

(A little porn for Christmas morn. Story #10 in my "Pennsylvania Series."  
Sonny/Vinnie. Word count: 3389)

## CHRISTMAS

by

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*"...the silent majesty of a winter's morn..."*

*- Clark W. Griswold*

The air is so cold downstairs it seems to snap. In fact, it does snap when I touch the afghan on the couch. Static electricity. I plug in the Christmas tree lights and they glow in multi-colored arrays all around the decorated branches. The pine scent is clean, sharp, wonderful. I kneel in front of the fire place and start packing in old newspaper and tinder. Before long, I have a flickering, gold fire sparking and popping. The shadows in the room turn bronze.

Wood smoke and pine. Two of my favorite scents.

The presents under the tree glow. Vinnie and I had fun shopping for them, even though there is really nothing we need. But I have not had a real tree that wasn't a business expense in years. I always spent Christmas at Dave's in years past, my own penthouse completely neglected.

The first year Vinnie worked for me, before I knew he was a Fed, before we became lovers, I knew he'd be alone for the day. I invited him to come with me to California to spend Christmas with Tracy and her mom, but he turned me down. I know, now that all our secrets have come out, that he went to Frank's that day. His family still thought he was a criminal. He had not been invited home.

That first Christmas without Dave had been hard. In California we still had the family gathering, some cousins from Leanna's side, and her parents. They all lived in California, which was why, after Dave's death, she moved there. I felt completely out of place and stayed only one night. I couldn't wait to get back to Atlantic City.

I got home Christmas night. I checked in on Vinnie even though it was late but he was there in his suite. He seemed a little sad. So was I. So we got drunk together and watched some old movies. I don't remember what they were. Whatever was playing that

night on the TV. Our compatibility was nice. We clicked together. But even then I never dreamed how far that would go. That one day we'd be such different people. That one day we'd live together as if all of our Atlantic City past had been only a dream.

The next Christmas, last Christmas, I was in the pen. There were two communal Christmas trees, one in the common room and one in the visitor's room and that was it. Some carolers came. I refused to see them.

Christmas in prison sucks. Of course it should. It's prison, after all. But people get so weird at that time of year. They are grouchier. They are ruder. Seems like it should be the other way around, but it's not. When I mentioned that to Vinnie one Friday that December (he visited me every Friday the entire time I was incarcerated,) he said, "It's not that different on the outside. Rude, obnoxious, grouchy people pushing and shoving their way through department stores and snowy streets. Everyone thinks it's so wonderful. But everyone can't wait until it's over. The Grinch should be the pop icon, not Santa."

I chuckled. I'd memorized that Grinch song when the TV special first aired.

*You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch...  
Your heart is full of unwashed socks  
Your soul is full of gunk...*

Well, I know guys missed their families most at that time of year. At night during lockdown you could hear the symphony of sighs and sniffs as even the toughest ones pretended they weren't really crying themselves to sleep. On the outside at least they could be home, even if it wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Me, I didn't miss it.

But still that year Christmas sucked big time.

This year I feel different. There's a little thrill in my gut when I look at the tree. Strange, I know, but it's ours and I like that.

Out the front window the landscape is pure ivory white. The snow is powder, like sugared frosting spread all over lawns and hedges and flower beds lining the houses up and down the street. The snow plow has already come through, leaving the street a glistening black ribbon. For the day, people have turned on their outdoor Christmas lights and the road reflects a rainbow of color. Weeks ago, I put some lights around our small front porch. As I go out to get the paper, I turn them on and watch the snow reflect red, green, gold.

In the kitchen I put on a pot of coffee. I get out frosted doughnuts. There is wine for later. And a pre-cooked ham waiting to go into the oven for a final warming up. We'll have that this afternoon along with mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans and a pumpkin pie.

Even though me and Vinnie spend most of our time together, we're not sick of each other yet. I like that it will be just me and him today. Frank invited us to his place, but we declined.

I bought some video games I think Vinnie will like. Stuff we can both play together, too, in tandem. He likes his Nintendo a lot. I also bought him a couple of nice sweaters. I know he got me a couple, too. It's not like anything's a big surprise. But I don't care. I just like the relaxed feeling, like nothing's imperative, and nobody wants anything from me for a change. It's different and it's not what I'm used to, but it's good.

I unfold the morning's newspaper and put it on the coffee table in the living room. We can eat by the fire. Unwrap our sweaters. Throw colorful paper into the flames and watch them turn blue and green. Then we can figure out the games, race each other to the finish. Those games we could play like kids all day long. I look forward to it.

I smell the coffee brewing. When it's done I leave it in the coffee maker to stay hot. I glance through the arch from the dining room to the stairs. There's no sound. Nothing.

Usually Vinnie is an early riser. He gets up sometimes as much as an hour before I do.

But now? No footsteps overhead. No water running. No sign of him.

It's already nine. The fire is alive and dancing, pure majesty mixed with the lights of the tree. It's Christmas. Where the fuck is he?

Slowly I climb the stairs. I move down the still darkened hall. The bedroom is silent, the blinds drawn, the shadows on the walls dark edged with gray. The bed is a little ruffled, the maroon, thick down quilt bunched up in the middle. Where the pillows are I can see a dark swath of hair. The top half of Vinnie's head is exposed...the rest is cocooned beneath layers of covers. He looks like he's on his side curled up tight. He often sleeps that way.

I move to the edge of the bed looking down. "Vinnie?"

Nothing.

"Vinnie?"

Still nothing.

I reach down to where I think his shoulder might be, lay my hand softly against him on top of the covers.

There is a slight motion. But he does not emerge.

So I move to sit on the edge of the bed, my hand going to the opening in the blankets. I pull them back a couple inches. “Hey you.”

Slowly, Vinnie turns his head. In the dim light his eyes look dark, the pupils big. He blinks. “Whaaat.”

“It’s Christmas.”

He closes his eyes and turns away.

“I made coffee and a fire. There’s presents.”

He does not move.

“Vinnie?” I put my hand on his shoulder again.

He says, “Ummmm.”

“There’s new snow outside. Everything is so white.”

At that, he grabs the covers and pulls them over his head.

“Hey!” I pull them away from his face, lean down. “Get up.”

But he turns away further, balling his fist in the pillow, curling tighter into himself. “I don’t *want* Christmas.”

“I got doughnuts.”

“I don’t want it.” This time he sounds almost angry.

I’m thinking that really this is our first Christmas *together*. And he doesn’t want that? Would he have rather gone to Frank’s? I know he went two years ago. And last year while I was in prison Frank had invited him again and he’d gone. They’d had turkey and stuffing and everything that goes with it. I remember because my mouth watered as he told me on his visit to me that following Friday.

But he was the one who had said ‘no’ to Frank’s invite this year. Not me.

Then it dawns on me. This is the third year Carlotta has alienated him from the family. That first year he seemed okay because he knew her disappointment in him was based on lies. But last year and this year the truth is all revealed now. Vinnie risked everything for me. He refused to testify and I was sent up only on trumped up tax fraud charges...all untrue of course. He was threatened. He was vilified. He was demoted. He visited me regularly in prison. She highly disapproved. She called him a fool. And now that he quit his job, now that we’re living together, again she will not accept him.

I get it now. Vinnie had wanted to go home. This year, maybe, he had gotten his hopes up just a little, even if it didn't make sense. After my private visit to her, after trying to tell her how much he loved her, she remained closed, unyielding. He knows that. I told him everything about my meeting with her, every word. But still, maybe he had hoped she'd call. Maybe he had wanted at least a card. I know he sent her one.

To test my theory, I place my palm against the cool, glossy hair alongside Vinnie's head. I lean into him a little, then say softly, "Carlotta's wrong, you know."

I feel a slight tremor in him.

I say it again. "She's wrong."

I hear him take a deep breath.

I lean my weight more into him, bringing my knees up onto the mattress. "It's not you. It's her. She's mistaken and she's being unfair. It's fucking wrong."

His head turns. In the dimness his eyes glisten. Some of that moisture threatens to spread to his cheeks. The sight makes me bite my lip. Hard. *Fuck.*

I grab the covers, then scramble under them fully clothed. I'm still wearing my house slippers and don't even think to kick them off. "She doesn't know how wrong she is." I pull the covers up over us, then throw one arm over his shoulders.

There is another tremor in his slim body.

"Ah, fuck it," I whisper into the sheet. "We can stay here all day if you want. I think I like it."

Vinnie's arms go around my waist. I feel him breathe a short, sharp laugh against my chest.

I rub my hand up and down his back. He's naked. He never sleeps naked. "Hey, where are your clothes?"

Low-toned, he replies, "I got up. I was going to take a shower. Then I didn't."

My hand moves down his back, lower, caressing the smooth skin stretched over the bone of his hip. "Well, hell, look what Santa brought me."

This time he actually chuckles.

But I want him. I want him so much that sometimes I think he can't possibly know how much. Sometimes I think I'll break into a million pieces over this desire. It's so strong.

It's so impossibly mind-altering. Vinnie takes me to lands of dream and frenzy. Love was a myth. A chimera. A whim of Hollywood. The man in the moon. Until Vinnie made it all real. And the concrete world I used to inhabit disintegrated to silver vapor under his open gaze, warm hand, inspiring intelligence.

Under the heavy covers I hold him to me. He stays very still for a long time. My hand moves lethargically up and down his smooth-muscled back. But after awhile I can't resist dipping it lower, petting, rubbing the curve of his ass, so slim, so firm.

He responds wonderfully. At first he does not move. Nothing moves except now I can feel an insistent hardness pressing lightly at my thigh. But after awhile, his body arches slowly. He rolls tighter into my embrace. He insinuates one leg between both of mine and nods his head up, kissing my chin. I lower my head and our lips meet.

For awhile that is all we need. Kissing him is like breathing after you've almost drowned. You just want to keep gasping, keep doing it, and never stop, because you realize without that air you were dying. You were fucking dead.

He knows my weakness and how to exploit it. He crawls on top of me all naked and hot and starting to sweat, and takes my head between his hands. He leans in and kisses harder, deeper, until I truly believe that if I were underwater and all I had were Vinnie's kisses and no air, he would sustain me forever.

Later, he pushes my sweater up and starts kissing my chest, licking, sucking the nipples, and the ticklish skin just under my ribs. He does not undress me. Instead, he leaves the sweater and undoes my jeans. He says something very dirty as he releases my cock through the fly of my shorts. Vinnie is very bold in bed. Bolder even than me, and I never would have thought it.

He starts mumbling the things he wants to do to me with his mouth, and I find I want him to do all of it. He's so straight and narrow most of the time. But his words turn me on like nothing else, and I feel my body straining for him, bucking. He's holding me firm about the base, the sides of his fingers brushing my balls. When I move, the head of my cock brushes his lips. He flicks out his tongue, licking lightly, and says something about making me come hard and how he's going to accomplish that. There's descriptive stuff about how stiff I am, about the fluid now leaking from me and its texture and taste, about how moist and hot his mouth is and how it's going to feel surrounding me. He's in fine form this Christmas morning.

Even though I love it, I groan. "You talk too damn much."

That makes him talk more, teasing me mercilessly, punishing me for my criticism. He tells me he's going to put his mouth on me but not suck. Not for awhile. And then he does it and it's so amazing, the heat of him moving up and down slowly, maddeningly, and refusing to suck.

I love it.

He does that for a long time, making it last, making me harder and crazier than ever. Then he finally pulls back, licking me in circles around the head. It's so good I can barely breathe. Everywhere his tongue touches me is like fire. And yet he refuses to stimulate me enough to come.

I've learned over time to bask in Vinnie's love, not to feel too urgent, but it's been a very difficult lesson. Usually, he sends me out of control. Basking is not an option.

But I lie back and enjoy him this time as he covers me with his mouth again and again, warm and enveloping, undemanding. I am transported to otherworlds. Vinnieworld.

There is nowhere else I'd rather be.

I've learned his peculiar kinks over time. When he's in this type of mood, he won't suck me until I beg for it. And even then, he might choose to be disobedient, tease me more until I feel like I'm coming out of my skin.

The word "please" holds much value for us in bed. That is the word that comes to my mind now as I feel like I cannot hold back any longer.

Maybe it's because my tone is so urgent now, or maybe just because it's Christmas, but this time he obeys. Or, rather, he starts to obey. He sucks me, but only the tip. I buck and squirm. His strong hands hold me down.

So I start to cuss. Cussing often works on him if 'please' fails. He responds readily to it.

It's not always like this. Sometimes we're wordless, serene. Voice is overwhelmed by pleasure. By reverence.

But I'm feeling damned reverent now as I say every bad word that comes to my mind.

I don't know if it's pity, or again Christmas, but finally he takes me fully into his mouth. The pressure is amazing as he sucks down, as I arch into him moaning.

After that, it takes only about a minute before everything goes white, before I lose all control and feel him swallowing as fast as he can.

Then he's leaning over me, smug and smiling. Even though I'm sapped dry, weak from orgasm, I grab him, push him to his back, kiss him. "That mouth of yours..."

"You're the one who needs his mouth washed out with soap. I think you called me a fucking fuck..."

I shake my head. “No. I didn’t call you anything like that. That’s just me and my love affair with the f-word.”

Vinnie laughs and it is so good. The laughter reaches his eyes now. They sparkle. I move my way down his long, beautiful body. My mouth waters at how hard he is, cock long and stiff and rolling against his stomach. His penis is so beautiful, tinged candy pink against the olive of his normal skin coloring. I lick him. His knees bend and his legs fall open. *God*. He is so gorgeous. His balls are tight against the base. He must’ve been totally turned on doing what he did to me. I lick them, suckling each round node into my mouth, giving all my attention to that area. The tip of his cock leaks. Unlike Vinnie, I don’t say anything about it. There are no words for his beauty. Not the right words anyway.

He moans and thrashes.

I don’t have the same control that he does. I go for his cock right away, sucking the tip, tasting him, wanting more. It’s not that I want it to be over for him quickly. It’s just that I’m so hungry for him. But I try to make it last. I keep my lips firmly on the head, licking and sucking. When I let up, the head pops in and out of my mouth with a moist smack. Skin on skin. Lips on taut, trembling flesh. Tongue caressing. It drives him wild when I do that, so I do it over and over, the loud suck, the pop.

He groans and gasps, so I know I’m doing something right.

My palm caresses his balls. He’s crazy for that. I love the velvet feel of his sac, the hardness inside. After awhile, my fingers ring the base of his cock and start to milk him as I still suck only at the tip. He bucks up into my mouth. I let him, then move further down and start to suck.

He has no control anymore. I can tell. So all I can do is move up and down on him, not letting up, not stopping, until he calls out my name. Then he calls out again and starts coming hard in my mouth, the rich, spurting, tangy flow I’ve gotten so used to. I’ve come to crave it.

For a little while I continue to suck him. I love the texture of him in my mouth. I love the feel of him moving in and out of me.

Finally, he cries out, “Stop!” and I know he’s finished.

I crawl up into his arms and we both fall asleep.

It’s noon before we wake again, and Christmas morning has come and gone.

(end)