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Scrooge Screwed

By Jon Dalton

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Christmas Eve

One more day, Eb mused. One more day, and the madness would cease. There was still the New Year's holiday, but get through tomorrow, and the world would return to its normal order. His no-account assistant might even become productive again with this Christmas nonsense purged for another year.

He'd met his girlfriend, Janice, for an early dinner at the restaurant down the street from his office. She planned to attend the traditional Christmas Eve gala her folks always threw. Once again, he steadfastly declined her invitation to join the festivities. Why folks went so ga-ga over one day of the year escaped his comprehension. Even the waiters paid less attention than normal. All because it was Christmas Eve. He'd kept their minimal service in mind as he added less than his usual miserly tip on his credit card.

During the meal, he paid scant attention to Janice's chatter about the party, the guests her parents expected, the last minute presents she'd spent the day purchasing. As he watched her eyes, bright with excitement, the loose tendrils of her auburn hair trailing across her cheek, Eb's cock stirred with desire. He wished Janice would forget the mindless glitterati of the holiday and join him in his quiet apartment where they could shut out the world for a few hours. He pictured her naked body, open with desire, the lust in her eyes as they made love.

An hour later she headed off to prepare for the party, leaving Scrooge alone after he refused her one last entreaty to come "just for a while." In his Spartan apartment, feeling oddly lethargic and out of sorts, Eb mused over the childishness that overtook people this time of year.

Didn't anyone believe in old-fashioned hard work anymore? Scrooge did. Hard work had earned him the wealth he enjoyed today and would serve as his security blanket for old age some forty years hence. Not that you could tell by looking at the minimal possessions adorning his apartment.

Janice constantly nagged at him to loosen up, spend a little of his money. Enjoy it while he could. Eb paid her scant attention. Money was a commodity, and Eb made sure he plowed most of his profits into investments of one variety or another. He hated wasteful spending, only bought what he needed to survive or make his business successful.

Just like food, he thought as he opened the refrigerator in search of an after-dinner snack from the meager choices, hoping to find something to perk him up. Odd he should feel sleepy so early in the evening.

Unable to find something satisfying, Eb gathered up his latest business bestseller and retreated to his bedroom where he tuned the television to CNBC. By now, the holiday had ended in Asia and the markets there were open. Eb had planted some funds there for just this purpose. Other than spending time with Janice and her family tomorrow afternoon, Eb planned to tend to those funds in the morning and read his way through the holiday, learning about the newest secrets to stay ahead of his competition.

Two hours later he could no longer ignore the drowsiness that had him blinking over every other word. Eb laid the book aside and set the TV sleep timer for an hour. Settling his head on the pillow, he listened to the soft voices from the set.

“Go to sleep, Eb,” he heard. “You’re falling into a deep, deep sleep.”

“Yes, sleep,” Eb murmured. “I need to sleep.”

“You’ll have three visitors tonight, Scrooge,” the TV voice told him. “These visitors are special to you. Pay them attention, because if you don’t change the way things are, one day you will be saying ‘Why didn’t I?’”

His soft snores responded.

* * * *

Stanza 1—The Ghost of Christmas Past

“What?”

Eb realized he no longer lay in his bed. Nor was he alone. He looked at the woman beside him, blinked, looked again.

“Belle?” he asked.

“Shush, sweetie. I know what you want.” She leaned toward Eb, her luscious lips pursed

in an invitation.

He felt her lips on his, her tongue gently probing before he jerked away. “Belle, I... Where are we?” Eb noticed he was in the back seat of a car, his car to be exact, the old 1980 Ford Crown Vic he’d owned twenty-five years ago. The car he and Belle had made out in so many times. The same Belle who now....

“Dead. You’re dead.”

Belle gave him a look he suspected meant she’d decided he’d lost every one of his marbles and maybe she’d better call the boys with the white straight jackets. “Sweetie, if you don’t want to do this, I understand. But it’s the only thing I have to give you this Christmas. I just couldn’t afford to get you anything nice. Now come here and make love to me.”

Eb heard the motor rumble, felt the heater pouring out pleasant warmth as Belle pulled her T-shirt over her head and revealed pale breasts. Christmas songs played low on the radio. She gave him a knowing smile bordering on an uncharacteristic leer as she unfastened her jeans. “Like what you see, Eb? It’s all yours. It’s my Christmas present to you.”

“Belle, what’s going on?”

She threw an exasperated look his way, braced herself and tugged her jeans down past slender hips.

“Jeez, Eb. You been asleep or something? We’re in the woods behind the cemetery. It’s Christmas Eve and I’m about to give you my Christmas present, I think. If you don’t get out of your clothes this instant, I’m gonna get dressed and it’ll be the last time you see me naked until we get married.”

She pulled off her panties, her slender body pale white in the moonlight, inviting him to enjoy her. Eb’s fingers found his shirt buttons, slowly began to unfasten them. He recalled this scene, 1984 or ’85, he thought. Christmas Eve night when Belle gave herself to him for the first time. Six months later, they’d separated after Belle complained he paid more attention to his work than her. A year later, he’d heard Belle had been diagnosed with cancer. She passed a short time later.

“God, Eb. For someone who’s been damned anxious to fuck me, you’re sure taking your sweet time.”

She reached over, her breasts pressing against Eb’s chest. Through his shirt he felt her nipples rubbing against him. She unfastened his belt, then his jeans. “Ah, now that’s more like

it.” She freed his cock from his briefs, the traitor stiffening under the gentle stroke from her fingers.

Her dead fingers. He still hadn’t reconciled that fact with the realistic feel of her nails gently raking along the underside of his sac. His cock stiffened even more.

Then she leaned over, laving the head with her tongue before taking his rigid member into her mouth. Her hot, sweet lips nearly finished him before she sat up.

“Any time now.”

Eb needed no further urging. He tugged his clothes off. “Roll over,” he said, his voice gravely. She glanced at him, a ghost of a smile tugging at her mouth, fingers stroking his shaft again.

“You sure Eb? I mean, if you’re not, I can stop doing this, and you can just take me home unsatisfied.”

He felt her heat, the smile on her face sensuous, lustful and knowing. She lay back and spread her legs. Eb easily slid inside her wet heat, passion flaring inside them as he held still for a moment and savored the feel of her slick muscles engulfing him before he started thrusting. Her clit pulsed in response.

“Is this what you wanted, baby?” he asked.

Her mouth found his, her kiss filled with passion. Her lips parted as Eb’s tongue found hers as he continued to thrust. Her muscles contracted as he plunged deeper with each stroke, her heat growing with every movement of his cock.

“Come for me, baby. Let me hear you scream.”

He lowered his head to her chest and took one nipple between his lips. Her body stiffened as her orgasm rippled through her. He felt her muscles spasm around his thick member. She tightened her grip around his neck as she cried out with pleasure. She arched her back and rapidly rocked her hips against him, urging him to come with her. Eb buried his head against her shoulder, brushed her loose strands of hair aside, found her earlobe and sucked. The pressure in his groin grew and he gave in to it. His moans joined hers in the closed car as he climaxed.

Afterward, they collapsed against the seat, spent.

“Was it good, baby? I couldn’t believe how hard you came,” he said.

“Oh, Eb, I’ve never been fucked like that before. This has been the best Christmas present I ever got.”

Eb trailed a finger over her breasts and abdomen, across her pussy, still wet with their mixed juices. “Me too, Belle. Me too.”

* * * *

Stanza 2—The Ghost of Christmas Present

“Come on, Eb, it’ll be fun.”

Janice tugged at his hand as she led him through the three dozen or so festively garbed couples gathered in her parents’ living room. In one corner, Carla and John Radzenwiller chatted with a man about Eb’s age.

Her parents. In their home. Eb shook his head to clear the cobwebs clouding his memory. He distinctly recalled telling Janice he would work late, then spend the evening alone at his place.

“Janice.” He stopped, halting her progress through the room. “What are we doing here?”

She shot him a playful, quizzical look. “You know what we’re doing here.” She glanced around before leaning in and dropping her voice. “You’re going to make wild, passionate love to me on top of all those fur coats in my parents’ bedroom.”

“But I’m not here. I mean how did I get here? I remember going to bed in my own house.” He checked his watch. “Two hours ago.”

Her quizzical look faded, softened as the beginnings of a smile crinkled the corners of her luscious red lips.

“Don’t you remember falling asleep watching TV?”

Eb nodded.

“And don’t you remember the man who said you’d have three visitors tonight?”

Did he? Scrooge remembered watching TV. He vaguely recalled the man saying something, but Eb had been so close to slumber he’d passed it off as a dream.

She grinned as she stood on tiptoe and whispered in his ear. “I’m the ghost of Christmas Present, Eb. I’m here to show you what you’re going to miss if you don’t come with me tonight.” Janice’s grip tightened on his hand and she drifted through the party-goers, Eb following in her wake. As they passed a young woman dressed in a red mini-skirt exposing three yards of leg—

Janice's best friend, Emma Whitlaw—he reached out and touched her bare arm. Emma didn't react, as if Eb weren't there.

“She can't see or hear you Eb,” Janice said over her shoulder. “You didn't come, but you're going to in just a few minutes, inside my pussy.”

They entered the familiar hallway, now empty. Janice led the way to her parents' spacious bedroom. She locked the door and turned to Scrooge. “Quick, get undressed. We don't have much time and I want to feel those furs on my bare ass while you screw me silly.” She reached behind her, undid the zipper and slid out of her shimmering black cocktail dress.

Eb stared at his current lover—smallish breasts peaked by taut nipples, shaved mound, sweet curves he loved running his hands over. His cock stiffened in response to the sight. He started undressing—when had he got dressed? He couldn't recall. He remembered being in the car with Belle, and then...

Janice fell back on top of the furs—a collection of foxes, sable and mink—wiggling her delicious backside against the sleek pelts. She opened her legs wide, a lascivious grin on her face, her dark eyes filled with lust and wickedness.

“Hurry, come fuck me Eb. We don't have much time.”

His cock already dripping, Eb joined her on the furs, sliding easily and deep inside her waiting, hot pussy. Withdrawing slightly, he thrust again, feeling her tight muscles grasp his member, release it, clamp down again. His lips found one puckered nipple. He sucked greedily, drawing a gasp from her.

“Faster, Eb, faster. I want you to come for me.”

Where had this behavior come from? She never acted like this. Janice was sweet and sexy, but never wild. Especially around her parents! He pushed those thoughts away as he picked up the pace. Her manicured fingers found his balls and traced an arc across them. He plunged deeply into her, withdrew and thrust again as she circled his balls with one fingernail, causing his cock to twitch inside her.

His climax drew closer as Janice's breathing grew shallower. Eb sensed she was close as her muscles tightened around him. He picked up the pace, each thrust deeper than the last as if trying to pin her to the furs.

A sudden gasp—and Janice shouted, clasping Scrooge close. He exploded, pounding into her pussy with his own climax driving them both deeper into the pile of furs. Within moments,

both lovers lay spent.

“Just in time Eb. Just in time,” she said with a happy sigh. “Just in time.”

* * * *

Stanza 3—The Ghost of Christmas Future

It looked like his apartment. Maybe.

He stared, unsure. Then Eb recognized the window overlooking the street below. It always provided cheery morning sunlight. If it wasn't for that window, he'd never recognize his apartment with the designer furnishings that made up the current decor. A seven-foot Christmas tree, something Scrooge would never allow in his home, laden with exquisite, delicate ornaments and red and green bows, stood in the corner by the window. An abundance of presents, each wrapped with perfectly placed ribbons and bows, lay artfully displayed beneath the lower branches.

“Isn't it beautiful Eb?”

He turned. A woman stood beneath the holly boughs hanging over the hallway entrance. Although at first glance her face seemed a portrait of chiseled elegance, her eyes appeared calculating, leering. Her shorty see-through negligee revealed her plump breasts ready for mauling—and nothing else but a shaved-bare pussy.

“Who are you? What is all this?”

The woman laughed, a brittle, humorless tone. “I'm Lenore, your future wife and the Spirit of Christmas Future,” she said.

“My wife?”

“Yes.”

“What about all this?” Scrooge swept his arm around the luxuriously decorated room. “I'd never allow this.”

“But you will,” Lenore said. “You'll do it to keep me happy because I'm a vain, selfish bitch. And you're a lonely, loaded old man. I saw a meal ticket and latched on to it. Get used to it, sweetie. I'm only fucking you for your money.”

“And I suppose you want to do it now?”

“Not quite,” Lenore said. She approached Eb and brushed his lips with a kiss. He felt the weight of her breasts against his thin chest, felt himself responding to her. She smiled, not the smile of a lover, but the leer of a cougar about to pounce.

“That’s good, sugar. It’s so seldom we can get you up, it’s a wonder I even try. Must be a Christmas miracle. With the screwing you’ve had tonight, I can’t believe you’re even awake.” She took his hand and led him to their bedroom, which no longer resembled Scrooge’s Spartan tastes. Framed Renoir and Monet prints hung on the walls. A huge king-sized bed dominated the room and sported a comforter that probably cost more than he paid his assistant in a week. A dresser, probably also costing thousands, sat opposite the bed. A large mirror in a gilded frame hung above it on the wall. Seeing his reflected image, Scrooge realized he’d aged considerably, perhaps in his late seventies.

Lenore led him to the side of the bed, unbuttoned his shirt, and pulled it off his gaunt frame. Kneeling, she went to work on his trousers. A peroxide blond, Eb noted, spotting her dark roots. He’d marry a bleached blond gold-digger.

Terrific. Figures.

She pulled his slacks down his scrawny hips, followed by his briefs, freeing an erection Eb himself was surprised he could grow.

The woman flicked her tongue over the head and trailed it down his shaft. “Not tonight, baby.” She squeezed his balls gently. “I’ve got to show you what you’re really in for if you don’t change your ways.”

Rising, she turned him around and pushed him face down onto the bed. “This is what we do most nights, baby, when you can’t get it up. Since it’s Christmas Eve, I’ve got a special present for you.” Her hands gently spread his ass cheeks, then a probing finger entered his hole, leaving Scrooge writhing on the comforter. She withdrew her finger, then Scrooge felt cool wetness spill over his crack. He looked back over his shoulder.

Lenore now wore a strap-on dildo so large Scrooge knew it would rip his insides apart. He tried to stand but her firm hand pinned him to the bed.

“Now where do you think you’re going? You know this is the only way I can get off with you most nights, so you lay there like a good little boy and maybe later I’ll let you suck me if there’s time.”

She spread his cheeks again. Scrooge felt pressure as Lenore inserted the dildo, pushing

against his puckered rim. He groaned as his body fought her, then the toy's head popped through. His muscles contracted, resisting her assault, but the relentless pressure continued until she slid inside him. To his surprise, he felt no pain as she deeply penetrated him, the toy gliding along his prostate with every stroke and filling his body with conflicting sensations. With fighting her out of the question, he tried to think. How had he met Lenore? His mind hazy, Scrooge couldn't even remember how many women he'd had over the years. None had ever equaled Belle, or even Janice. And now he'd come to this, writhing on the bed, succumbing to her thrusts.

A strange man's voice startled him. "There's my sweetie. Looks like you've got the old man all excited."

Scrooge glanced over his shoulder and saw a man walk in. He stepped behind Eb's wife and cupped one of Lenore's breasts as he engaged in a deep, tongue-swapping kiss with her. "How soon until he's out?" the stranger asked.

"Shouldn't take long. I doubled his dose of sleeping medicine so you could spend the entire night with me. Of course, this just might fuck him into the heart attack I've been hoping for, then we'll have all his money."

"Who's...this?" Eb gasped. He clawed at the comforter, trying to free himself from the dildo embedded deep inside him, pinning him to the bed under Lenore's weight. He felt his erection stiffen even more as it rubbed against the bed. Damned if he wasn't going to come again.

"Meet Brad, sweetie. He's my lover. The man who can bring me off just by touching me down there, which is more than I can say for you. Brad's moving in with us. If you're nice to him, we'll let you lay in bed with us so you can watch a real man make me come."

"What?" Scrooge groaned as another hard thrust pinned him to the bed.

"This is what you have to look forward to Eb. A wife who loves you only for your money. A wife who's going to take a lover and flaunt it in your face, turn you into a willing cuckold because at least she fucks your ass and gets you off. She's the only one who pays you attention. This is what your lonely, miserable life will come to, Eb. The only person who gives a damn about you is me, and I'm hoping you'll die soon while I'm still young enough to enjoy your money."

Scrooge groaned as Lenore grabbed his hips and fucked him hard, her thighs slapping against his, plunging the dildo deeper and deeper inside him.

“Brad, honey, I hate to see you left out while I’m having so much fun. Why don’t we let Eb suck your cock and he can make us both come. I’ll bet that’s something he’s never done.”

“I don’t know, Lenore. I’m afraid he might bite me.”

“Just do what I do when he wants to suck my breasts. Take his dentures out. You’ll enjoy the feel of his soft gums on your dick. He can’t hurt you that way.” She slapped Eb’s ass. “Can you, baby?”

Lenore held Eb’s wrists behind him while Brad approached from the other side of the bed, took his jaw in one hand and squeezed. The pressure forced Eb’s mouth open and Brad extracted his dentures. Releasing Eb’s jaw, Brad undid his trousers, freeing his huge, swollen cock.

Oh, gawd, he’ll choke me with that thing.

Brad kneeled on the bed. Forcing Eb’s jaw open again, he slid his dripping organ inside over Eb’s soft gums. A thrust from Lenore caused Eb to gag as Brad’s organ traveled past his tonsils into his throat. Eb loosened his tongue, running it over the stiff shaft, sucking Brad deeper as he tasted his salty tang.

“Let’s give him the fucking of his life, Brad,” Lenore said. “Ride ‘em cowboy.” She picked up the pace of her thrusts, not at all concerned about the discomfort she caused Scrooge.

Eb squeezed his eyes shut. *Oh, God, if you please, please let this be over, I’ll change. I promise, I will. Never again will I be the person I’ve been in the past.*

* * * *

Christmas Eve

“Whaaaaa…” Scrooge groaned, tried to lift his head, and collapsed back on his pillow. Not quite a headache, he still felt a dull thudding in his forehead.

“What’s the matter, sweetie? Didn’t you sleep well?”

He winced when he turned his head too fast to look at her. “Janice? What are you doing here?”

“I came over last night. Don’t you remember?”

Scrooge closed his eyes and groaned again. “What time is it?”

“A little after six. Why don’t you lay back and I’ll see if we can make things better for you. You sure did for me last night, lover.” Her fingers trailed along his semi-flaccid member. He felt stirrings there as she gently raked her nails over his balls. He couldn’t remember removing his clothes. “You going to let me take good care of you, baby?”

“I guess so,” he moaned. “Can’t go to work. Nothing’s open anyway.”

“What?” She sat up. “I can’t believe you said that. You not go to work? You’re not sick are you?” Janice placed a hand on Eb’s forehead.

“Why would I go to work? It’s Christmas Day. We had dinner yesterday and then you were going to your parents’ house.”

She laughed. “Yeah, we had dinner yesterday, but I went to go help them set up. What’s wrong with you?”

He stared at her. “It’s only Christmas Eve? Seriously?”

Janice laughed again. “That pill I gave you last night must have really done the trick. It’s not Christmas, Eb. I swear. It’s only Christmas Eve. Their party’s tonight.”

“What? It’s not Christmas?” *I get a do-over!* he thought. “But...wait a second. You *drugged* me?”

Janice tossed the covers off, gazed at his stirring cock. “Hmmm? Yeah. You were so uptight and having trouble sleeping, I wanted to loosen you up. Boy, did it ever. Hey, you said you wanted to try it.” She grinned. “Didn’t anyone ever warn you about taking other people’s meds?” She turned in the bed, leaned over, and took him deep into her mouth. Her sweet, taut ass wiggled invitingly in front of him.

“You mean...I dreamed...Ahhh...”

Fully erect, he reached between her legs, found her clit and stroked it with his finger. Janice moaned and moved, coming astride Eb, rubbing her pussy in his face. With his tongue he caressed the outline of her lips, traced the nub of her clit before sucking it into his mouth. Janice ground against his face as she quickened her pace on his cock.

Eb felt the pressure growing within him. Surprisingly, he no longer felt the dull thuddy ache in his head. As his climax neared, he gave himself over to the sensation of Janice’s eager mouth. He increased the pressure on her clit, felt her respond in return. Her explosion came seconds later as she engulfed his member, smothering her moans. With a last thrust, Eb came inside her, Janice taking all his juices down her throat. Spent, she rolled off of him.

“That was just as good as what I dreamed,” he finally gasped as he caught his breath.

“Oh, better, Eb. Much better. This time I got something out of it.”

“You mean...”

“You don’t remember? You were fantastic.” She snuggled in his arms. “I can’t believe you let me use that new toy on you. Jesus, that was hot.”

He glanced at the end table, where a dildo and a bottle of lube lay on a towel. That explained why his ass felt the way it did. “I thought it was a dream.”

“Not a dream. I couldn’t believe you lasted so long, either. Why did you think it was a dream?”

“Never mind. It’s really only Christmas Eve?”

“Yeah.” She frowned. “I suppose you’re going to desert me so you can go to work, aren’t you?”

“No, I’m not. I want to call Susie. Tell her to keep the office open till noon and give her the rest of the day off.”

She stared at him, shocked. “What’s going on? This isn’t like you at all.”

“No it’s not. And after I finish, you and I are going out. I need to buy the biggest tree I can find and some decorations so we can turn this place into something more festive than a mausoleum. Will you help me?”

“Sure, but what’s going on? Why the sudden change?”

“Let’s just say while you were having the wildest sex in your life, I had an out-of-body experience that made me see things a whole different way.” He kissed her, deeply, tenderly. He stroked her cheek “Merry Christmas, Janice.”

She smiled. “And Merry Christmas to you, Eben Scrooge.”

The End

* * * *

About the Author

Jon Dalton has an evil day job that frequently keeps him from writing as much as he’d like. Currently at work on a mystery/thriller series, expect to see more from him in the future.