he could stare at Ven's white bubble-butt along the way. Even I couldn't find myself staring. It had such a nice little jiggle every time he took step.

Makes me wanna take a bite.

"Didn't you learn anything last Halloween?" Con asked on a sigh.

"Don't pussy out on me this time! We're all doing this tonight!" Ven gestured to three costumes lying across his bed as he climbed on his knees in the middle. Con whistled and hooked his finger through the red velvet thong that had everyone's attention.

"That better not be mine!" I snapped.

Con lifted a strapless red dress that looked more like a scrap of leftover material from a Victoria's Secret Christmas show. I vehemently shook my head when Con held the dress up against my chest. Ven held up a wide, black belt and matching red heels and they both grinned like a couple of idiots.

"Oh hell no!" I cried.

"This'll only fit you, Alan. We're all too tall for this." Ven turned to grin at Con. "Not that you wouldn't look cute in it, too."

Con grinned and crossed his arms.

"If you actually get Alan to wear that, I'll walk buck-ass naked downstairs right now."

"Really?"

Ven laughed and bobbed up and down on his knees like an excited kid as Con tried to tug my shirt off.

"Hey! Quit! I don't wanna!"

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

"I'm not wearing that!" I growled.

Ven cocked his head and grinned.

"But, Alan? Don't you wanna see Con wearing these?"

He held up a plush Christmas tree costume in one hand and, in his other, a pair of slippers that looked like a pair of wrapped gifts. I stared at the costume. Then turned my head and stared at Con.

He sighed when I burst out laughing.

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

“So is that a ‘yes’?” Ven asked.

“Yo. What’s going on?”

Cobryn stopped in the middle of the room and suspiciously eyed the dress in Con’s hands.

“Wow. Wrong time for Christmas fetishes, ladies. There’s people waiting for you guys downstairs,” he said.

“Ven wants us to dress up.” I snatched the dress from Con’s hands. “And I’ll be wearing this if you wear those.”

Cobryn turned his head when Ven walked up to him with a pair of jingling elf slippers and a green hat in his hands. I burst into another round of hysterics when he put the pointy-eared hat on Cobryn’s head.

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

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

“What the hell are you guys smoking?” Cobryn flung that hat to the floor. “I’m not wearing any of that bullshit!”

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

We all laughed when he turned and left Ven’s bedroom.

“So is that a ‘no’?” Ven called.

“It’s a ‘fuck you’!”

More voices were starting to drift up the stairs as Con and Ven tore off my clothes and helped me wriggle into the tight dress. 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 was zipping up the side of the dress when someone started playing slow, jazzy music from their phone. I looked back at my brothers and grinned.

“Jeez. Looking at you guys makes me feel better.”

Con stood stiffly in his tree costume with his arms tightly crossed over his chest. Ven turned to look him up and down.

“It won’t look right without the slippers, Con. You better wear ‘em.”

Ven laughed when Con smacked him on the ass.

“Then you better make sure your ass is ready for my reward later,” he said.

I laughed and took a wobbly step back when Con reached for me on our way to the door. I paused with my hand on the doorknob and watched him looking me up and down in the dress and heels.

“Save whatever you’re trying to do for later,” I said softly. “I promise I’ll wear this to bed if you want.”

“Heels, too?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

I threw the door open but couldn’t find the motivation to follow Ven out to the hall. There seemed to be a lot more voices downstairs now. Most of our guests had probably arrived while we had been up here.

“Getting nervous?” Con murmured.

“Sort of.”

I started to turn my head to look at him, but he grabbed my arms and shoved me face-first into the nearest wall.

“Hey!”

“I want my payment now,” he whispered harshly against my ear.

I watched as he lifted his costume to unbutton and unzip his jeans. His cock was already hard when he tugged it free.

Oh fuck!

My heart skipped several beats when he ran his palm up the back of my bare thigh, slowly bunching up the back of my dress as he moved. His fingers slipped under one strap of my thong and a shiver went down my spine as he slowly tugged it down my legs and down to the floor around my feet. I carefully stepped out of them.

“They’re gonna be pissed if we don’t go down soon,” I said in a breathy voice.

His answer to me was one well-lubed finger deep in my ass. I sucked in a sharp breath when he knelt behind me and also thrust in his tongue. I cried out and almost came when he reached around for my cock.

“Jesus!”

It was amazing how horny my brothers could make me in such little time. And Con was the best at it.

“I’m gonna cum if you don’t fuck me soon,” I rasped.

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

“You ready for me?”

“Yes!”

“Think you can go a couple rounds?”

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

“What do you think?”

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

“Shit, ease up, will ya?” he panted in my ear.

“Sorry.”

I held myself with both hands against the wall as he pummeled me hard and fast, aware that any minute someone could come up the stairs and see us. 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 a half-hour of hard sex, but tonight, he was shooting inside me in under five. The warm wetness that started to trickle down the insides of my thighs made me look back at him, wide-eyed.

“Did you cum already?”

He grinned, pulled out and walked into the bathroom to clean up.

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

But he walked out of the bathroom, zipping up his jeans and pulling his costume back down. I frowned down at his hands when he shoved wads of toilet paper down the front of my dress. Then he used a handful of it to wipe my ass and thighs dry.

“What the hell, Con? You’re really gonna leave me like this?”

“Don’t worry.” He kissed my cheek. “There’s gonna be plenty more of that tonight. Just be patient.”

“For what?”

He smiled and held out his hand like he wanted me to take it and go downstairs with him. With my dick fully engorged. And my ass and thighs wet with his cum.

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

“No one’s going to see any of that through all those wide folds,” he said with a nod. “It’s not as bad as you think.”

I looked down and realized he was right. The bottom flared out wide enough that no one would know I was horny and wet. 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.

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 at Con when he turned on the blinking lights to his costume.

I tried to imitate his goofy, jovial attitude, but the wetness between my legs was hard to ignore. And the dancing bodies rubbing and pressing against me kept me aroused. Quentin's 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. A rock hard dick grinded hard against my right asscheek. I gasped and looked back as Cobryn was unzipping his jeans.

No way! He's doing this right here?

He hid his hand and his cock in the folds of my dress while we swayed to the music together, but I couldn't hide the strain on my face. When he slowly pushed his entire length inside me, I had to bite my cheeks to keep from crying out. Dancing with him inside me wasn't providing me with the right amount of friction that I needed to get off so I kept moving my hips to get him to thrust harder or deeper.

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

"Come on, Cobryn," I whispered in his ear when he leaned his chin on my shoulder. "This isn't enough to make me cum. Do it harder."

His low laugh brought goosebumps to my entire body.

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

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 even as we danced around the room. And when he came, it happened so quickly that he didn't give anyone a chance to even be suspicious. I scowled back at him as more wetness trickled out of my ass, onto the floor between my red heels.

"The hell, Cobryn!"

He grinned and grabbed some of the toilet paper from the top of my dress to wipe my ass 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 tissue, Con's pre-fucking...they had all planned to tag-team fuck me like this.

A shame I didn't get to hear how that conversation went.

I quickly followed Cobryn out of the living room and hid behind the island counter in the kitchen. They weren't getting any more of my ass if they were just going to keep leaving me dry. I'd take care of the situation myself— once I'd calmed down, first. As hard and wet as I was, not even my dress could hide all the evidence. I was poking out way too proudly.

I swore at my brothers in my head as I grabbed up a cup of rum punch. I'd just have to wait out my erection and hope no one bothered me until then.

A cold whoosh of air suddenly hit my ass. I looked back when Ven moved behind me. He lifted the back of my dress and plunged right in.

Fuuuck!

The cup slipped from my fingers. Punch sloshed around my heels as he fucked me against the countertop. He moved his hips slowly and gently so that everyone who walked by would just think he was leaning against me to get a drink. From our waists up, no one could tell that he was balls-deep in my asshole.

“Have you been able to cum yet?” he asked softly.

“No!” I grit out.

Ven thrust inside me long enough to let me cum— in spite of the lack of speed and prostate pressure that I’d been craving. He even pumped my shaft to make sure that I came when he did. My whole body shuddered when the building pressure in my penis and testicles finally released. I clutched the counter so hard that my knuckles went white.

“Feeling good now?”

Red imprints of the counter edge remained in my palms when I finally withdrew them. Ven looked down over my shoulder and chuckled.

“Wow. That good, huh?”

“Shut it.”

“Hey guys— whoa! What the hell are those costumes?”

Emery laughed at us from the other side of the counter. He grabbed a handful of chocolate-covered pretzels and popped two in his mouth while he eye-balled our costumes.

“Red is so not your color, Alan. It makes you look so flushed.”

I snorted and angled my thumb at Ven.

“Blame him. He’s the mastermind behind all this.”

“He looks good, 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. I chuckled at his lost expression.

“Just ignore Ven’s stupidity.”

“Hey! Stupid?”

“Uh-huh!”

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

“Make sure to drink plenty of this. You’ll be a lot more tolerant of it this way.”

Emery smiled and accepted it.

“Thanks.”

Ven pointed to a tray closer to Emery.

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

He grunted when I elbowed him in the gut.

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

Emery laughed and shook his head as he walked away. I waited until he was out of earshot before turning and punching Ven’s stomach.

“Ow Punk! Not in the same spot!”

“I don’t believe you!” I hissed. “Is this why you wanted us to wear these stupid things?”

He reached under my dress and grinned as he pinched my ass. I quickly smacked his hand away.

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

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.

"We're thinking about making it a new family tradition," he whispered with a little laugh.

"What do you think?"

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

Part IV

The house started to get quiet around midnight. People were leaving in groups— some to find a good after-party, others to just go home and pass out. By twelve thirty, my brothers were passing around a couple of bottles of wine with Emery, Avi and the last of Cobryn's stragglers.

"Alan! Where are you going?"

I frowned and spun around to face Ven. Sneaking past the living room was impossible while my brothers were all on the couch.

"I'm going upstairs to change," I growled.

He wagged his finger at me.

"Uh-uh! You're my Mrs. Claus so get your ass over here!"

"Ven—!"

"Over here!"

I gave the dress a frustrated tug farther down my thighs as I sat beside him, legs and arms both crossed. My nipples kept wanting to pop out over the top of the dress and, with Emery so close, I was uncomfortable. And it didn't help that the house was kind of chilly and my nipples were hard.

Ven grinned and reached over to pat my bare thigh.

"That's a good lady, Alan."

"Shut it," I grumbled. "And what the hell are you guys even watching?"

Emery wiped the corners of his eyes.

"It's a Wonderful Life, but I never realized how funny it is watching it with your brothers," he said.

"Good wine makes everything better," Ven said and took up the last bottle from the coffee table.

Emery quickly shook his head.

"Nah, it's not the wine. You guys just have a really warped sense of humor."

"Can't argue that."

Ven suddenly jumped up from the couch and turned on his laptop in the cabinet under the TV. As he connected it to the TV, I shrugged at Emery's questioning look. I was no better at predicting Ven than anyone else in the room.

"Yes! Here it is!"

"What?" I said in a dreading tone when Ven spun back around with an evil grin.

"What do you say we settle in for a couple of Christmas movies? Look! How about a Miracle on 69th Street?"

Everyone chuckled.

I groaned.

"Really, Ven?"

"Well if you're not into that, I've also got 'I Saw Daddy Sucking Santa Claus' and 'The Twelve Inches of Christmas'!"

Everyone sort of chuckled and shook their heads, but Cobryn was laughing so hard that I knew he was beyond drunk. I thumped him on the back when he started to cough.

"Those are some real classics you've got there," Con said dryly.

"Ooh, but look!" Ven clicked on another link. "This one has midgets! You just can't go wrong with elf porn!"

I covered my face with a hand when four naked elves in hats started to prance across the TV screen. An awkward silence fell over the room as the “elves” unwrapped sex toys in “Santa’s Sex Shop”. Even I felt embarrassed for Ven.

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

Ven smiled back and saluted him with his plastic Solo cup.

“My secret!”

We only halfway through the first “movie” when Emery held jumped up with both hands in the air.

“Okay, I’m out! I draw the line at Santa’s fat wrinkled ass!” he cried and yanked Avi up with him.

I laughed and followed him to the door as he dragged Avi toward it. Then I stood outside to wave them off while they got in our limo and took off. When I stepped back inside, Connor rushed past me and darted up the stairs.

“Where are you going?” I called to him.

No answer.

I frowned at Ven and Cobryn when I re-joined them on the couch.

“Do you guys know what Con’s doing?”

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

I crossed my arms.

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

“We didn’t. But we felt like you needed a couple of things.”

Con rushed back into the living room with an armload of half-assed wrapped boxes, and my tongue was firmly in my cheek when he dumped them across my bare thighs. I picked up one of the smaller boxes to eye the wrinkled gift paper it had been stuffed into. One long piece of scotch tape had been wound around it.

“Aww look at the love that went into this,” I said with a grinning snort at Con. “Now I feel bad that I didn’t get you guys anything.”

Ven grinned as I tore into the tape and paper.

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

I paused.

“Why?”

He nodded at the partially unwrapped box in my hands, and I frowned.

“Now I’m afraid to open this! What is it?”

“Just open it.”

He tore off the last of the tape and pushed off the lid. With one finger, he pulled out a pair of assless fishnet underwear. I shook my head and gave a frustrated laugh at their evil chuckling.

“You bunch of bastards.”

More laughter.

“Alan! Wait!”

Ven tugged me back down onto the couch when I attempted to get up. I sighed heavily as he balanced the rest of the gifts across my knees.

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

Cobryn got up to block my escape route and I aimed my scowl his way.

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

His grin actually gave me chills.

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

I sighed again, tore open the half-wrapped box and yanked out the ridiculous amount of tissue paper inside. There seemed to be more paper than anything else.

“Jeez, Ven really?”

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

“One of the classics. You won’t believe what I paid for that on Ebay.”

“Too much I’ll bet,” I grumbled.

I 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: colored thongs, g-strings, massage oils, lickable body paints and a rainbow of assorted condoms and lubes. I just laughed as I opened the final gift.

“Whoa! Guys? What the hell am I gonna do with all this lube?” I counted the economy-sized bottles jammed in the box. “Really, guys? Is there a shortage on this or something? Twelve fucking bottles?”

“Yeah,” Ven said, laughing. “One for every month of the year.”

“I doubt even prostitutes need this much lube in a year!” I cried.

Con 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. Starting tonight, in fact,” he whispered.

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,” Ven said. “These are only for me to enjoy. Later.”

Cobryn grinned at the look on my face and kneeled to draw my attention to him.

“I’ll admit it...these gifts are more for us than for you.” He gripped my bare thighs with both hot hands. “I really wanna see you try out everything we got you tonight.”

I closed my eyes when he leaned up to press his lips tightly across mine. My breath hitched when he gently pried my thighs apart and lifted the hem of my dress. I shivered as the cool air hit my warm, still-moist crotch.

“Damn, Alan. You’re still not wearing any underwear?” Ven said.

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 platinum tresses and moaned as my legs went over a pair of broad shoulders. Fingers gently but thoroughly coated my anus in a thick layer of gel that felt surprisingly warm to the touch. It almost felt too hot as more was delicately stuffed inside me.

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

“Peppermint lube,” Cobryn said then ran his warm, wet tongue across my puckered hole, up my perineum and higher. He sucked my balls into his mouth, gently suckling them with his lips and swirling his tongue around the base.

I jumped when he suddenly thrust two fingers, two knuckles deep inside me. My hips bucked each time he thrust in.

“He ready?” Con asked.

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

“Me? Why me –not that I’m complaining or anything...?”

Cobryn scissored me open. 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?” Cobryn said.

Ven’s mouth fell open when he used two fingers from each hand to pull me open even wider. The cool air flowing inside my hot, wet flesh broke me out in goosebumps. But the feel of my brothers’ beautiful blue eyes gazing down at me was what ultimately had me trembling.

“I wanna watch you fill him up,” Cobryn growled and reached over with one hand to unzip his leather pants.

Ven inhaled sharply when Cobryn’s fingers went around his shaft. He was as stiff and wet as I was.

“Do him good and deep. Once for me,” Cobryn growled in his ear. “Because once I fuck him, I’m not gonna be gentle.”

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

“Mmmm!”

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

“Damn. You’re so wet,” he muttered and slowly began to piston his hips.

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

“Shit.”

Ven suddenly froze. I felt a hand massaging my testicles against Ven’s. Connor pulled away from my lips so that I could see Cobryn’s hand moving between my hips. Ven was looking down at him and watching like he didn’t fully trust his intentions.

“What are you doing –?”

Ven’s head suddenly whipped back. He went up on his toes then looked back at Cobryn on the floor behind him.

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

Cobryn grinned but his arm didn’t stop moving.

“I told you I was fucking you tonight. For all that bullshit you made me go out and buy? Or did you forget?” he said.

“No. But since when have you ever been serious about wanting to fuck me instead of Alan?”

He flicked out his tongue.

“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. 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 broad shoulder.

“No! No way, Cobryn! You’re not fucking me –!”

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

“Keep it up, Princess. See that that gets you!” he said.

“Just let me finish Alan!” he cried.

“Um, where are you going?” I called to Cobryn.

“Upstairs!” Cobryn barked. “My dick has a three-hour session with Ven’s rectum.”

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

“Ven’s earned his tonight,” he said softly. “Keep me company for a little while now.”

I ignored the shuffling and struggling sounds 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 and underwear so he was just sitting there in all his erect glory.

“Wow. Your patience with all of us still continues to amaze me,” I said, reaching down to position him at my anus.

We both groaned as I bared down on him, slowly taking him inside me until we were balls-to-balls. He gave a tight-toothed grin and thrust his hips upward as I leaned in to nip the side of his neck.

“Best Christmas ever,” he rasped in my ear.

“Mmmm-hmmm!”

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 position remind you of anything?” he asked, reaching behind me to knead my ass with both hands.

“Mmm? Not really?”

He gave an evil little chuckle.

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

I gave a breathy laugh when he demonstrated by bouncing me up and down on his thighs. With his cock still inside me. He tipped his head back to swirl his tongue around my right nipple, and I closed my eyes.

“God, that’s just wrong,” I murmured, but somehow, the thought went straight to my cock.

I clenched him between my thighs and rubbed my aching cock against his stomach while I came. But his hips didn’t stop. So I clung to him as his hips pistoned harder, forcing his cock to massage my overly sensitive prostate until I felt like I wanted to cum again.

When he finally came, more muffled groans and a loud thump from the foyer disrupted our post-sex afterglow. Con paused and turned around when my eyes widened at what was happening behind us.

“Holy –!”

He quickly slapped his hand across my mouth.

“Shhh.”

Cobryn had pinned Ven against the wall of the stairwell and he was pounding him so hard that the wainscoting at the base of Ven’s back was starting to break off from the wall. Ven’s eyes were squeezed shut but the gasping sounds escaping him weren’t because of the pain. His

bare legs were squeezing Cobryn's waist. His fingernails were digging bloody welts into Cobryn's shoulder blades.

I shook my head.

"Wow," I said. "I can't believe Ven's letting him do that."

Ven glared at me from over Cobryn's shoulder.

"Yeah, and this shit's not happening again...!"

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

"Nice."

Cobryn laughed and went still for a moment before he slowly pulled away. Vens' legs buckled and he went ass-down on the steps, glaring at Cobryn as he was zipping up his jeans.

"Thanks, Prick! Now I can't walk!"

"Don't worry, Princess. You just rest your dainty ass there for a minute and I'll carry you up to my bed."

"No thanks!"

Ven immediately reached for the railing and used both arms to haul himself upright. I grinned and fought not to 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 at me. "You know you won't be walking right in a minute either!"

I grinned as I followed the rest of his limping progress up the stairs.

"Merry Christmas, Ven!" I shouted.

"Bah-humbug motherfuckers!"

A huge thank you to everyone still supporting me after all these years! Merry Christmas and may next year be much better for you than 2020 was!