

Dashing through the snow,
I fell for an Irish rugby coach,
but he seemed like Santa to me...

SANTA'S SACKFUL

BOB CONDRON

Dublin's City Centre wasn't mere mad. It was bedlam! Even in Ireland, Christmas comes but once a year. Thank Heavens! Or so I thought, as the crowd of us lads poured out of Bewley's Coffee House onto Grafton Street, adjusting coats, smoking a minute, picking up our carrier bags from shopping, overwhelmed by the rushing waves of traffic and music and cheer. The street was mobbed with last-minute shoppers, tourists, and emigrants come back to Ireland for the holidays. Shop windows sparked a glow with all their Christmas finery. "*Mammy!*" cried some child protesting she wanted to go into MacDonald's. "*Ma!*" she screamed as she was dragged away by her mother's hand through the crowds. A gentle snowfall, that would be falling thick enough to muffle the noise, was drifting down from the Irish sky of dark winter.

"So, farewell," I said, and, "Farewell," my friends said to me. "Cheers."

I turned up my coat collar against the wind that suddenly felt chill now I was alone. A man could use a nice whiskey. For the warmth. I braced myself to trudge a path homeward. The street was growing icy.

Pressing through the crowd, noticing the better-off office workers from the new dot-coms springing up all over Ireland, I was not displeased to see not everything

changing on the streets. From a couple of doorways, I heard the old drunken laughter of men and the chatter of the tenement women pushing their ragamuffins to beg for pennies, hoping the Guarda in uniform wouldn't hustle them along, being Christmas and all. I was taking it all in when something absolutely sexual stopped me in my tracks.

A voice. Bass baritone. Sweet. Manly. Through the bobbing, weaving crowd, I saw him. He was singing "Silent Night." In tiny whirls of snow and steam and light, he appeared and disappeared and reappeared again through the smoke from the brazier kept burning red by the street vendor wrapping white-paper cones of hot chestnuts. A smell—a feeling, really—wafted over me, like I could smell the musk of his chestnuts, his balls, that gave rise to his big, rich voice.

Naw. My old Dad said I'd one day be turning soft. My chin lifted from my collar. I craned my neck to see, what? A beard, and sparkling eyes, spotlighted under an amber street lamp. A man. No. "Father Christmas." Six-foot plus. Big. Strong. His hooded coat was circled at his waist by a thick, leather belt. His red britches he had tucked to the knee in black-leather boots. I was only a face in the crowd so I dared move closer. He had cropped, snowy white hair curling low on his forehead. His thick beard grew high on his rosy cheekbones. His walrus moustache curled at the ends. "Singing for some charity, are yeh," I thought. Yet I was drawn as to a siren's song, edging towards him, like a kid, my shoes crunching on the carpet of snow. Filled with the spirit of the season and influenced, not a little, by his magnetic presence, as well as the wee drops of whiskey with the lads, I held out a fiver, and dared say, "Father Christmas?"

His gloved hand, a meaty paw, plucked the note from my fingers. He said, "Thank yeh kindly, son." His voice

was rich as Christmas pudding. My knees buckled at the play of his eyes. His breath was hot on my cold face. He brushed against my heavy carrier bags, without breaking our gaze, and asked, "And what might yeh be wanting from Santa this Christmas time? No...let me guess..." His smile was as white as his hair. Perfect teeth with a cute little gap in front, up top. Dazzling white. "I believe I have just the thing. Have yeh been a good boy all year?"

My face flushed as I surrendered to his game. "Yeah, always good..."

"Then I'll see what I can do," he chuckled.

I looked him up and down, thinking, *If only!*

His eyes read mine, questioning, as if he could read my thoughts. "If yeh've been good, I'm obligated to give yeh what yeh want. It's my job...to grant the desires of yer heart." His eyes never left mine, never stopped smiling, searching.

I gave him a quizzical look that I meant to mean, "Yes, I am. Are *yeh?*"

Some of the ragamuffins went running by, sliding on the ice, bumping into me. I was fuck mad they were ruining the moment. I was too grown up to believe, but not so jaded I didn't want to flirt with the idea. Was I sliding too? Father Christmas reached out to me. "Come fly with me," he said.

"Who do yeh think yeh are," I said, very unlike myself, giggling. "Frank Fucking Sinatra?" I tried to sing, "Come fly with me." But I said, "That ain't a Christmas carol."

"Put yer arm around me shoulder and hold tight."

Crazy! Yet without faltering, I hooked myself around him and was swept up in an icy gust. In the moment, I felt how a Christmas robin might feel held by the winter wind. Someone called out, "Yer shopping bags!"

But the voice, and Grafton Street, and Dublin, and Ireland, our little island in the dark North Atlantic, all

fading down into the distance...below me, rising up into the dark...like the time, my first trip to Amsterdam, when the lads and I ordered beer and brownies.

Are yeh unconscious when yeh're unconscious?

I knew, really knew, my face on his shoulder was dusted with snow flakes. His massive arms held me tight. His bass voice murmured beside me, inside me. Whispering, singing, humming, laughing. "All is calm. All is bright."

*

Suddenly, I was in a cave. *His* cave. Head back on fur pillows. Fur rugs under me, around me, over my naked body. My clothes in a heap alongside. No recollection of being stripped bare. A crackling fire in one corner and opposite, lit by the blaze, a mountain of presents. I rubbed my sleepy eyes and heard murmuring noises still. Then twinkling eyes.

Santa sank down on the edge of the makeshift bed dumping a sack of goodies beside him. He smiled down upon me and we remained silent for a moment. Finally he asked, "What's yer name, son?"

"Michael...Mick, Mick O'Connor."

"And yeh know who I am?"

"Yeah, you're the man that's on the front of Christmas cards, aren't yeh?"

He chuckled. "Father Christmas, son. But yeh can call me *Daddy*." He turned and dipped into the big bag of presents. "Now...Let's see...What do we have here..."

The first gift he produced brought tears to my eyes, Tommy! My beloved Teddy Bear. I'd had him with me always. He'd even rode with me in my pram. That's how I'd lost him. Saturday shopping, somehow I'd lost him. Mammy bought me any number of replacements but I was inconsolable. Now, after all these years he was once again being clutched to my chest.

The appearance of the second present made my eyes water for completely different reasons.

It was a giant double-ended dildo, long and fat and heavily veined. Santa's fingers barely met as he held it around the circumference. Both ends were mean fuckers.

The third gift was a giant tube of lube.

"And this, just for starters, my boy." I must have winced because he let out a roar of laughter whilst his eyes grew even more kindly. "Now don't yeh worry about a thing," he cooed, yanking off one big boot. "I'll loosen yeh up gently." He cupped the bulge in his pants. "First I'll give yeh what yeh *really* want, young fella." Off came the second boot.

With his red coat pulled apart he looked like a big, burst sofa. Curly white hair smothered his skin, his barrel chest, muscular arms, and broad back. Big paws unbuckled the belt and pulled it through the hoops. Trousers dropped down over powerful thighs and a big, fuzzy, chunky butt. Lifting a knee to tug them off, he flashed a clump of chalky hair peeking out from his spreading crack.

My cock was up and pulsing against the fur blanket. A delicious friction produced a tickling sensation deep within my sizzling hole. I was mesmerized by his pendulous balls as they swung between his legs, and by the rhythmic twitching of his stiffening cock. The strawberry head blushed crimson atop a colossal ivory column. Hoisted aloft, transparent globs of goo began to dribble from the puckered eye and run down the underside of his cosh. Glistening balls ballooned low in his pouch with thirst-quenching promise. Rising up from somewhere deep in my bowels, a groan escaped my lips.

He stroked my forehead, "Sshush...shush...Shh...it's okay...It'll be worth it! I swear."

Leaning forward, as if to kiss me, he brought the full, wet width of his tongue to lick my face from bottom to top.

Breaking the tension, I giggled like a child. His whiskers rubbed against my own. My lips searched for, then sucked on, his moustache. The same big, wet tongue poked and probed its way into my mouth and stretched back almost to the tonsils. My fingers gripped and clung to the hair on his back. He ripped the fur rug off me and, flinging it to one side, brought his full weight down upon me. Parting my legs, he ground his hips against mine.

I hadn't believed in Father Christmas since I was maybe five or six. All the magic had gone once my mate Derek Byrne put me straight on the subject. He'd made me feel like the butt of some horrible joke. Twenty-odd years had come and gone since then only to find out Derek had lied to me. Santa Claus did exist. It was impossible to deny his existence as he pinned me on my back. I felt cheated!

"I can't fuck with yeh, Father Chr—" I whimpered, jerking back my head.

"Call me *Daddy*..."

"No! No! I can't!"

"Call me *Uncle Chris* then," he replied.

"No. No! Me Mammy told me not to talk to men like yeh!" I tried to wrestle him off. "Let me go...I don't want to!"

"Why, yeh little trickster. I'll break yer fuckin' neck!" The gentle giant thundered into action, leaping up to pin my arms either side of my head with his knees. "I'll not take *no* for a fuckin' answer!"

Santa drew his north pole to my lips and waved it menacingly.

"Please, Uncle Chris, please don't make me do it!" I blubbered in an Oscar-winning performance, quickly followed up with a broad grin.

"Why, yeh!" He smeared the oozing tip of his big, fat mickey around and around my lips. "Yeh little trickster!" He grinned and stuffed his cob down my gullet. "That should stop yeh fuckin' whinin'."

It did too. It acted as a comforter.

Hooking his fingers behind my head, he rocked gently backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, slowly building up steam. I couldn't help but gag and gulp whilst pleading with my eyes, but to no avail. He was insistent in his need of relief. On and on, sliding in deep...deeper... "I'm fuckin' mad into yeh, Michael. Fuckin' mad into yeh." His words resonated against the granite walls. His banging bollocks bounced against my chin. "Take it easy, d'yeh hear me? Relax!" Abruptly he withdrew, slapping me playfully about the face with his log. A little annoyed, I raised my head to flick it with my tongue, but he gripped me gently by the ears and restrained me. "Wait!" he bid me. Wide-eyed, mocking me. "What's yer hurry?"

With finger and thumb he nipped the base so that the glistening, bulbous head and rock-solid pole bloated to perfection. "Isn't it a beauty," he teased, holding it just out of reach. "Beautiful, eh?... Smell it!" He stuck it under my nose and I inhaled to capacity, my head swimming. "Makes yer mouth water, doesn't it, yeh little hoor!" Again I strained my mouth towards it. "Wait!" he demanded once again, then his face cracked in a big grin. "Bet yeh can't wait till Santa cums?"

I nodded furiously. Admiring his own portentous erection, he spat on his free hand and lovingly caressed his succulent shaft, delighting in my adoration, and then benevolently, he restored the full length down my aching throat. "Stuffing yer stocking! Oh, fuck! I'm gonna cum down yer chimney!" Once again, he quickly re-established his rhythm; up to the tip, down to the base. "Let me fuckin' cram yer stocking full to bursting. Empty me big sac of goodies into yeh." His organ swelled to a crescendo whilst I tooted like a maestro. "Yeah, suck it, yeh little cum bucket. Drag deep! Drain it all out! That's a good wee fella...." And then the groaning voice built quickly from a gentle rumble

to a bellowing howl. “Suck it now, Michael. Suck it. Suck. I’m cumin’, Michael. Cumin’. Cumin’ now. Get ready. Oh, get ready, me Mick. Here it comes, my boy. Cumin’ now! Oh...Oh...Oh! Yeah! Fuckin’ aye!”

A blast of thick, pungent sperm punched my tonsils, pummeled against the back of my open throat, and once more, and once again. Spurt upon thick, luscious spurt. My lips held tight, squeezing every last drop from his pleasure dome and gulping it down. His huge body quivered, wracked with comfort and joy. Moaning in rhythm with each fervent after-suck, Santa groaned aloud at each thrust of my tongue as it probed into his piss-slit lapping up the last, precious, pungent, pearl drops.

His laughter caused a resounding echo. Pleased with himself, pleased with me. He rolled off my chest and lay down beside me. Cradling me in his arms, he began to sing: “*Jingle Bells! Rudolf smells, Prancer’s a disgrace. Much more fun it is to ride on a horny fucker’s face. Oh...*”

He chuckled and clasped my knob in his hairy mitt, sliding the foreskin backwards and forwards purposefully. My toes curled and my thighs stiffened. He sure knew how to work my dopper.

“Looks a wee bit sore...All red and swollen. Maybe I should return the favour?” And he was up and on his knees.

First time his open mouth encased my cockhead, I quivered like jelly on a plate. His expert technique drove me to distraction and beyond. Depraved would be more accurate.

My fingers found his still moist cockhead, then slithered a snail’s trail around to his hairy hole. One digit teased the opening of his ass, drawing circles, feeling his tender ring-piece pulse at my touch, then voluntarily open to give access.

One, then two, then a third, and a fourth digit slipped

assward in to the second knuckle with minimum effort. I swirled my hand around whilst he shuddered and shook. “Sit yerself down on Mr. Fingers, and get comfy,” I insisted. I maneuvered him around to hover squarely over my face whilst he sucked my dick ever more wantonly. “Wouldn’t yeh just love to sit all hole-y night on my mouth?”

Spreading Santa’s cheeks, I basked in the sniff of his blossoming bud. “Oh, my,” I growled. “I’m goin’ to lick half yer brain out!” Then I dove in, bathing his crevice with spittle. His hair matted into dark wads and spikes plastered to his fleshy, pink sphincter as I drove my tongue ever deeper. Pulling him open, two fingers either side, I hit the spot, and he went wild, grinding down with his firm, fleshy mounds, smothering me with his quivering thighs. Roughly, I heaved his buttocks up to within an inch of my face and spat into Santa’s gaping hole. Again I spat, and again, until saliva drenched his hole.

Then, reaching for the double dildo, I punctured, *surprise*, the seat of his passion.

In the instant he cried out, “Oh, blitzen! No! I didn’t mean any harm, for fuck’s sake. That dildo gift was only a double-headed joke.”

“Yeh fuckin’ did mean it, pal!” I replied with a smirk, and plunged the dildo in even harder. “And now yeh’re gonna get what yeh deserve!”

In and out, in and out, I rammed with no finesse, stretching him to the bursting point whilst he pounded the ground with his fists. Throat off my cock, he chewed the fur blanket and howled.

“Take it, yeh old fucker,” I snarled. “Yeh love it, dontcha? Yeah, yeh fuckin’ love it!” Working the dildo length ever deeper into him, I fingered my own hole with lube. Four fingers and thumb up my hole stretching wide, I swivelled onto three of all fours. Aiming the second bulbous end of the double dildo, with one backward thrust,

I hit bull's-eye into my own hole first time. Inching my rear-end over the thick, rubber truncheon, my buttocks touched base with his buttocks. Both of us skewered on one kebab. In an instant, we were whirling our rumps like two fucking Christmas toys gone crazy in a window display, bucking and slamming and crunching our tail ends together. *Oh what fun it is to ride...*

No mercy, I yanked the dildo out of him. My turn to leap up and around to mount and plug his solid rump. I jabbed my cock full length inside, stuffing him like a Christmas pig. Reaching forward, I grabbed a handful of Santa hair and yanked his head back so I could ride home. His soggy arse slurped as I punched in and out on a cushioned glide. Next thing, a shiver ran through me and my hips were jerking all on their own. My body began to glow, like warm honey was swirling through my bloodstream, and with it a sense of expectation...something wonderful was about to happen. And happen it did. A handful more sharp stabs from my pigsticker, and I let out a yelp, shooting my full-fat milky wad to drown his gut-wrenching squeal.

I closed my eyes, but inside my lids lightning flashed, and fireworks spun into a night sky of Christmas stars of wonder, stars of light.

Grunting and snaffling like a hog, he lunged backwards, his ring pulsing tight. "Keep goin'. Keep goin'," he gasped, urging me on with each rhythmic slam of his buttocks.

I felt I'd emptied everything out of me, from my toes to my nose, up and out and into his desperate, gobbling hole, basting his guts with my blistering juices.

I collapsed on top of him, spent. Chris dissolved beneath me, spreading out like a rug. "Jaysus, yeh little bollix," he murmured. "Yeh sure know how to show yer gratitude. That's nice!"

“Nice?” I replied, “Nice? It was better than fuckin’ nice, It was great! The best fuckin’ ride you’ll ever get and that’s for bleedin’ sure!”

He heaved a satisfied sigh, smacked his lips, whilst still impaled on my dribbling spike. As I withdrew, still stiff as a poker, his ring-piece hugged onto me tightly, reluctant to let me go until, with a sloppy plop, I slipped out.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt yeh,” I said sheepishly. Still, I couldn’t resist shoving my cock in his face and forcing him to lick my prick clean.

“Got what yeh wanted for Christmas though, didn’t yeh?” he chuckled and chewed.

“I got me hole right enough,” I replied before crashing back exhausted into a heap of fur pillows. “Thanks, Daddy...”

He was pleased as Punch. “Yeh called me *Daddy!*”

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Suddenly, I’m back on Grafton Street. Bags, people all around me. Flat on my back in the snow. I’d slipped, banged my head. Woke up dazed and confused. Looking up at paramedics and into laughing eyes and rosy cheeks.

Santa took hold of my hands, lifted me to my feet and helped brush me down. He leaned towards my ear, whispering. “Where do yeh live?”

“Ranelagh.”

“It’s not so far. I’ve got me van. Come, I’ll go with yeh,” The street lamp behind his head formed a golden halo. “Let’s get yeh home safely. Tuck yeh up in bed.”

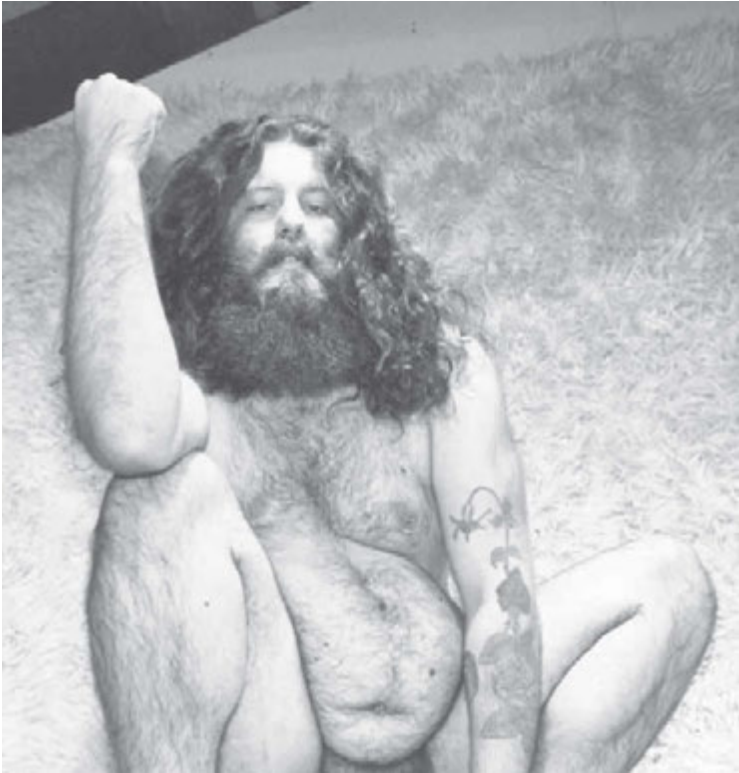
I nodded, beginning to understand.

“Come go with me,” he whispered again. “Just put yer arm around me shoulder and hold tight.” Without faltering, I obeyed and felt like a robin might feel being held by the winter wind.

Presently, I’m in bed. My bed. Head back on feather

pillows. Firm mattress beneath me. Duvet around me, cuddling my naked body. My clothes in a heap alongside. The delicious recollection of being stripped bare. A crackling fire in one corner and above me, silhouetted by the blaze, a mountain of a man. No fantasy figure this, but flesh and blood. My own Santa—a rugby coach from County Kildare. Up in the big city to fund-raise for his local team. I'd already made one donation and I planned on plenty more before the night was through. I rubbed my sleepy eyes and heard murmuring noises still. Then twinkling eyes and a shimmering phallus.

“I’m fuckin’ mad into yeh, Michael. Fuckin’ mad into yeh,” he whispered hoarsely and, with a final flick of the wrist, the Daddy of all Father Christmas’ emptied his teeming sackful into my open mouth.



Outlaw Red, *Bellybucker: Tattooed Hairy Biker Bear*

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Andy Gang, Moustache Rodeo

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