

A
Kinkmas
MIRACLE



ILLUSTRATION
BY MONTY VERN

THE SECRET SUBMISSIVE

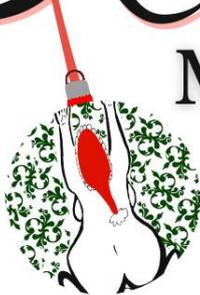
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Let the magic and sparkle of Christmas
outshine the hurt and gloom of 2020.

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A Kinkmas Miracle

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that her Dominant soon would be there;*

Anya sighed heavily and drew her knees to her chest, pulling the thick knitted blanket around her as she swallowed the last silky mouthful of whiskey-laced hot-chocolate. Outside, the wind hissed and howled, unforgivingly, rattling the wreath on the front door; but inside, the fire crackled and sizzled gently, enveloping Anya in a much-needed embrace. She rang her finger over the black lettering on the mug - 'His Submissive,' it read - and her heart ached just as it had done at the moment her husband had called to tell her that he was snow-stranded and wouldn't be home in time for Christmas.

A silent purveyor of mischief and mayhem, the snow continued its relentless assault, falling in thick and heavy drifts over the town, tucking the streets and cars under a glorious blanket of white. Bleary-eyed, Anya watched the patterns of the flurrying flakes as they cast shadows through the drawn blinds, dancing across the living room floor. The winter-berry candle, sitting on the mantle, burned its last breath, releasing a final sweet and spicy swirl of fragrance into the air. Her eyes, sore from the sting of tears, drooped with sleep, and her mind began to glide towards dreams, warm and bright. The soft lights on the seven-foot spruce twinkled beneath her closing eyelids as she finally gave in and fell into a deep slumber, filled with festive frivolities and tempting treats, but most importantly, they returned to Anya, her Dom.

"Strip for me," he whispered, taking her hand and moving to the fireside. He stroked her arms over her silk pyjamas as she popped the buttons free and pushed the bottoms over her shapely hips and thighs. "So beautiful, Sub," he groaned, savouring her angelic beauty. The urgency to please and obey raged through her body, exiting her lips in the form of a quivering moan. "I want you too but first, open your present," he said, nodding to the new addition under the tree. Anya's eyes widened as she crawled over and removed the lid of the silver gift-box; snuggled in a bed of crinkly tissue-paper, there lie two delicate, silver jingle-bell nipple-clamps.

"Thank you so much; they're gorgeous!" she gushed with gratitude and excitement.

Placing the box at her master's feet, Anya knelt with her head bowed and her palms upturned, presenting herself to him. Pressing her cheek against his now naked thigh, she breathed in his familiar scent as he stroked her hair and bent to kiss her. His warm mouth

moved down her neck and décolletage as he fondled her breasts with care. His expert tongue licked and awakened each nipple in turn, making Anya squirm and moan, breathily. "I need you inside me," she pleaded as he teased and caressed her body. She watched eagerly as he attached the first clamp and tightened it, gradually, watching her face for a reaction. The ache was delicious. As her Dom attached the second clamp, Anya's smirk grew wider, goading him to tighten the pair a little more. With a sadistic smile, he obliged, drawing a long rasp from her lips. He stepped back to admire his Christmas angel, watching as she bounced her breasts playfully and filled the room with the twinkly sound of kinky, festive cheer.

Taking her weight with ease, he pushed her into the centre of the fur rug and spread her thighs around his hips, nestling against her warmth as their mouths melted into an effortless kiss. Under the glittering light of the Christmas tree, he pushed his length deep inside her tightness, enjoying the way her mouth rounded in surprise, even after all these years. As he thrust firmly, the bells on her stiffened nipples tinkled, adding to the cacophony of their lovemaking. Anya moaned as her Dom kissed and nibbled her lip, pinning her wrists above her head, as he bucked his hips and fucked his girl with raw passion, ploughing her into the downy rug. Every stroke was electric, thrusting Anya closer and closer to ecstasy. She could feel the fire warming her sex-imbued skin as her nails clawed down her husband's muscular back and her clamped, melodic nipples pressed against his chest. Basic resolve to feel the orgasmic release that only he could give her seized every fibre of her being with an ungodly force.

"Please," she whispered, between kisses. "Please..." As she repeated the word, Anya found herself gliding farther and farther away from the couple beneath her. Her neck felt stiff; her arm was numb, and she couldn't concentrate. The pleasure she had felt only seconds ago was quickly slipping through her fingers. As she watched from afar, Anya realised that she couldn't feel her Dom inside her pussy; she couldn't taste his sweet tongue against hers; she couldn't sense him at all.

Anya stirred and groaned, feeling the stiffness in her neck and shoulders from the uncomfortable sofa-arm that had woken her from her blissful dream. Her silk pyjamas clung to the wet, stickiness of her throbbing pussy and her body ached with desire and loneliness, once again. The amber glow of the street lights in the window had faded and the fire had dwindled to embers. "Merry fucking Christmas, Anya," she grumbled to herself, wondering what time it was but her blurry thoughts were halted for a second by a gentle tinkling noise. She stopped shuffling and listened carefully as the tinkling morphed into jingling; it was coming from outside. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, Anya sprung to her feet and ran to the bay window, feeling her pulse rise in eddies of excitement. She parted the blinds and scanned the driveway from left to right; her heart squeezed with hope; maybe, just maybe, she would get a Christmas miracle...

He wasn't there.

She scolded herself for allowing such childish notions to overwhelm her sense of rationality. The weight of the disappointment dragged her lips into a dejected crescent. She watched her neighbours through the misted window as they excitedly hugged their guests, welcoming them into their home, away from the bitter cold. As the car doors slammed and the chatter dissipated, Anya turned back to the empty room, thinking that the tree looked too big and the mistletoe looked misplaced, and the pile of gifts... her eyes trailed to the coffee table and she had to look twice to be sure. Yes, her eyes widened as she noticed a new silver gift-box. *That wasn't there yesterday.* She swallowed hard and her stomach fluttered, body raging with hope and urgency, once again.

"Merry Christmas, baby girl," the sound of a familiar voice came from behind her. As she turned towards the hallway, freshly showered with arms wide, ready to envelop her completely, there stood her Christmas miracle in all his handsome glory.

I hope you thoroughly enjoyed this sweet and seductive festive gift.

I would like to thank you, with all my heart, for your ongoing support during what has been a tough year for us all.

You can enjoy more kinky content by visiting my website at thesecretsubmissive.com and browse my complete library of BDSM erotica at books2read.com/ri/thesecretsubmissive

Have a very merry kinkmas and a sexy new year!

Love from, Secret x