

A photograph of a Christmas tree at night, densely covered with warm white lights. The tree is the central focus, with its branches and needles visible through the glow. The background is dark, with some out-of-focus light spots.

FUN WITH DICK

G. A. HAUSER

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Fun With Dick
By GA Hauser

“What are you going to do with that whipped cream?”

“The same thing I will do with the chocolate sauce.”

“Am I dessert?”

“Dick Hunt, you’re my Christmas fruitcake. Only better.” William Winsor shook the can of whipping cream and smiled wickedly.

The fireplace was warm on his naked skin. Dick loved the way his *Prince Charming*, what he called his lover, decked out the apartment on holidays. On Christmas in particular, William overdid the garland and lights. But the twinkling from two trees, yes, two...one was pink with purple lights and balls, the other was a real cut evergreen decorated more traditionally with tinsel and multicolored lights, gave Dick a warm feeling inside.

His nipples were now the cherries in the center of two whipped cream circles. “You’ll get your bear skinned rug dirty.”

“It’s not real bear. I’ll throw it in the wash.” William lapped at the cream, smearing it all over his face. “It’s eggnog flavor. Taste.”

Dick stretched his neck up to meet William’s mouth, licking the cream off. “Too much of that and I’d be sick.”

“Not me. Love it.” William shook the can and sprayed a line dissecting Dick’s torso to his belly button.

Dick put his hands behind his head to watch his man lap the cream, moving lower on his body. His gaze drifted to the scalloped green garland pinned to the top of each wall creating a complete circle of green fuzzy trim with red lights. Icicle strands of white lights hung inside the steamy windows. The cooking oven and burning fireplace made the small two bedroom apartment feel toasty. Easy to be naked in.

Dick focused on William’s actions again. His skin was now glistening with William’s saliva and the can of whipping cream was shaking over the main course. His bobbing cock.

“Do I get to do this to you?”

“You said you were full.” William sprayed a swirling pile of cream directly over Dick’s entire erection.

“I would do it with the chocolate sauce.” He rose to his elbows and said, “Jesus, Prince! What’s with the mountain on my prick?”

“Don’t worry. It’ll be gone soon.” William buried his face through the cream and found Dick’s cock easily. When he sat up, he had a white beard of eggnog fluff.

“Hey, Santa,” Dick laughed as he spoke, “I take it I was a good boy this year.”

William dove in for more laps of cock and cream. “Mm. Very good.”

As the pile of whipped cream was diligently lapped off, clearing the way for a proper blowjob, Dick noticed the Christmas carol CD had begun again from the beginning. It added to the ridiculous amount of decorations, nutcracker knickknacks, snowmen, reindeer, bells, angels, Saint Nicks... there wasn’t an inch of space that wasn’t crammed with an ornament of some kind. Even a large snow dome was lit up on the coffee table, a Santa sleigh with reindeer circling a snow covered home.

“Spread your legs.”

“Don’t shoot whipped cream up my butt.”

William laughed, wiping his sticky face on Dick’s leg. Dick figured he’d need a shower after this foray so he didn’t complain.

“It might make great lube.”

“I have to draw the line somewhere.”

“Aw, come on.” William sat on his heels, shaking the can as if he were a graffiti artist with spray paint, about to defile a wall.

“Do not give me an eggnog enema.”

“Your balls?”

“Okay.” Dick bent his knees and straddled, still trying to prop himself up to watch. A jazz version of *Silent Night* made William’s act feel slightly sacrilegious, as if the whole idea of a Christmas-eggnog-penis-dessert wasn’t silly enough. *Nah. It’s good fun.*

A cool sensation on his rim made him jump. “Prince!”

“I didn’t stick it up. Just around.”

Dick moaned and flopped back on the imitation rug. If he craned his neck backwards, he could see the logs burning, throwing multicolored sparks into the chimney. “I’m imagining Santa coming down right now to see you rimming me.”

“He may join in. Anyone prove his sexuality?”

“Mrs. Claus. Remember?”

“Yeah, but was there a Santa junior?”

“He had too many elves to take care of.” Dick had another peek at what William was doing. He was burrowed between his legs and his tongue was darting inside his puckered ass.

His cock thickened and pulsated. Dick touched it, felt it’s sticky, sugary coating and released it. “Ew.”

“Ew?” William sat up with a start, his blue eyes wide. “Did you say ew?”

“My whole crotch is sugar-coated.”

“Oh. I thought you didn’t like the rim job.”

“Don’t worry. I like it. When do I get to do you?”

“Later.” William ducked down again and Dick felt his tongue.

“I do actually get to come, right?” Dick rested his hands on his chest and felt it was sticky as well. He winced and tried to get to his elbows again. “Hello? Prince Charming, you still with me?”

“Mm. What’s next?”

“Next? A good hard fuck? What’s next?”

“Hang on.” William scrambled to his feet.

“Come back here. Are you kidding me? Just go get the rubbers from the bedroom.” He caught William’s naked tight ass vanish around the wall to the galley kitchen. The refrigerator opening and William rummaging inside it was a recipe for more gooey fun. When the microwave hummed, Dick said, “Let me guess. Chocolate sauce.”

“It wasn’t a surprise. I told you I was going to do it.” William’s cock was just as hard as Dick’s, wagging as he sprinted back, a spoon in one hand and warmed Dilettante chocolate sauce in the other. “Dark chocolate mint! Ho ho ho!”

“That better not be too hot.”

“It isn’t. Here.” William held out a spoon for Dick to taste.

Dick blew on it.

“It’s not hot.”

Trusting his prince, Dick opened his mouth. The rich creaminess and intense flavor made Dick moan. “Oh, my God.” He grabbed William’s head and lunged at his mouth, sharing the chocolate mouthful with him.

William whimpered and nearly got swept away. He backed up and panted as he said, “Hang on. More fun with Dick first.”

“You mean my cock.” Dick wiped his mouth and began reclining again.

“Same thing.”

“I told my mother naming me Dick was cruel.”

“Talk later. The fudge sauce will cool off.” William used a spoon to drizzle it down Dick’s chest to his pubic hair.

Dick could only watch in amazement. “This was all you wanted for your Christmas gift?”

“Hell yeah! You kidding me?”

“I did buy you something. It’s in the car.”

“Nope. You are all I want for Christmas.”

Dick smiled. “You’re such a romantic.”

"I am." William set the jar and spoon aside, and knelt over Dick, hands on the bearskin rug beside him. He began lapping the thick chocolate sauce off his nipples.

"I can't remember staying hard this long and not coming." Dick tried to watch William's tongue action, but it was difficult without a pillow to prop him up. He searched the area near the hearth and spotted a throw blanket. Trying not to interrupt William's concentration, Dick reached out, stretching his arm.

"What are you doing?" William held Dick's nipple between his teeth.

"Ouch. Uh, getting the blanket to prop up my head so I can watch."

William sat up, grabbed it and brought it closer to Dick.

"Is that a snuggie?"

"No! It's just a fleece throw. Shut up and let me keep eating you."

"You're not eating me. You're torturing me." Dick crushed the blanket under his head.

"Heh heh." William's eyes shined with the firelight, making him appear demonic, which was insane, since William was as straight-laced conservative as a gay man could get. His blond hair, and college preppy looks, his smooth muscular torso, and fluff of light brown pubic hair had set Dick on fire the first time he got naked with him.

With the blanket acting as a pillow, Dick was able to view the action more comfortably. The mint chocolate sauce was being cleaned up as quickly as the eggnog whipped cream.

"You have chocolate on your face. Let me lick it off."

William lowered closer to Dick.

Dick held his face and cleaned the mess from William's cheek and chin. "Christ, that is good. My turn yet?"

"Nope. I put this wish in my stocking. You didn't." William sat up, holding the jar, drizzling more sweet brown delight all over Dick's cock.

His length throbbed so strongly, the syrup missed him and dripped into his dark pubic hair. "If you lick that off, you'll be picking pubes out of your teeth for a week."

"I know." William set the jar and spoon aside, and held the base of Dick's cock, pretending it was a lollipop.

"Holy shit." Dick felt a rush of orgasmic pleasure and held back what felt like a climax.

"Mint chocolate pre-cum! Why don't they make that flavor?" William darted his tongue in and out of Dick's slit.

"You did." Dick said, "I'm edging the climax at the moment. Just to let you know."

"Don't come yet."

"Stop sucking so good." Dick tried to distract himself. He looked at the ridiculous pink tree. "Where did you get that crazy pink thing?"

"It grew on me since birth."

"I meant the tinsel tree, not your dick."

"They come in all colors now. I wanted to get purple, but I liked the purple balls."

"You're giving me blue balls."

"They don't look blue to me. How about brown." He sat up again. "It's cooling off and getting thicker."

"My dick?" Dick smiled.

"No. My sauce."

"Microwave it again."

"I got it." William used three fingers to take a dollop out of the jar.

"Do not shove that up my ass."

"But I'm a fudge-packer."

"Prince Charming," Dick warned.

"Yeah, yeah. Okay. Just your nuts again."

"I need a hot soak for a week to get this sugar off me."

"You do complain a lot for a man who's getting the blowjob of the year."

“True.” Dick smiled and shut up. He could see everything but directly between his legs. He felt William using the chocolate like spackle. “Seriously, you’re not too full of sweet stuff?”

A wicked smile found William’s face. “Never sick of your sweet stuff.”

“Give me those.” Dick reached for William’s fingers and stuck two into his mouth to suck off the chocolate. As he did, William took his cock back into his mouth.

Drawing hard on William’s fingers, Dick again rose to a near climax with his cock inside a hot wet hole. *Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer* started playing and for some reason it made Dick laugh. William took back his hand and lowered to be able to lick the sauce off Dick’s balls.

Dick groaned a long, low growl and felt the goose flesh rise on his skin from the tingling. “I am so going to do this to you.”

William intensified this licking, digging his mouth into the crease between Dick’s balls and leg, chewing and lapping like mad.

Again Dick touched the base of his cock, this time he hit his pubic hair and came up with fingers coated with chocolate. He tried not to wince and stayed still.

When William pushed against his back door, Dick resisted the urge to tell him not to get fudge inside him, but he knew it would only make William laugh. “I am going to come.”

“Not yet.” William sat up again like a shot, his entire face coated in chocolate, as if he had a brown beard.

“Where’s my camera?” Dick chuckled. “You really should see your face.”

“Lick me.” William crawled up his body. “Clean it off.”

“My pleasure.” Dick held his shoulders and rolled to his side. He slowly ran long wet laps up William’s jaw to his cheek, working from one side to the other. On contact with William’s lips, Dick gripped him tightly, swirling his tongue inside William’s mouth. He could feel both their cocks moving

between them, throbbing and rubbing against each other. The stickiness of Dick's body was making William's cock hold like glue until it throbbed strongly and unstuck itself.

Dick loved this man. He got what he wanted for Christmas. William 'Prince Charming' Winsor. A young hunk so hot, Dick sizzled just from a glance of his sky blue eyes.

The kissing began to sweep Dick away. He asserted his dominance, pressing William to lay on the floor under him.

"I'm not done with dessert," William managed to say between kisses.

"I know." Dick ground his crotch against William's, the sticky mess creating a hot friction between them. He dug his hands into William's shortly cropped light hair and sucked on his chin, his neck, his earlobes, humping this pretty boy, who was on his Christmas list.

"You want to coat me in sauce?" William appeared innocent. But Dick knew better.

"I don't need sauce. You're sweeter than anything in your refrigerator?" Dick lapped at William's shoulder, feeling the fire of passion and the flames of the hearth, heating his skin.

"Savory? You can do gravy."

Dick blinked and looked at William. When he caught his smirk he smiled. "Did Santa give you your gift yet? Or do you need more?"

"Hm. I don't know. I had in mind to eat you for an hour."

"Up to you." Dick touched the rough stubble on William's cheek with his index finger.

"Tell me you love me."

"I love you."

"Tell me you need me."

"I need you."

"Tell me you'll never leave me."

"I'll never leave you." And Dick meant every word.

"Make love to me, Richard Hunt."

“I thought I was your dick?”

“You are my dick.” William reached between them and grabbed Dick’s cock.

“Where’s the lube?”

“I bought cinnamon flavored for Christmas.”

“Of course you did.” Dick had no doubt everything they would use to make love would have a Christmas theme. That was how William did things. On Valentine’s Day the apartment would be covered in red hearts and cupids.

“Let me get it. You go back to where you were.”

“Anything you want.” Dick kissed him again, a good long passionate, tongue swirling smooch, then rolled to his side.

William jumped to his feet and raced off.

“Sugar high?” Dick called after him.

“Dick high!” was yelled back.

In a second William was back. He knelt down with his hands full. “Candy cane striped condoms.” He showed Dick the package. “Cinnamon lube... and a Santa hat.”

“You’re going to wear a Santa hat while you fuck me?”

“No. You are.” William tugged it on Dick’s head. “Now bend your knee and cup your cock.”

“Do what?”

“You’re our Christmas card for next year.”

“Please tell me you’re joking.” Dick propped his head up on his palm, and cupped his stiff dick.

“Bend your knee.” William held up his digital camera.

“You’re a nut.”

“You love it. Showing off your hot bod to all my friends.”

“True.” Dick made sure his genitals were covered. “The hat look okay?”

“Scrumptious.”

The flash nearly blinded Dick. He winced and tried to see.

“Look! You gorgeous doll.” William showed him the screen.

“Good one. Now put that down and let me screw your brains out.”

William set the camera aside and snuggled on the furry white rug next to him. Dick cupped his jaw, kissing him, hearing William let out his ‘I surrender’ moan.

Dick rolled him to his back and continued where he’d left off, dominating this lovely fair-haired prince. As he became assertive, William submitted, his body language opening up like a poinsettia plant in December.

Feeling William’s cock thicken to stone between them, Dick sat up, straightening the furry hat on his head. He picked up the can of whipping cream and shook it, giving William a demonic smile.

“Uh oh.” William quivered under him.

Instead of coating his lover with it, Dick squirted a mouthful and leaned down to kiss William, with the cream in his mouth. William went wild under him, wrapping his legs around Dick’s hips. Dick managed to flip his cock downward, between William’s legs, and the urge to fuck him without lube and bareback was intense. But he never would.

They kissed all through *I saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*, then Dick reached for the items William had brought for them. He took a look at the candy cane striped condom and nearly began a laughing fit that would break the mood. Containing it, he tore the package with his teeth and rolled it on over his sugar-coated cock. He opened the new tube of lube and tasted it. “Nice one.”

“It’ll heat up in my ass.”

“You sex-fiend.” Dick smoothed a generous amount on both him and William.

“I figured your cock would be the new Yule Log.”

Dick couldn’t hold in his hilarity and roared with laughter. “God! Where did I find you?”

“I don’t care. I’m just glad you did.”

Trying to dab his eyes without getting all sorts of ingredient in them from this chocolate-whipped-cream-cinnamon-lube coated fun, Dick restrained his giggling as he raised each of William's legs to his shoulders to rest. "Okay, my good little boy. Ready for the ultimate Christmas treat?"

"You know I am."

Pointing his cock towards William's rim, Dick penetrated with ease and grunted at the tight heat. "Baby, baby..."

"Santa-baby!"

"My prick hurts it needs to come so badly."

"That's the beauty of foreplay."

Dick kept working his cock until he was completely inside William. "Is it heating up yet?"

"It takes friction. Give me friction, Mr. Claus."

"Your Christmas wish is my command." Dick held William's legs and began thrusting inside him. "That feels so damn good."

"Wow!" William gasped and threw his head back.

"Good lube?"

Instead of reply, William nodded and choked out a sound, his fingers gripping the white fur below him.

Once he had fucked William for a few minutes, Dick used more of the fiery lube on his hand and fisted William's cock. He could feel the warmth on his palm, and couldn't imagine how the sensation felt up his ass or on his cock. It appeared William liked it. He began bucking and howling like an off key door to door caroler.

The wild humping was quickly sending Dick into a climax. He watched William come, his spunk spraying all over his chest like eggnog whipping cream.

Dick hammered in the last few pumps, getting the strong internal waves of pleasure as it began and pressing deep as it continued to the end. He closed his eyes and savored this extra special Christmas Day, gasping for breath and recuperating.

Opening his eyes, seeing William rocking gently as he enjoyed the after-shocks, Dick pulled out, allowing William's legs to relax back on the furry carpet. He removed the condom, shaking his head at the candy cane pattern, and piled it on the wrapper. Before they cleaned up, Dick lay back down on top of William to snuggle. William kissed his cheek, making his way to his mouth. They were drenched in sticky sweat, sugar and lube, but it felt wonderful. The CD finally coming to a stop, Dick listened to the crackle of firewood behind him and the deep breaths of his lover underneath him.

When he parted from the kiss to meet William's eyes he gave him a loving smile. "Merry Christmas, Prince Charming."

"Merry Christmas, my love."

"Did you get what you wanted this year?"

"I did. All I wanted was fun with Dick."

"And good boys always get what they want."

"Thank you, Santa." William tugged off the red and white hat.

"Thank him for me too."

The End

About the Author

Award-winning author G.A. Hauser was born in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, USA and attended university in New York City. She moved to Seattle, Washington where she worked as a patrol officer with the Seattle Police Department. In early 2000 G.A. moved to Hertfordshire, England where she began her writing in earnest and published her first book, *In the Shadow of Alexander*. Now a full-time writer, G.A. has written over fifty novels, including several best-sellers of gay fiction and is an Honorary Board Member of Gay American Heroes for her support of the foundation. For more information on other books by G.A., visit the author at her official website.
www.authorgahauser.com

G.A. has won awards from All Romance eBooks for Best Author 2009, Best Novel 2008, *Mile High*, and Best Author 2008, Best Novel 2007, *Secrets and Misdemeanors*, Best Author 2007.

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