

Seriously Sexy Stocking Filler

20 Erotic Stories

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The Ghost of Christmas yet to Come

by Mimi Elise

Zara stared at the computer screen, trying to make sense of the spreadsheet. The company was down a couple of hundred pounds, and she couldn't work out where the money had gone. If it took her all Christmas, she'd get to the bottom of it. She looked up, and eyed the rest of the staff through the glass walls of her office, tutting as she did so. It wasn't even five o'clock, and they were already off duty by the looks of things.

They were preparing for the Christmas party. Trudy, her Personal Assistant, was already wearing a little black dress, which showed off her ample cleavage and curvy legs. She was unveiling the new boyfriend at the party, and had obviously gone to a lot of trouble to impress both him and the staff.

Gaynor, the office slut, was flirting with Barry, the office bore. Zara's lips pursed. He'd be boring everyone about Gaynor's deep throat technique when they were all back at work. Not that Gaynor couldn't wax lyrical on the subject herself.

While Zara was staring at Trudy and Gaynor disapprovingly, Jake appeared in her view, waving at her. Jake was the company heartthrob. Thirty-six years old, tall, ruggedly handsome, with thick dark hair, and green eyes, all the girls fancied him. Zara suspected he was gay, because he never asked any of them out. Before she could

pretend to look busy, he put his head around her office door.

“Coming to the party tonight, Zara?” he asked.

“No, too much to do.”

“Oh come on, it’s Christmas,” he said. “Come and have a drink. I’ll save a dance for you.”

“No, thanks. There’s a problem with this spreadsheet. In fact, I wanted to talk to you about it ...”

“Zara, it’s nearly five o’clock, and what’s more it’s Christmas Eve. The spreadsheet will still be there after the holiday.”

“Some of us are a bit more dedicated to our work,” said Zara, casting a disapproving glance at Gaynor, who was fondling Lloyd’s shirt collar.

“We’re all dedicated, Zara,” said Jake, looking annoyed. “But sometimes we need to let our hair down. You remember how that felt, don’t you? Drinking, dancing, making love.”

Zara flushed. “If you think I want to join in the annual shagfest, Jake, you’ve got another think coming.”

He muttered something under his breath, which Zara felt sure was along the lines of ‘God knows you could do with it’.

“What was that, Jake?” she asked.

“Nothing, I said nothing. See you after the holidays.”

Zara swore under her breath. Why could she never say the right thing to him? All the other girls were OK around him. But every time Zara was faced with his good looks and charisma, she turned into a harridan. That was despite the fact she wanted him to like her. One day, she told herself, she’d forget about work, and concentrate on her love life. Just not today.

A couple of hours later, the party was in full swing. Zara could see them all getting drunk. Some were dancing

and a few couples disappeared to the loos or the stationery cupboard. She fumed at the waste of time and energy, while deep down she wished she could let her hair down. Deciding it would be impossible to get any work done with all the distraction, she packed up her laptop and started for home.

It was midnight when Zara pushed away her laptop, still unable to account for the missing money. She looked around her small flat, which was devoid of Christmas decoration. In fact it was devoid of any decoration, with clean white sofas and glossy oak floors. It hadn't looked much different when she'd first viewed it as a show apartment. There was nothing in there to suggest she had any of her own personality at all.

She sat back in her chair, and must have dozed off. She awoke when she heard someone calling her name. "Zara, wake up you idle cow," the voice said. Looking at her laptop, Zara saw her old college friend, Pattie, looking back at her.

"Pattie? Are you on the webcam?" Zara rubbed her eyes. No, that couldn't be it, because Pattie looked just as she had when they were in college, and since then she'd got married and had three kids. The last time Zara saw Pattie, she was a cuddly size fourteen. The image looking back at her was the svelte and gorgeous eighteen-year-old who'd shagged her way through most of the boys in college. Not that Pattie's husband was aware of that.

"No, I'm not on the webcam. I'm a ghost."

"You're dead?" Zara felt a chill. No one had told her.

"No, not a ghost as such. A memory. Anyway, I've come to tell you to keep your eye on the laptop. You'll be visited by three ghosts before morning."

"Oh, shit," said Zara, "I knew I shouldn't have eaten that leftover pizza. It was the prawns, wasn't it?"

“You’re not dreaming or hallucinating,” said Pattie. “Just keep watching, OK?”

Zara did as she was told, but after an hour, she felt cold and stiff. She got up to go and get a warm drink, but was stopped halfway to the kitchen by someone shouting her name.

Back at the laptop, she saw a young woman of about eighteen, dressed in a university sweatshirt.

“Hi, Zara, I’m the Ghost of Christmas Past. Keep watching. I’m taking you on a journey to the ... well the past. Hence my name and all that.”

The screen went fuzzy, then the next moment, Zara was looking at the old common room from her college days. Judging by the decorations, it was Christmas. Various couples were either dancing or sitting on sofas snogging. At the far end of the room, sitting at a table, trying to study, was Zara as she’d been then, with long raven hair, and big blue eyes. She was casting a glance around the room, not unlike the one that the modern day Zara had given to her workmates earlier that evening, full of irritation and wistfulness. Suddenly a boy appeared in view. She knew him straight away. It was Tony.

“Want to dance, Zara?” he asked.

“No, I’m studying. Some of us care about passing our exams.”

“Suit yourself,” said Tony, walking away.

“Idiot,” said the thirty-year-old Zara, “Go after him.” She’d had such a crush on Tony. She watched her younger self get up and follow Tony. “No,” said Zara, remembering what a mistake that had been. “That’s a stupid idea. Don’t go.”

But she’d followed him, losing him among the maze of rooms in the college. She’d found him eventually, but by that time he was already in the gym, lying on a pile of

exercise mats with a girl called Hilary. Zara her younger self watching them, as Tony's hands slipped under Hilary's top, cupping her firm breasts. She could see his erection, almost exploding out of his trousers. His hand wandered down Hilary's body, and under her skirt, delving into her panties, sliding his fingers in and out of her, as she moaned with faked pleasure. He had all the finesse of an eighteen-year-old boy, which meant his touch was clumsy and missing the girl's clit more times than he found it. Despite his lack of experience, Zara had been aroused. She'd wished his fingers were inside her, pleasuring her wet pussy. Instead Hilary got all the pleasure, and Zara could only watch as he brought her to a very dramatic (and obviously faked) orgasm.

He whispered something in Hilary's ear, and then lay on his back. Hilary unzipped his jeans, and pulled his cock out, sliding her hands along its length, before leaning over and taking it all in her mouth. His hands moved to her head, pushing it down so that she was forced to take more of it.

Zara had leaned against the wall, thinking she was out of sight, rubbing furiously at her own pussy through her clothes. Tony had released his seed into Hilary's mouth. Then his face turned towards the Zara sitting watching her laptop thirteen years later, and he winked.

In reality he'd turned to her eighteen year old self and winked. He'd known all along that she was there. After that, Tony and his friends had teased her mercilessly about her voyeurism, and the whole college got to know about how she'd played with herself while watching Hilary give Tony a blowjob. They'd never let her live it down.

She didn't remain a virgin, but sex for Zara since then had always been an awkward act. She'd never been able

to really let herself go with any man, for fear of being mocked again.

“Why are you showing me this?” said Zara, tears stinging her eyes. “If this is supposed to make me want to go off and shag everyone at the party, it’s not working.”

“OK,” said the Ghost of Christmas Past, as if it was of no consequence to her at all. “You’ll get another visit soon.”

Zara must have dozed again. “Come on, wake up, I haven’t got all night!” On her laptop screen was a woman of whom Zara immediately approved. She was dressed in a sharp designer suit, and her hair and make-up were immaculate. “I’m the ghost of Christmas present. And by present, I mean now, not next week, so don’t keep me waiting.”

“All right,” said Zara. “Get on with it then. I’m not going anywhere.”

The screen flickered, and when it cleared, Zara saw the office where she worked. Everyone was still having a good time. She heard the voice of Barry the office bore above everyone else. He was amongst a group of people including Trudy, her new boyfriend, David, Gaynor and Jake. Zara didn’t like the way Gaynor was looking at Jake. Wasn’t the office where supposed to be pursuing Barry?

“Zara? You’re kidding,” said Barry, belching on a swig of lager. “She’s what I think of when I don’t want to come too soon.”

“That’s a rotten thing to say,” said Trudy. She’d had a lot to drink, so managed to look annoyed and amused all at once. “I happen to like Zara. She’s worked hard to get where she is.”

“I like her too,” said Jake, quietly. He cast Barry a murderous look.

“She’s a frigid cow,” said Barry. Before anyone

realised what was happening, Jake had thrust his fist into Barry's face, knocking him over. Jake stormed off, closely followed by Gaynor.

No one helped Barry up, mainly because he always spent the office Christmas parties on the floor, either pissed up or because someone who'd kept their cool with him all year decided to hit him.

"Oh, damn," said Trudy.

"What sweetheart?" asked David.

"I forgot to give Zara the receipts for the office party. She'll be wondering what happened to the money when she comes to do the accounts. There's two hundred quids worth."

"Oh, that's where it went," said Zara, glad to have cleared up one mystery.

"Never mind that now," said David, slipping his arm around Trudy's waist. "It's time I gave you your Christmas gift."

The screen flickered to show a hotel room. "Hang on," said Zara, "I wanted to see where Jake and Gaynor went. Or is this it? Am I supposed to watch them fuck? If so, then I'll switch the bloody thing off."

The door opened, to reveal Trudy and David. David carried a bottle of champagne. He kicked the door shut behind them. The room was luxurious, with cosy lighting and rose petals spread across the bed. David had obviously gone to a lot of trouble.

"Alone at last," he said, pulling Trudy into his arms. He pressed her body up against the wall, his hands sliding over her slinky dress, kissing her breasts through the fine fabric. "I've been wanting you all night," he murmured.

Trudy kissed him back, nibbling at his lower lip, and cupping his groin in her hand. "I thought I'd explode if we didn't get away soon," she whispered. "All I've been

able to think about is having you hard inside me.”

David slipped his hand up under Trudy’s dress, pulling it up to reveal she was wearing crotchless panties. His finger slid between the lips of her vagina, slowly and tenderly stimulating her clit. He had far more finesse than Tony, and there was nothing fake about Trudy’s moans of pleasure, while he fingered her and spread soft kisses from her collarbone to the soft swell of her breasts. David got down on his knees and kissed her vagina through the lacy briefs, while his fingers pulled apart the crotch. He thrust his tongue into the dark, moist secret of Trudy’s pussy, continuing to stimulate her with his fingers at the same time. Her fingers entwined in his hair, and her body arched against the wall. She spread her legs wider, offering her pussy to his hungry lips.

Meanwhile, Zara, watching, fingered her own wet pussy, content in the knowledge that David and Trudy would never know, because after all, she was in her own home, watching it on her laptop.

Trudy moaned and sobbed with pleasure, before her body spasmed in a shattering orgasm.

“Now you suck his cock,” Zara said, almost as if they could hear her direction.

David stood up, and licked his lips, before leading Trudy to the bed, throwing off his own clothes as they went. Trudy pulled her dress off to reveal firm breasts, with rock hard nipples. David lay back on the bed, naked, looking up at her. “You are so fucking beautiful,” he said, reaching up to cup one of her breasts, as she knelt on the edge of the bed. His erect cock pointed to the ceiling.

“You lucky girl, Tanya,” said Zara.

Trudy leaned over him and took him into her mouth, using her lips and her hand to pleasure him.

“You taste so good, darling,” said Trudy, stopping her

oral ministrations for a moment to pleasure him with her hand. "I love how you feel in my mouth." With that, she wrapped her lips around him again. David groaned, grabbing a fistful of her hair, but holding back from being too rough with her. Suddenly, he flipped Trudy over onto her back, pulling her legs apart.

"My cock is about ready to explode," he groaned. "I've got to get inside you."

Zara was rubbing her clit furiously, aroused both by David, and Trudy, whose damp pussy shone up at the screen.

David thrust into Trudy, his pert butt moving up and down, first slowly, then picking up speed and intensity as they both went wild with pleasure. After a while, he stood up, pulling Trudy up towards him, and turning her around, so that she had her back to him. She bent over, resting her hands on the bed, and he entered her from behind, holding both her breasts in his hands, while he bucked against her, moving faster and harder, completely in tune with Trudy's needs. Zara noticed how readily Trudy gave herself to him. There was no shame, no embarrassment. Just a woman in love enjoying the pleasure her man gave her.

After what seemed like an age, they came together, and at the same time, Zara felt her own belly tighten, before her clit exploded, trickling warm fluid in her panties. It wasn't a huge orgasm but it was more than Zara had ever managed before.

David held Trudy in his arms, telling her how much he loved her. It was such a touching moment that it brought tears to Zara's eyes. She was glad that Trudy had a man who made her that happy. But what it had to do with her, she still didn't know.

"Now," said the Ghost of Christmas Present, "I have

an appointment. I must be off.”

And she was gone.

The screen went back to the normal desktop setting, and stayed like that for about half an hour. Zara wondered if the show were over, but sure enough, someone appeared. It was an elderly woman, with a dried-up face, and tight, thin lips.

“Come along,” the woman said. “I’m the Ghost of Christmas yet to Come.”

“What are you all trying to tell me? That if I don’t get fucked soon, I’m going to die?” asked Zara. “That’s a bit drastic, isn’t it?”

The woman didn’t answer. The screen showed a house in the suburbs, and the sound of three children creating holy hell around a Christmas tree. A woman screamed at them to be quiet. “Is this me?” asked Zara. “Because if the idea was to make me see that sex is wonderful, showing me as a harridan mother with a bunch of screaming brats isn’t gong to do it.”

The woman was Gaynor, some ten years down the line. She’d put on weight and her blonde hair lay lank and greasy around her shoulders. Zara wasn’t sure, but Gaynor’s jumper appeared to be encrusted with baby sick.

The scene switched to a bedroom. In bed lay a man, trying to read a book. Gaynor came into the room, dressed in an old nightie. When he lowered the book to answer something she’d said, Zara saw that it was Jake. He still looked handsome, despite a few grey hairs, but he also had a defeated look about him. Like a man who’d grown used to disappointment in life.

Gaynor got into bed next to him and snuggled up to him. “They’re all quiet at last,” she said.

“Great, we might get some sleep after all,” said Jake.

“Oh,” said Gaynor, looking disappointed. “I just

thought, you know, that since they'd settled down for a change and it's Christmas and all that."

"What? Oh, I see." The smile on Jake's face was strained. He leaned over and gave Gaynor a passionless kiss.

"You still love me, don't you?" she asked him.

"Course I do."

"Because I love you. I have since that first night. Do you want me to suck your cock?"

"Yeah, that would be nice."

Jake lay back, while Gaynor sucked him off. She looked as bored with the process as he did, but she was trying to inject some passion into it. Zara waited to feel aroused, but she actually felt nothing, and she was pretty sure Jake didn't feel much either. His cock got hard, but it was more like a reflex action than any real pleasure. "Remember that first night?" Gaynor said, stopping. "When I took you in the bogs at work and showed you my deep throat technique?"

"Yes, it was great," said Jake.

"Best you'd ever had, you said."

"It was."

"Then we went back to your place and fucked all night. It was magical."

Jake sighed. "Are we doing this or just talking about it?"

Gaynor sat up, and slumped back into her place on the bed. "Would it help if I let you think about that cow Zara?"

"Let's not start all this again, Gay."

"Well, you always make me feel second fucking best," said Gaynor. "I mean, it's not my fault I got pregnant. You were there as well."

"I know that, and I've done the right thing, haven't I? I

married you. I treat you OK.”

“Yes, but you don’t love me.” Gaynor began to cry. Zara felt a bit sorry for her, despite the fact that she despised everything Gaynor stood for. Like all women she just wanted to be loved. She was just looking for it in the wrong places.

“Of course I love you,” said Jake, reaching across and pulling Gaynor into his arms.

The way he fucked her was all about duty and nothing about love. At one point, Zara saw his face close up, while he was grinding into his wife. It was grim with determination, as though he had to force himself to feel anything. Their orgasms when they came were soulless. Just a quick, but not permanent, release of the tension that had built up between them. Five minutes later they were lying on their sides, facing away from each other, the tension building again.

“Did you think about her?” asked Gaynor.

“No,” said Jake, sighing. “I didn’t think about her at all.” Zara believed him, even if Gaynor didn’t. He hadn’t been thinking of anything except getting to the end of the fuck in the hopes that it would get Gaynor off his back for a while.

“It’s time for me to go,” said the Ghost of Christmas yet to Come. “Time you left too, if you don’t want it to be too late.” The screen went blank. Zara stared at it for a long time, thinking about Jake and how unhappy he’d been.

She looked at the clock. It was five in the morning. Standing up, she paced the room for a while, trying to come to a decision. Had Jake had sex with Gaynor at the office party? Or was that something that might happen if Zara didn’t take action, hence the ghost’s suggestion of her hurrying before it was too late?

It took her half an hour to pluck up the courage to call a taxi. Twenty minutes after that, she was outside Jake's house. She stood outside for five minutes, walking up and down the path, wondering if she dared knock on the door.

"Zara?"

She looked up to see Jake leaning out of his bedroom window. His toned chest was bare, and Zara wondered if the rest of him was naked too.

"Oh, sorry, I just ..."

"Is this about the spreadsheet? Because if it is ..."

"No. No. I sorted that. Trudy forgot to give me the receipts for the Christmas party. I don't know why I got so worked up about it. Er ... are you alone? If not, then I'll just go away."

He drew back into the house, and shut the window. Zara was about to walk away when the front door opened. He stood there, looking utterly edible, in a pair of black silk boxers, with his dark hair tousled around his gorgeous face.

"I'm alone," he said, "despite Gaynor's best efforts to add me to her list. What do you want, Zara?" His voice was silky smooth, as if he'd already guessed.

"You," said Zara, swallowing hard. "I want you. I've wanted you for ages, only ... shit. I'm not very good at this seduction stuff, so if I'm on the wrong track, just say so. Only, well it seems stupid that you have to end up unhappy, when maybe you could be ... you know ... having a wild, wonderful shagfest with me instead of duty sex with someone you don't really love."

"And God bless us, one and all," he said, pulling her into the house and into his arms, before shutting the door on the world outside.