



The Elf's Naughty Toy (Naughty & Spice #1)

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Description: Millie hates Christmas. Despises everything about the holiday. Her ghost of Christmas past still haunts her. But this year, she promised her little sister she'd spend the holidays with her. And unlike her father, she'll never break a promise.

When they decide to take a family trip to the mall to get their picture taken with Santa Claus, she has no idea what's in store for her.

It was just supposed to be a silly little wish made to a man who was dressed in a costume. A man hired by the people who manage the shopping center. It wasn't supposed to come true. But when Millie finds the naughty thing she wished for tucked under her pillow, her world is turned upside down.

This Christmas, she's about to discover that Santa Claus is real, magic does exist, and Elves may be more naughty than nice.

Total Pages (Source): 16

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Brawn

“Brawn, what are you doing all the way back here?”

My heart nearly explodes from my chest at the booming sound of Santa’s voice. I quickly shut the lid of the toy I’m working on, crossing my fingers he didn’t catch a glimpse of my handiwork.

“Just wanted some quiet.” I shrug, trying to keep my voice from giving me away. But by the way Santa’s brow is narrowing, I think I’ve been caught.

“Let me guess.” He looks down at the yellow metal box in front of me. “When the crank turns, there’s going to be more than just a clown that explodes from the top.”

I can’t even fight the smirk. Who the heck wants a box where a stupid little clown pops out of it? That’s the most boring toy on the planet. I figured I’d see if I could improve on the design. At least make it something kids would actually find funny.

Santa steps forward, reaching for its crank, and I stare at the top, waiting in anticipation for it to open. He starts turning the handle around and around, and then—boing! —the clown springs up. And so does his little dick. A chuckle comes rumbling out of my throat as the little cock bobs up and down, but my laughter quickly dies in my throat when I see the look on Santa’s face. He isn’t amused. In fact, he looks downright livid.

“That’s it, Brawn. You are officially banned from the workshop.”

What? No! If I’m no longer allowed to make toys, that means I’m going to be stuck on reindeer duty and will have to shovel their poop all day long. And man, do those deer know how to stink up a stall.

“It was just a joke, Santa. I wasn’t really going to give it to a kid.” I was going to give it to one of the other elves so that they could give it to a kid.

“Joke or not, Brawn, it isn’t funny. If that thing accidentally got sent down to a child, they’d be scarred for life. Not only that, but people would start calling me Santa ‘the Pedo’ Claus, and holiday spirit would plummet. That thing could destroy the magic of Christmas.”

I fight the urge to roll my eyes. I highly doubt Christmas would come to an end over one stupid little toy. But Santa is definitely known for being dramatic. One year, he claimed that my screw-up caused a girl to completely lose her Christmas spirit and she stopped believing in him. All I did was give her the truth for Christmas, but apparently that was the worst thing I could’ve done. Apparently, I should’ve given her a wooden rocking horse instead. Ever since then, I’ve been banned to the North Pole, no longer allowed to help him deliver presents on Christmas Eve.

“Brawn, I think it’s time you finally understood what Christmas means to the world. I’m going to be sending you in as one of my helpers.” He points me with a look, and my ears spring right up. “You’ll be sent into one of the many stations where you’ll play the role of Santa, asking all the boys and girls what they want for Christmas.”

No! That’s even worse than shoveling deer shit. I don’t want to be one of the mall rats. They have to sit there and listen to all the bratty kids go on and on, listing out every toy known to man. Although, these days, most of them beg for video games so they can turn their brains into mush. So I’ll get to listen to the never-ending list of

online downloads that mean nothing to me. Not only that, but I'll be required to be extra cheery. And for anyone who knows me, the word doesn't exist in my vocabulary.

"Can't I tend to the reindeer instead? I'm not good with kids, Santa. I'm liable to make them cry with my looks." Out of all the elves, I'm known as the ugly one. I'm the one that looks like a big ogre. Taller than all the rest. My face more manly than elvish. My hands huge and feet the size of a giant. Not to mention my Popeye muscles. It's why they gave me the name Brawn. I'm not one of the adorable elves that kids see in books and think are cute. I'm brutish and have one too many scars on my face from tumbling out of the trees as a young elf.

"You'll be disguised as me." Santa shakes his head at me like I should know how all this works, yet I've never been sent in as a helper. In fact, I'm the oldest elf who's never seen a human in person. Only through the crystal snow globe. "You'll be wearing a Santa suit and beard. Besides, my magic dust will make you look like me so you will fit right in with the humans."

"But will your magic change my personality?" I'm not trying to be obstinate, but will the stuff make me happy and cheerful, because if not, the kids are going to mistake me for Scrooge and the spirit of the holiday really will tank.

"Your job is to spread Christmas cheer, Brawn, and to make those kids believe in Santa Claus. If you don't, then you'll be banished from the North Pole and forced to live amongst the human population for good." His eyes narrow down the ridge of his nose, glaring at me through his thick glasses. "I may even turn you into a kid again."

My stomach plummets, feeling like it's just been kicked by a dozen sugar plum fairies. The thought is absolutely dreadful. Not only do I not want to have to relive being a teenager and going through all the awkward phases again, but I don't want to live amongst a bunch of kids who think they deserve a trophy just for having their

name on the roster. That would be a life sentence in purgatory.

“But Santa...”

“No buts, Brawn. I’ve grown tired of your mischief. It’s time for you to truly understand what Christmas means to the universe. It’s not just about kids getting the toys they want, it’s about joy and love. Bringing families and friends together. It’s about letting go of the pain and the stress, and remembering what truly matters in life. This job will hopefully open your eyes once and for all. So now, I suggest you take one from Santa’s book—channel that inner holiday cheer and do me proud. Otherwise, you’ll be facing the consequences come Christmas morning.”

Great. One little prank that was meant to be funny and now I’ve been demoted to a mall elf. And if I don’t do a good job, Santa will make me live in hell. Awesome. Well, at least Christmas is only four days away; otherwise, I’d be doomed.

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Millie

“Come on, Millie! We’re going to be late.”

I turn my head as Laney comes bursting into my room looking like a little candy cane explosion. Her mom dressed her in a red satin dress with thick white tights, and her two blonde pigtails are wrapped with red and white ribbons. Even her little white Mary Janes have candy canes sewn onto the tops of them. She seriously looks like a little Christmas doll, ready to have her picture taken for the “perfect family” album.

I put my mascara down and pick up my lip gloss. “We’re not going to be late, Lane. The guy will be sitting there until the mall closes.”

It’s not like we have tickets for a specific time slot, which would actually be amazing. Nope, we have to go wait in a long-ass line with a bunch of annoying kids crying about their pigtails being too tight or their outfits being too itchy, or that they don’t want to sit on the scary man’s lap. Although, I seriously can’t blame them for that one. I wouldn’t want to sit on the creeper’s lap either. The only thing we’re going to be late for is the headache I’m going to have from having to spend the day pretending like we’re one big happy family.

“No.” She comes over and yanks on the bottom of my leather jacket. “Santa has to return to the North Pole at six, so we only have a few hours.”

My eyes can’t help but roll. This is the bullshit she’s being spoon-fed by the two

people who she's supposed to trust most in the world. Yet, they're dishing out lies on the daily, trying to keep some false dream alive for fear that the truth will kill the spirit of the holiday and burst their happy Christmas bubble. Little do they know that they're doing more harm than good. Because when Laney learns the truth about Santa, she'll question what else her parents have lied to her about. And once she goes down that road, she'll end up with trust issues. Take it from me: the one who knows firsthand not to trust anything that comes out of my dad's mouth.

"You do know that Santa doesn't really exist, right, Laney?" At least when the time comes, she'll know I never lied to her. I'll be one person she can count on. The person in her life she can trust without a shadow of a doubt.

"He does, too, exist, Millie. He just stopped bringing you presents because you stopped believing in him." No, I stopped getting presents because my parents got a divorce and stopped the ruse. My dad was too busy building his new family with his hot young wife, and my mom... Well, she was too busy wallowing in her pain and anger. So, I got to face the brutal reality that parents lie to their kids, Dads leave their families for something "better," and Christmas is a materialistic holiday meant to bring companies closer to their end-of-year sales goals. Hence the reason it happens right before New Years. But again, this is the bullshit my dear old stepmother is filling my little sister's head with.

"You girls ready?" Margot pops her head inside my room, her smile immediately dropping as her eyes run down my frame. I take it she doesn't like the way I accessorized the outfit she picked out for me. I decided that a black leather jacket and my knee-high combat boots were a good addition, but apparently, she's not a fan. I'm sure she wanted me to wear heels with the skirt, so I, too, could look like a candy cane.

Hate to say it, but at twenty years old, I don't need anyone telling me how to dress. She's lucky that I agreed to wear the stupid outfit she bought me. Honestly, I only did

it for Laney's sake because I didn't want to cause a fight with my dad and make her sad. I've been holding my tongue a lot lately for fear of making my little sis sad. She's the only reason I decided to come to town for the holiday. Plus, Mom is off on her cruise, trying to forget that Christmas even exists so she doesn't have to remember the day she found out her husband was having an affair on her and her beautiful life was over.

"Yes, Mommy!" Laney takes my hand. "We're ready."

I squeeze her fingers, channeling my inner patience and let her lead the way out of my room and down the stairs, with Margot following behind us—no doubt having an internal shit fit that her perfect family photo is going to be ruined by her evil stepdaughter. Maybe had she respected the fact that my father was a married man and had a young daughter at home, I would have respect for her wishes. But until I get an apology from the home-wrecker, I'm not going to fall in line. I'll only keep the peace for Laney. She's innocent and sweet and doesn't deserve to be caught up in the crossfire.

"You girls ready to go?" my dad asks as soon as we enter the kitchen.

"Yes," Margot says, stepping up to his front and planting a kiss on his lips. One that makes me want to gag. "You'll take off the jacket for the photo, right, Mill?" She turns her manipulating stare on me, rubbing her fingers up my dad's chest.

He obviously catches her hint and looks my outfit over, grimacing when he sees my black combat boots and matching leather jacket. "Yes, she will," he states, turning his attention back to his trophy wife. "We'll put our little Laney bear in front of her to hide the boots," he not so quietly whispers, giving her another kiss. "Shall we head out and see Santa Claus?" He turns toward his favorite daughter. The one I hold no resentment toward whatsoever. None of this is Laney's fault. She's an innocent. But my father... He's a bastard. He, too, has never apologized for what he did to our

family. For the mass destruction he caused. He just carries on as if nothing happened.

“Yes!” Laney practically bounces in her shoes, pulling my attention from the selfish couple. “Do you know what I’m asking Santa for, Daddy?”

He shakes his head, looking down at his favorite little princess with so much love in his eyes. “Let me guess...a giant pink Barbie castle.” I remember when he used to look at me that way—all the way up until I was ten years old. Then he stopped looking at me at all because he was never home. Mom and I thought it was because he was busy trying to make partner at his law firm. But come to find out, it was because he was busy fucking his hot new secretary.

“No, Daddy.” She shakes her head. “I’m asking him for my very own elf. He has so many. And I’ll take really good care of him. I’ll love him so much.”

My eyes snap up to the two adults in the room, wondering how they’re going to play that one off. Because obviously they can’t give their daughter a live elf for Christmas. But if they don’t give her what she wants, Laney will stop believing in Santa. And according to my stepmother, “Christmas will be doomed.”

“Well, sweetheart, I don’t think Santa just gives away his elves. If he did, every little boy and girl would want one, and then he wouldn’t have any left.”

“Elves can only live at the North Pole, Laney,” her mother jumps in. “They can’t breathe on Earth.”

Oh my God. How stupid is she? “The North Pole isn’t on a different planet, Margot. It’s the most northern point of Earth. It’s one of our planet’s magnetic poles.”

Margot’s cheeks instantly turn red, but I know it’s not out of embarrassment. She looks pissed. She hates when I call her out on shit, but I don’t want my little sister

getting a question wrong on her geography test one day because of what her mom told her. “And according to all the Christmas fairy tales”—I smile at my sweet sister—“Santa has millions of elves and is the most generous magical soul. If he truly does exist, he would definitely give you an elf if you asked for one.” I have to bite back my smirk when I see my stepmother’s cheeks turn an even brighter shade of tomato. I can’t wait to see how the home-wrecker talks herself out of this one.

“But I’ll promise him I won’t tell anyone.” Laney turns her sweet, pleading eyes back on our dad. “And if I do, my elf will go right back to the North Pole.”

“But, Laney, sweetie.” Margot steps up to her, holding out the little fur coat for Laney to slip into. “The elves are Santa’s children. He won’t want to give one of his kids away. That would make him so sad.” She meets my eyes, and the message is clear: Touché. The bitch thinks she’s won this round, but we’ll see. The day is still young.

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Brawn

Wow, this place is different. I feel like I'm on another planet. I've been surrounded by little people all my life, but here, they come in all shapes and heights. And all of them look funny. Their ears are small. Their noses come in all different sizes. And their voices are deep. The female person who greeted me upon my arrival sounded almost like Santa. Her hair was short and spikey, colored in green and red stripes, and she called herself Mick. I asked her if it was short for Mickey Mouse, and she glared at me. Guess her Christmas cheer is at a zero.

"Come on, Santa. You have to get out on the floor. Now, did the manager brief you?"

Manager? All Santa told me was to sit in the big chair, let the kids climb on my lap, and ask them what they want for Christmas. If any of them cry, I need to help cheer them up. Oh, and I'm supposed to smile for every picture. Santa also said that if I do a great job, I'll get to ask him for my very own Christmas wish. But if I mess this up, then I'm facing doom .

"Yes." I nod at the girl who's way too grumpy to be an elf. "I'm ready to spread Christmas cheer."

"Great. If any of the kids leak on you, or throw up, the extra suits are right back here. Now, come on, Santa, the brats are waiting."

Leak? What the hell does that mean?

“Leak?” I ask as she starts walking through the door.

“You know...” She looks back over her shoulder with a not-so-friendly grin on her face. “If their diapers explode. It happens every year. It’s like those little babies just wait to sit on Santa’s lap so they can let those mustard turds run.”

The what? Gross. I think I’m going to be sick. Santa didn’t tell me any of that. He said they were cute. Sweet. Smelled like roses. And giggled. He didn’t say they shat on him. Yuck. How the hell does Santa do this every year? Oh, right, he doesn’t. The elves are the ones who collect all the Christmas wishes and then send everyone’s order into Santa’s workshop. Any wishes that are impossible to make true, like a pony, is sent directly to Santa who will then make the decision on what to give them. In the case of a live pony, he’ll usually opt for a wooden rocking horse. Or a toy pony for their favorite doll. Or, if they ask for a rocket ship to fly to outer space, he gives them a remote-controlled spaceship.

Although, every once in a while, he’ll get a wish that’s absolutely impossible to make true, and that’s when he’ll ask one of us elves to study the child closely for a few days, to try to figure out what else the boy or girl truly wants. Their interests. The things that make them smile. The year I was the one sent into the viewing room to investigate a girl’s request is the year I was banned from ever being allowed to look through the snow globe again. The girl had asked for her own magical sleigh so that she could go and visit her father across the country whenever she wanted. We couldn’t give her a sleigh, so I had to come up with an alternative present.

While I was studying the family, I found out that her father wasn’t across the globe working, he was right there in the city. So, for Christmas, I gave her the truth, revealing where her father was so they could spend the day together. But apparently, that was a super bad thing to do, because Santa got really upset and then put me on the permanent naughty list. He said I had stolen her Christmas spirit and made her stop believing in him. And ever since that Christmas, I haven’t seen a child.

“Santa!” The loud shouts pull me from my thoughts, and I look up from the back of the “elf’s” striped hair, seeing a crowd of little people all smiling and cheering. Wow. Maybe it’s not going to be as bad as I thought. I feel like a super star. For once, people are excited to see me, instead of tucking their ears and running from the room.

“Okay, Santa! Here is your seat.” The elf leads me to a big chair and then steps up to the microphone. “Boys and girls! We are so excited. Santa just arrived from the North Pole and he’s here to find out what you want under your Christmas tree. Now, remember, there are a lot of boys and girls who want to see him, and his time is super limited. Which means, you need to tell him your biggest Christmas wish, smile for the camera, and then hop on down so the next kiddo can have a turn. And if you’re good, there will be a special candy cane waiting for you at the end. Now, please stand patiently in line so Santa can begin.”

Guess that’s my cue. I take my seat, and she leads the first child up the stairs, bringing him to me. The little boy smiles and then hops right up onto my lap.

“So, what would you like for Christmas?” I ask, feeling awkward as I try and use my best Santa voice.

The boy looks up with his big toothless grin. “I want a car for Christmas, so I can drive just like my daddy.” Yep. And this one will be getting a remote-controlled vehicle under his tree. The same make and model as his dad’s vehicle.

“Well, when you’re sixteen maybe I can make that happen. Now, I’ll see what I can do,” I tell the boy.

“You can’t make promises, Brawn,” Santa’s warning rings in my ear. Crap. I didn’t know he was watching over me. Guess I should’ve assumed he’d be keeping tabs, but with Christmas only four days away, I figured he’d be too busy to babysit.

“Thanks, Santa,” the boy says, smiling up at me. “Oh, and I want it to be a Lotus.”

The kid says cheese as the elf holding the camera comes up and snaps a shot, and then he hops down off my lap, running off to another elf who hands him a candy cane, shouting to his mom that he’s going to get the coolest sports car when he turns sixteen.

“See,” Santa says in my ear again. “You know I can’t give him a Lotus. You need to listen, nod, and smile, Brawn. Or else, you’re going to have more disappointed humans in the world.”

“Sorry, Santa,” I whisper. “I can give him a keychain with a Lotus attached to it. It will be fine.”

“What did you say, Santa?” I hadn’t even realized another kid had hopped up onto my lap. I look down at the little girl and smile.

“You’re going to give him a keychain? But that’s not a very fun gift,” the little girl who looks like a candy cane asks. She’s looking at me like she’s confused, and a little bit disappointed.

“That’s not going to be his only gift.” I bop her on her nose. “Now, what do you want for Christmas, little girl?” She turns her attention toward the side, and I follow her stare, nearly jolting in my seat when I see the female who’s staring in our direction, watching me very closely. As if she doesn’t trust me with the girl on my lap.

Goodness almighty, I’ve never seen such an incredible creature before. Her hair is as black as coal. Her eyes are just like a midnight sky, shimmering with flecks of gold like the twinkling stars. And her face is that of an angel. She is unlike any elf I’ve ever seen. Unlike any child I saw in the globe. Unlike anyone in the books I’ve read. She is the most divine creature. And by the way she’s dressed, she looks to be very

naughty.

Her lips are ruby red, brighter than Rudolph's shiny red nose. The black leather jacket she's wearing makes her look wild. Daring. And those black boots that lace up to her knees make her look like she belongs bent over my knee, getting a spanking for Christmas. Holy sugar cookies, where in the world did that thought come from?

"Santa, did you hear me?" I shake my head, dropping my attention back to the little girl on my lap. "I said I want you to make my sister believe in Christmas again."

"Is that your sister?" I ask, daring to look up at my naughty little dove again. She truly is a wonder of a creature. I'm still reeling in shock that no one ever told me humans are so beautiful. Although, as I scan the crowd, I don't see anyone who looks quite like her. She is rare. An anomaly. My unique little bird.

"Yes." The little girl nods. "Her name is Millie, and she doesn't believe in you. She thinks you're fake because she never gets any presents from you. I told her that's because she's a nonbeliever and is always on the naughty list. But she's been the best big sister I could ask for, and I was really hoping you could overlook her poor choices and make an exception this year. I really wish you could make her believe again."

"Well, Laney..." The name pops in my head like magic.

"Wow. You know my name." She smiles brightly. "See..." She turns toward the divine girl. "I told you he was real. I didn't tell him my name. He just knew it, Millie."

Uh-oh, Santa told me not to use anyone's name, and I just broke another one of his rules. I brace myself for another one of his warnings to come through, but it doesn't. Maybe that means he's finally off focusing on other more important things. I'm not

even sure why we can't say the kids' names, but I won't do it again. My brain is just going haywire right now. I'm forgetting all the rules. All I can think of is this magnificent beauty who goes by the name Millie.

The girl comes stalking over, and I watch her closely, studying every inch of her perfection. Her dazzling eyes, the sway of her curvy hips, the thickness of her thighs. Mercy, what is this creature doing to me? I feel funny. My pulse feels like it's racing. There's an excitement buzzing in my stomach, multiplying the closer she gets. My lungs are struggling to open. And when the pretty human opens her mouth and I hear the sound of her angelic voice, it feels like magic is coursing through my veins.

"This man probably overheard me say your name while we were in line, Laney. Now, it's time for you to smile for the camera and let the next kid have a turn."

Mm...I definitely see the blackness surrounding her Christmas light. I know Santa said I can't promise the impossible, so I shouldn't be making Laney's wish come true. But he also told me that my number one job is to keep the Christmas spirit alive, to make sure everyone believes in him. So, I actually think in this situation, I'll be following Santa's orders.

"Your sister told me you don't believe in me." I find myself locked in the girl's mesmerizing stare, wishing she was the one currently sitting on my lap and not her little sister.

"Laney." She smiles down at her sister, though it looks forced. "You're supposed to tell him what you want for Christmas, not talk about me. Sorry, Santa." Her eyes snap up to mine again, enrapturing me in her stare again. "My sister loves to chat."

I shake my head. "She told me what she wanted for Christmas, and I'm going to give it to her. But I also want to give you what you want."

The beautiful girl rolls her eyes, and my heart putters faster, like the thumping of reindeer feet. Goodness, I want to spank the naughtiness right out of her. She not only doesn't believe in Santa, but it's almost as if she's annoyed by my presence, or irritated by the entire holiday in general, or maybe both.

"Come on, Laney." Her voice becomes more insistent. "We need to get going and find our parents."

The little girl's shoulders slump like she's just deflated. She hops down and takes her sister's hand, but I can't let them go like this. I quickly sit forward, whispering into Laney's ear, "Just have your sister silently make her wish upon the brightest star tonight, and I'll make sure it comes true by morning."

The girl turns and beams at me. "Okay, Santa, I will. Thank you."

"Come on, Laney, we're holding up the line." My naughty little dove glares at me. I give her a wink as she tugs her sister forward and then is rushing off. And now I know exactly what I'm going to ask Santa for for Christmas. I'm going to ask him for her.

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Millie

“Please, Mill. All you have to do is close your eyes and make a wish for something you want, and it will be here by morning. He told me it would. And I believe him. It’s not that hard. Please? For me?”

Oh my God. All evening she hasn’t let up. The creeper Santa put some crazy idea in her head, and now she actually believes his bullshit. Honestly, the guy should be fired from his job. He shouldn’t be going around making crazy promises to little kids because when they don’t come true, the truth will be revealed. When my gift isn’t here in the morning, Laney is going to know Santa is one big fat lying old guy dressed in a costume. She’s going to be disappointed, and then my dad is going to blame me for ruining Christmas.

“Laney, it’s time for bed.”

“No.” She sits up on her knees. “I’m not going to sleep until you look at the brightest star in the sky and make a wish.” Ugh...she’s just not going to let up.

“Fine.” I close my eyes.

“No,” she protests. “You need to look out the window. At that star.” She points to the brightest one. “And then make your silent wish to him.”

I swear, if I didn’t love this little girl so much, I’d be putting an end to all of this

nonsense once and for all. Show her all the gifts in her mom's closet that say To: Laney From: Santa . But I'm not that cruel, and the last thing I want is for her to be curled up in bed crying on Christmas day. I'm just not sure how to get around this bogus wish stuff.

Although maybe... Maybe I can make some stupid little wish and then in the morning, I'll pretend like I got what I asked for. Although, she's going to want to see it. Unless...I tell her it's something for adults only. Haha. I wish upon the brightest star for the creepy Santa to bring me a vibrator. Preferably one that's big, purple, and has two little ears that make it look like a bunny rabbit.

"What's so funny?" she asks as I giggle away at the thought. She's cocking her chin, giving me her cute little stare down.

"Nothing." I shake my head. "Okay, I wish for Santa to put a chocolate peanut butter cup under my pillow." That's something I can definitely pull off without a hitch. I keep them stashed away in my closet, where my little chocolate addict of a sister can't eat all my goods.

"Okay." She smiles. "I'm going to check under your pillow in the morning, and we'll see if it's there."

"Okay." I nod. "Now, get under those covers and go to sleep. Otherwise, Santa won't come."

Finally, she lies back, sliding under her comforter. I lean forward, giving her a kiss and then rise from the bed. "Good night, Laney Bobaney. Sleep tight, and don't let Santa's reindeer bite."

She giggles and a lightness fills my chest. I may be the scroogiest person on the planet, but I'm never going to do anything to put a frown on that little girl's face.

She's the only bright thing that came from my dad's destruction. She's the only one I'm truly thankful for this Christmas.

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5

Brawn

The image appears in my mind, but I don't understand what it is. It's long. Made of purple plastic. And...it kind of looks like a penis, to be honest. But it also looks like a rabbit. I'm not sure what it's supposed to be, or what it's even used for, but I do have the magical powers to make this so-called "vibrator."

Make the thing that she wants . I hover my hands above the table and the magic starts to flow through me.

"Brawn!" I jerk in my chair at the sound of Santa's booming voice, dropping my glowing hands from the bench. I'm not supposed to be in the workshop. He specifically told me that I'm not allowed in here anymore. "What did I tell you? This place is off-limits." He shakes his head. "If you're not going to obey my orders, then I'm going to keep you as far away from your temptation as possible. Make you go live with the giants at the North Mountains."

As much as I love my parents, having to live amongst the giants would be miserable. I've spent my life around jolly happy elves, so living amongst a bunch of grumpy antisocials would be like living in hell.

"I'm sorry, Santa. I was only trying to make some of the presents that were requested today." It's not entirely a lie; otherwise, he'd be able to see right through it. Elves are known to be terrible liars, and I'm one of the worst.

“That’s good of you, Brawn. And from what I witnessed today, I was pleased. You did me proud, son. You’re a natural at playing me.” He chuckles. “But I have to keep my word, or else you’re never going to learn your lesson. So, you can leave the toy making up to the others. Now, I’ve got a lot to accomplish over the next few days, so you’re on your own, and I’m trusting that you’ll behave. Or else...”

He leaves his warning hanging in the air, but it doesn’t need repeating. He’s not gonna give me a second chance this time. I’m going to reap exactly what I sow.

“You can count on me, Santa.” I promise to be on my very best behavior. I’m going to transform one non-believer back into a believer, which will boost Santa’s magic tank. He’s going to be so proud. And then... he’s going to grant me my Christmas wish.

Millie

As soon as I hear the knock on my door, my eyes fly open. Shoot. I forgot to put the peanut butter cup under my pillow before I went to bed. Actually, that's not true. I did put one under my pillow, but I ended up eating it as I was lying there thinking about my little sister and how to handle all this Christmas nonsense—whether I should really be feeding it or not. I didn't want to get out of my nice, warm bed so I told myself I'd get a replacement in the morning. But my little Santa police is already here, ready to bust my door down.

“Hold on a sec, Laney. Just let me put some clothes on and then you can come in.” I scurry off the bed and rush to my closet, grabbing a little chocolate cup and my robe before rushing back to my bed. I lift my pillow to place it underneath, nearly shrieking and jumping back when I see something hidden under the place where I kept my head all night. Not just something. It's a long, thick purple rabbit, an exact replica of the sex toy I imagined.

“Are you dressed yet? I'm waiting. And why do you sleep naked anyway? It's weird.”

Her little voice barely registers through the chaos in my head. I don't wear clothes because they make me feel claustrophobic under the covers. Holy shit. Why the hell is there a dildo under my pillow? I lift the thing again, peeking underneath slowly, and sure enough, I'm not imagining it. It is very much there. A long purple dildo with a red ribbon tied around the middle. This so cannot be happening.

I reach for it, needing to feel if my mind is playing tricks on me. But it's not. The toy is hard. Thick. And...as I push the button on the side, it starts rotating around in circles, while the little ears start fluttering away. My heart now fluttering along with it. This can't be real. There's no way. I didn't speak my wish out loud. It was a mere thought. How the hell is this even possible?

"Ready or not, I'm coming in." My door bursts open and I quickly stash the thing under my comforter, my heart about to freaking beat out of my chest. "Is it there? Is the chocolate cup there?" Laney looks to my pillow and then back at me. "It is, isn't it? You're in shock. You're freaking out. Show me." She bounces up onto my bed, scooting toward me. "Show me, Millie."

I reach forward, seeing the shake in my hand as I lift my pillow again. The chocolate cup is sitting where I dropped it in my panic. Meanwhile, the purple toy, which I had nothing to do with and have never seen before in my life is tucked under my comforter. Where in the heck did the rabbit come from? There's no way Santa exists. It's absolutely impossible. Yet...I made the wish just like Laney told me to, and—voila!—the thing magically appeared.

My mind can't comprehend any of this right now. I must still be dreaming. But when Laney practically launches herself onto my lap, shouting how Santa is real, it's hard to imagine I'm still asleep. And when Margot's voice comes from down the hall, saying that the pancakes are ready, I struggle to catch my breath. I'm very much awake and all of this is really happening.

"Come on, Millie! Pancakes!" Laney climbs off the bed. "I can't wait to tell Mom and Dad that Santa came last night just like he promised and now you believe."

I'm shaking my head, but it's doing nothing to shake my nerves. I need her to leave my room so I can reconcile exactly what is going on right now. "You go ahead downstairs. I need to get dressed and brush my teeth."

“Okay!” she practically cheers. “Santa Claus is coming to...” Her singing trails off as my door closes. I quickly jump off my bed and lock it. Then rush back. Slowly reaching for my comforter. Inching the thing back as if a snake is going to jump out and attack. When the purple dildo is revealed, I launch backwards, shock rocking through me again. There has to be a logical explanation for this. Maybe I teasingly told one of my friends I wanted one of these, and they decided to leave me an early present. Only, I really don’t have any friends here. And my ex-boyfriend doesn’t live in this state. He’s all the way in Florida. And my dad definitely wouldn’t have given me something like this.

I know! Margot must own one. And in my sleep, I walked into her room and got it from her drawer. Only, I’ve never sleepwalked in my life, and I know my dad keeps his bedroom door locked to ensure Laney doesn’t come sneaking into their bed at night. Talk about putting a crimp on his sex life with his young wife. And talk about scarring my poor sweet sister. But if I didn’t get the thing from Margot’s room, then where the hell did it come from?

I scramble off the bed, rushing to the bathroom. I splash my face with freezing cold water but decide it’s not enough, so I turn on the shower, strip out of my robe, and hop in. The icy chill has me rushing through my wash, but I definitely feel awake now, and I know that when I exit this bathroom, I’ll realize that I was hallucinating. It was all just my mind playing a trick on me.

But when I go back out to my bed and pull back the cover again, it’s still there. Still wrapped in a red bow just like a Christmas present. And the only explanation I have for it is the one that couldn’t possibly be true. I need to go back to the mall. I need to have a talk with the man who couldn’t possibly be Santa Claus. His eyes and face looked way too young. Besides, the mythical man who can deliver millions of presents in one night, riding a sleigh of flying reindeer doesn’t exist. He’s a freaking fairy-tale character.

Brawn

The boy rambles off a list of toys he wants for Christmas, but my mind is completely consumed with thoughts of the wickedly exotic human. I was merely going to deliver her present and then leave, but when I saw her naked form lying on top of her covers, two plump mounds on her chest looking like decadent sweet treats with dark little cherry caps over her snow-white skin, the exotic-looking spot between her spread legs that was making my mouth water, I couldn't leave. I've never felt anything like it in all my life. The shaft between my legs turned as hard as a concrete block, weighing heavy in my britches. My pulse was racing at a galloping speed. And a sweat broke out over my entire body as a near madness surged through my veins, fighting to keep my distance. It took me needing to channel every ounce of my magic to remove me from that room.

For the first time in my life, I didn't think I was going to be able to control myself. I wanted to touch her so badly. The thoughts coming to mind, the things I wanted to do to her were absolutely unholy, and I was beginning to fear for my sleeping beauty's safety. The image of me pinning her legs wide and licking through her forbidden valley was driving me to insanity. But that's not the only thing I wanted to do.

The same thought begins creeping back in, and I suddenly feel like I'm overheating again. I need this kid to get down before I transform into a werewolf or something. What on earth is happening to me? I've always been a naughty elf, but this... This is beyond wanting to play some stupid prank on another elf. This is grounds for being banished to the South Pole where the demons live.

“I’ll see what I can do,” I tell the boy before lifting him off my lap. “Now, run along and get your candy cane.” I rise from my chair, needing a moment to breathe. Needing to get myself under control. I need more magic to settle the urges, but I can’t use it in front of humans. It makes my body glow.

“What are you doing, Santa?” The striped hair elf comes to my side. I’m so overwhelmed I don’t even remember her name.

“I need to use the restroom,” I tell her. The feeling is too much. The ache between my legs is growing by the second. If I don’t do something quick, I don’t think I’ll be able to walk straight. I rush off around the back of the Christmas tree, going through the door that leads to the employee hallway. I go straight into the single stall bathroom and lock the door, reaching into my pants and pulling out my member. I’ve never felt him so hard or long in my ninety-two elf years. The moment my hand firmly grasps around my shaft, a shudder of intense pleasure rocks through me. Heavens, I’ve never felt anything like it. I do it again, wondering if I can recreate the feeling, and again, another wave of pleasure rattles through my body.

I begin to rub my hand over myself, exploring the sensations, wanting more of the intense pleasure, feeling the need to release the ache that’s forming within my elf sack. Another wave of sensations blasts through me. Only this time, it’s different. This time, it feels as if a blast of magic is shooting up my spine. Goodness, the feeling is incredible. It’s even better than magic. It’s better than Christmas cookies and candy canes. It’s better than everything I’ve experienced in my life.

I squeeze harder, stroking myself faster, and it builds stronger. The force of it so intense I can barely hold myself upright. I’m not sure what’s happening, but it feels like something big is about to come. And when thoughts of the pretty human enter my mind, her cherry plum capped peaks, her glistening valley between her legs that looked like it was coated in sweet nectar, an explosion rocks through me. My shaft expands and throbs, my elf sack tightening as a milky substance comes shooting out

of the end of my elvish shlong.

Mercy, it is divine. Every part of my being feels like it's lit with magic. Like Christmas joy is radiating through my nerve endings. Like my soul has been consumed with sparks of celestial current. Candy canes and gumdrops, I never want it to stop. I want to bask in the feeling. I want to relish in the warmth.

I rub over myself up and down, wondering why on earth no one ever mentioned this feeling to me, wondering why no one ever told me what our elf wands were capable of. I thought they were strictly meant for urination, but there's a magic that lives within them and just a few strokes and it can be set free, raining down the most exquisite feeling in the universe.

Finally, my shaft deflates, returning to its normal size, to where I'm able to tuck myself back into my Santa costume. Just in case, I should probably channel my magic and wish for my cock not to stiffen while I'm visiting with the children. I don't think it would be appropriate for me to have kids sitting on my lap while there is a sword nearly protruding from my pants. Have to say, the thought of continuing on and listening to a hundred more kids tell me what they want for Christmas is dreadful at this moment. Now that I've made this profound discovery, I'd rather stay locked right here in this bathroom, stroking myself over and over again, feeling the intense sensations blasting through me, having my toes curl up in my boots as the release hits.

Maybe just one more round won't hurt before I go back out.

I take my seat, feeling relatively back to normal. After four strokings, the craving is at least bearable and now I'm ready to play my part as Santa again. Thankfully, the elves were able to improvise with some Christmas carols while I was detained in the bathroom. And now, it's time to visit with the next child.

One by one, they hop up, tell me what they want Santa to bring them for Christmas, then they smile for the camera before hopping down and running back to their parents.

“I’m sorry, miss. But you’re too old to sit on Santa’s lap.”

I turn my head to the sound of the elf’s voice, about to tell her no one is too old for Santa, but the words get lodged in my throat. The magnificent creature who’s captured my concentration and is holding my thoughts hostage is the one insisting on seeing me. My devilish beauty who is dressed like a naughty diva today—hair wild and free, curvy body tucked into tight black pants and a skintight green shirt—has returned to see me. I wonder if she likes my present. Though, I still haven’t a clue as to what it is or what it’s used for.

“No one is too old for Santa.” My voice comes out sounding like a baritone. It’s like it dropped an octave at the sight of her. “Come, Millie. Come tell Santa what you want for Christmas.” Her shoulders stiffen at the sound of her name, and I realize I just broke Santa’s rule again. Shoot. He’s never going to give me my Christmas wish if I keep making mistakes. But given the fact he’s not speaking in my head, pointing out my error, he must be busy tending to other things. He did say I was on my own at this point, and I truly think he meant it.

“Okay, you can go on up and see Santa. But no funny business,” the elf warns, looking annoyed. I don’t know what she means by funny business, but Millie is jerking her head back like she’s offended by the mere suggestion. She shakes her head and turns, quickly walking in my direction.

“How did you do it?” she asks, her hands on her hips, her voice thickly laced with anger. I’ve never met anyone who wasn’t happy about receiving a gift, but her joy meter is still at a negative and her Christmas spirit is still glowing black instead of gold.

“I told you,” I state, stiffening in my chair as the shaft between my legs starts to stir. “All you had to do was make a wish on the star. I heard the message, but”—I lean forward, reaching for her waist to pull her down onto my lap before someone comes and takes her away from me—“I don’t understand what it is. I don’t know what it’s used for.”

She plops down onto my lap on a gasp. Her eyes big and round. Her silky lips mere inches away from mine. The urge to pull her to me and taste her mouth is penetrating my thoughts. The things running through my head are unruly. If Santa could read my mind, he’d definitely think I’m one naughty elf. He wouldn’t just turn me into a teenager and ban me to the human world, he’d send me to the South Pole. Make me live out eternity with the King of Nightmares.

“I don’t understand. How did... How is... Who are you?”

I brush her silky hair off her face, tucking it behind her cute little human ear. Everything about her is pretty, which I find odd since I’m technically of a different species. I’m technically a magical creature with gold blood and the ability to turn invisible. But there is an insane pull towards this human girl. There’s a need to have her running so deep in my veins. The feeling that was consuming me earlier, the ache inside my loins, is returning at full force. Only it’s more intense. And the vision of sucking on her cherry caps while I slide my stiff shaft between the valley between her legs is swarming my mind. Maybe I should be sent to the South Pole. Maybe I do belong with the evil demons that haunt the dreamworld.

“I’m one of Santa’s elves.” I lean in, whispering in her ear, feeling a shiver rock through her shoulders. “Now, do you believe?”

She sits back, studying my face. Still looking skeptical about the truth. “But I thought elves were small and looked like kids with big ears.”

I can't help but chuckle; the books never do us justice. "Most of us are on the shorter side." Although, I'm an exception to the fact. "But we are definitely not kids. I'm ninety-two in elf years, which makes me around thirty in human years."

Her eyebrow cocks up. "So, why do you look like Santa?"

"Because I'm in a magical disguise."

She starts shaking her head, trying to stand back up, but I refuse to let her go. "This is crazy. None of this can be real. I must be suffering from delusions. I need to drive myself to the closest mental hospital and check myself in."

"No, you gorgeous girl." I lock my arms tighter. "You are not crazy. Tell me what I can do to make you believe." Santa will probably have my elvish hide if I use my magic right now, but I will do whatever I have to in order to prove myself to this beautiful human.

"Fine. Tell me what I'm thinking right now."

"I can't do that. Only under the light of the North Star can I read your thoughts. But if you ask me to make something appear, I can."

"Santa!" The annoyed shout pulls my attention to the left. I'd completely forgotten there was a line of kids waiting to sit on my lap. This girl is all consuming. "We want to make sure you have time to see all the boys and girls." The fake elf gives my beauty a glare and she's now just made the naughty list. I'm not done with Millie. I'll never be done with her.

"She's a nonbeliever," I say, telling the truth. "I'm trying to prove that I'm not a fraud. That Santa truly exists."

The elf rolls her eyes, but at least she's turning toward the kids and telling them to be patient and Santa will give them a turn too.

"Make a reindeer appear," the stubborn beauty states, but I can't do that. Only Santa can control the deer.

I shake my head. "I can't do that. Only Santa can command them." She starts to pull away again, but I stop her. Then I open my hand in front of her and a little Rudolph ornament appears. "See," I say. "It's magic."

She's staring at the thing as if she's seen a ghost. Her eyes nearly bugging out of her head. Her body completely frozen.

"Santa!" The onery elf comes up to our side. "This is getting to be ridiculous. Tell your girlfriend to scram before I have to tell the manager to fire your ass. The parents are starting to complain."

If it weren't for Santa's warning, I'd be walking out right now, carrying this dark angel out with me, but I've been sent to do a job, and I must do it well in order for him to give me my Christmas wish.

"Wish upon a star tonight and it will be there for you in the morning," I tell her. "Now, run along, pretty girl, and I'll see you in your sleep." Gumdrops, I can't wait until the stars come out tonight. I'll be outside her bedroom window, waiting to hear her special request.

Millie

It can't be real. There's no way he's really an elf. But I saw it with my own two eyes. This little ornament appeared out of thin air. He opened his hand and— poof!— it was there. I spin the thing in the air, looking for another possible explanation. But there is none. It's a porcelain little deer that couldn't just magically appear, not unless there was actual magic involved.

“Did you buy that at the mall?” Laney's voice startles me, and the thing slips right out of my hand, falling to the ground.

“Oh no!” I drop to the floor in a panic, devastated when I see the destruction of my magical little gift. I quickly work to pick up the broken pieces, hoping that my special gift will magically fuse back together and fix itself, but it doesn't.

“I'm so sorry, Millie. I didn't mean to scare you.” I can hear the panic in Laney's voice, as she comes rushing to my side. “Please don't hate me, Millie. I'll get you a new one. I promise.”

I drop the pieces and reach for her. “I'd never hate you, Laney bear. It's just an ornament.” Only it wasn't just any ornament, it was the most special ornament in the world. But I'm not going to let her believe that some inanimate object could mean more to me than her—even if it was a magical object. “You're my sister. I love you. Always.”

“Will you drive me to the mall tomorrow so I can get you a new one?”

I shake my head. Not wanting to tell her the truth of where it came from because then she'll feel really bad. But then an idea hits.

“I'm going to put it under my pillow tonight and ask Santa to fix it for me.”

Her smile couldn't be any brighter. “You believe now?”

I'm not sure what I believe, but all signs point to the guy in the mall telling the truth. But I guess this will prove it one way or another. If the ornament is fixed in the morning, then my world just got a whole lot crazier because that means magical beings are real and that there's really a big fat jolly man who delivers presents all over the globe to little boys and girls. But then why did he never come to my house? Or I guess stopped coming to my house. I remember there being presents under the tree marked from Santa, but I thought my dad or mom had just filled out the label. But when I turned ten, they stopped. But then again...that was the year that I stopped believing in anything joyous and merry. That was the Christmas I learned the truth.

“I think I do,” I tell her. “But we'll see in the morning.”

She scoots off my lap. “Okay, well then we have to go to bed, so he'll come.” She gives me a tight hug and then darts from my room. And I collect all the little broken fragments of the ornament and tuck them under my pillow. Silently making my wish as I close my eyes.

Santa, or Santa's elf, if you're real, will you please fix the ornament you gave me? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to break it. I...

“I saw the whole thing, little dove. You don't have to apologize. I know it was an accident.”

I nearly leap from my bed as the deep voice whispers by my ear. My eyes fly open on a gasp and another wave of panic hits when I see a guy sitting behind me on my bed. A stranger dressed in black. A man with muscles way too big for me to defend myself against. His dark eyes are peering right at me. “Who are you? What do you want?” I scramble off the bed, trying to get as far away from this strange man as I can, wishing I’d grabbed my phone from the nightstand as I ever so slowly back my way towards my door.

“It’s okay, Millie. Look.” He runs his hand down over his face and a swirl of gold sparkles emanate from his palm. “It’s me.” His hand drops and the guy I recognize from the mall is now staring at me, the fat and jolly Santa, though the eyes are still the same. Now I’m even more freaked out. This is all a bit too much. Santa is real. Magic is real. And apparently, there’s an elf sitting on my bed.

“Sorry.” His shoulders drop. “I didn’t mean to scare you with my hideous looks. I won’t do it again.” Hideous looks? I’d say it’s the opposite. I’ve never been this close to such an attractive man, but I definitely wasn’t expecting him to be an elf. He looked like a rebel who belongs to a biker gang, not a little Christmas elf who builds toys in Santa’s workshop. There is nothing small or childlike about him. Nothing pointy or awkward.

I swallow back the lump of nerves. “You just startled me is all. Is that what you really look like?” Maybe he mirrored his image from a seriously hot, rugged magazine model, or someone he saw on TV. Maybe he’s not allowed to be in his true form when he’s around humans.

He nods, and for some reason, that fact pleases me a little too much. “Yeah. I’m deformed. All the other elves are tiny and cute. I’m an ogre. It’s because my father is a giant.”

“A giant?” Giant what? Is he saying there are other mythical creatures out in the

world?

He nods. “Yeah. The giants of the North Mountains are keepers of the magical realm. You probably know them as Bigfoot.” Bigfoot? “They aren’t supposed to fraternize with the elves. It’s one of our most sacred laws. But it didn’t stop my father from falling in love with my mom. Thankfully, Santa took me in anyway, and forgave my parents. But it still left me with birth defects. My frame is large. My voice is deep. My muscles are too thick, and my elvish marks are black when they are supposed to be invisible.”

Those must be the tattoos I saw. Wow, so they’re elvish marks. “Can I see them?” I ask without even thinking. I might be asking something extremely personal. I know nothing about his kind.

He shakes his head, and embarrassment hits my cheeks. “I have to go into my natural form. I don’t want to repulse you.”

“You are not repulsive. Quite the opposite. I mean...” My voice trails off, realizing what I just revealed. But again, I didn’t think before I spoke. I’m at a loss of thinking right now. This whole situation is kind of blowing my mind. Not only am I sitting here with some magical elf from the North Pole, but I’m attracted to him. And flustered as all get out. If it weren’t for the fact that his cheeks are turning a cherry shade of red, no doubt matching mine, I’d really feel foolish.

“Are you saying you like the way I look, little dove?” His deep voice dropped even lower and now my cheeks are burning even hotter, the flush now coasting down my neck. It almost feels like he’s flirting with me.

“I...um...yes...” I breathe, again not putting a filter on my lips. But I’m sure with his magical powers, he knows when someone is lying. “Can you read my thoughts?” The question comes flying out. He was able to hear my mental wish, so that means he can

probably hear exactly what I think of his sexy body and dark, dreamy eyes.

“No.” He shakes his head. “I only hear what you intend for me to hear. Everything else is safeguarded. And now that you’ve seen my true form”—his body transforms again, returning to one sexy hulk of a man, who if it weren’t for his pointy ears would never be mistaken as anything other than one fine human—“I’ll be able to hear you if you say my name: Brawn.”

Brawn. Even his name gives me chills.

My eyes shift down to his dark tattoos, trying to distract my thoughts, doing everything in my power to calm my breathing. They look like runes.

“What does each symbol mean?” I reach out, running my fingers over one mythical-looking shape, feeling his skin turn hot beneath my touch. “Sorry.” I jerk my hand back, worried I’ve activated something. (Clearly, I’ve watched too much TV.)

“You did not hurt me. Your touch feels good. It...um...” He shakes his head, looking down at the symbol on his forearm. “Each elvish marking shows our ancestral lineage.” Obviously, he’s not going to finish his thought, and now my body is fluttering with curiosity, eagerly wanting to know if he’s having the same reaction that I am. If he’s feeling the tingling throughout his entire body. Feeling the heat flickering up his spine. “And these”—he points to the small alien-looking numbers etched into his wrist—“signify what job we have for Santa each year. So, this in my language means ‘Santa’s Earth Helper.’”

“So, every mall Santa is an elf?”

He shakes his head. “No. Elves are usually only sent in when Santa deems it necessary. I got in trouble, so this is Santa’s way of teaching me a lesson. He doesn’t think I have Christmas cheer anymore. He thinks I need the reminder of what

Christmas means to people.”

“You got in trouble?” Now I’m curious as to what an elf could possibly do to get into trouble at the North Pole. Eat too many gumdrops when Santa wasn’t looking? Take the reindeer out for a ride without his permission?

“I altered a toy.” A mischievous smirk quirks up his lips. “I gave a little Jack-in-the-box a...um...an inappropriate part, and Santa caught me. I was just trying to make the toy funny,” he defends.

I burst out laughing. This naughty elf is a man after my own heart. That sounds exactly like a prank I would pull. And he’s not wrong. That toy has always been a classic, but I’ve never understood what’s fun about it. Who wants to sit there for hours on end, making a clown head pop out of the top?

“Your laugh is incredible.” My eyes return to his, and the look on his face has my giggle dying on my tongue. There’s an intensity in his stare that has my lower belly tightening. “I never knew a human could be so beautiful. Everything about you is perfection.” His voice drops even lower and my stomach twists tighter. “Your eyes remind me of lumps of coal with sparkling little diamonds right in the centers. Your lips remind me of sugar plums, plump and juicy, the perfect shade of burgundy. And your body...” His eyes drop down to my chest before ever so slowly scanning over my frame. “Is like a winter wonderland. Thick and curvy. With the prettiest two snow peaks sitting at the top.”

I squirm beneath his stare, feeling this uncanny pulse racing through my veins. It almost feels like magic is drawing me closer to him. I’ve never felt such a strong pull towards anyone. Every part of my body is lit up with tingles, sizzling with this insane desire. “I’m sorry.” He shakes his head. His eyes dropping to the ground, now looking embarrassed or unsure. “I shouldn’t have told you that. Santa always tells me I need to use a filter when I speak, but my thoughts always just blurt right out. I

didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"You didn't make me uncomfortable." My own filter fails me. Apparently, I suffer from the same problem. "You don't ever have to filter yourself with me, Brawn. I admire your honesty." It's flattering to know he finds me attractive. For he is most certainly one fine specimen of a magical being.

The thought makes me wonder if the magic that flowed through his hands flows in other parts of his body. My eyes travel down to the spot I'm most curious about, and I nearly lose my balance when I see him protruding from his pants, creating one massive tent between his legs. My goodness. He does have giant blood in his veins.

"It's never happened to me before." His eyes drop to where mine had been shamelessly gawking. "In all my ninety-two elf years, I've never had this kind of reaction. But I can't stop thinking of... I want..." he trails off, and this is one time I wish he wouldn't use his filter. "I'm sorry." He shakes his head. "I need to go." He takes a step back, and then— poof!— he vanishes right into thin air. And I'm left hanging on to the last note of curiosity, wishing he'd come back and tell me what he wants to do.

The thought of him using that big, thick, magical wand between his legs on me has the pit of my belly lighting up with a need that is so heavy and demanding it's almost otherworldly. I've never had such a strong reaction either. I climb back into my bed and reach for the special gift he left me last night. God, it feels like I'm burning up from the inside out. It feels like someone has taken possession of my body.

I quickly rid myself of my clothes, needing to be free of any constrictions. It's all too much. Everything is tingling. I reach for the lamp and bask myself in the darkness, wondering if Brawn has returned to the North Pole and is working that massive cock of his right now. The intensity rolling off him was like a magnetic field. Goodness, I wish he'd stayed. I could've helped ease his pain. But from what he said, it has me

wondering if he's still a virgin. It could be why he ran.

I roll onto my stomach at the thought and rub against the silky sheets, feeling the soft material brush against my sensitive nipples. My pussy is already making a mess of my thighs. I've never been so soaked. The thought of that incredible man with his big hulking body never knowing the touch of a female for ninety-two years is beyond me. I'm only twenty and I've had two sexual partners. Not that they were any good, but I at least know what an orgasm feels like.

I reach for the purple rabbit, ready to give myself one right now. When the thick plastic head begins to vibrate, a shiver of anticipation runs straight to my clit. I take my toy down to the spot and press it right above the demanding little bean. The slight buzz instantly jolts me with a wave of lust. I close my eyes, picturing Brawn up at the North Pole, alone in his living quarters, with that unsettled feeling coursing through his veins. I imagine his large frame in a bed slightly too small. His huge fist wringing the need right from that massive member. Oh God, I wish I could watch.

The low grumble at the base of my bed has my eyes flying open. Brawn's large frame is braced like a watchguard, lording over me. His eyes strained with tension. His shoulders stiff as a board. And there between his legs is that stiff protrusion that looks like it's trying to break free of its cage.

"I have to say, little dove, had I known what that toy was used for, I wouldn't have delivered it. I don't like that it gets to touch you so intimately. It's making me angry inside. I've never felt this way."

The purple rabbit is suddenly ripped out of my hand and tossed aside. Brawn's knees dropping to the bed as he ever so slowly stalks toward me. "I never quite understood why my parents would go against their own kind and break the most golden rule of the northern realm in order to be together, but now I do. You, my little human, have me wanting to be a very naughty elf."

Another gush of my need comes seeping out right as he wedges himself between my legs. “If Santa knew the things I want to do to you, he’d send me to the South Pole.”

“What’s at the South Pole?” My voice comes out breathless as his big hands squeeze my thighs, his thick fingers sinking in and showing me his strength.

“It’s where nightmares live. The boogeyman. All the creatures that deliver bad dreams. It’s dark and hot as hell. But it’s exactly where I’d be sent if I acted upon my thoughts right now.”

Oh God. I don’t want to get him into trouble, but I’m dying to know what would be in store for me if he gave into temptation.

“Tell me. What exactly would you do, if you were allowed free rein over my body?”

He cracks his jaw to the side, the tension twisting him up tighter. “I’d lock you down, little dove. I’d make it to where you couldn’t get away even if you wanted to.” His voice is dark and menacing, and should probably be striking fear in me, considering I’m locked in my room with this huge magical stranger. A man who looks to be on the verge of snapping. But I’m not afraid; I’m eager to be his victim.

“Your body would become my playground. A place to explore...fondle...to play with as I see fit.” He reaches out, running one stiff finger down the center of my neck, trailing it down my chest, pausing in the center. Right between my full breasts. Goodness, I wish he’d grope me, but he doesn’t. His eyes, however, are burning every desire upon my flushed skin.

“I’d suck on these milky white mounds until they start feeding me.” A pool of need floods between my legs, drenching my bed at the thought. “Two little cherry treats, all tight and pointed right up.” His finger travels around the outside of my breast, torturing me with every slow pass. “Their sole purpose is to feed a human infant.

Yet...I think they're meant to be between my lips, tickling my tongue. I think they're meant to be molded within the palms of my hands, tweaked between my fingers as I slide my girth between them."

The moan slips right from my throat as I arch up, wanting him to bring that fantasy to life. I've never been a missionary princess who likes her lovemaking tame and gentle. I'm the type of girl who wants to be controlled, tested, and fucked raw. I'd let him do anything to my body. Anything the beast desired, he'd have my permission, so I don't understand why he'd get into trouble.

"You like that idea, little dove? Does that mean you'd be a good little girl for me and let me have my naughty way with you?"

"Yes! I'd be very good girl." My voice is a breathless cry of desperation as I squirm against my sheets. "Why can't you touch me like that, Brawn?" I don't understand why it's forbidden if it's of mutual consent.

His groan is a resounding sound against my wanton body, rumbling right down to the soaked spot between my legs, drenching me further. I want to pull him down on top of me and force him to take what he wants, but I don't want to get him into trouble.

"It's a golden rule. Elves aren't just forbidden to mate with the giants, we're forbidden to mate with humans, too. It's to keep our races pure."

"But what if no one were to find out?"

"But it would be going against Santa's orders." He shakes his head. "I'm supposed to be here enhancing Christmas spirit and joy. Converting nonbelievers into believers. My job is to make Christmas wishes come true, just being in your room could get me into trouble."

“But you did turn me into a believer. And what if giving me pleasure is what I want for Christmas? What if that is what will bring me the most joy?”

The look that crosses his face sends a trickle of heat down my spine, making me squirm even more. “If that is what you wished for Christmas morning, I’d be able to deliver the present. But that is the only day it would be allowed. Not unless Santa granted me my wish.”

“And what is your wish?” I practically moan.

“For you to be mine.”

My entire body tingles with that magical feeling. My heart is trying to pound its way out of my chest. There’s something about this elf. Something beyond anything I can comprehend. It’s like we’re fated to be together. That’s the only explanation I can give for these intense feelings I’m already having. I’ve never wanted anything so much in my life, and I don’t even know him.

“So, what do you have to do to make Santa give you your wish?” If there’s anything I can do, I will. I’ll wish upon every star in the sky if I have to.

“He told me that if I did a good job while I was here, followed his orders, behaved myself ...” His emphasis is not lost on me. “That he would give me a Christmas gift this year. And the gift I would ask for is you. Which means...” He scoots back, removing his hands from my body. “I shouldn’t be here doing this. I need to leave.”

“But I wished you here,” I protest, not wanting him to go. “So he can’t be mad. It’s what I wanted.”

He shakes his head, looking back down at my body as he reaches for the sheet at the base of my bed. He pulls it up to cover me, and disappointment settles into my gut

like a stocking of black coal.

“I can be here. But I am not allowed to cross a line. And honestly, I’ve already crossed way over that forbidden line. But Santa is forgiving, and if he sees how well I restrained myself from what I truly wanted, if he sees how hard I fought not to give into temptation, then I think he’ll forgive me. I have never been one to resist. I’m the elf that is perpetually on the naughty list. I’m impulsive and defiant, which is why, if I can stay strong, I believe he’ll grant me such a big request.”

I hate that he’s beholden to some magical code, but I would never want to do anything to risk him being sent to the South Pole. I would never forgive myself, knowing that he was living amongst evil. He may be naughty, he may even have a devilish mind, but he does not strike me as someone who would fare well in the darkness.

“Okay,” I tell him, tucking myself further underneath my blanket. “But could you at least stay and talk?”

“Yes.” He nods. “I can do that.”

9

Brawn

“ B rawn, please. I need you.”

When I hear her summon me again, I can barely contain myself. We spent all night talking about our lives, sharing all the little details of our pasts, and I couldn't get enough. I've never met a more fascinating creature in my life, and I thought Santa was amazing, but my Millie is even more incredible. She's vibrant and soulful. Smart and funny. She's done so many daring and mischievous things, which is probably why she never received any gifts from Santa. I'm guessing that's the reason she hates Christmas, although I still need to ask her that question.

I gather my strength, willing my elvish shlong to behave himself. He's already ramrod straight, which cannot be helped, but I will need him to cooperate. Though knowing my little dove has the same desires that live inside my soul, makes restraining myself even more difficult. If I were smart, I wouldn't answer her call. I'd stay right where I am, far away from my temptation. But...I've never been a smart elf.

“You called for me?” I whisper, upon entering her bedroom, not wanting to wake the others in her house.

A low moan sweeps across the room and I know I should vanish myself before it's too late, but I inch myself closer to her bed, wondering if she's having a dream about me.

“I’m sorry, Brawn. I didn’t mean to... I...” Her panted breaths and writhing body are a good indicator of exactly what she’s doing under the covers. “I can’t stop.” She gasps on a moan as her body arches off the bed and a faint buzzing sound hits my ears. She’s using that maddening toy again. I should’ve taken it with me when I left. It doesn’t seem right that she wants me, is crying out my name, and yet, some purple plastic thing is reaping all the benefits. I should be the one making her feel good. I should be the one giving her that pleasure.

“Show it to me, Brawn. Let me see you.” Her desperate groan snaps me from my jealous intrusion and has me focusing on my little dove. Her eyes are open and she’s staring between my legs. “Please,” she practically cries out.

I don’t see how having a look could be out of line. After all, I’ve seen her in the buff, so some would argue that it would only be fair for her to see me.

I reach for my waistband and begin to slide my pants down my thighs, my giant cock springing free and growing harder under her stare. The look in her eyes is one of a naughty little girl, and that hand of hers is working faster between her legs. This is the point of no return. I should’ve said no, but I didn’t. And as her pleasure builds, her back arching off the bed, her hand working faster and faster, my sack tightens. The feeling that I have just come to know over the last two days takes root. And when my name is cried out from her lips, her chest coming into view, tits shaking, teeth biting into her lower lip, I lose control.

My dick erupts, ejaculating into thin air without me even having a grip on myself. I quickly grab ahold of my shaft to stop from making a mess all over her, but when I look down, I see I’m too late. My cum is all over her pretty plush mounds, and that’s when another wave of that incredibly intense feeling comes rocking through me.

“Oh my God. I’m so sorry, Brawn.” Her eyes finally flutter open, looking absolutely panicked. “I shouldn’t have asked you to come. I don’t want you to get into trouble.”

Reality brutally barrels in, reminding me that my actions are questionable. But I did not touch her. I only did as she requested. And I did not intend to make a mess of her. I still think I behaved according to the code, but this will be the very last time I can visit with her. I will not be able to come to her tomorrow night. I will have to wait until after Christmas.

“It’s okay, little dove. Our intentions were pure. I do not wish for you to worry. We did not cross a physical line, so all is well. But...” I hate the words about to come from my mouth. “I will not be able to see you again until after Christmas.”

The disappointment burns bright in her eyes, matching the feeling inside my gut, making my chest pound hard.

“Well, can you at least stay and talk to me again?”

“Of course, little dove. Just let me get us cleaned up.”

10

Millie

He snuggles back in next to me, tucking me into his huge frame, and I feel absolutely content. It feels like this is exactly where I'm supposed to be. Like everything is right in the world.

"So, why did you get banned from being one of Santa's Earth Helpers?"

He told me that when he was younger, he was like an investigator and would study kids to find out exactly what they wanted for Christmas. But for some reason he was banned from the viewing room and has been on the naughty list ever since.

"I never quite understood why," he says. "All I did was give the girl what she truly wanted. And the next thing I knew, Santa said I stole the Christmas spirit from an entire family."

I'm still trying to wrap my head around the fact that Santa is real and magic truly exists. All of this sounds crazy to me, but in his world, it is very real. "What did you give her?" I feel like it would've had to have been a dead dog or something really bad.

"This girl asked Santa for her very own sleigh." Yeah, that does sound like a farfetched request. Although, the year I learned about my dad's affair, that's exactly what I asked Santa for. I wanted to be able to see my dad whenever I wanted. He was gone all the time. Supposedly traveling for work, but come Christmas morning, I

learned that wasn't the case.

“Obviously, this was not a wish Santa could grant or else all the boys and girls would want one,” he continues. “So, I was told to study the girl and find out exactly what her heart truly desired that Christmas. After watching her for a few days, I realized that what she truly wanted was for her dad to stop traveling so much for work.”

Wow. I guess I wasn't the only little girl in the world longing to spend more time with their father.

“I knew it was a stretch,” he continues, “but I looked to see if there was something I could give them that would allow them to spend more time together. But that's when I discovered that her dad wasn't traveling for work. He wasn't in another state or another country like he'd told her he was. He was literally two blocks away.”

My shoulders tighten and I sit up on my forearm, a sick feeling creeping into my stomach as the memory floods back in.

“Mom, if Dad can't be with us for Christmas, can we go be with him?”

Mom squeezes my hand tighter as we continue to walk down the block to our favorite diner. I found a coupon for a free slice of pie in my stocking this morning, and since Dad couldn't be with us, Mom decided to take me to get a piece of my favorite pie for breakfast. We're going to wait to open presents when Dad gets home, so today is going to be filled with fun treats and games, followed by a marathon of all the Home Alone movies.

“I wish we could, sweetheart...” She reaches for the door handle of Manilla's Diner. “But hopefully we'll get to see him tomorrow. Just know that Daddy wanted to be here with us, but he can't control the weather in Montana.”

Apparently, a big winter storm moved in, and all the flights were cancelled. If he's lucky, he'll get to come home tomorrow. But that's still to be determined. But he told me the snow already stopped falling and he's super optimistic that he'll be back.

"He promised me that he'll never travel around the holidays again after this," Mom assures.

I step inside the diner and come to a halting stop, nearly squealing when I see my father sitting at a table. It was all just a joke. He did come home. He's here. I rush right to him, and nearly launch myself into his arms.

"You made it! Oh my goodness, Daddy, you're here. You guys tricked me." I pull back from my tight squeeze and turn towards my mom. "You had me completely fooled. That was a good one."

I expect her to be beaming with happiness, giggling along with me, but for some reason it looks like my mom has just seen a ghost. Her face has blanched white and there are tears in her eyes. She looks upset for some reason.

"Mommy," I say, wondering what's wrong. But then I see her eyes shift, and I look over, noticing for the first time that my dad isn't alone. Margot, his new paralegal, is here with him. Maybe Mommy is upset that he brought her along for their special surprise. Maybe she's worried that he's going to be working during breakfast. But as my mother begins to speak, slowly the truth comes to light.

"I knew it," Mom says, shaking her head. "You just couldn't keep your claws off him." She points her accusation at Dad's new secretary. "I saw the look in your eyes at the holiday party. I almost followed you both out when you went to go get the 'bonus' envelopes for the staff. I'm positive I would've learned the truth that night."

I don't understand. What truth?

“She’s not the one to blame for this, Mildred.” I look toward my dad, who now sounds angry toward my mother. “I’m the one that fell in love.”

Fell in love?

“How could you, John? Twenty years of marriage, our beautiful daughter—how could you destroy us? And for what? A twenty-year-old girl who only cares about your money. I thought you were a better man than that, John. I thought you valued marriage.”

The words are coming out fast, and I don’t understand what is happening. I need someone to explain. Everyone looks upset. Well, everyone except for Margot. For some reason, she looks happy that my parents are fighting, which makes me angry. My mom is upset over something that has to do with her, and Margot’s just sitting there smiling. It’s rude, and it’s making me hate the woman.

“It wasn’t planned, Mildred. It just happened. And as far as Millie goes, she’s always going to be my daughter. I’ll always love you, Millie bear.”

I swallow back the lump of unease that’s stuck in my throat. The pieces are slowly starting to come together, the image becoming clearer by the second. I think my father is in love with Margot.

“So, when were you going to tell us?” my mom asks, the tears now streaming down her cheeks. I rush to her side and hug her tight, hating that my father is causing her this pain.

“I was going to tell you after New Years,” he states. “But since you just learned the truth, I guess there’s no point in delaying the inevitable. I already contacted an attorney and will be filing for divorce after the holidays.”

The tears start streaming down my cheeks. My parents are getting a divorce. My dad is leaving. He's leaving us for Margot.

"So, I gave the girl the truth for Christmas. That way her father could stop pretending like he was away, and he could spend more time with her. It seemed like the perfect present to me, but Santa didn't like it."

I pull out of his arms and sit up, the cold truth crashing in. He's the one that made us discover my dad's affair on Christmas morning. He's the one that shattered us that day.

"Why would you do that?" My voice comes out harsh, causing him to jerk back. "Don't you know how devastated my mother was? She cried for weeks. I didn't think she'd ever stop. The look in her eyes as the truth settled in still haunts my thoughts."

"You were that little girl?" He sits up, looking shocked, but almost happy by the fact. "Wow. I can't believe it. How uncanny is that? Out of all the humans that I could've fallen for, it's you."

He doesn't even get it. He doesn't understand the mass destruction he caused in my life. All he's focused on is the fact that us meeting is some kind of ironic coincidence. Doesn't he see what he did? I know he didn't cause the affair to happen—that is all my dad's fault—but he caused the most amazing woman in the world, the brightest light I've ever known, to hate Christmas. Mom having to find out about the affair the way she did was the worst possible scenario, especially on what's meant to be the happiest day of the year. Now every year, when the stores start putting the Christmas crap out in August, she immediately goes into a downward spiral. Every Christmas song that plays, every house that's decorated in lights brings tears to her eyes. It ends up being the most miserable time of the year for us.

"You don't get it, do you?" I shake my head, climbing off my bed. "You destroyed

her. She was so happy. So full of life and joy. And you took that from her.” If she had found out after the holidays, on some random day, with a sit-down conversation from my dad, and not abruptly walking in on his special little morning with his mistress, it would’ve been easier for her. She still would’ve been hurt, still would’ve hated my dad for what he did, but she wouldn’t have associated the pain with the holiday season.

“I gave you both the truth, little dove, which is much better than the lies and deception your dad was dishing out.”

“Leave, Brawn,” I grit the words through my clenched teeth, the mass of emotions balling up in the pit of my stomach becoming too much to bear. “Get out and never come back.”

He shifts toward me, and I take a step away from the bed. “I don’t understand, Millie. I didn’t mean to upset you or your mother. I thought I was helping.”

“Go, Brawn. I never want to see you again.”

The pain in his eyes as he vanishes into thin air breaks the dam on my emotions and the tears flood down my cheeks. I collapse to the floor, wallowing in my misery. I thought that he was the one. I thought that the magic of the universe had brought me the most incredible being I could’ve ever asked for. After ten years of living in the rubble of my broken family, I felt light and happy again, but it’s gone. The joy, the merriment, the hope—it’s all been ripped away and replaced with dark, miserable heartbreak.

Brawn

I drudge through the cold snow, bracing myself against the bitter harsh wind as I make my way into the abominable forest, searching for the entrance to the wishing cavern. Legend has it that if you give your soul to the Keeper of Magic, it will give you anything you want. I want to take my girl's pain away. I want to change what I did all those years ago and fix my mistake. It obviously hurt her and her mother deeply, and I know it made Santa hate me, so I need to take it back.

The ringing of sleigh bells from above has me ducking for cover. Santa must be getting the reindeer warmed up for Christmas Eve. They need to stretch their legs after such a long hibernation. All of a sudden, the sleigh touches down about ten feet in front of me, and when Santa's eyes turn in my direction, I know I've been caught.

"Brawn? What on earth are you doing out here?"

I shake my head, turning toward the cave mouth before he can stop me and send me to the South Pole where I'll be forced to spend the rest of my years in dark misery without any hope of giving my little dove a happier life.

"Brawn!" Santa stops right in front of me, blocking my path. "Stop. What is going on?"

"Move, Santa. I need to do this."

“Do what, son?”

He’s not going to let me pass if I don’t tell him the truth. He has the strength and magical power to block my way. “I need to fix my mistake, Santa. I hurt them. It’s worse than what you laid before me, and now she hates me for what I did to her mother. But if I give my soul to the Keeper of Magic, I can fix it.”

His shoulders drop, and for the first time in all the years I’ve known the jolly old man, he looks sad. “Come, my boy. We need to talk.”

We suddenly appear in the middle of Santa’s living room, right in front of the blazing fireplace. The heat instantly defrosts my frigid bones, but does nothing to defrost my frigid soul.

“Take a seat, son.” Santa points to the big armchair next to the fire as he sits down in his chair. “There’s something I should’ve told you ages ago, but I was worried it would go straight to your mischievous head and create havoc up here for me. But it’s time for you to know the truth.”

Okay, my elf ears are perked up.

“The day you gave that family the truth, you altered their fate.” Yeah, I know I did. I destroyed their lives apparently, took away their Christmas spirit as Santa told me. I destroyed Millie’s mother, which is one thing he failed to share, but my little dove made it clear for me tonight. “It would’ve happened two weeks later,” he continues. “Millie’s mother was going to meet her husband for lunch, only he had invited her to his office so he could serve her his divorce papers.”

The concept of divorce still baffles me. I don’t understand how anyone could ever walk away from their mate. It’s an inconceivable notion. My heart knows who it belongs to. The decision is out of my hands. It’s like the fates decided, and if I can’t

have the one I'm meant to be with, I don't want to go on living.

"Mildred Lermen was going to get in her car, devastated by the news, and on her way home, she was going to end up wrapped around a telephone pole. The tears blurred her vision, and she didn't see the vehicle breaking in front of her. She wouldn't have made it out of that wreck alive. And that little girl of hers was going to die of a drug overdose at the age of seventeen, unable to handle the loss of her mother. So had you not done what you did, Brawn, their fate would've been much worse."

The shock of that truth is rattling me to the bones. The thought of my Millie being so overcome with sadness that she wouldn't want to live is gut wrenching. I can't imagine this world without that magnificent girl. She is a gift. I can honestly say, that I'm happy for my poor decision. Though, Millie doesn't see it that way.

"I was worried that if I told you that you had done well, you would've gone around the world trying to intervene in everyone's lives, and that the outcome wouldn't have always worked out in your favor."

His assumption isn't so farfetched. If I had had an inkling of knowing I'd saved someone's life, I would have felt like a superhero and would've flown from town to town, city to city to see how many people I could save. But like Santa said, I could've done more harm than good.

"So, I'm grateful for the choice you made that year," he admits. "You did good, boy."

I shake my head. "Millie doesn't think so. She hates me for it."

He lets out a sigh. "That's because she doesn't know the truth. All she knows is that she lost her family that day, and that her mother has never recovered. Christmas is now associated with pain and bitter memories. And every time the holiday nears, Millie loses her mother for a few months. It's been like that since she was ten years

old. That is why she was so upset with you.”

“Well then take me back to the Keeper of Magic and let me give Millie back her happiness.”

“No, Brawn,” he nearly shouts. “I will not let you sacrifice your life. You mean too much to me and the others. And I made a vow to your parents that I would keep you safe, raise you as my own. You’re like my son. I will never let you give up your soul.”

“But Millie is my soul, Santa. I don’t know how to explain it, but my life depends on her happiness. And if she’s going to be miserable every year, then I don’t want to exist. Not when I have the power to change that for her.”

“You love her, don’t you?”

I do. The truth is undeniable to even the strongest force of restraint. I have become enamored with the little human. And no golden rule can stop the way I feel. “Yes.”

“But it’s our most sacred rule, Brawn.”

“I know. But I can’t stop my heart from beating for her. The moment I laid eyes on her I knew. It was like magic, Santa. Like she was meant to be mine.”

He lets out another low sigh, shaking his head. “You sound just like your father. I think he used those exact words when he pleaded his case to marry your mother. I struggled to understand since I’ve never been in love, but to those who have, they all speak of it in the same way.”

“But Millie does not love me back,” I state the honest unbearable truth.

A low chuckle comes rumbling out of the old man, but I fail to see the humor in my broken heart.

“Your mother didn’t love your father at first either.”

“Yes, she did.” I shake my head. “My father told me how they met and fell in love at first sight.”

“No,” Santa states. “He told you the cover story. Your father fell in love at first sight. Your mother was terrified of him.”

Wow. They lied to me. But why would they do that?

“So then, when did they fall in love?”

“When he set her free.”

Set her free? He’s making it sound as if my father was holding my mother against her will.

“She was his prisoner?” I ask. That definitely was a detail my parents left out of their epic love story.

“According to your mother, yes. But that’s all I will say on the matter. If you want to know more, Brawn, you’ll have to ask them. It’s not my place to share. Now, as far as you are concerned, my boy, I will not let you kidnap the girl, nor will I let you both live miserably broken lives. Which means it’s time for me to pay her a visit.”

Hope takes root inside my chest. If anyone can fix what I’ve done, it’s Santa.

12

Millie

I quietly shut the front door and rush to my car, throwing my bags into the trunk before I climb in. I can't do it. I can't wake up tomorrow morning and pretend that it's all okay. Pretend that my father didn't destroy our family. Pretend that Brawn didn't break my heart. I know Laney is going to be upset, but I hope she'll be so wrapped up in her presents that she'll forgive me for leaving without saying goodbye.

"Hello, Millie."

I nearly launch myself out of my seat at the sound of the deep voice. I look over, and sitting in my passenger seat is an old man dressed like Santa Claus. Great, so now I'm going to be robbed on Christmas Eve. Wow. This holiday couldn't get any worse. Next year, I'm going to be joining my mom on the cruise and pretending like it's the Fourth of July on some Caribbean Island.

I reach for my door handle but the lock clicks, sending me into a full-blown panic attack. I'm not even sure I'm going to be alive next Christmas.

"It's okay, Millie. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to talk to you about Brawn."

What? My vision slowly begins to focus on the man beside me, studying him closer. The gray hair. The long, silky white beard. The creases around his eyes. His big round belly which definitely looks like it's seen a cookie or two in its lifetime. He looks just like the Santa depicted in all the books.

“He told me that you learned the truth about what he did. He said you told him to never come back.”

My pulse starts to race. I think I’m having a conversation with the real Santa Claus.

“I want to tell you a story, Millie. About the elf who has the most genuine heart. The boy who believed he was doing the right thing, not understanding that human life isn’t so simple. He thought that by revealing the truth all those years ago, he’d be giving you your dad back. He had no idea he’d be taking your mom away from you in the process. He didn’t know the reason why your father had been lying.”

It sounds like Santa is here pleading Brawn’s case, but why couldn’t Brawn come and do that himself? Why is apologizing so difficult for the people in my life? They never fight for me. They never say the hard words. It’s five simple letters, S-O-R-R-Y, but it has the power to heal a broken heart. Yet, no one realizes that.

“But I need to tell you, Millie. If Brawn hadn’t acted impulsively, the fate of your family would’ve been far worse. I can’t tell you any more than that, and I’m not saying that excuses him for his actions, but I wanted you to know the truth.”

Great, so one way or another, my life would’ve sucked. “I guess that means I owe the guy a thank you.” I can’t even help the anger in my voice. This entire situation is totally absurd. Here I am having a conversation with the jolly old Saint Nick, and instead of him asking me what I want for Christmas, he’s trying to convince me that his elf is a decent guy. But a decent guy would have stood before me and begged me to forgive him.

“I didn’t say that,” Santa states, narrowing his eyes, not sounding very jolly at all. “But I do think you owe the boy a chance.”

I shake my head. Brawn had a chance. He had a chance to beg, grovel, and show how

terribly sorry he was, but he left. And now, he sent in the big guy here to do the hard work.

“Thank you, Santa. But I just want to be left alone. Now, do you mind?”

His head rears back like I just slapped him across the face. “Yes, I mind. No wonder you were always on the naughty list. You have no respect or appreciation for the good things. Here I am making a special stop on Christmas Eve when I have millions of boys and girls to visit, and your stubborn ass can’t even appreciate the gesture. Well, I tell you what, maybe after you spend some time up at the North Pole and see what some children are truly enduring, you’ll be singing a different tune. He suddenly waves his hand and then I’m no longer inside my car. I’m standing in what looks to be a cottage, staring at a shirtless Brawn. Noting all the ripples of muscles running along his broad shoulders and down his strong back.

“Keep her locked in here until I return, Brawn. The girl needs to be taught a lesson on how to be nice.” Santa’s gone within a flash, and now I’m alone with Brawn in this very confined little space.

“Millie?” He turns to face me. His eyes darkening on the spot. Shoulders tensing as he takes me in. A slow and steady perusal, head to toe, eyes lingering on my cleavage. His chest rising and falling faster and faster.

His body is incredible. Every inch of his strong chest is detailed with lines of rigid strength. Every black tattoo makes him look dangerous and sexy. My eyes drop lower, following the trail of little coarse black hairs leading its way down to one incredibly thick cock which has risen in my honor. There’s no denying that he is one sexy-as-hell elf.

“You see something you want, little dove?” His voice is about as rough as my ragged breathing. That uncanny force is drawing me in. My lower belly is tingling to life,

and that magical feeling that I can't describe is now coursing through my veins. He takes a step toward me, and a tremor of desire runs up my spine. There's a force much stronger at play here because every thought that had just been racing through my mind has vanished. There's only one thought plaguing me now, causing a rampant ache between my legs.

He takes another step forward, and my knees grow weak. "Looks like you're a very naughty girl indeed." His eyes have turned to cinder, his body loaded with tension. The sweet elf I've come to love has disappeared and left in his place is someone dark. Someone dominant. Someone who looks to be caught under the same spell.

"Santa shouldn't have brought you here. My control is weaker up here." Another three feet of space is removed between us and I'm not only running out of a safety zone, I'm also running out of air. "I need to make you mine, Millie. I have to claim you." He takes the final step in front me, and my knees give out.

His arm wraps around my back, catching me before I touch the ground, pulling me snug against his chest. He lifts me in the air, taking me to his bed. "I'm going to make it better, little dove. I'm going to give you what you need."

I don't understand it. It's almost like I've been taken to another planet, and sex is what I need to survive. It's all I can think about. My back hits the mattress and in one fast shrug he rids me of my pants, collapsing onto his knees as his eyes land between my legs. "It's pink and swollen." His head drops forward and his nose nuzzles against my folds, breathing me in deep, sending a blast of that all-consuming heat through my pussy. "And wetter than she was last night."

"Brawn." I nearly buck off the bed as his tongue comes out and licks my juices up slowly. His moan rumbling against my sensitive skin. I grip onto his head, holding on for what feels like dear life as he dives back in for more. Ravenously licking up every drop.

“I’ve never tasted anything like you, Millie. You’re sweeter than gumdrops and richer than hot chocolate.”

The ache is nearing an excruciating high. My hips begin to grind against him, needing to find relief. His groan of approval is loud, and his mouth has now doubled down its efforts. Licking, sucking, and nibbling his way over every inch. When he wraps his lips around my clit, sucking on it like it’s the tip of a candy cane, my body explodes. The orgasm tears through every nerve, shattering my strength and leaving me in a heap of exquisite convulsions. I’ve never felt anything like it. It’s like I’m floating in some magical realm. Every part of me tingling with pleasure. It’s another crazy phenomenon that I can’t explain. All I know is that I want more of it.

“Open your eyes, little dove. I need to know you’re all right.”

My eyes flutter open. Brawn is above me, looking calmer now, which doesn’t make sense. I figured he’d be in more of a dire state, needing to find relief to his own ache.

“It’s better now.” I nod, feeling like I can finally breathe again. “The pain is gone.”

“Good, little dove. That’s good.”

“What about you?” I reach down between us, wanting to feel what kind of state he’s in, but his hand stops me.

“If you touch me now, I won’t be able to stop, and there’s something I need to say first.”

“But you’re still in pain.” I can see it straining between his legs.

He shakes his head. “Kissing you took the edge off. But it’s not going to last, so I need to get this off my chest. I’m sorry, Millie. I didn’t know my actions would hurt

you and your mom. I can't go back in time and change anything, but there is something I can do to make it better. And if Santa gives me a Christmas wish, my only wish is for you and for those you care about to be eternally happy."

The tears blur my vision. That word has a magical power of its own, making the pain retreat. Making me feel lighter. Hopeful.

"It pains me to think that you've spent so many years suffering, my sweet girl, but that is going to end. And if Santa won't give me my wish, then I'll go to the Keeper of Magic and give him my soul in exchange for your happiness."

I shoot up, rattled by his words. "No, Brawn. You can't do that. Please promise me you'll never do that. I'm in love with you. I need you in my life. Please, you have to promise me." He can't leave me. I won't survive without him.

13

Brawn

My father once told me that when a giant's soul finds its mate and their souls unite, our magic grows to exponential bounds. I'm pretty sure that's what I'm feeling because my entire body feels like its electrified with power. My heart feels like it's expanding inside my chest, glowing with love and pounding with strength. Joy and merriment don't even come close to describe the emotions that are saturating my senses.

"Are you telling me you want to keep me, little dove?"

Her insistent "yes" has me smiling.

"And, does that mean I get to keep you, too?"

"Yes." She bobs her head profusely. "I want you to keep me forever, Brawn."

And the jingle bells are now ringing in my ears like it's Christmas morning.

"I love you, my little turtle dove."

"I love you, too. Wait." Her face lights up like something just came to her. "Is that why you call me little dove?"

"Yes." I nod. "They mate for life. Never flying without the other. Both caring for

their young from egg until the time they leave the nest. You, my little dove, are the one I want to fly through life with. You are the one I want to make babies with.”

Her smile suddenly falters and the look that settles into her beautiful eyes has my nerves rattling.

“But what about the golden rule, Brawn? We aren’t allowed to be together. It’s forbidden.”

I lay her back down, wedging myself between her legs. “I bet if I can turn you into a nice, sweet girl, get you to stop being so naughty, Santa will grant us his blessing.”

“And how do you plan to do that?” She cocks her chin, letting her naughty side come out to play.

“By shoving my magical cock between your legs and taming your wild.”

Her teeth sink down into her bottom lip and the urge to lick the little indents away draws me forward.

“That would definitely make me obey,” she moans as I press my lips to hers, swiping my tongue across her plump skin. She tastes like sugar plums and Christmas cookies. My two favorite treats. I dive in for more, tangling with her tongue, hungry to be closer. I reach for the waistband of my pants and slide them down. My cock springs right up, pointing toward her wet little valley. Ready to sheathe himself in her tight wet channel.

“Take off your shirt, little dove. I need to see all of you.”

She pulls the thing right over her head, and her snowy, plush mounds bounce free. My mouth waters at the sight of her tight little cherry peaks. I dip down, sucking one

right between my lips, hearing her gasp as her chest arches into my touch. Her body is truly a wonderland, and I'm eager to explore what brings her pleasure.

I release my sweet treat and move to the other, working it hungrily. The pounding need that was surging through me when she first appeared in my room has now returned; it's time to take her.

I pull back, aligning our bodies perfectly, my thick shaft already glowing with anticipation.

"Is your dick magical?" she asks, looking at it with eyes as big as Rudolph's.

"Yes." My voice is a groan as my hand strokes over it. "Magic runs through my veins. And I'm about to show you exactly what I'm capable of."

Now that I've seen her toy in action, I know exactly what she likes. And I'm about to prove that the cock between my legs is better than any plastic vibrating thing. If she wants me to vibrate, I can pulse at any speed. If she wants her clit to be tickled while I'm buried inside, then I can make that happen too. She called her thing a rabbit, but she's about to get the fucking Easter bunny.

I shift forward, making my descent to her entrance. My control already starting to slip. The compulsive need is rearing its head. There's something about this girl that not only brings out the giant in me but makes me lose my mind. And when I start to sink inside her tight wet channel, the restraint on my willpower snaps. My power takes over. The current of magical life is flowing through my system, making me glow like the North Star. Heavens, I've never been so charged, but right now, I feel like I could do anything. I feel as powerful as Santa.

"Do you like having me inside you, my little dove?" My voice is unrecognizable to my own ears. Millie's eyes flutter open and a soft little yes comes moaning out of her

plum colored lips. “Are you ready to be taken by this giant?” Another little moan slips free as I thrust my hips forward. “Then hold on, little dove, because it’s time to go for a magical ride.”

I grab the reins of our pleasure and begin my sweet torture, using my magic to give her body what it needs. Letting it flow out of my pores and travel over every inch. Suctioning around her sensitive nipples. Buzzing between her legs just like that naughty toy.

I swallow her mouth in a kiss, while my magical mouth travels down her stomach, licking and kissing its way down to her pussy. It circles around her entrance as I split her wide with my cock. When I run its tongue lower, tickling against her back little ring, her body shatters. Coming so hard she launches us both into the air. And when I feel the clench around my shaft, the wetness dripping down my balls, I’m struck with my own release, colliding into the heat as my body lights up the entire room. Glowing like the radiant sun.

This is why my dad took the risk and went against the rules. This is what they mean when they speak of soul mates. This girl is my one. She’s truly the other half to my heart.

“How’d you do that?” Her breathless voice has my eyes opening. Her cheeks are flushed and her eyes are filled with wonder.

“It’s magic, little dove. I can make it feel like you’re being taken by ten of me at once if I want. There are no limits now. You’ve released my powers, and now, I’m capable of anything.”

Her cheeks turn even brighter as she fights to hold back a smile. I think my little human is getting some naughty ideas. And I can’t wait to bring every single one to life.

14

Millie

“Come on, Millie. Wake up. It’s Christmas morning.” Laney’s voice enters my mind and I roll to the side, realizing I’m still in a deep sleep. “Millie! It’s almost eleven and Dad and Mom won’t let me open presents without you. Please.”

My mind starts to stir, trying to figure out why my sister is suddenly in my dream, and why her voice is getting louder. “I’m not looking, but here’s your robe.”

A soft thump lands on my body and my eyes fly open. My surroundings come into view, and a panic floods in after. I don’t understand why I’m in my bedroom at my dad’s house, and my sister is here. Where is Brawn? I went to bed in his home last night. I was wrapped in his arms, sleeping beside him. We’d talked about our future. Planned out how many kids we want to have. Where we want to live. But now...he’s gone.

“Earth to Millie! Are you still sleeping?” Laney’s face comes into focus and my mind starts to race. I throw on my robe and rush to the window, staring up at the sky, wishing it was night so I could see the brightest star.

“Please, Santa. I’m so sorry. I’m sorry I was rude to you. I’m sorry I didn’t appreciate how you were just trying to help. Please forgive me. Please don’t take him away from me. I promise to never be naughty again. I promise to celebrate every Christmas and will spread Christmas joy everywhere I go. Just please let me keep him. Please.”

“Millie.” My sister’s soft hand squeezes my arm. “Please don’t cry. You’re scaring me.” I turn my head, her sweet face looking so worried.

“I love him, Laney. The elf from the mall. He’s my special person.”

“Does he love you too?”

“Yes.” I nod. “Very much. He’s my prince charming, but elves are not supposed to marry humans. It’s against their rules. But I can’t live without him.”

“Girls!” my dad calls from my door. I quickly wipe my eyes, trying to get myself together, but I’m breaking inside.

“We’re coming, Daddy,” Laney answers for us, but he’s already walking into my room. The moment he sees my face, he’s rushing toward me.

“Millie, sweetie, what’s wrong?”

The pain is too much and I collapse into my father’s arms, the sadness rocking through me. “Please, sweetheart. Tell me what’s going on. Why are you so upset? Do you miss your mom? We can call her on the ship if you want to talk to her. Just speak to me, Millie bear.”

I can’t remember the last time my father showed any kind of concern for me. I’m not sure when the last time was that he even hugged me. It feels like I’m that little girl again, and my dad truly cares about me. “Talk to me, sweetie. Whatever it is, I can fix it.”

I look up, seeing the genuine worry formed on his brow and in his teary eyes. He hasn’t stopped loving me.

“I’m in love.” I struggle to get the words out. “And I don’t think I’m ever going to see him again.”

He pulls me in closer, embracing me tighter. “Well, if he can’t see what an incredible girl you are, then it’s his loss. You’re going to be okay, sweetheart. Daddy’s got you.” He thinks my boyfriend broke up with me, but he doesn’t understand. And I can’t exactly explain the fact that I went and fell in love with one of Santa’s elves, but because of the rules of the magical realm, we can’t be together. My dad will take me straight to the mental hospital and have me committed if I tell him the truth.

“I know that you’re sad, sweetheart, but maybe a little Christmas cheer will make you feel better. Do you want to come down and open some presents? Have some gingerbread French toast and some eggnog?”

“You made gingerbread French toast?” I look up at him again.

“I did. It was always your favorite.”

“But you haven’t made it since I was a kid.”

“I make it every Christmas morning, wishing you were here with us,” he says, rubbing the tears off my cheeks. “It’s really great having you here, Mills. Thank you for spending Christmas with us this year. It feels like our family is complete. And it makes the holiday feel extra special.”

My dad is right. I haven’t spent Christmas with them since the divorce. I never wanted my mom to be alone on Christmas day. I was too worried of what she might do. It’s also because I’ve been harboring a lot of resentment towards my father. I still don’t approve of the choices he made, but I have to stop shutting him out. It’s not healthy for any of us, and I know it’s definitely not helping my relationship with my stepmom either.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here in the past,” I tell him.

He shakes his head. “I understood why. And I’m sorry for how everything went down. I never wanted you or your mother to find out the way you did. I was so shocked that morning about you seeing me with Margot, that I said all the wrong things. Handled it so poorly. And I’m sorry for that. And I know Margot is too. She’s cried about it so many times, wishing she could go back and apologize to your mother. She’s wanted to apologize to you too but has been scared to talk to you about it. But I just want you to know that we both have a lot of regrets, and if we could go back in time, we’d do things differently.”

If I could go back, I’d do things differently too. “It’s okay, Dad. I forgive you both.” There’s a huge weight of relief lifted as I say the words. It feels good to let the past go. It’s freeing.

He smiles, pulling me in for another tight hug, and it finally feels like the pain has subsided. All these years that’s all I ever wanted to hear, that he’s sorry. And now I know that my dad is the same man I always knew. He still loves me. I haven’t been replaced.

“Can we please go open presents?” My little sister’s voice has me smiling. I’m sure this is killing her. This is the biggest day of the year for her, and she’s already been patiently waiting half the day to open all her new toys.

I pull out of my father’s hold and turn. “Yep. Let’s do it. Let me just run to the bathroom real quick and I’ll be down in a minute.”

She bounces excitedly, taking my dad’s hand and leading him from my room. I take the moment to get myself cleaned up. My heart is still aching and empty, but my family is waiting for me. As much as I’d rather curl up in bed and cry myself to sleep, I can’t. So, I get my teeth brushed, put on a red sweater dress with white leggings

underneath, then head downstairs.

As soon as I step into the living room I'm struck in shock. The place has been transformed into a Christmas fairy tale. The tree is huge and bright, decorated with so many beautiful sparkly ornaments. There are presents spilling out from under it. Lights are strung around the room. Stockings are hanging on the mantle. And sitting to the side is the most adorable red wooden sleigh with a small gift sitting on its bench.

"Isn't it incredible, Millie?" Laney's practically dancing in circles. "Santa came and made it all so pretty. And he brought you your very own sleigh." She goes over to the little red gift. "And this is for you." She picks up the box and rushes it to me. I look down at the label, but it's not from Santa. It says To: My Little Dove From: Your Naughty Elf.

The smile splits my cheeks and I practically tear the thing open, finding a little blue velvet box on the inside. My heart takes a leap inside my chest, my pulse beginning to race. I slowly open the top and sitting on a little satin cushion is the biggest shimmering diamond I've ever seen.

"Will you marry me, little dove?" The deep voice has me turning, and down on bended knee is my very own elf. "I love you, Millie. And I want to spend eternity with you."

The tears are streaming down my cheeks again, only this time they're happy tears.

"Yes!" I nod, trying to get my blubbering words out. "I love you, Brawn."

He takes the ring and slides it onto my finger, then scoops me up into the air, giving me a kiss that has my toes curling in my tights.

“So...” My dad clears his throat. “I take it this is the guy you were talking about.”

“Yes,” I practically squeal. “This is my person, Daddy.”

“Well then, why don’t you introduce me to my future son-in-law. And maybe you could explain how he just appeared in the middle of my living room because I’m kind of freaking out here.”

I lean forward, pressing my forehead to my incredible man and squeal again. I can’t believe this is happening. It’s all so unreal. This is the best Christmas present a girl could ask for. And now the holiday I once despised has just become my favorite day of the year.

“It’s magic, Daddy. He’s one of Santa’s elves,” Laney practically sings. “And see, Millie? Santa did give me my very own elf for Christmas. Now, he’s going to be my brother.”

I turn to her, smiling bright. “You were right, Laney bear. We both got exactly what we wanted for Christmas.” Everything I could’ve wished for just came true.

15

Brawn

One year later...

“C ongratulations, son.”

I turn my head as Santa steps up to my side. He’s still dressed in his jolly red suit.

“Thanks, Santa. And Merry Christmas.”

He nods, shaking his head. “Of all the days in the year, you two had to choose Christmas for your wedding.” I know he’s teasing. I think he secretly loves the fact that we’re here, celebrating this incredible moment with him. Usually after he delivers all the toys, he returns home for a meal with the elves and then retires to his room to catch some zs. I think part of that has to do with the fact that he doesn’t have someone special to share the holiday with and would rather sleep than feel lonely.

“By the way, that new mother-in-law of yours is quite the looker.” I turn and look toward Margot, shaking my head. Not that she isn’t pretty, but my Millie is a million times more beautiful.

“Not that one,” he says. “Your other mother-in-law.” I turn toward Millie’s mother and see her smiling and dancing with the elves. She definitely is beautiful; my little dove is a younger version of her. Lets me know exactly what I have to look forward to down the road.

“Why don’t you ask her to dance, Santa?”

He huffs, shaking his head. “Already tried. That stubborn woman turned me down. Said she’s sworn off men for life.”

I can’t help but chuckle. Mildred is definitely set in her ways. It’s just good to see that her Christmas spirit is back. But I think her daughter being engaged to an elf helped in that department. As soon as we brought her up to the North Pole, introduced her to Santa and the elves, it was like she transformed into a different person. Millie said she couldn’t remember her mom ever being so happy.

“But you’re not just a man.” I turn to him. “You’re Santa Claus.”

He tips his chin. His features growing serious. “You know what, Brawn. You’re right. I have power and magic, and that woman is going to be mine.”

Before I have a chance to respond, he’s stalking toward Mildred, looking like a Santa on a mission. I turn in search of my wife, wanting to tell her what Santa just said, but I don’t see her anywhere in the room.

“Have you seen your sister?” I ask Laney, who’s knee deep in candy and treats, looking as happy as an elf.

“She went that way.” She points her candy cane in the direction of our cottage. I leave our guests to go in search of my wife, wondering if she needed to use the restroom, or maybe just needed a moment of quiet. The elves can be very loud, and when they’re all hyped up on sugar and joy, they get even louder.

“Are you in here, little dove?” I push the door open and find her sprawled out on the bed, her body writhing against the sheets, a soft little whimper filling the room. It’s been too long, and the heat has taken over. My father just shared an interesting fact

about giants with me. Apparently our cum is like a drug, and it sets our mates into a frenzy. Their bodies grow addicted. And if they go too long without it, the ache grows too strong.

I hold my hand out, channeling my magic between her legs, flicking her clit with my thoughts. “When are you going to learn, little dove? All you have to do is ask and you shall receive.”

I pin her thighs to the bed, smelling her need the closer I get. Her pussy is glowing as I buzz her with a tingling current, spreading the tail of my magic lower, and then driving it right inside her deep wet heat. She shoots upright screaming my name as she gets zapped by all those magical little sensations.

I love watching her come. I love knowing how her body depends on me for relief. It makes me feel alive. Finally gives me a true purpose. She’s panting in her heat. Her entire body glowing, and I’m the one in control. It’s like she’s my very own naughty little toy, and oh, how I love playing with her.

I move in closer, swirling my magical tendrils over her clit, wrapping one around to her puckered little diamond. Every hole is now being played with. Every sensitive spot filled with tingles. I step up to the side of the bed, my thick shaft in hand. It’s time to fill one more hole. She drops her head, moaning as my flavor hits her tongue. She craves the taste of me as much as I crave her sweet nectar.

“Is this what you wanted, my little dove?”

She bobs her head up and down on my shaft, sliding over me with perfection, teasing the release right to the end of my dick.

“You needed a feeding?” The pressure is about to boil over. I turn my magic up a voltage, wanting her to come with me. “My naughty girl is always so hungry.” She

moans loud as I buzz her faster, stimulating every inch of her body, watching her entire frame tightening. And when my cum hits her tongue, my cock erupting in her flames, she shatters for me. Her body glowing like the brightest star. Radiating warmth just like the sun.

And under her light, I stand, making my one and only wish. To live happily ever after with my beautiful girl.

EPILOGUE

MILLIE

Ten years later...

“Y ou kids need to get to sleep,” my mom says, entering the room and scooping little Liam right up into her arms. She gives him a kiss and walks him to his bed. “Santa won’t come if you’re not in bed.” She puts him down and tucks him in. That boy is way too cute. His big sister on the other hand is as stubborn as my mom. She’s determined to stare out the window all night long in hopes of catching the jolly man in the act of delivering their presents. Little does she know, he’s already here turning my living room into a Christmas fairy tale.

“That’s right,” Santa states as he steps up behind my mother, dressed in his flannel pajamas, looking like a grizzly old biker dude in pjs and not at all like the big Jolly old Saint Nick that I see up at the North Pole every day. “He sees you when you’re sleeping, and he knows when you’re awake. So you better close those eyes and get to sleep.” He nuzzles into the side of my mother’s neck, whispering something that I unfortunately have the pleasure of hearing. “Because Santa needs to give his naughty girl a spanking.”

My mom giggles at his remark, while I fight the urge not to gag. Gross. I may be thirty years old, but I definitely don’t want to know that my mom’s going to be getting the Big D tonight. As happy as I am for her that she’s found her soul mate, I don’t want to think of them going at it. It’s weird enough knowing that my stepfather is Santa Claus.

While the two happy lovebirds are canoodling and giggling, I step over to Liam's bed and give him a kiss on the forehead. "Good night, my sweet boy. I love you."

"Love you too, Momma." He turns to face the wall, hugging his stuffed bear and closing his eyes again. He's eager to get to sleep so he can wake up and it will be Christmas morning.

"And you, my sweet girl." I step over to Rachel's bed. "You need to close your eyes like Grandpa Nick said and get some rest." I reach for her comforter and pull it over her little frame.

"Is Auntie Laney coming tomorrow?" she asks.

"Yes." I smile. My sister will be here as soon as she's done feeding the elves breakfast. That girl loves making them a special pancake feast every year as a way of saying thanks for all their hard work.

"Yay!" Rachel beams brighter. "And will we get to see Grandpa John and Grammy Margot?"

"Yes." I nod, having already gone over the details of tomorrow with her, but I know she's stalling. She is bound and determined to stay awake. "We'll go have Christmas dinner with them before we head to Alaska for New Years to spend time with Gramps and Grams." Brawn's parents. Although it's not really Alaska where we'll be going. We just tell the kids that so they don't go sharing all our family secrets to the kids at school. Not that any of them would believe them. Even I have a hard time believing it some days.

Her smile gets even brighter. "I can't wait to see Gramps and Grams. They're so fun. But will Uncle Argus be there?" She scrunches her nose up, clearly not his biggest fan.

“Yes.” I nod. “He’ll be there too. And I hope you’ll be nice to him.”

“He’s so grumpy,” she states, shaking her little head. “Even Auntie Laney agrees with me.” That she does. Argus is one creature Laney is not a fan of. But I think that’s just because he’s immune to her happiness and charms. Laney is used to being the center of attention. Bubbly, pretty, and always the girl everyone wants to be around. People and elves alike gravitate towards her, but not Argus—he ignores her most of the time, and if he ever does speak to her, it’s usually to ask her to stop talking.

I have to bite back my giggle at the thought. Personally, I think watching the two of them is funny.

“I think he’s just shy,” I tell her. “Now, it’s time for you to shut your eyes and go to sleep so Santa can come.” I lean down and give her a kiss on her forehead. “Love you, sweet girl.”

“Love you, too, Momma. Good night.”

I leave their room, noticing that the frisky Mr. and Mrs. Claus have already fled the scene. I’m sure they’re up at the North Pole having a private Christmas celebration of their own, while my sexy husband and the other elves are out delivering gifts around the world. I close the kids’ door and turn down the hall toward my bedroom, pausing when I hear a sound. I listen quietly, not hearing anything else, so I chalk it up to the house settling and open my bedroom door. As soon as I shut it behind me, a hand comes around my mouth.

“You’ve been such a naughty girl this year, Millie.” My heart starts to settle at the sound of my husband’s deep voice. He must’ve finished early tonight. “I saw how many times you used that toy without me. I watched you give that thing my pleasure.” My pulse starts to spike again. Brawn told me to throw the rabbit away, but I couldn’t bear to part with it. It was the very first gift he ever gave me. And

sometimes when he's up at the North Pole and the kids are at school, I find myself an aching mess and need to give myself some relief.

"I always think of you," I tell him. "So, you are still the owner of my pleasure."

He makes a tsking sound as he comes to stand before me. "That's no excuse, little dove. I told you that if you ever need a release, all you have to do is ask and I'd be here in a flash. But instead of calling for me, you used that plastic thing. And that makes me very angry."

Oh God. I'm already soaked at the thought of what's to come, and when he gives his command, I nearly lose my strength to hold myself upright. "Now, you're going to strip down and go climb up into your swing. You know what happens to bad little girls. Their pussies get spanked."

I reach for the bottom of my shirt, eager to strip myself down. My body is already trembling with anticipation. The swing is dangling above our bed, threatening the most exquisite torture. I make my way towards it, ridding myself of my clothing with every step. This swing is one of my most favorite presents that my husband has ever given me. Some nights he'll make me climb in so he can spend hours torturing me with his tongue. Pushing me back and forth, driving his tongue in and out, deeper and deeper.

I climb up into position, the cool air hitting between my widely spread legs, and I can barely breathe past the need rising inside me. My head falls back on my shoulders, desperate for my master to begin his punishment.

"You like getting fucked by this thing, don't you?" The sound of my vibrating rabbit has me lifting my head. My husband is holding it to his nose, scenting the remnants of my release. I wash it after every use, but he has the nose of a giant, so I'm sure he can smell me. And when his tongue licks around the top, a low rumble coming from his throat, I know he can taste me too.

“I’ll tell you what, little dove. If you take your spanking like a good girl, I’ll fuck that tight little ass with this toy.”

Mm...Brawn is in a very naughty mood tonight, and now my ass is quivering with excitement of what’s to come, because I always take my spanking like a good girl.

He climbs onto the bed, his black little paddle already in hand. That’s another one of my special presents. He made it for me to tame my stubborn streak, but his fun little gift backfired on him. I loved being spanked so much, I went out of my way to defy him. But when he started to withhold that magical dick of his, I quickly shaped up.

“Your little valley is soaked, little dove. I don’t think it’s going to take much before you’re screaming my name.”

It’s not going to take much at all. And when the paddle lands right between my legs, his name is already falling from my lips. The magical sparks of tension shoot right through me. The current of lust is surging into my clit. Every part of me is in blissful agony. Ready for more of my punishment. Needing him to give it to me harder.

He lands another hit down, and a fiery pulse shoots up my spine, making me feel alive. Making me want to be a very a naughty girl.

“That’s only two, my little dove, and this clit is already quivering.” He rubs the paddle through my folds. Up and down. Gaining speed as he begins to stroke his cock. The sight is nearly my undoing. The pleasure is building quick. Delicious tension is tightening in my gut, becoming tauter with every second. And when he starts raining down quick successive hits, the cord snaps. His name comes moaning from my lips as my entire body ignites with that magical heat, sweeping me right up in the intense feeling, swinging me through wave after wave of pleasure.

I finally come back from the magical realm and open my eyes. Brawn’s staring between my legs. His tongue licking across his lips, watching me make a complete

mess of myself.

“That was good, little dove. But now it’s time to show this cock that he’s the king in your world.”

He climbs up before me on the bed, grabbing ahold of the sides of the swing, and then...he’s pulling me forward, his cock sliding right into my body. My head falls back on my shoulders. The need instantly staking its claim on my sanity. He pushes and pulls me on and off his cock, swinging me in a rhythm that builds me to a frantic place. And when his magic starts to trail its way over every nerve, igniting the blaze, I sink into the heat and submerge myself in all the incredible sensations. Feeling like a happy girl on Christmas morning.

Brawn always takes me to a far away place. A place that’s filled with joy and love. A place that soothes my soul and chases away any doubt and every fear. My husband breathes the calm into me. He tames my wild and makes me feel like I can conquer anything. He’s made me a true believer. Not just in the magic of Christmas, but in the magic of eternal love.