

# BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

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*romantic & erotic gay fiction*  
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"What the fuck?" Greg stared at the piece of vellum paper he'd pulled from the expensive-looking envelope.

An envelope that had mysteriously appeared right next to his fireplace. Overnight. He was sure it hadn't been there when he went upstairs last night. This morning it had sat there, quietly taunting him to open it. As though it had been delivered via the chimney.

*Ridiculous!*

But no amount of looking over his shoulder, or under the table, or behind the curtains had revealed a clue about the envelope's origins. His name was on the outside, written in bold letters. Now that he'd opened it, it was clear it hadn't even been addressed to him, though. What the hell was it doing in his living room?

He looked back down at his hands, one holding the picture that had come tumbling out, the other a short letter.

His gaze kept returning to the image. He couldn't help himself and stared at it in horrid fascination. It showed a naked man. He looked very young, but his body was definitely that of a well developed male. His skin was slightly pink and he was crouched in an uncomfortable position inside a wire mesh cage which was high enough for him to remain on hands and knees. Wooden poles had been stuck through the square openings, completely immobilizing him. He was naked, but wore a rubber hood that enclosed his head, hiding his face. Leather straps wound around his chest and stomach, attached to a longer one running down his back.

The letter was no more helpful in figuring out this mystery. He still read it again, just to be sure.

*Dear Santa,*

*Instead of asking for something for myself this year, I saw this boy trapped crouching and naked in a cage and thought that he might need something from you more than I do. Would you make sure that he has a happy holiday season for me?*

*Thank you!*

*--Adara.*

Who was Adara? She was clearly worried about the man's welfare. Greg sympathized. Keeping a human being in conditions like that was unacceptable. Some people might enjoy that kind of treatment, and he had no way of telling from the picture whether this man was one of them. But Adara's letter seemed to confirm that this wasn't a consensual situation.

It was addressed to Santa, though, so how come it had been delivered to him? He was just an artist, making sculptures of various types of materials, with a weakness for mysteries, anything sweet, and watching the occasional bit of gay porn on the Internet. But he'd never enjoyed any of the more hard core BDSM sites, and this – situation – the man found himself in only made Greg angry. Who would do something like this to another human being?

Well, it just wouldn't do. Christmas was only ten days away, and if this Adara person was right, the man needed help. Greg may not have been Santa, he snorted at the thought, but he'd been asked for help, in a roundabout way, so he'd have to find a solution.

He looked up, staring into space as he considered what he should do. Ignoring the picture and the veiled cry for help that had come to him via Adara's letter was not an option. He needed to find out where the man was being held, make sure he was okay, and get him out of there if he wasn't. Not something he could do on his own, but he knew just the person to ask for help.

An hour later, having taken a shower and eaten breakfast, Greg walked into the local police station.

"Is Detective Henderson in?" Greg smiled at the receptionist. She was wearing another of her garishly colored Christmas sweaters. This one was bubblegum-green and had a bright red reindeer on the front. Its eyes seemed to follow Greg as he came closer to the desk.

"He certainly is." The receptionist grinned. "Take a seat, I'll let him know you're here. He should be with you shortly."

"Thank you." Darned security protocols. He used to be able to just walk in to see his old friend, Paul. No longer was that allowed.

He took a seat in the waiting area.

"Greg!" Paul's booming voice woke him from his reverie a few minutes later. "It's good to see you."

"Hi, Paul." Greg got up, traversed the scanner after emptying his pockets and shook hands with Paul once he'd returned his keys, wallet and small change where they belonged.

"What can I do for you?" Paul led the way toward his desk, getting them each a coffee from the small kitchen area before sitting down. "You never come to the office anymore, so I'm assuming you need some sort of help?"

Greg nodded, sipping his coffee to stall for time. Now that he was here, facing his utterly rational friend, he had no idea how to tell him about the mysterious letter. The man would probably laugh his head off.

"Come on, spit it out." Paul grinned as he leaned back in his squeaky chair. "I can see that something is really bothering you."

"You're right. I've got a real problem on my hands." Greg sighed as he put down the empty plastic cup. Damn, his tongue was hurting. He shouldn't have swallowed the hot coffee so quickly.

"You're not in trouble with the law, are you?" Paul frowned, some of his relaxation changing to tension.

"No!" God, he'd had enough of that when he was younger. "No, but I think someone else needs my help, and I can't figure out how to find him. He looks like he's in such trouble, and I don't know —"

"Whoa, slow down, man." Paul lifted his hand as if trying to stop the flow of words. "Why don't you start at the beginning?"

Greg took a deep breath and told his friend everything. Paul's eyes got wider by the second. When Greg pulled out the envelope and showed him the picture and the letter, Paul whistled through his teeth.

"Man, you're right. That man doesn't look like he's enjoying himself." Paul narrowed his eyes, looking at the photo more closely before returning his gaze to Greg. "You know what's weird?"

"Other than this whole situation?" Greg was on tenterhooks. He wanted to get on with it, charge to the man's rescue. The longer Greg thought about it, the more his vulnerability touched him.

"Yeah, well, don't start looking too deeply. If you weren't such a good friend I'd think you were trying to pull a prank." Paul turned the picture so they could both look at it. "No, I think it's weird that the cage isn't bolted to the floor."

"Huh?" Greg looked again. "Damn, you're right. I didn't even notice that."

Paul grinned.

"Oh, stop it." Greg blushed.

Paul was a good friend, straight and happily married to boot, but he'd never had any problem with Greg's sexuality. Instead, he needed Greg about his attraction to men at every opportunity, claiming he wanted to help him find Mr. Right. Yeah, like that was going to happen!

"Okay, now that we've established that you feel attracted to the guy, I assume you want me to help you find him?" Paul waited for Greg's nod then frowned.

"There was nothing else in the envelope?"

Greg shook his head. How were they ever going to figure out where the man was being held? Even if he wasn't a prisoner, which was a big maybe, his feeling that something weird was going on hadn't gone away. Why would he have received the letter if the man didn't need help?

"It doesn't make sense for this to be difficult." Paul scratched his head.

"Whoever sent this letter clearly wanted the man out of that cage."

Greg nodded. But how would they find him? Hartford wasn't a huge city, but big enough to make finding one caged-up man a challenge.

Paul leaned back in his chair, playing with the photo in his hand as he turned it this way and that, as if checking different angles.

Hold on, wasn't that writing on its back?

\* \* \* \*

Bobby was cold enough that his teeth would have chattered hadn't the ball gag stopped his jaw from moving. Thank God his tormentors had at least removed the darned hood once they'd returned him to his 'permanent' cage. Not that he wanted to see anything at this point, he had his eyes firmly closed against the harsh reality of his predicament, but it was nice to have the option.

He lay on his side on the hard floor, trying to expose as little skin as possible to the cold surface that was leaking the warmth from his body with seemingly unrelenting determination. He wore handcuffs that were cutting into his skin and

his feet had been bound at the ankles and knees. He was immobilized. He couldn't have gone anywhere even without those additional restraints. His new home, the absurdly small cage in the corner of a dank basement, was securely locked.

*Shit.*

Why had he responded to that stupid dare? His waiter colleague, Damon, had made him sound like such a coward for not wanting to take part in the BDSM-themed Christmas party Damon's sinister biker friends had organized. Bobby had no idea what Damon found so attractive about being tied up, flogged and probably worse. But when Damon had dared him to try it, saying he didn't know what he was missing and wouldn't be able to judge until he tried it for himself, Bobby had agreed to do a scene in the club Damon and his friends frequented.

He'd known he'd never hear the end of it if he didn't give in to Damon's needling. Realizing that Damon could make things very difficult at work if he didn't stay on his good side, he'd figured that it would be safe since there would be other people around, and what possible real harm could they do to him in public?

God, he'd been naïve.

Once they'd tied him up, they gagged and hooded him. A short drive later he'd been unloaded and carried into a fairly well-heated room. His clothes had been cut from him, some sort of leather contraption with two straps was put on his body. He'd tried to fight them, but they'd punched him in the head, telling him he was supposed to enjoy this. The pain had finally convinced him he'd be better off doing what they told him for now. He'd been made to crawl into what he'd been told was a cage. They hemmed him in with what felt like wooden poles so that he was crouching uncomfortably.

The sound of cameras taking pictures had made him blush all over. After endless minutes of imagining his naked picture turning up on the Internet, he'd been told there was more 'fun' in store for him tomorrow. The fact that they'd left the butt plug in didn't bode well as far as he was concerned.

They'd finally freed him from the cage, only to walk him down some stairs, practically immobilizing him before putting him in this 'permanent' cage. When they'd taken the hood off, Bobby blinking even in the low light of the flashlights they'd used, Damon had been nowhere to be seen.

There was absolutely nothing he could do. Despair was only a breath away, but he wasn't going to give in. They couldn't keep him here forever, could they? He must have drifted off to sleep eventually, because the next thing he knew was the sound of the door scraping open, followed by booted footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Hey, wait a minute, Greg. You can't just go down there on your own." The voice sounded angry. "We need to secure the area first."

"Fuck securing the area. It's pitch dark down here. Why would any of those idiots be hiding here instead of getting drunk with the rest of his buddies? Besides, I just know the man's down here, and from what those idiots told us, he's not having a good time." The second voice, Greg's, was deeper than the first and much closer now. "We can't leave him in whatever situation he is for a minute longer."

Yes! Bobby would have screamed his agreement had the stupid ball gag not been preventing it.

He opened his eyes to a sliver of light from a small, grimy window right under the ceiling above him. The bright beam of a flashlight came from the direction of the stairs, a pair of booted feet turning into strong jeans-covered legs, slim hips and a broad chest as the man called Greg made his way down the steps. Swinging the flashlight in an arc, he stayed where he was for a moment.

"Shit, it's dark and cold in here." Greg shuddered. "And it stinks."

The beam of light hit the edge of Bobby's cage.

"Fuck! There's another cage down here, Paul." Greg moved the flashlight so that it shone onto Bobby's legs then his torso, moving up toward his face.

"Hold on, I'm coming down there." Paul rushed down the steps.

Bobby closed his eyes, wanting to die of shame. He was naked and dirty, tied up like an animal. And Greg had looked so good. Tall, broad-shouldered with a ruggedly handsome face, he had spiky blond hair and kind brown eyes. He was Bobby's dream man come to life. Had he met him under different circumstances he'd have hoped for a date.

He shook his head. It didn't really matter, as long as he made it out of here. Whoever these two men were, they didn't sound like they wanted any part of the cruel trick Damon and his friends had played on him. Keeping his eyes squeezed firmly shut, Bobby held his breath to find out what the two newcomers would do.

"Looks like it's him." Greg started walking toward the cage.

"I've got the keys." Paul came closer as well. "At least they gave them up before the patrol car took them out of here."

*Patrol car? Shit, are they cops? How much trouble am I in?*

"Hey, are you awake?" Greg's voice was close to his face.

Bobby nodded, still refusing to open his eyes to look the handsome man in the eye.

"Okay, hold on. We'll get you out of here as quickly as we can." Greg's footsteps retreated back toward the stairs. "We need a blanket down here, please."

"Sure, hold on."

Keys rattled near the cage's door, and the three industrial-size padlocks were opened before the cage door squeaked as it was swung back. A soft thunk near the stairs was probably the blanket arriving.

"Thanks." Greg walked back toward the cage. "We need to get you out of the damned cage, and pulling you out isn't really an option because it would hurt you more. Can you try to move, please?"

Bobby didn't think he could. And if scraped skin was all he took away from this, he thought he could live with it. Greg's worry warmed his heart, though. He tried to move, but his stiff muscles screamed in protest. He moaned.

"That won't work." Greg walked around to the other side of the cage. "I think we should try to maneuver the blanket underneath him then pull him out."

"Sounds like a plan to me." Paul shuffled away from where he'd been at his feet to open the cage's door.

More shuffling as they presumably placed the blanket where they needed it. A warm hand touched his feet and lifted them, the soft blanket touching his calves as the men pulled it up. It was slow work, and it still hurt some, but Greg and Paul kept lifting his body or parts of it and slowly the sensation of the soft blanket replaced the cold floor underneath him.

When they were done and started to pull him out, tears of happy relief escaped his still closed eyes. One man removed the gag, the other unlocked the cuffs and cut the rope his knees and ankles had been bound with. He carefully stretched his legs then moved his arms and while the pain was bad, it was bearable.

Someone covered his nakedness by folding the blanket over him. God, that felt good. He felt warmer already.

"Good, keep making small movements, it'll help get the circulation going. Is it okay to touch you, to help you get warm?" Greg sounded hesitant.

Yeah, well, Bobby was a mess. He wasn't sure he'd want to touch himself at this point. But the man's hands had felt so good on his skin before, how was he supposed to resist?

Bobby nodded.

"Yes please." His voice was scratchy, his mouth awfully dry.

"Can you open your eyes for me?" Greg's large warm hands started rubbing his arm, then his back, through the blanket.

A second set of hands on his calves and thighs must have been Paul joining in the effort. He was still on his side, and enjoyed being touched and restored to life for a moment, before returning to reality. He slowly opened his eyes, automatically looking for Greg's face as he discovered the man kneeling in front of him.

"There you are!" Greg's smile showed even white teeth and made the handsome face light up. "I'm so glad we found you."

*Yeah, I am too.*

\* \* \* \*

Greg stared at the man, no, he was definitely a man now that he looked more closely. His eyes were the deepest green Greg had ever seen, his hair a tousled chocolate brown mess, and his face that of an angel. High cheekbones, a straight nose and a strong chin just waited to be sculpted.

"I'm Greg." He smiled. "I guess you already know that. What's your name?"

"Bobby."

"Hi, Bobby." Greg deepened his own smile.

He felt giddy when Bobby smiled back at him. It was one of the most hesitant smiles he had ever seen, but the dimples that appeared made the man even more attractive.

"We're going to get you out of here. Is that okay?" Greg just wanted Bobby to get away from this depressing place, but figured it would be better to let him feel he had some control back in his life.

"Please." Bobby nodded. "I need to take a shower."

Greg nodded as he slid his arms under Bobby's shoulders then his knees. Greg wanted nothing more than to take him to his place, maybe spoil him a little to help him forget his ordeal. But Bobby would have a hard time trusting anyone at this point. Hell, he might have a partner waiting for him wherever he lived.

It turned out that there was no partner, and that Bobby didn't want to go home on his own. Paul had taken his statement while Greg held a shaking Bobby, still firmly wrapped in the blanket, in his arms. He'd begged for Greg to hold him before he started guzzling the water he'd been offered by one of the other officers. Greg had only been too glad to comply. Bobby felt right in his arms.

Oh shit, he had it bad.

"So, you think that Damon Middleton was the guy who set this all up?" Paul frowned as he continued taking notes.

"I don't know about all of it." Bobby tried to move even closer and Greg reveled in the feeling of giving him the physical protection he needed. "I mean, this isn't his place or anything, and I have no idea how much he knew about what they were planning. I never heard or saw Damon again after the club. But he was definitely in charge of reeling me in. I just wish I'd never fallen for his stupid line."

"You couldn't know what he had planned." Greg was so angry at Damon, he had a hard time not tensing up. But he managed, because he didn't want Bobby to think he was mad at him.

"No, but still. I feel pretty dumb." Bobby turned his head into Greg's chest.

"It was a pretty nasty thing for Damon to do." Greg brought up his hand and stroked Bobby's head.

"Yes, it was." Paul nodded as he closed his notebook. "We'll send someone to check him out. Do you want to press charges?"

Bobby hesitated. "I have to work with him."

Greg snorted.

"But I *do*." Bobby looked up, tears in his eyes. "It's been hard enough to keep my job, with the restaurant losing business because of the recession. If Damon..."

"Look, I don't know what's going to happen once we arrest him." Paul frowned. "But I can assure you, if you press charges, he will be arrested. That won't exactly make his job more secure, will it?"

Bobby looked up.

"No, I guess not." Bobby wiped his eyes and smiled. "Okay, I'll press charges."

"Good." Paul nodded and got up. "Do you have anywhere you want us to drop you off?"

Greg held his breath. He didn't even want to think of Bobby alone in his apartment. It wasn't in a safe part of town, and Damon might have more 'friends' to send after Bobby for revenge.

"I don't." Bobby started shaking again.

"You don't want to go home?" Paul's eyebrows rose.

"Not really." Bobby's voice was so soft, Greg had to turn his head to hear him. "What if Damon goes after me?"

"My thoughts exactly." Greg nodded and tightened his arms around Bobby. "If you want, you can always come home with me. Stay for a few days until we know what'll happen to Damon."

"Really?" Bobby turned up his face and looked at Greg.

"Sure." Greg saw Paul smirk from the corner of his eye and decided to ignore his friend as long as possible.

He focused on Bobby and the excitement the thought of the younger man in his home instead. God, he wanted him so much.

"I would like that. A lot." Bobby's smile was radiant. Then he turned to Paul. "It's okay for me to go with him, right?"

"As long as we know where we can reach you, it's fine by me." Paul nodded, back to being his professional self.

With a small detour to Bobby's apartment so he could shower and pick up some clothes and other necessities, they soon made it to Greg's house. Bobby was wearing tight jeans and a warm sweater that made him look totally edible. He was about a head shorter than Greg's six feet, but well proportioned and with a tight little ass that Greg wanted to explore in great detail. As soon as possible, if not before. He had the hardest time keeping his hands to himself in the car. When Bobby slid his smaller hand into his once they'd walked into his house, Greg held on for dear life.

Dropping the duffle Bobby had brought with him in the guest room, he showed Bobby the rest of the house. Once back in the living room, the fireplace was duly admired, both of them shaking their heads at the mysterious letter-delivery that had taken place here.

"Maybe there really is a Santa Claus?" Bobby's eyes twinkled.

"After what happened this morning and your miraculous rescue, I'm no longer going to deny the possibility." Greg smiled and let go of Bobby's hand so he could get a fire started. "Just want to make sure it's nice and warm."

Bobby nodded and watched him carefully. He blushed when his stomach rumbled just as Greg turned around.

"Food?" Greg grinned.

"Please. They didn't feed me last night." Bobby looked at the floor.

"Bastards!" Greg got up and took a very willing Bobby into his arms. "I can't believe they did that to you. But it's over now, and you're safe here."

"I feel safe with you." Bobby's arms came up around Greg's middle.

"Good." Greg wanted to step back to give Bobby some space.

Bobby wouldn't have it and tightened his arms.

"Bobby?" Greg whispered.

"I want to kiss you." Bobby looked up at him, large green eyes luminous in the firelight. "I've wanted to ever since you came down those stairs."

"Is this just because you're grateful?" He couldn't bear that. He wanted so much more from Bobby.

"No!" Bobby looked horrified. "Well, not because I'm not grateful, because I am. But I would have wanted to kiss you even if I'd met you under different circumstances."

God, he hoped that was true.

Bobby stepped closer and tipped up his head. Greg smiled and bent down to brush the lush lips offered to him. Coming back for more, he stayed a little longer this time, waiting to see what Bobby would do. Bobby's hands came up and slid around his neck as he stepped close enough for them to touch chest to groin. Bobby's was already hard and that made Greg's cock go the rest of the way in a hurry.

Man, and those soft lips on his? He took a deep breath, taking in the scent of freshly showered man with a hint of spicy cologne. Bobby had clearly gone to some trouble when he'd cleaned up. Bobby's hot tongue came out and licked at Greg's lips, vanishing too quickly for Greg's taste. Greg tightened his embrace and opened his mouth, letting his tongue reciprocate, but withdrawing as soon as Bobby's came back out to play. They went back and forth like that a few more times before Greg couldn't stand it anymore.

He slid a hand up along Bobby's back to cradle the back of his head, holding him in place for a real kiss. Bobby opened on a sigh with the next bout of probing and Greg dove into the hot cavern of his mouth for a very thorough exploration. Bobby responded by stroking his tongue in slow, playful touches while grinding his lower body into Greg's until they were both breathless with arousal.

Man, Bobby was a little tiger once let loose. Greg pulled back to look into his soon-to-be-lover's eyes. He needed to be sure they both wanted this.

Bobby's pupils were already dilated and his breath came in quick gasps.

"Naked?" Bobby managed to look hopeful and sexy at the same time.

"If you're sure..." Greg grinned when Bobby nodded vigorously. "Let me just get some stuff."

Bobby finally stepped back, but started taking off his sweater immediately. He revealed a lightly furry chest with small pink nipples. His abs were flat, and the bulge in his jeans was clearly outlined. Greg wanted to sink to his knees and get a taste.

"Stuff?" Bobby toed off his shoes.

"Bossy much?" Greg grinned to take the sting out of the words. It was incredibly arousing to know that Bobby wanted this as much as he did.

Bobby shook his head as he continued to get undressed. "I just know what I want."

Yeah, that made two of them.

\* \* \* \*

Bobby almost laughed at the clearly torn expression on Greg's face. It was gratifying to see how much the other man liked his body as it was revealed. But damn it, he wanted him to get the stuff. He needed to put last night's horrors behind him, and what better way than to spend some up close and personal time with his

dream man. However long he was going to be allowed to stay with Greg was going to be too short anyway.

Greg finally tore himself away, raced up the stairs, and made it back downstairs in record time.

Bobby had used the time to spread a couple of blankets over the soft rug in front of the fireplace.

"Nice." Greg grinned and started tearing his clothes off, dropping them onto the heap Bobby had started.

The man was absolutely gorgeous. The broad shoulders and wide chest were just waiting to be licked. His dark brown nipples were already erect, as was his substantial cock. It was dripping pre-cum and was begging for attention. Bobby didn't lose any time, sank to his knees and gave the organ a quick lick before taking it in hand for some more detailed exploration.

"Man, that feels good." Greg's voice had gone even deeper than normal.

Bobby licked around the flared head making sure he spent some time on the sensitive spot just under the glans. The slightly salty flavor exploded on his tongue when he finally closed his lips around the tip and started sucking the stiff shaft into his mouth. He couldn't take all of it, so he closed his fingers around the rest and started sliding him in and out of his mouth. Greg gripped his hair and held on as he drove the man wild.

It felt better than ever before. Bobby was sure that had something to do with the fact that for the first time in his life he felt something for the man other than pure lust. He brought up his free hand and started fondling the heavy balls.

"Enough." Greg pulled back, his eyes glazed as he stared down at Bobby. "You're going to make me come if you don't stop. Is that what you really want?"

He shook his head.

"Tell me what you want, sweetheart." Greg's eyes were hooded, and there was such emotion in his voice.

"I want you to make love to me." Fuck, when would he learn to think before he spoke? Way to scare the man away. He could feel himself blush.

"I would like that too." Greg smiled and knelt down.

Oh, thank God. He wasn't the only one falling for an almost-stranger. As far as he could see, it was all Adara's fault anyway, for sending that letter. He was going to have to find out how to send her a thank-you note.

All those thoughts flew out the window when Greg took him into those strong arms again. Shit, the man could kiss. Greg's warm hand slid down his back, cupped an ass cheek and started kneading. Changing cheeks, he brought the other one to the same level of tingling excitement before slipping a thick finger into the crack, sliding downward until he touched his hole.

"Yes." Bobby pushed back.

Greg withdrew his finger.

"Please?" God, he wasn't one to beg, but he would make an exception for Greg.

"Just getting some slick stuff, sweetheart. Don't want to hurt you." Greg kissed him again as he fumbled with the bottle one-handed.

Bobby focused his entire attention on that kiss. Greg tasted so good. Strong and sure, he tasted exactly like he smelled; absolutely addictive.

"Hands and knees, baby." Greg pulled back.

His brown eyes had gone almost black. They blazed with lust as he watched Bobby do as he'd been told. Bobby spread his legs a little when he felt the first touch of a blessedly slick finger on his opening. He closed his eyes so he could focus on the sensations. The finger circled his quivering hole, gradually increasing the pressure until it finally sank inside.

"Ahhh!" Bobby wiggled his ass. "God, that feels good."

Greg chuckled and slid the digit in and out, adding a second just before Bobby was ready to beg for more. By the time three fingers were fucking him in an increasingly erotic rhythm, Bobby was ready to scream. He needed Greg's thick cock inside him or he'd explode all over the blanket without even having touched himself. Then Greg pegged his gland and he lost it. Spurting streams of white release, he came so hard, his legs shook and his arms collapsed.

But Greg caught him and held him with his free arms, still stroking his prostate, milking him of every last drop before he withdrew his fingers. Slapping a small hand towel that came from God knew where onto the wet spot, Greg lowered Bobby onto his back and sank down above him. Mashing their groins together sent aftershocks through Bobby's body. Greg supported his weight on his elbows and kissed Bobby deeply.

"Wow." Not the most intelligent comment he'd ever made, but he was happy to have found his voice at all.

"Good?" Greg grinned.

"As if you didn't know." Bobby grinned back and spread his legs. "Your turn now, huh?"

"You sure?" Greg moaned when Bobby circled his hips, bringing his quickly recovering cock in contact with Greg's still rock-hard one.

"What does that feel like, honey?" Bobby groaned as he rubbed himself against the stiff shaft. He hardened the rest of the way more quickly than he'd ever done.

"Feels like you're ready to go again." Greg sat up, sheathed himself with gratifyingly quick movements and pushed his thighs under Bobby's butt. "Okay?"

"Please." Bobby spread his legs farther, lifting his aching hole to touch the tip of that magnificent cock. "Want it."

Greg held onto his cock with one hand as he supported his weight with the other. He slid into Bobby so slowly, he wanted to scream. The stretch was amazing and Greg just went on and on. Before long, stretch changed to burn and Bobby winced with the pleasurable pain.

Greg stopped moving.

"No!" Bobby wiggled his ass for more. "Don't stop."

Greg looked doubtful but did as Bobby had asked. When he finally bottomed out they were both gasping for air. Bobby lay back and relaxed as much as possible. When he was ready, he slid his legs around Greg's waist and pushed him even more deeply inside him.

"Fuck, you feel good." Greg slid out, then thrust slowly back in.

"More." Bobby panted.

Greg started thrusting and Bobby was sure he'd died and gone to heaven. With an occasional swivel of his hips that did things inside Bobby that were probably illegal because they felt too good. Bobby wasn't going to tell anyone, though.

Greg sped up his thrusts until Bobby groaned from the pleasure of it. He was as hard as if he hadn't come a few minutes ago. Bobby gripped Greg's upper arms to have something to hold onto and settled in for the ride. Greg's eyes blazed with lust as he fucked Bobby harder than he'd thought possible. Supporting his weight on his elbows, Greg bent down to kiss him and he came in spurts of pure ecstasy.

Watching Greg follow him into bliss as he stiffened, then filled the condom screaming Bobby's name was enough to prolong his orgasm to what felt like twice its normal length. Greg collapsed onto him and he welcomed the weight.

After a few moments Greg pulled out, dealt with the condom and cleaned him with yet another hand towel. Then he spooned him so they could both see the fire, wrapped the blankets around them and turned his head back for a long, passionate kiss.

"I hope that you can stay a few days." Greg pulled back and looked at him.

"As long as you want me here, I'll stay." Bobby bit his lower lip, suddenly nervous. He wanted that more than anything.

"You will?" Greg's face lit up. "I would like that."

"I think you're the best Christmas gift I've ever had." Bobby's heart beat faster when Greg's only reply was yet another tender kiss.

*Yep, the best Christmas gift ever!*

THE END