

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

The Twelve Quickies of Christmas



Book 5

Ring In The Season
Rachel Bo

RINGING IN THE SEASON
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Edited by Raelene Gorlinsky
Cover art by Darrell King.

RINGING IN THE SEASON

Rachel Bo

Chapter 1: Appetite

Red taillights flashed, and Traci's heart pounded as she slammed down the brake pedal, stopping just short of the bumper in front of her. God, how she hated holiday traffic! *Stop thinking about Rick and concentrate on your driving*, she admonished herself.

Easier said than done. Traci frowned, blinking back the tears that welled unexpectedly. She had tried so hard the last few weeks. After seventeen years of marriage she couldn't bear the thought of losing her husband, but she was nearly to the point of giving up.

She *still* couldn't believe that he had gone to work on Thanksgiving. *The security system's down at the county hospital, he'd said. It's one of our biggest accounts. I have to be there, Trace.* Traci shook her head. *Bullshit.* He had worked his way to the top in that company, from a residential system installer to the small business systems coordinator, all the way to Senior VP of Corporate Accounts. He now directed several technologists, who in turn directed teams of technicians. They were perfectly capable of handling any problems without his intervention. It hadn't been necessary for him to go. But he'd gone anyway.

Traci turned into their driveway, thumbed the remote to open the security gate and drove through the gap, watching in her rear-view mirror as the wrought-iron gates swung shut behind her. Closing out the world almost as effectively as Rick had shut her out for the last few years. She pulled up in front of the garage and turned off the ignition, then rested her forehead on the backs of the hands still gripping the steering wheel tightly.

He hadn't come home until after midnight that night—another missed family gathering, another lame promise (*I won't be late, Trace*) broken. She'd waited for him.

Sitting on the bed, a bag packed, fully intending to leave him if she didn't get satisfactory answers.

He had listened to her tirade, the anguish she'd been burying for...oh, it must be three years at least, since she had first sensed him drawing away. Laughed when she accused him of cheating. *I don't look at other women, Traci. I never have.* Seemed truly wounded by her bitterness, her sense of loss. *I DO love you Trace. I don't know why I don't say it.* Defended his absences forcefully. *I don't see how you can object to work, Trace. I'm doing this for US!* But in the end, he'd apologized. *I'm sorry. I'll spend more time at home. I'll try to do better.*

Traci hadn't believed him, but she'd given in. Even promised to try harder herself. He had pointed out some things she found herself admitting were true. Said it had been ages since she welcomed him home with a kiss rather than a lecture. Said he couldn't remember the last time she'd cooked a homemade meal; *truly* homemade, not just Pan Helper or frozen family-sized entrees and a couple of canned veggies. So she'd tried. She'd come home every night for the past month and cooked like she used to. Met Rick at the door and kissed him the way she had when they were newlyweds, even when he'd come home late after promising not to. Warmed up his meal for him instead of making him do it himself, and sat in the kitchen making small talk while he ate. Waiting for some sign. Waiting for him to say *I love you*. Longing for him to turn to her in bed and draw her into his arms...*touch* her.

Traci lifted her head and rubbed at her damp eyes angrily. But, no. Nothing. He was still spending more time at work than home. Still seeing next to nothing of the kids. Still turning his back to her every evening in bed, with a firm and final goodnight. Leaving her body aching with need. It had been four months since they last made love. Actually, she couldn't even call it *making love*. He'd been horny, and she'd relieved him. He had barely even acknowledged her participation.

Abruptly, she reached for her purse and opened the car door. *No more*, she decided. Tomorrow was Christmas Eve, and Friday was Christmas Day. She wouldn't ruin those

days for the kids, but on Saturday...on Saturday, she would send Chase and Amy to her parents' house to spend the night, and she and Rick were settling this once and for all. She loved him with all her being and couldn't imagine her life without him, but if she had to let him go to make him happy and end this slow torment, she would.

She stepped out of the car and slammed the door. Snow had begun to fall, and Traci tilted her face up and stood there for a moment, the soft, cool flakes melting on her brow. Making her way to the portico, she felt a heavy knot of dread settling in the pit of her stomach; but there was relief, as well. It felt good to have finally made a decision.

Chapter 2: Memory

She unlocked the front door and stepped inside. Every light in the house seemed to be on. She shook her head in exasperation and dropped her purse onto the entry hall table, stepping into the living room. Uncharacteristically, the television was off, the floor was spotless, and the coffee table showed no trace of the usual after-school snack trash build-up. Amy must want something. The only time their fifteen-year-old daughter cleaned now was when she wanted something.

“Amy?” Traci walked through the living room and into the kitchen. “Chase?” She listened carefully. It was too quiet. Where were her kids? Every light in the house on; but no TV, no music blaring, no kids arguing? Heart pounding, Traci picked up the portable phone from its receiver. What if someone had broken in? Hurt her babies? Traci depressed the Call button and reached for the ‘9’ with her thumb as she tiptoed over to peek cautiously around the door jamb, into the dining room.

A wonderful aroma assailed her nostrils. There on the table was her favorite meal. Rick’s famous onion-cheddar chicken, steamed broccoli, and...Traci sniffed. Yes, garlic mashed potatoes. She hesitated, then hung up the phone and set it on the buffet to the left of the door. She walked up to the table and held her hand over the plate. Warm. Steaming, actually, as though it had just been taken from the oven.

Traci glanced around the room, wondering what was going on. Finally, she pulled out the chair. Resting across the seat was a long florist’s box, with a large manila envelope attached bearing her name. Her heart skipped a beat. She picked up the box and set it on the table, then pulled off the envelope and opened the lid. Surrounded by red and green tissue paper were five white roses, the petals blushing to red around their edges. Traci picked up the card nestled in the foliage and read:

*The red rose whispers of passion
and the white rose breathes of love.
Oh, the red rose is a falcon
and the white rose a dove.*

*But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
with a flush on its petal-tip;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
has a kiss of desire on the lips.*

by John Boyle O'Reilly

It was signed, "Rick". Traci brushed away a tear that escaped her trembling lashes and brought one of the roses to her nose, breathing deeply of its heady scent. Her legs suddenly weak, she settled into the chair and replaced the rose carefully. Picking up her dinner knife, she slit open the manila envelope and tilted it. The contents spilled onto the table—a note, a tiny white box tied with silver ribbon, and a small, cream-colored envelope the size of a business card. She picked up the note. Rick had written: *I've already trimmed the stems, the vase is ready. The kids are taken care of.* Traci glanced up, noticing for the first time the tall crystal vase gracing the table's center. She looked back at the note. *I remember our first night in this house. It was also the first time I cooked for you. This exact meal. You've always said it's your favorite. Mine, too, because it makes me think of that day. We ate; we laughed; we talked about having children; and then we made love on this very table. Do you remember?*

Traci swallowed and nodded to herself. She remembered. His firm lips on hers. His tongue lapping white wine from her belly. The heat of his cock as it slid into her pussy...Traci gasped, her pelvis flooded with hot desire. The next line read: *I knew you*

would. Traci licked her lips and tried to slow her racing pulse. *Eat, drink, then open the second envelope.*

Traci laid the note aside. Her gaze took in her dinner, the vase, the roses. She stood and removed the flowers from their box, placing them reverently in the tall, fluted crystal. *Five. Why five?* she wondered. Traci resumed her seat. Her stomach rumbled; she was starving. She wasn't sure just what was going on, but she might as well eat. Rick hadn't cooked for her in a long time. She cut her first bite and placed it in her mouth. "Mmmmm." It melted on her tongue, every bit as good as she remembered. As she ate, she kept expecting him to appear. Hoping, really, because the memory of that first night in this house kept running through her brain, filling her with a different kind of hunger. One that only Rick could satisfy. What kind of game was he playing?

Her gaze strayed to the box and the small, white envelope, her hands itching to open them. She even reached out; but no, he'd said to eat first. If this was Rick's attempt at re-kindling their romance, Traci would do nothing to jeopardize that. She turned back to her meal.

When she had finished—eaten every bite and drained the last sparkling drop from her wine glass—she reached for the envelope and opened it. Inside were numbered cards. Removing the first one, Traci read: *There are more memories to be discovered, but first, take off your shirt.* Shocked, Traci placed the card on the table and leaned forward on her elbows, rubbing her temples with her fingertips. Her crotch was throbbing and her nipples tingled. Quite an erotic game Rick was playing. But what if it was a trick? What if he was just trying to see how far she would go to keep him? Did she want to humiliate herself?

Traci suddenly sat up, eyes wide as she realized that she didn't care. If loving Rick so much that she would do anything he wanted made her look pathetic, so be it. Because it was true. She realized that now. She would do anything—*anything*—to keep him. With fumbling fingers, she undid her buttons and let the shirt slide off her arms onto the chair. Reaching into the envelope, she pulled out the next card. Her breath

caught as she read the next message. *Thank you. Now, take off your bra.* Traci bit her lip, but reached back and unfastened her bra, pulling it off and letting it fall to the floor. The next line read, *Open the white box and follow the instructions.*

Traci pulled one end of the silver ribbon and the bow came undone. Lifting off the tiny lid, she peeked inside. Nestled on a bed of cotton was a golden ring, about the circumference of a nickel. She picked it up and studied it. The ring was not continuous; instead, there were two gold balls, a trifle smaller than peas, at each end of an almost-complete circle. On the cotton beneath it lay a small booklet.

Picking up the booklet, Traci found that it was actually a piece of paper folded in quarters. Opening it, she discovered simple pictorial instructions. A line drawing of a breast with a distended nipple, another of fingers holding the golden circle open. Arrows indicated that the golden balls should be positioned to either side of the nipple, then pinched shut, so that the circle dangled from the bud. It was a nipple ring, only without the pain of a piercing. Rick had penciled in at the bottom of the sheet *Place on right nipple.*

Traci stared at the item for several minutes. She could see, now, the spring located inside the circle's arc. This seemed...a little kinky, but she had to admit her blood was racing as it hadn't for a long time. She opened the ring. Looking down, she saw that her nipples were swollen already, standing erect quite nicely. She positioned the golden balls to either side of the now-throbbing peak of her right breast and snapped it shut. "Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed involuntarily. She gripped the edge of the table and breathed slowly.

So...not totally without pain. The ring had *quite* a grip. As she waited, though, wanting to see this through, the discomfort began to fade, replaced by a tingling, buzzing heat. Traci moaned. It felt *good. What is Rick doing to me?* Traci cupped her breast in her hands. She couldn't help herself. The nipple was so *feverish*. She tilted her breast up until she could lick its tip. "Mmmm." She lapped at the swollen pyramid, finding that the soft flesh on the back of her tongue was very soothing. She slipped her

tongue through the ring, began tugging experimentally. Pleasure blossomed in her breast. *Oh, God!* She withdrew and blew on her moist flesh, cooling the fiery tip just enough to quell her desire so that she could read the next card.

July 4, 1981. Traci frowned. A *date*? She shook her head. What did *this* mean? She rifled through the other cards, pausing when she read again *There are more memories to be found.* Her brain finally clicked. The Independence Day Picnic—their first official date. She closed her eyes. Rick had been so full of life, so romantic, back then. He had picked her up in that crazy old blue Duster of his, boyishly gleeful. Traci had climbed in, and Rick drove them to the park. He jumped out of the car and pulled an honest-to-goodness picnic basket from the back seat, and a pink and blue checkered blanket.

Traci stared at the card. Was that what Rick wanted? Just for her to remember? No. More memories to be found. She had the feeling this was a treasure hunt. But where to look? Wait—the picnic basket was long gone, but the blanket was in a trunk in the attic. Traci stood slowly and walked to the stairs, her excitement mounting as she climbed. Traci had been convinced Rick never gave the old days a moment's thought. She never dreamed he remembered these things.

Chapter 3: Desire

She paused at the attic door to catch her breath, then opened it and climbed up the narrow stairwell. Here, too, the lights gleamed. Chase and Amy loved to come up here—to sit in the rocker and read, to investigate the trunks, and to reminisce over childhood toys—so she kept the room well-lit, dusted and swept. Tinsel glittered on the miniature Christmas tree that she and the kids had bought and decorated specifically for this room. It didn't look like a typical attic. It was more of a cozy, albeit cluttered, sitting room. Traci strode over to the leather trunk beside the frame of Amy and Chase's old bunk beds and knelt in front of it. Lifting the lid, she found the blanket. Resting at its center was a crystal bowl with a lid, another small white box, and another envelope. Traci tore open the envelope.

Open the box and follow the instructions. Traci opened the box and found another nipple ring, identical to the first, with 'left breast' scrawled across the bottom of the directions. Traci licked her lips and mimicked her earlier movements, locking the ring into place on her left nipple. "Oh!" She closed her eyes as the pleasure/pain enveloped her again. Arching her back, Traci opened her eyes and caught a glimpse of herself in her grandmother's oak-framed dressing mirror. She studied herself. Her hair was drawn back into a tight bun, every wayward strand tamed by a bobby pin. The look was too severe for her.

When did I start wearing my hair like that? she thought. Standing up, she approached the mirror. She removed all the pins and unwound her hair from the band confining it. Her fine, dark locks draped over her shoulders, the smooth, shiny strands nearly touching her two golden rings. She marveled at her image. Cheeks flushed with desire, hair loose and flowing, and her body...well, she'd always been a little plump, but Rick

liked that. She smiled at herself. For the first time in a while, she admired what she saw, as well.

Returning to the trunk, she pulled out the next item in the envelope, a folded sheet of notebook paper. *I remember that date – our first ‘real’ one. I was so proud to have you on my arm. I wanted to picnic right in front of the bandstand, so everyone would see us together, but you insisted on a spot further away, hidden in the trees.* Traci did remember. They had been interested in each other for two years. They’d stolen kisses beneath the bleachers at football games, and spent time talking and engaging in light petting in dark corners at group functions and whenever their families got together for backyard barbecues or cards. But her father wouldn’t let her date until she was seventeen. So on the very day she turned seventeen, July 1, 1981, Rick asked her father if she could go to the Independence Day Picnic with him, and her father had said yes.

She smiled. *I couldn’t believe how beautiful you were. How smart. I felt like the luckiest guy in the world. And, I couldn’t believe how much I wanted you. How just looking at you was enough to make my cock hard. I can’t tell you how many times I masturbated to fantasies of you before we went out on that first date.* Traci trembled as a trickle of moisture made its way down the inside of her thigh. Her panties were soaked! She glanced around the room, wishing Rick were there, to bury that hot cock she remembered in her tight, neglected pussy. Sighing, she returned her attention to the note. *After it got dark, you sat beside me, and took my hand and put it under your skirt. I almost swallowed my tongue when I realized you weren’t wearing anything beneath, and then you pushed my finger inside your pussy, and yours with it.*

Rick’s handwriting wavered, here, the letters awkwardly formed. Traci wondered if he’d been horny. If he had to stop and jack off before he continued, because his writing improved again on the next line. *I nearly exploded right then, but I wouldn’t let myself, because I wanted to bury my cock inside your wet pussy so bad.* Rick’s note became difficult to read again, and Traci wasn’t sure if it was his handwriting, or the way her hand was shaking. God, she wanted him. Desperately.

And then you hiked up your skirt and spread your legs. Right there, not fifteen feet from the couples around us, and said "I'm yours, Rick. I've been waiting for you." Traci swallowed hard. The screen of trees and bushes around them had made her bold. She'd been wanting him for so long. But he'd always been shy, and she had known she would have to make her desire obvious. Be the aggressor. She shivered, remembering the mixture of loving wonder and savage desire she had witnessed on Rick's features. *I was too horny. I'd been wanting you, fantasizing about you, for so long, I forgot to be careful. I rammed myself into you, over and over, and then you were whimpering – I know you didn't want me to hear – and I realized. Your pussy was so TIGHT. So RESISTANT. A virgin. So I pulled out. I was so afraid I had hurt you. So afraid I'd gone and lost you. But then you begged me. Begged me to fuck you. And I did. Five times, before the fireworks had finished. And no one ever knew. Do you remember?*

"Yes, Rick," Traci whispered. "I remember." She pulled out the next item, a small card. *Take the lid off the bowl.* Traci removed the lid. Cradled inside were five cherries. *Take off your pants and panties.* Traci's legs were like gelatin as she stepped out of the garments. *Place the cherries inside your pussy, stems out.* Traci took a deep breath, her crotch flooding as she read these words. A fresh rivulet of moisture trickled its way down her thigh. She hesitated only a moment before sitting cross-legged on the floor. Taking up each small fruit, she pushed it deep inside with her finger. "Oh, God. Rick," she whispered, even though he wasn't there. It was too much. Especially after Rick's note. She *had* to have some relief. Traci lay back on the floor, crossing her legs, pressing her thighs tight against her clitoris. Squeezing the cherries buried in her cunt, she came, crying out Rick's name.

When she had recovered, she crawled back to the trunk on all fours. Pink juice from her fingers stained the next card when she picked it up. *Christmas, 1990.* Traci knew immediately where to go. She stood and raced to the stairway, pausing just long enough to remove the shoes and stockings from her feet. As she jogged down the steps, heat flooded her groin again and she had to stop at the foot of the stairs and hold on to the banister as another orgasm ripped through her. Breathing hard, she continued on,

crossing the second floor landing and opening the door to her sewing room. She stopped short when she saw the pile of wrapped packages in the corner of the big room. Rick had wrapped all the gifts. Funny, how something so simple made her feel like crying. She had been thinking she was going to have to stay up until three or four o'clock on Christmas Eve, probably by herself, finishing up the wrapping. Somehow, this one gesture meant more at the moment than anything else she had encountered this night.

On the craft table in the center of the room were the expected items, plus one. Eying the extra box curiously, Traci opened the envelope and read the first note. *Thirteen years ago, you and I were wrapping presents together. We had so much fun that night. Amy was two years old, finally old enough to really take an interest in Christmas, and we had gone way overboard with the gifts. We were laughing, teasing each other. You looked so happy. You haven't looked that happy for a long time now. Maybe because you were right, I don't make enough time for you. But I made time that night, and you glowed. And after the last package was wrapped, you were sitting in my lap, and you asked me if there was anything I had ever wanted to do, sexually, that I was afraid to ask.* Traci's cheeks burned. Yes, she remembered. She still couldn't believe she had even asked. But, that night, her love for him had been a raging fire inside her. She had wanted to be his fantasy. Give him everything he wanted. *I don't know what made me answer. I had promised myself I would never ask you for that, but...you were very persuasive. I admitted that I had always wanted to fuck you in the ass.*

Traci nodded. Yes, he had. And she had been scared to death; but again, willing to do anything. And God, it was good. *I expected you to be shocked, but you smiled at me and left the room, and then you came back naked, carrying a bottle of lotion. You locked the door and climbed up onto this table, and scooted to the edge. You rubbed lotion all over my cock, and then squirted it into your crack. God, Trace! Writing this, I'm hard as a rock!* Traci bit her lip, wishing she had been there, to crawl onto his lap and take him inside her...she shook her head, returning her attention to his note. *You were hesitant, at first, but then...God, I couldn't believe how much we both wanted it. Your ass, then your pussy, then your ass again. All night long. We almost didn't get the presents out before Amy came down Christmas*

morning, remember? And Chase was born nine months later. The writing ended there. God, did she remember! Reaching back into the envelope, she fished out several cards.

Open the SMALL box. Follow the instructions. Traci removed a third golden ring from a third silver-bowed box. This time, there was a different diagram, showing how to place the device on one's labium. The word 'Right' was written on the bottom. Traci immediately sat down in her sewing chair, no longer hesitant about fulfilling Rick's erotic demands. She splayed her legs and fastened the ring onto her right labium. *Mmmm.* She stood carefully and grabbed up the next card. *Now, open the BIG box.* Traci removed the lid from the bigger box. Inside were a long, narrow dildo and a small bottle of lotion. Traci breathed hard as she took them out and set them on the table. The third card read, *You know what I want.*

Traci closed her eyes. Why was Rick doing this? He was going to drive her crazy. She didn't want a *dildo*, she wanted *him*! She opened her eyes and stared at the toy on the table. A muted, insistent throbbing had developed in her anus. Some women didn't like anal penetration; but once she and Rick had tried it, Traci had enjoyed it immensely. And Rick had been very, very good; but they hadn't done that in a long time. She licked her lips. She glanced around, then laughed at herself. There was no one here to see. Turning, she hopped up onto the side of the table. She squirted the lotion onto her hands and between her buttocks, then began massaging herself. She slipped one finger inside her anal rim, then two. Spread them gently to loosen the tight orifice. *Aaah.* Tendrils of arousal suffused her abdomen. She definitely missed this.

Taking up her new toy, she covered it with lotion and pushed against the opening. Gently at first, then more firmly as the tight hole stretched. *Mmmm.* Her present was slender and long. Very nice. *I wish Rick were here.* The throbbing wasn't muted anymore; it was a demanding, thunderous roar. Traci gasped and began thrusting the dildo in and out, taking it deeper and deeper each time. *So LONG!* Traci pumped quickly, furiously, as need swelled inside her. Relief came in the form of a massive orgasm, her anal muscles compressing convulsively on the hard length sheathed inside her. Traci

lay panting on the table for a long time, sweat beading on her brow. Man, even without Rick, that had been *good*. She slipped the dildo out and sat up shakily, replacing it in the box. She'd have to remember to come back later and get it—she didn't want the kids coming across it.

She reached for the last card. *Maine, October, 1988*. Again, Traci didn't even have to think twice about what the card meant. She stood. The air was cool on her sweat-dampened skin as she left the room on weak legs and crossed the landing, padding down the stairs to the first floor. The fruit still nestled in her vagina created some very intriguing sensations as it shifted slightly with her movements. She crossed the kitchen and flung open the cellar door, making her way to the bottom of yet another flight of steps. There, on a round wooden table, was an open bottle of wine, nestled in a bucket of crushed ice. A wineglass etched with two hearts, entwined, stood beside it.

Traci knelt and picked up the bottle, reading the label. Just as she'd thought. She poured herself a drink (apparently Rick had tasted as well, because there was *only* enough left for one glass) and drank it down quickly, eager to move on to the next part of this wildly intoxicating night. She opened the usual envelope and pulled out a note and several cards. *I remember the night we conceived our first child*. Traci's heart swelled as her eyes filled with tears. *We let that travel agent talk us into booking a week at that ancient inn in Maine, instead of the cruise we'd been considering. That cold front came through and we were trapped with a houseful of couples three times our age, sitting around playing cribbage and drinking hot chocolate. It was torture. Our last night there, we snuck down into the inn's cellar with two wine glasses and opened five bottles of wine, until we found one we liked. This one.*

We drank the entire bottle, and then I pulled off your gown. You knelt in front of me and wrapped your gorgeous big breasts around my cock. I grabbed one of the other bottles and poured some of the wine over us both. You teased the tip of my penis with your tongue every time I thrust into that valley, and my seed started spurting, and you drank every drop. You were so horny, I wanted to make you come. Right then. I didn't want to wait for my cock to recover, so I grabbed the empty wine bottle.

Traci's entire body burned with desire, every nerve ending buzzing with need. *I didn't know what you would think, but you lay down on the dirt floor, and I put the bottle between your legs. "Yes, Rick," you said. "Oh, God. Yes." Mmmm. I'm touching myself now, Traci, wishing you were here.* The note shook in Traci's hand. God, where was he? Why was he making them both wait? He should be here, with her. *I knelt between your legs, watching the bottle slide in and out of your pussy, my cock getting harder and harder until you came. I love watching your pussy when you come. Watching the way your juicy lips expand and contract, like a kiss. I wanted those lips to kiss ME, so I pulled out the bottle and my cock exploded inside you before you even finished climaxing.*

Traci's eyes blurred. How could Rick forget her birthday and their anniversary, but remember every word, every tiny detail, of these moments? The note ended there, and Traci picked up the first card. *Because I only remember what's really important.* Traci nearly dropped the card. He knew her so well. Knew what she would be thinking. She considered what he had written. Decided he was right. Remembering her birthday wasn't important; *forgetting* her birthday wasn't important. Cherishing the moments they had shared, cultivating those memories—*that* was important. Not wallowing in what was *missing*, but remembering what they *had*. After seventeen years, she was discovering that her husband had hidden depths. She had never suspected Rick still carried all this inside him—the love *or* the lust.

Traci wiped the tears from her cheeks and reached for the third card. *Use the bottle for me, baby.* Traci took a deep breath. She reached out and pulled the wine bottle from where she had stuck it back in the bucket. She lay back on the cold tile floor, legs splayed, and shivered as she placed the chilled glass rim inside her pussy. Tremors shook her body, and primal need reverberated through her core. Closing her eyes, she pumped the bottle in and out with one hand, rubbing her clit with the other. Her thrusts were quick and shallow to avoid damaging the cherries. Fierce heat burned in her abdomen, finally swamping her with another fiery orgasm. Traci lay on the floor, moaning as the aftershocks rippled through her.

She removed the bottle and sat up. Read the next card. *Open the box. Follow instructions.* Traci opened the box. When she had the fourth gold ring in its proper place on her left labium, she reached for the last card. *I'm watching you.* Was this her clue? Traci looked for another card, found none. Her cheeks flooded with heat. She surveyed the cellar, looking for Rick. She stood and walked between the shelves, hunting. He was nowhere to be found. What could he mean? She wracked her brain for some kind of idea, but came up empty. She turned and climbed up the stairs on legs like jelly, her body screaming "More!"

Chapter 4: Seduction

Traci wandered through the house, searching for Rick, or for something that might stimulate her mind into recognizing the solution. She peered into the den, her gaze coming to rest on the television. Sudden inspiration hit. The people who had lived here before them had had a couple of on-site security guards, and there was a guardroom where they had monitored the cameras on the gate and the outside of the house. But it was at the bottom of the drive, just inside the gates.

Traci was too eager to take the time to put on something warm. Instead, she went out the front door and ran across the snowy lawn to the gatehouse. Teeth chattering, she opened the door and stood in the doorway, gaping. The room had been transformed. Banks of television screens covered the wall to her left and across from the door. A king-size bed snuggled up against the wall to her right. In the flickering blue illumination from the screens, she could see a small, rectangular box on a desk in front of the consoles to her left. Traci walked over to the desk. The white envelope gleamed in the blue light. Traci tore it open. *Close the door.*

Traci's cheeks blazed. *Damn it, he DOES know me!* She definitely had a one-track mind, and the only thing on it when she had walked in was their little game. She hurried over and shut the door, then returned to the desk. *Press the green button on the remote.* Traci picked up the remote sitting next to a fifth small, white box and pressed the button that was flashing green.

The screens around her brightened, flashing images of her life. Pictures of her and Rick with their arms around each other, looking into each other's eyes, lost to the world around them. Rick, blinking back tears of joy, holding their babies in his arms. Video from parties, family gatherings, holidays, Chase's baseball games, Amy's ballet recitals. And Rick was present in far more of them than she would have imagined. Just a few

years of neglect, and she had managed to forget all the times he *was* there. There were shots she'd never seen before, as well. Pictures of her asleep, a disembodied hand—Rick's hand—reaching into the frame to caress her cheek. Shots of Rick sitting beside her on the couch, watching her while she read, love and tenderness radiating from him. Amy must have taken those. She'd caught the shutterbug when she was ten and was constantly sneaking around, shooting candid shots.

They were images of love, every one, and Traci collapsed into the desk chair, crying. The images disappeared, leaving blue screens once more. Traci picked up the second card. *Do you remember how much I love you?* Traci smiled through the tears. "Yes," she said, her voice firm and loud. She picked up the third card. *Carry the box over to the bed. Set the box on the bed, lie down, and close your eyes. Do NOT open your eyes until I tell you to.*

Traci carried the box to the bed. Setting it to one side, she lay back and closed her eyes. Within moments, a strong hand gripped her right arm, pulling it up and back toward the headboard. She felt something being wrapped around her wrist, and tied securely to the headboard. Traci swallowed nervously. *God, I hope this is Rick.* The process was repeated, three times. When her arms and legs were bound, she felt a weight settle at the foot of the bed. She heard faint whispers of movement. A moment later, Traci bucked as cold metal captured her clit in an inexorable grip. Traci whimpered.

"Does it hurt?" Rick's voice, thank God.

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak, hoping he could see her in the pale illumination. A fingertip flicked across the tip of her throbbing nub, and Traci gasped. Several minutes passed, and Traci couldn't hold back a sob.

"Still hurting?"

"Yes," Traci whispered.

"Maybe this will help." Traci felt Rick's knuckle brush across her clit as he hooked his finger in the ring and pulled it away from her body, its tight grip drawing her

clitoris with it. "Oh, God!" Traci clenched her fingers around the ties that bound her hands. Her clit moved up and down, back and forth, then in slow circles, as Rick pulled on the ring. Pain transformed into pleasure, and Traci moaned. "Oh, God, Rick. Yes."

His finger circled faster and faster. "Yes, Rick. Yes!" Just when Traci felt she couldn't take any more, he pushed the ring into her, grinding her clit against her pubic bone. "Oh!" she cried. "Rick!"

Traci arched her back, and Rick let go of the ring as he watched her cunt spasm repeatedly, glistening wetly in the flickering light. He licked his lips and leaned in. Grasping the rings on her labia, he pulled them aside, exposing her pulsing, velvet folds. Hungrily, he plunged his tongue into her pussy.

Before the last echoes of the first climax had faded, Traci came again. Rick smiled to himself as her pussy milked his tongue. When the spasms had passed, he used the rings to pull her lips as far apart as possible. Searching her warm wet cunt, he found a cherry stem and grasped it with his teeth. He pulled it from her, dropping it on the bed, then immersed himself again—finding each stem, slowly pulling the slightly crushed fruits from Traci's feverish cavern, to the music of her breathless cries. He ate each one, savoring their salty-sweet flavor; then dove into her pussy again, drinking her juice, nipping her exposed flesh, until she screamed. Her pussy clenched, juices gushing into his eager, questing mouth. Licking her taste from his lips, he inhaled the scent of her sex deeply. "Aaaah, you smell so good."

He sat up. "Open your eyes," he commanded. Traci opened her eyes and found herself staring into the ravenous gaze of a man she thought she'd lost. He picked up something from the bed, and lights came on, though he kept them somewhat dim. Traci watched as he set aside the remote and rummaged in a bag hanging from the bedpost. He crawled over her, straddling her stomach. Holding out his hand, he let a strand of gold cascade through his fingers.

Traci watched raptly as he slipped the end of one strand through the nipple ring on her right breast and fastened it to a band around the middle finger of his left hand, then did the same with her left breast, fastening the chain to his right middle finger.

He rocked his hands back and forth, allowing the gold links to ripple over the ultra-sensitive peaks of her nipples. Traci sighed contentedly. Rick raised his hands, pulling Traci's peaks up with the golden strands. The rings gleamed in the soft light—stretching, pinching, until she moaned.

“Shall I stop?” Rick asked.

Traci shook her head, beads of sweat appearing on her brow. Rick jiggled the golden links, making her nipples dance like marionettes. Traci cried out in pleasure. Rick stretched her nipples out over and over again, releasing the tension each time he felt her approaching a climax, until her body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat and she begged for release. “Please, Rick. Please. Let me come,” she whispered brokenly. He locked her gaze with his, pulling and stretching, moving her nipples in slow figure eights, his own excitement growing as her eyes darkened with sultry heat. Traci bit her lip as the orgasm hit, but didn't look away, and Rick watched a storm of passion raging in her eyes. He groaned as he felt her stomach muscles clenching beneath his buttocks, and his semen fountained over her chest.

He climbed off of her, hands shaking as he unfastened the chains from his fingers, withdrawing them from the golden loops. He licked shimmering droplets from Traci's chin, her neck, her chest. Her ripe nipples beckoned, and he sucked them, teasing their tips with his lips, tugging gently on the rings with his tongue. Traci breathed faster, and Rick sat up, absorbing the sight of her arousal. Her nipples gleamed wetly, like shiny, dark pearls.

Groaning, Rick moved back between her legs. He untied the restraints from the bedposts and pushed Traci's knees out and back. Reaching into his bag of tricks, he removed a large plastic bottle. He squirted lubricant onto her buttocks. “Oh, yes,” Traci exclaimed, as her anus began throbbing insistently again. “Yes, Rick.” Grinning

lasciviously, Rick massaged the oil into her plump cheeks. Turning his hand sideways, he ran his finger rapidly up and down between them.

The warming friction drove Traci wild. She began clenching and relaxing her muscles, making her anus pucker and contract as Rick drew his finger across it. "Oho!" Rick exclaimed. He met her gaze and parted her cheeks. "Do it again," he said. "I want to see."

Traci complied, memorizing the look of wild lust that arose on Rick's face as he watched the pink pucker move, as if blowing him kisses. "God, Trace!" He couldn't wait any longer. He eased his cock into her, burying himself to the hilt in her luscious ass.

"Yes!" Traci screamed. His hot, hard flesh was so much better than a toy. "Yes, Rick. Yes!" She wiggled her hips. "Fuck my ass."

It had been a long time since Rick had taken her this way—*any* way, for that matter—and he couldn't imagine why. It felt so *good*. Despite the self-preparation he'd had her engage in earlier, her canal was narrow and tight, tugging on his cock as he backed out slowly. Oh, God. He'd forgotten how *fantastic* this felt. He had intended to take his time, savoring the experience, but Traci was yelling, "Fuck me, baby! Please. Fuck me!" Her screams ignited a fierce, carnal lust deep inside him. He cored her, grunting with each thrust. "Yes. Harder! Yes!"

A red haze blinded Rick as his cock gushed, his essence flowing into the only woman he had ever loved. Traci held her breath, pumping her anus as Rick's cock pulsed inside her, pouring his seed onto the fire of her need. Rick looped one finger through her clitoral ring, wanting; no, *needing*, to make her lose control. For him. He twisted the ring left, right, then left again.

Traci arched, her body spasming, her anal canal tightening like a vise on his deflated penis. Unbelievably, he felt himself firming again, his cock expanding inside her. Traci writhed on the bed. She could feel Rick's returning erection, his hot flesh filling her.

Rick didn't want to come again so soon, and knew he would if he stayed inside her. He pulled out, despite Traci's startled protest. He tied her legs to the bed again, then grabbed the remote and dimmed the lights. He lay beside her on the bed and whispered in her ear. "There's something I want you to see."

The bank of screens came to life again, each one displaying an image of Traci, licking her nipple, her tongue playing with a gold ring. "What—" Traci watched, open-mouthed, as the picture changed, to one of her carefully placing cherries in her crotch. The next frame was her, prone on the floor in front of her grandmother's mirror, legs tight and rigid as she climaxed. Another flicker, and she was holding onto the attic banister, legs trembling as she came again on her way to the sewing room. He had recorded *everything*. This explained all those lights. She turned her head. "I can't watch, Rick."

"Yes you can." He took her face in his hands and turned it back toward the monitors. "See how beautiful you are." He pushed sweat-soaked strands of dark hair back from her cheek, watching her carefully. Her breath quickened as the image of her reamed itself with Rick's toy. Then, an image of her pussy expanded to fill each screen, her hand plunging the bottle in and out of the dripping slit between her labial rings, her finger swirling frantically on her clit. "Oh, God," Traci moaned.

"See, Trace?" Rick whispered, kissing the rapidly beating pulse in her neck. "You even turn yourself on. How can you think I would even *look* at another woman, when I have *this* at home." The camera panned up to her face. "That look alone is enough to drive a man wild!"

Traci moaned again. His warm breath caressed her ear. She wanted to look away; but damn it, he was right. Watching herself—horny, gasping, thrashing on the cellar floor—incited incredible lust. She felt her juices running from her cunt, soaking the sheets beneath her. Rick watched as her breath came more and more rapidly. He slid his hand down her belly and slipped two of his fingers into her pussy, watching her face. Traci turned her head to look at him, her expression desperate. "Please, Rick. Take me."

Rick's balls tingled. "Please. I need to feel your cock inside me." Her voice shook. "Please!"

Rick pressed a button, pausing the images, and removed the restraints from Traci's arms and legs. He coaxed her onto all fours on the bed, facing the longest wall and its bank of monitors. "So we can still watch," he murmured in her ear. He resumed the playback.

Rick's long, thick cock slowly inched its way into Traci's pussy. On the screens, she watched video of him eating her cunt, torturing her nipples, pounding himself into her ass. "Rick!" she cried out, her voice thick with need. Rick was fucking her shallowly, teasing her vagina with the tip of his cock. "Deeper," she pleaded, watching as the images on the screen flashed again. And then she was watching herself real-time, watching as Rick buried his cock in her pussy from behind. The images speeded up, cycling faster and faster. Flashes of nipple and pussy and cock and cum. "Faster, Rick!"

Rick's cock burned with need as he pumped in rhythm with the swiftly changing images. "Harder!" Traci screamed.

Rick pulled out and flipped her onto her back, hammering into her, hard and fast, gasping with the effort of holding back. He wanted to come when *she* came. Traci moaned and wrapped her legs around him. His pelvis pounded against her clit, the ring there flipping and pulling, twisting and rubbing between them. "Oh, God!" She dug her nails into his back. "Oh, God!"

Rick gasped. Traci's labial rings were hard and insistent, running up and down the sides of his cock as he fucked her. He didn't know if he could hold back much longer. Suddenly Traci arched, melding her hips to his. Rick speared her one final time and froze, limbs locked, as his seed spurted. They remained that way, drowning in forgotten sensations, swimming in an orgasm that seemed to last for hours. Finally, they collapsed against the bed.

Rick cupped Traci's face with his hands, kissing her lips tenderly.

"I love you so much," she whispered.

He traced the curve of her eyebrows, her cheekbone, her jawline with his fingertips. "I love you, too," he whispered hoarsely. "Do you believe me?" He stared into her eyes.

Traci nodded. "It's just that...it had been *months*, and —"

"I know." Rick spoke between quick kisses he was planting all over her face. "I'm sorry. I can't believe I let myself get so caught up in my work. I can't lose you, Trace."

Traci sighed and snuggled against his shoulder. "How did you film me?"

Rick pointed toward the ceiling and Traci noticed for the first time a series of tiny cameras mounted along the room's perimeter. "The house is wired, too."

"How did you do all this? When?"

"I've had a team working on it since the week after Thanksgiving. They've been coming in during the day, while you were at work, leaving before the kids get home from school."

Traci shook her head, amazed. Then another thought occurred to her. "How are we going to *afford* all this?"

Rick smiled. "You are looking at the new *President* of Corporate Accounts.

Instead of congratulating him, Traci grimaced. "What is it?" he asked.

"This means we'll see even less of you than before, doesn't it?"

Rick sat up, meeting her frown with an earnest expression. "No, Trace. I can send guys like me to placate the customers. And, I'm connected to the office from here now. I'm going to be doing a lot more work from *home*." He turned up the lights and waved toward the desktop, his gesture encompassing a computer monitor, keyboard, cable modem, fax, and other equipment Traci didn't recognize.

"Promise?" Traci asked in a skeptical voice.

"A promise I'm *not* going to break," he insisted. "And if I start slipping, just show me one of these rings." He gave her nipple rings a playful tug, and his voice deepened with passion. "I *guarantee* I won't be able to resist."

Traci inhaled deeply. The scent of sex hung heavily in the air. "We can't let the kids see this place."

"I know. As far as they're concerned, this is my office now. Locked, unless I'm in it." He ran his hand down Traci's abdomen, feathered his fingers along the inside of her thigh. "Let's go to bed," he murmured, dimming the lights again, and Traci shivered at the sensual promise in his voice.

Chapter 5: Fulfillment

Several weeks later, Rick glanced up at the consoles above his desk and smiled to himself as he watched his wife. Sitting in the library, she was reading intently. He rested his chin on his hand and thought to himself once more how lucky he was to have a wife who had cared enough about their marriage to *talk* to him about their problems, rather than walking out. Their passion had come full circle, and he couldn't imagine how they had ever let it be otherwise.

Traci had taken to wearing her hair down again, sleek and shiny. It made her appear softer, more approachable. In the past few weeks, the tightness around her lips had disappeared, the laugh lines were back around her eyes. Rick's gaze followed the dark strands spilling across her chest down to the gentle rise of her breasts beneath a shirt unbuttoned far enough that he caught a tantalizing glimpse of one pale swell. As he watched, Traci set the book aside and looked up at the camera in the corner of the room. Her recliner was positioned so that she faced it squarely. Grinning wickedly, she stood and unbuttoned her shirt slowly, exposing her naked breasts. She unzipped her pants and let them fall to the floor. Sitting back, she elevated the recliner and spread her legs.

Rick's cock twitched. The kids had left earlier to visit with his brother's family. He and Traci would have the whole weekend to themselves. Fierce desire flickered within as he activated the zoom, centering on his lovely wife's crotch. To his pleasant surprise, she was wearing her rings. Her hand entered the frame, two slender fingers spreading her labia apart. Rick's breath caught as she displayed her pussy for him. Then, catching her clitoral ring between her thumb and forefinger, she swirled her clit in languid figure eights. Rick zoomed out again. Traci's eyes were closed as she reached up and began playing with the nipple ring on her left breast as well. Opening her eyes, she stared

directly into the camera. Pulling her breast up to her mouth, she circled the dark peak with her tongue seductively.

Rick glanced toward the big bed behind him and grinned. Pushing away from the desk, he exited the room and strode up to the house to collect his sexy wife. With love, determination, and the help of five tiny golden circles, they were ringing in the season all year long.

The End

About the author:

Rachel Bo welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at P.O. Box 787, Hudson, Ohio 44236-0787.

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