



Wrapped and Tapped

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Category: Romance

Description: Tis the season for frustration. Neve has just about had it with the hustle and bustle of the holidays, including her overbearing Aunt Charlene's to-do list and three mysterious packages deposited on her icy doorstep.

When a surprise snowstorm grounds her travel plans, Neve curls up on the couch for a well-earned nap, but wakes to find a trio of elvish intruders—North, Tinsel, and Buzz—ready to put the holly jolly spirit right back into her holidays with some timely presents she'll never forget.

And Aunt Charlene? Well, she's just gonna have to do her own damn grocery shopping.

Wrapped and Tapped is a why choose sentient object romance with a twist, and features smexy elvish men that are all about getting festive and frisky with our female main character. Be sure to check out the look inside view for content considerations to make sure this hot holiday romance is right for you.

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The ice-blue numbers on my dash clock taunted me, reminding me how little time I had left to get the presents ready.

Of course, ZonaDeals had lied to me about my shipment dates, even though all their ads and pop-ups had pinky-promised to get everything to me before the holidays.

Now, I only had a few hours to get home, hastily wrap everything, and finish packing.

I was due to catch a flight out to the family homestead halfway across the country in time for a “magical” (read: thoroughly fucking exhausting) Christmas with a staggering amount of people.

I honestly didn’t even want to go, but Mom had wheedled a promise out of me and no one could wield a guilt trip like that woman.

I’d been a lot more hopeful in the pieces coming together before I’d left the office.

During my not-insubstantial commute, the delicate snowflakes had stopped swirling and dancing, coming down more like contractor bags of slush dropped off a building.

My windshield wipers were doing their damndest, but they were losing ground quickly.

I flicked my hazards on as I crept up the last stretch of road before home, praying that driving like a granny would keep my insurance premiums down.

The snow continued to absolutely bury anything resembling road lines, which is why my focus was elsewhere when a flurry of hooves and antlers suddenly broke the flow of white.

I screamed and stood on my brakes, and while my tail end skidded a little, I managed to avoid a collision.

It'd be just my luck to wreck my tried-and-true little sedan three blocks from my front door, but luck was on my side tonight.

Once I'd slid down my icy driveway with only a handful of heart palpitations, I rested my forehead on the steering wheel and let out a long, slow breath.

The drive home had been full of a lot of near-misses, and it was only when I was safely parked that I puzzled over the herd of deer I'd nearly smacked into.

I hadn't seen a single deer in the three years I'd lived here, and now a whole herd shows up? Weird.

I shoved my car door open, the bottom edge swooshing into snow that had already piled up several inches in the sudden freak snowstorm.

Grimacing, I pulled my coat around me tightly and stomped up to the porch, where not one, but four boxes greeted me.

One was clearly my ZonaDeals order, but the other three were carefully wrapped in festive paper and suspiciously pristine, with nary a smooshed corner or snowflake smear to be found.

As I unlocked the front door and nudged the boxes inside with the side of my boot, I jumped and backed into the wall when something in one of the nicer boxes seemed to

move .

I stared at the box for a long moment, waiting for it to shift again, before finally deciding I was just tired and imagining things.

Besides, even if some posh raccoon had burrowed in one of the weirdly luxe-looking boxes, electricity was too damned expensive to leave the door hanging open.

Hell, even if I got festive rabies, it meant I could duck out of the family gathering: win-win.

Keeping a wary eye on the three unexpected boxes, I fumbled off one of my mittens and dug around in my pocket for my pen knife, kneeling down and focusing on the ZonaDeals package.

A soft whump pulled my attention up from where I'd poised the knife edge against the packing tape.

Holding my breath, I stared at the interloper packages for a long, suspicious moment before convincing myself it was just a snow drift falling off the roof.

My adrenaline, still sky-high from my harrowing drive home, made me jumpy.

Thankfully, it was nothing a glass of wine couldn't fix.

I thought about the last bit of merlot waiting for me in the kitchen, and a smirk curled my lips.

Before I could change my mind, I gathered up the packages and carried them down the hall: wine, then presents.

I'd wrap the ones in my ZonaDeals order, pack for my flight, and possibly even have time to watch a cheesy Christmas movie before bed.

Setting the stack of gifts on the counter, my eyes lingered on the already beautifully-decorated ones, thoughts churning with curiosity.

Had they been delivered to the wrong house by a confused delivery driver?

Were they dropped off by a neighbor in the hopes of spreading Christmas cheer?

Without gift tags, I had no idea who they were from, or who they were for, but the need to find out tugged at me.

Maybe I would open them to see what was inside.

They might even make decent substitutes for the last-minute gifts I'd purchased from ZonaDeals.

Finally dragging my gaze away from the shining wrapping paper and crisp bows, I snatched the bottle of merlot from the opposite counter and unstoppered the wedged-in cork with a satisfying pop before retrieving a stemless wine glass from the cabinet.

As expected, there was just enough for a single drink, but I still tried to coax every drop from the bottle before chucking it in the trash.

I swished my glass around before knocking some back, making a face as the bitter liquid coated my tongue.

Another swig and I begged the wine to work its magic as quickly as possible, to soothe the edge of anxiety pumping through my veins.

My heart rate still hadn't recovered from nearly hitting the herd of deer, despite the number of deep breaths I'd taken since.

As I stood there, my eyes gravitated to the mystery packages again, possibilities churning to life in my mind once more.

My Aunt Charlene could have ordered them and had them sent to my place so I could bring them with me on the plane in the morning.

It seemed like something she would do, expecting me to pay the ridiculous carry-on charge to surprise her obnoxious grandchildren with more toys they didn't need.

I grumbled at the thought, sipping on my wine, as the idea grew more believable by the second.

If she expected me to haul these presents along with my overly-stuffed suitcase through the packed airport in the morning, she was nuts.

I set my glass aside, once again grabbing my pen knife and the ZonaDeals package.

Slicing through the packing tape, I popped the flaps of the box open and peered inside, fumbling through the contents to make sure it was all there.

Tissue paper, name labels, tape, a knitted scarf for Aunt Mina and a multi-function screwdriver for Uncle Jim.

Everything was there except the watch I'd bought for my grandfather, but I turned over the contents of the box once more just to make sure.

Of course, ZonaDeals would be late with their delivery and screw up my order.

I couldn't wait for the customer service line to open on Monday morning so I could give them a piece of my mind.

I'd have to pick something up in an airport shop for him instead, which was less than ideal considering I'd already given him a hint about his gift.

I groaned, shoving the opened package aside.

Clearly, my streak of luck had run out after all, and I drained the rest of my wine to dull the disappointment.

The pristine packages gleamed in the corner of my eye, and I sighed, pulling out my phone and flipping through the contacts until I got to Aunt Charlene.

It was still relatively early on the west coast, so I knew she wouldn't be sleeping.

I reluctantly jammed my thumb onto the call button.

Might as well figure out if she's behind them.

I could already hear the complaints about ruining their perfect wrapping—as if her little hellions wouldn't absolutely destroy it anyway.

Charlene picked up on the third ring, her nasal drone drilling into the peace of my snow-insulated home. “Neveeee. About time! We need you to pick up some groceries on the way from the airport. Are you here yet?”

I suppressed the internal sigh begging to be set free and forced a smile on my face, even though she couldn't see it.

“Not yet,” I said, although I was beginning to wonder if my plane would even take

off in the morning with how much snow was already on the ground.

“Groceries? You want me to haul these presents and get groceries on the way?”

I don't know if you remember, but I'm coming solo. I've only got two arms, Aunt Charlene.”

Solo. Yet another painful reminder of my failed engagement. Every time I got close to forgetting the heartache and disappointment of a five year relationship going down the drain, something subtle would always remind me how I hadn't been good enough for James. This time it was flipping groceries.

“Presents?” Aunt Charlene broke through my mental pity party, her tone clearly puzzled. “What presents?”

I pinched the bridge of my nose, the dull throb of a headache coming on, and eyed the gleaming packages with contempt.

“These gifts that showed up to my house today, already wrapped,” I gritted out, wanting to take one and punt it across the kitchen. “They are from you, aren't they?”

“No, darling, I have no idea what you're going on about,” Charlene replied, the din of her grandchildren's too-loud video game system blaring over the line. “Are you sure they aren't from that man of yours...what's his name again? Maybe he wants to reconcile.”

I narrowed my eyes on the pristine packages, sitting there mocking me.

Even more of a reason to punt them.

“I doubt it, Aunt Charlene,” I bit back another defeated sigh.

James had made it perfectly clear where he stood when he decided to bury his cock inside his co-worker on a supposed business trip .

I'd found out when he accidentally butt-video-called me just as they were getting hot and heavy.

“I also doubt my flight will be on time tomorrow. It's snowing something fierce here.”

Aunt Charlene scoffed on the other end of the line, only half-listening. “Of course it will, dear. I'll send you the list of things we need, but be sure to call me when you land in case I think of any others. Love you!”

Before I could object, she hung up, and I was left standing in my silent kitchen.

“Great,” I groaned, setting my phone aside and eyeing the foreign packages for the hundredth time.

Ok, maybe I should open them. If they weren't from Aunt Charlene, then they must have been left here by mistake. There might be a note inside, something that would give me a hint as to who was missing these presents.

I eyed the short, squat parcel in front, wrapped in gold paper and topped with a crisp teal bow, my curiosity welling to uncontrollable levels. I grabbed my pen knife again and stepped toward the counter, intent on carefully opening the package so I could—hopefully—rewrap it if I needed to.

But before I could even reach for the present, it emitted a muffled sound as it shifted on the counter, making me scream.

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Heart slamming against my ribs, I froze with my eyes glued to the counter, waiting for the present to move again. It didn't.

I swiped the back of a hand over my sweaty forehead, wondering if the wine had hit me harder than usual.

Skipping lunch probably wasn't the best idea, and I was paying for it now.

Seeing and hearing things? Not a good combination.

Maybe it was stress-related? I'd definitely had enough of that today.

A glance at the window confirmed that the snow was falling even more heavily now, and I let my eyes unfocus as the big, fluffy flakes filled most of my view.

The cell phone in my coat pocket buzzed, tearing me from my thoughts with a jarring notification ding.

I pulled it out to find an email from the airline, and my stomach pitched toward the floor as I quickly scanned it, fearing the worst. I'd been right: all flights out of my local airport, including mine, had just been canceled until further notice.

"Damn it," I hissed under my breath, irritated even though it wasn't the worst thing in the world. Hadn't I been willing to accept festive rabies earlier if it got me out of going? Maybe this was my blessing in disguise.

I sent a hasty text to Aunt Charlene with a screenshot of the email and bland

apologies, then turned off the ringer entirely.

I just didn't have the energy for another conversation with her after the day I'd had.

Besides, she'd probably tell me to take a damned dogsled or something to get the groceries she was perfectly capable of getting on her own.

Tossing one last curious glare at the presents on the counter, I decided rest was what I needed. I flopped down on the couch, curling up around a throw pillow, and closed my eyes for a brief, blessed moment to take the edge off of my threatening headache.

The snow was already burying any semblance of sidewalks or streets outside, I reasoned as I got comfortable.

Being a good neighbor and tracking down the presents' rightful recipient could wait an hour or two: the storm had basically trapped me in my home anyway.

That cheesy Christmas movie would also have to wait, because my eyelids were growing heavier with every second that passed, sleep dragging me under.

It wasn't long, minutes at most, before I slipped into restless dreams, unsettling images of Aunt Charlene chasing me down a mountain on a bobsled plaguing my mind.

I'd almost reached the bottom when she started launching groceries at me, hitting me in the back of the head with a bunch of broccoli right before a loaf of stale sourdough caught me in the side.

Sleep was still wrapped around my head like a scarf when I woke hours later, the corner of my mouth sticky from where I'd drooled on myself.

I sniffled, clearing my sinuses, and used a handful of the puffy couch cushion top to haul myself into a sitting position.

With a stretch, I gazed around the dark living room, and was about to get up to head to bed when noise in the kitchen caught my attention.

No, not noise... voices.

I sucked in a sharp breath, clapping a hand over my mouth as my heart squeezed in my chest. There was someone, several someones, in my house! Had they snuck in while I was asleep? Or had they broken in earlier and been hiding, waiting until I turned in for the night to make their escape?

Internally, I was screaming, but outwardly I kept as quiet as possible, wishing I hadn't left the pen knife on the kitchen counter.

The best chance I had at self defense was a remote, a few coasters, and a fat Santa figurine sitting on a side table.

Nothing that would help me against intruders, nothing that would serve as a decent weapon.

For fuck's sake. I'd even left my phone by the presents on the counter.

Taking a shaky breath, I leaned forward and looked down the hall. Could I make it to my bedroom and barricade myself inside before one of the intruders caught up to me? I could take my chances, however slim, outside and hope I made it to the neighbor's house without freezing to death first.

The voices mumbled on, just low enough that I couldn't quite make out what they were saying.

Icy fear clinging to my spine, I silently inched my way to the end of the couch, leaning as far as I could toward the entrance to the kitchen.

If I could just make out what they were saying, maybe I could work out a plan.

Or maybe I could work out their plan and go from there.

I didn't have much money—last month's rent increase had seen to that right before the holidays—but there were a few expensive things hidden throughout the house. Maybe I could barter for my life. If they'd wanted to kill me, they wouldn't have waited until I woke up to off me, right?

"We don't want to scare her," a deep, velvety voice said. Something shifted in the kitchen, and I strained to hear over the movement. "Buzz, put that down."

A muffled thump followed, along with a sigh. "There's no easy way to do it. She's likely never seen one of us before."

My ears perked up, and I leaned farther over the arm of the couch, trying to make out more of the conversation. One of them? What did that mean? And were they really talking about me like I wasn't supposedly passed out in the other room?

Of course they were.

"I'll do the talking," a third voice said, this one soft and light. "We don't need either of you ruining this for us. If we have any chance at earning his forgiveness we need to..."

His voice fell so low I couldn't hear anything else, and I stretched my neck as far as it would go, balancing on the sofa arm like a gymnast posing on a beam.

I was close to the doorway now, almost near enough to peer around and see straight into the kitchen, but I suddenly pitched forward and yelped as I fell.

Despite the plush carpet, my forehead cracked against the floor, a flash of pain radiating through my skull, and I fought to orient myself.

The scrape of a kitchen chair sliding across the tile made my heart leap into my throat, followed by three urgent pairs of footsteps.

I finally worked myself up onto my elbows and managed to roll over, tiny bursts of light exploding in front of my eyes as three figures loomed over me.

I blinked hard, willing my gaze to focus, but even then I wasn't sure what I was looking at.

The three men, each looking equally worried, were odd .

For one, they all had brilliantly-colored hair, like they'd just come from a cottagecore punk show, vivid hues that streaked down through their facial hair.

Their features were honed but delicate, closer to male models than Lisa Frank lumberjacks, though they had the height for either.

For two, they all had distinctly pointed ears and wore a bizarre assortment of Christmas-themed clothes.

Suspenders, wildly-printed shirts and pants, dangling ornament earrings.

It was a lot—too much—to take in at once, and I couldn't focus on any one of them long enough to take in all the details.

The man with teal hair dropped to a knee next to me, his messy tousled mop of soft green-blue a contrast to his tidy Van Dyke facial hair: a soft-edged mustache and a pointed goatee.

He looked to be just barely the youngest of the trio, somewhere in his mid-20s.

With a hesitant smile, he gently slid his hand under my head to cushion it from the floor, his skin warm with the scent of cloves as he helped me sit up.

“Are you okay? Don’t worry, we won’t hurt you.

I’m Tinsel, I’m sorry if we scared you.”

Tinsel? I must have hit my head harder than I thought. My eyes darted to the other men, both looking at me with gentle concern, and then back at the teal-haired Depp-twin hottie cradling my head in his hand.

“H-how did you get in my house?” I asked, pain throbbing through the front of my head. I probably needed to ice it. Hopefully I wouldn’t have a goose egg there in the morning.

The man standing over me with bright pink hair cleared his throat, looking at me like I’d lost my mind. “You...brought us in?”

I cackled, the unmoored sound echoing off the walls of the quiet living room, but none of the men joined in. Clearly they didn’t think that claim was as hilarious as I did. What had I done? Sleep walked and let them in?

“You’re insane,” I said, attempting to sit up despite the faint dizziness. Tinsel helped me off the floor, pulling me to my feet and making sure I wasn’t going to faint before stepping back to give me space. “I wouldn’t let a bunch of perfect strangers into my

house. You three need to leave. Now .”

It was the cobalt blue-haired man's turn to speak. His eyes were as vibrant as his scruffy beard, and he shifted awkwardly before glancing to the others as he spoke. “We...can't.”

My eyes bounced between the three of them, trying and failing not to linger on their handsome features.

They were strangers who broke into my house.

I shouldn't have thought any of them were sexy, but there I was, eyeing them like delicious pieces of candy. They even smelled good—a mix of nostalgic Christmas scents like gingerbread, peppermint, and pine swirling around me and distracting me from my anger. I had to tell them to leave... right? Yeah, of course. Obviously . C'mon girl, get it together.

My forehead, which I'm sure would bruise later, throbbed in agreement.

A quick side glance at the window told me the snow hadn't let up at all during my nap.

Could I really send them out into a storm like that?

Even if they'd driven here, they certainly weren't leaving right now.

They'd just end up camped outside my house, fighting to keep warm in their car until the battery died, or it ran out of gas.

Guilt crept in and I mentally batted it away like an annoying mosquito.

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“Sure you can,” I said, injecting some verbal oomph to the non-suggestion.

“Just, you know, leave the way you came. Walking? Driving?” Another peek out the window told me they couldn’t reasonably do either, but I was trying to come across as an outraged homeowner, not the thirsty holiday hoe currently threatening my better judgment.

The vibrant pink-haired man shook his head, crossing his arms over his broad chest, stretching the material of his green sweater to its breaking point—and mine. “I’m sorry, Neve. It’s not that simple. You see, we’re?—”

“How the hell do you know my name?” I gasped, cutting him off and fumbling my way around my lone armchair, needing to put furniture between me and my unexpected non-guests.

Had they been stalking me? Going through my things?

My heart flipped, brain shuffling frantically through unlikely possibilities. “What the hell is going on?”

“We really don’t mean any harm, I promise,” Tinsel repeated, his gentle voice breaking through the alarm bells screeching in my head.

Something about him was so comforting, so personable.

It was like I’d known him for a long time, even though I was fairly confident I’d never seen him before.

“We can’t leave because we’re bound here, Neve.

Buzz,” he nodded at the guy with pink hair, “—North and I are here as a punishment, and we can’t leave until we’re given a reprieve by the King of the Winter Court. ”

“King? Is this...is this like a LARP thing? Like ren faire stuff or something? Because I am not playing, you assholes picked the wrong house and I will call the police.” I tried to sound threatening as I gave a quick, anguished glance towards my phone on the distant kitchen counter, currently blocked off by a wall of weird holiday hunks.

Get rid of landlines , they said. You’ll never use them , they said. Fuck my life .

Blue hair—North?—finally spoke up in a deep, commanding baritone, giving a puzzled repetition of what I’d just hissed at them.

He tilted his head, reminding me of my cousin’s German Shepherd every time we had to spell out W-A-L-K to prevent zoomies.

“Larh-rrp? Is that a...food? A cake eaten at this celebration of Ren?”

I raised an eyebrow, currently clutching the back edge of the couch in a death grip of anxiety. “What? No! It’s...like a big play-acting thing. You know, swords, fair maidens—” I gestured angrily at their delicately pointed ears. “ Elves ?”

Their expressions brightened at my exasperated answer, each man nodding to himself.

Tinsel beamed at me. “So you know of us! That will make things easier. You undoubtedly know, then, of the Winter King’s infamous temper, particularly where his dau—” North frowned and shook his head pointedly at Tinsel, whose expression shuttered as he obediently fell silent.

My death-grip on the back of the couch loosened slightly, the men's open, cautious body language and hesitancy eroding a smidgen off my high-alert status.

“ Right . So you guys are the real elves, huh? I thought you were supposed to be short. Santa must be—” The sarcasm dripped from my voice like gutter icicles, but at the mention of Santa , the men all reflexively dropped to a knee and touched two fingers to their forehead, closing their eyes and muttering something foreign in a reverent tone.

I glanced at their downturned heads, then at the sliver of the kitchen counter I could see.

This was my chance . I sprinted like hell for the kitchen.

As I shoved between the kneeling forms of Tinsel and Buzz, a sweet, fragrant cloud of clove and Christmas cookies confused my senses along the way.

Were these fuckers wearing festive cologne to a burglary?

Head spinning, I grabbed my phone off the counter without stopping, nearly dropping it in the process, and booked it back down the hallway to my bedroom—the only space with a locked door, unless you counted my en suite bathroom.

I threw myself through the door frame, slamming and locking the cheap pressboard door behind me.

My hands were shaking with adrenaline from my sprint, and after two attempts of 9-1-2 and 9-3-3, I managed to get the right numbers in.

A surprisingly bored-sounding older woman answered on the fourth ring as I kept my eyes on the locked doorknob, walking backwards until my back hit the closet door.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“H-hi, hello, I have intruders in my home, strange men that say they’re elves, I can’t get out because of the snow, I need h?—”

Irritation and static crackled along the line. “Ma’am, this line is for emergencies only . I get that you want to make Christmas magic for your kid, but false reports are a crime.”

“No, please! I’m serious! They have colorful hair and pointed ears! My address is—”
I squeezed the sides of my phone, desperation leaking into every word.

“Listen, it’s Christmas Eve and that’s the only reason I’m not flagging your number. People have real emergencies tonight and this isn’t funny. Don’t call back, and lay off the eggnog, lady.” A cascading beep sounded.

I pulled the phone away from my sweaty ear and looked in growing horror at the “call ended” screen, eyes flicking to the low battery notification.

A bright green flash lit up in the distance beyond my snow-dusted bedroom window, followed by a muffled “pop.”

The house plunged into darkness.

Fuck my life .

Again.

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As I backed up in the darkness, I tripped over a pair of jeans I'd left on the floor, going down like a sack of bricks for the second time, but thankfully avoiding another near-concussion.

Instead, I collided with a stack of boxes I'd dragged out of my closet earlier while looking for wrapping paper, sending everything to the floor with a loud crash.

A timid, rapid knock on the door followed seconds later, Tinsel's anxious voice floating through the cheap pressboard. "Neve? Neve, are you alright? Everything got dark and we heard a crash."

Patting the edge of the bed to guide me, I carefully made my way to what had been James' side and slid open the nightstand drawer.

I knew he'd stashed a pocket knife in here at some point, and I'd take what I could get.

A louder knock sounded, Buzz's authoritative voice piping up as the doorknob rattled.

"Neve, we're coming in. We're worried you're hurt. "

At the inexplicable sound of the unlocked door knob turning in the latch, my fingers reflexively tightened around the debris in the drawer.

A serrated piece of soft plastic and something fabric ended up clutched in my fist as I spun with a gasp to face the opening door.

A confused Buzz held up some kind of softly-glowing old-timey skeleton key as they spilled into my room.

The light was enough to illuminate the pair of garish red lace crotchless underwear—used crotchless underwear, I realized with disgust—balled in my fist, along with the edge of a novelty condom wrapper I'd never seen before.

I threw both items at the trio of men, as if the handful of sudden proof James had fucked that woman in my bed was somehow going to hurt them as much as it had hurt me.

North wrinkled his nose and peeled the flying panties off his chest, holding them up like a dead rodent. “These reek of betrayal and selfishness. Why are they here? These are not yours.”

“No shit, sherlock.” I spit the words out peevishly, angry at my past self for decorating with such tiny, non-bludgeon-worthy bedroom lamps.

Tinsel stepped forward, hands out in a pacifying gesture. “Please, Neve. I know you're scared, but we're meant to be here. We're meant to help. I promise you, we will not take anything or touch a single hair on your head if you don't want us to.”

I blinked against the darkness, my eyes adjusting to what little light was coming from the strange key in Buzz's hand, already dimming and becoming translucent.

My gaze bounced to a pair of red, fabric-covered points of light glowing through North's linen shirt, a dimmer, colorful glow emanating from his groin, of all places.

I shook my head, biting back a baffled question, concentrating on Tinsel again.

“And if I tell you I want you three to get the fuck out of my house ?”

Buzz looked ready to reply, but North laid the back of his hand lightly on the other man's chest, speaking up himself. "Of course, Neve. I believe it'll be a futile effort, but if you'd like us to leave, we'll try."

My shoulders dropped with relief as I stabbed a finger at the open bedroom door. "Good. GO. Now."

Tinsel looked crushed, but North shook his own head gently, nodding at Tinsel to leave the room first. I had to stubbornly remind myself they'd broken into my home; even though my entirely reasonable demand made him look like a kicked puppy, it was the right thing to do.

Buzz gave me a long, sad look but eventually filed out after North.

Jaw clenched, I peeled myself away from the side of the bed, creeping after them to peek around the doorframe and down the hall, ensuring they were actually leaving.

North tugged the front door open with a little effort, snowflakes aggressively gusting in as the frigid wind sliced through his blue locks and tidy beard.

He ushered Tinsel and Buzz out into the snow before locking eyes with me down the dark hallway, turning, and heading out without a word.

As the front door clicked closed, relief and guilt swarmed through me as I rushed over to flip the deadbolt in place.

Okay, I was safe, but...they'd die out in that storm if they didn't have a vehicle or shelter.

Yes, they'd broken in, but it didn't look like they'd taken anything, and they didn't try to hurt me—the opposite, really.

Come to think of it, how the hell had they gotten in to begin with?

Frowning at the deadbolt like it could give me answers, I double-checked it was actually locked for my own sanity.

Following up with a quick, thorough circuit of the house, I checked all the windows and potential means of entry, but found everything still securely locked, sills covered in undisturbed dust bunnies.

I crouched down to look at my bedroom door, trying to figure out where the hell Buzz had stuck that glowing key.

The knob was a thoroughly modern landlord special, with only a small hole for an allen key in the center—definitely no keyhole for a weird glowing skeleton key.

The wind picked up outside, howling like an animal through the eaves and bare trees, and my guilt percolated at the sound.

If emergency services wouldn't come out when I'd actually called for help, would they help a couple of guys stuck in a freezing, snow-bound car on Christmas Eve?

What if they had walked here? I growled, irritated at myself that I cared what the hell happened to a bunch of criminals. Damn it .

I ran back to the front door, turning the deadbolt and flinging it open again as I took a deep breath, ready to call them back inside.

Stupid, yes, but compassion trumped logic, and the solitude of a dark, cold house mid-snowstorm was a different sort of apprehension.

The strangers hadn't tried to hurt me, so...

maybe they weren't those kind of criminals?

Not like I had much worth stealing anyway.

I blinked at the cold, my snow-buried front yard a pristine, undisturbed blanket of white under the light of a full moon.

Well, that's weird . No matter how intense the storm was, there should be some evidence of the path they'd taken moments ago, even tire tracks where a car might have pulled away.

Instead, all I could see were the faintest divots of my own single-file footsteps from when I'd arrived home.

A bolt of realization struck me as I turned back into the house, suddenly recalling the mysterious packages.

In the moonlight reflected off the snow, the corner where I'd left the fancy wrapped packages was completely bare: the men had taken something after all.

No wonder they were so easily convinced to leave, the bastards.

There was a long, petty moment where I considered just leaving things as they were, but I eventually decided that even asshole burglars didn't deserve to freeze to death.

Grumbling, I squinted out through the heavy curtain of snow still drifting down, the tip of my nose starting to go numb as I stuck my head back outside.

"Tinsel! Hey! You guys out there? You're gonna freeze, you idiots, come back here!"

A huff of amusement sounded behind me, and I followed the source of the sound back to my living room.

The snow-dusted figures of North, Buzz, and Tinsel stood in front of my couch like they'd just been teleported back inside.

Buzz grinned at North, who rolled his eyes in good-natured exasperation before tousling the snowflakes from his blue hair. "Told you she was kind-hearted, North."

Tinsel gave me a shy finger-wave from North's other side and shrugged. "Sorry, Neve. Like we said, we're bound here, to you."

My heart hammered, eyes darting around the room, confirming that a back door to my home hadn't suddenly manifested in the last five minutes.

"There is absolutely no way you could have gotten in. I just watched you leave out the front door!" The door in question swung closed as a gust tore the knob out of my hand, making me jump.

Buzz shrugged, smiling, and I watched wide-eyed as he lifted his pinched fingers, the strange glowing key popping into existence between them, illuminating the men beyond that strange illumination under North's clothes.

"We're elves, Neve. Winter Court elves, at that.

Even if the magic hadn't pulled us back here, we've never needed doors—it'd make our line of work a bit difficult, as you can imagine. "

I backed up, colliding heavily with the living room wall as I stammered, shaking my head at the impossibility.

The light-up key, sure, that could be some slight-of-hand Scooby Doo shit.

But I'd lived in my home long enough to know it was physically impossible for the three of them to re-enter unnoticed, particularly in this storm.

North hugged himself for a moment in the faint glow of the key, chafing his arms with a frown. "It's too cold in here without your electric heat, Neve. We'll manage, but I don't want you freezing—humans are more delicate than us. Here, allow me."

I clapped a hand to my mouth in shock as he absently gestured behind him, the ugly olive-green "accent wall" I'd never liked blooming into a gorgeous, old-fashioned brick hearth.

A roaring fire popped into existence in the center, lighting the room and instantly bringing it to a comfortable temperature.

I stared, my stomach flipping with nerves. What the fuck was going on?

If I hadn't just seen the wall transform with my own eyes, I could have convinced myself I was dreaming.

Still fast asleep, snoring and drooling on the couch after the long, difficult day I'd had.

But something about the warmth from the magic fireplace melted through the doubt prickling across my skin, licking away the goosebumps and settling into my soul. This was no dream.

The absurdity of it all slapped me in the face, and I was rambling before I could stop myself.

“Okay, one of you better start talking,” I said, my gaze sweeping between the pointy-eared eye candy in front of me and the impossible crackling fireplace behind them .

“Winter Court? Magic? Oh, and another thing! Where the fuck are the presents that were on the counter, huh?”

None of this made any sense, but a tiny voice in the back of my mind told me I already knew the answer.

The way the presents had made noises and seemed to move on their own.

The way there’d been three pristinely-wrapped presents and now there were an equal number of Magic Mike-understudy elves standing in my living room. The math was, unfortunately, mathing.

But these men couldn't really be the unexpected boxes I'd nudged through the door with my boot hours ago... could they?

“We'll explain everything, Neve,” Tinsel said, turning to gesture toward the couch. “Why don't you take a seat? It's a bit of a long story.”

I hesitated, weighing my options, but another high-pitched howl of icy wind outside made the decision for me.

I definitely wasn't okay with these strangers popping into my home, but I didn't have much of a choice.

I sighed, waiting a moment longer, but eventually flopped down on the couch, sighing peevishly.

“Okay, fine. I'll listen. Not like I have much else to do. ”

I tucked my palms between my knees as I sat, hoping to warm my fingers.

The conjured fire was doing a good bit of work to banish the cold, but nights like these tended to seep into your bones regardless, and this place wasn't insulated for crap.

North watched me like a hawk, frowning before pulling his hands apart like he was folding an invisible sheet.

With a snap and a gust of fresh linen fragrance, a soft, embroidered quilt appeared between his fingers.

He swept it over me, tucking the edges around my sides with a satisfied smile.

It was from-the-dryer warm somehow, equal parts cozy and confusing.

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I raised a brow at North as I traced the patchwork chihuahua puppy—my favorite—stitched into the strange, beautiful, blanket he'd draped over me. He shrugged in response, folding his arms as he mirrored my expression. "You looked cold and I didn't like that. Isn't this better?"

I nodded absently, pulling my legs up beneath me on the couch. I couldn't make a run for it between the snow outside and their glowy key powers, so I might as well get comfy. It was kind of nice to be taken care of, truth be told, even if this was the weirdest situation I'd ever been in.

"Right. So." Buzz cleared his throat, looking uncomfortable as he continued, raking a hand through his bright pink hair.

"The King of the Winter Court has this daughter . She's fair and beautiful as freshly-fallen snow, all the things lore and legend claim.

What Lia is not good at, however, is rejection. "

Tinsel patted Buzz's shoulder sympathetically, gesturing at himself and the other two men.

"Neve, we're called a Nosse among our people, the three of us a group woven in the threads of time, sworn to one another in brotherhood.

That means if one of us takes a mate, we all must—the same mate.

Lia has pursued Buzz, North, and myself with equal fervor over time, trying to find

the—well, weak link seems an unkind phrase, but it stands, here—in our Nosse.

But none of us ever loved her or desired her as a mate, and she became, well, rather focused on changing that. ”

North huffed, his eyes narrowing angrily. “Lia went to her father, the Winter King, and spun false tales of treason, aiming to have us thrown in the dungeons. She wanted us at her mercy, hoping to wear us down and make us agree to take her as our mate.”

I barked a laugh, sitting up as the quilt slid down from my shoulders. “Wait, wait, wait. You’re telling me the North Pole has dungeons and Santa has a dau?—”

Just like before, all three men dropped to a reverent knee when I named ol’ Big Red himself. As one, they muttered something in a soft, musically-tonal language before rising again and looking at me as if they hadn’t just assumed knight errant positions mid-sentence.

I coughed awkwardly. “O...k. So, I’m going to go out on a limb here and say that S— er, the Winter King bought Lia’s sob story but you three didn’t make it to these dungeons?”

” I still thought they were crazy, but to hell with it.

It was a cold night and this tea was hot.

I could get down with elf society gossip; was it really any worse than reality TV?

North smiled sadly. “As you’ve guessed, my clever little gift, the Winter King ignored Lia’s demand, and exiled us instead.

When elves are exiled from the Winter Court, they are bound to the bloodlines of

humans our kind are indebted to.

Long ago, someone in your family saved an important elvish noble, and thus we are now yours. ”

My eyes snapped up from the quilt hem I was toying with, eyebrows sky-high now. “What the hell do you mean mine ? You're your own hum— elves...whatever! You don't belong to anyone but yourselves.”

They all seem surprised at that, giving each other shocked glances. Tinsel looked at me curiously. “But we want to give you your heart’s desire, serve you however you wish. We must, in fact, in order to satisfy our people’s debt to your ancestor.”

I frowned, wriggling out from under the blanket and setting it in my lap as I sat up further. “No way. You can change a few light bulbs for me while you're here if you feel really strongly about it, but I'm a pretty big proponent of autonomy, guys.”

A stray thought slithered through my brain, providing me with some delightful mental images of what this trio of holiday hunks could do for me. Buzz looked at me with a hungry expression and a sly smirk. “Ah. But what if we offered something freely, as our thanks for releasing us from the bond?”

My cheeks burned, panic blooming that these magical invaders might also be mind readers.

If North could read intent from some homewrecker’s stray underwear, it wasn't impossible they could read me too.

“Y-yeah, like I said. Light bulbs.” I waved vaguely in the direction of the hallway, my face still hot.

Their expressions had all changed to something determined, a playful, sexy sort of mischief that stirred things in me that had lately been as neglected as my houseplants.

Tinsel dropped smoothly to his knees a few feet in front of me on the carpet, speaking to me eye-to-eye from under his adorable flop of teal hair, ticking off each to-do item on his fingers.

“If you’re willing to help us, we must answer you a question, aid you in a task, and bring you your heart’s desire.”

North smirked at me, the gentle glow from the fireplace at his back making him a hot Winter King himself, beard and all. “So, Neve, what would you like to ask?”

My stomach flopped like a fish out of water, but I diligently shoved aside what the naughty-list side of my brain wanted to ask of this December Daddy posing in front of me. I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. “Why are you glowing?”

His expression blanked, confused, before Buzz cracked a laugh beside him. “North, she’s probably never seen bodies like ours before—show her!”

My eyes widened as North’s hands went matter-of-factly to the waist of his pants, mentally scolding myself to look away. I didn’t listen.

Well, it wasn’t like the naughty list had levels, right?

To my disappointment, Tinsel’s eyes followed my laser focus and he reached up, touching North’s hand lightly. “You can just show her your chest, you know.”

North smiled knowingly, sliding his hands up to unbutton his shirt instead. “Just making sure she’s paying attention.”

Oh buddy, was I.

Still, I gasped as the plaid fabric fell away to reveal two small red Christmas light bulbs where North's nipples should be, about half the length of actual twinkle lights on a strand.

They shone merrily, and when North caught my fascinated stare, he bounced his pecs with a wink, making the lights blink for a moment.

“Whoa. Are they...like, can you feel...?” I couldn't take my eyes off the bizarre sight, which somehow worked perfectly for his muscular chest. A soft dusting of blue chest hair made his unusual accessories almost...charming.

He dropped to a knee beside Tinsel, his smirk still firmly in place. “Yes. Would you like to see for yourself?”

Before I could chastise myself about feeling up a complete stranger, my fingertips were already tracing the thin, smooth glassy points and marveling at their warmth.

North gave a soft, pleased grunt at my exploration, the edges of his eyes creased with humor.

“You like them? Don't worry, you won't break me. They are sturdier than the lights you humans use for decoration. The only downside is that when one goes out, the others do too.”

At my startled expression he let out a loud laugh. “Ah, I wish you could see your face! I'm just kidding, I promise.”

Even though I told myself it was probably a bad idea and I was being nosy, the question spilled out of my mouth before I could stop it. “So you

have...other...lights?"

North gave me a blinding grin. "Yes, little gift, but that would require me to take off a lot more clothing. We all have unique features, actually." He nodded over his shoulder at the kneeling Tinsel and Buzz, who gave me a wink as he leaned against the edge of the conjured hearth.

My thumb traced a glass nipple point as curiosity got the better of me, enjoying an illicit thrill as North swallowed hard at the contact. "What...so how are you two different? Do you have lights too?"

Buzz shook his head, and I could have sworn Tinsel's pointed ears turned red, but it was hard to see in the dim light from the fireplace.

"No, we're all different," Tinsel said softly, his tone strangely embarrassed. "Elves are like snowflakes in that no two are ever the same."

"Would you like us to show you?" Buzz asked eagerly, shoving off the hearth and stepping closer.

My stomach fluttered at the mischievous smirk on his face, hinting at a secret I wasn't privy to yet.

The room had become suddenly stuffy, growing hotter by the second, and it had nothing to do with the crackling fire nearby.

"Just say the word, Neve," Tinsel said, his bright eyes locking with mine. "We won't do anything you don't want. All you have to do is ask us to satisfy the bond."

I'd already asked them a question, but the growing heat that sank between my thighs had me abandoning the rest of my logic. Modesty be damned, when the hell was I

ever going to get another chance like this?

“Yes,” I muttered, almost too quietly for them to hear, but Tinsel’s eyebrows shifted upward.

“Yes what, Neve?” he prompted, tentatively reaching to place a hand on my knee, North’s hand cupping my own against his chest. Their touches were electric where they skipped across my skin.

I swallowed, my throat tight. Heat was churning through me now, scorching my insides and fueling my spiraling thoughts.

I wanted to know what was glowing in North’s pants, what was hiding beneath Tinsel and Buzz’s clothes.

Besides, I was just asking to see what made them so different.

It wasn't like I was asking them to jump my bones... yet.

“How are your bodies different? Show me,” I said, a little louder this time. “I... I want to see.”

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My face flamed as embarrassment ate through me. I'd just tried to throw these strangers out of my house for trespassing and now I was asking to see them naked. Something was seriously wrong with me.

But at the moment, I struggled to care, especially when North reached for the button on his pants, unfastening it with a flick of his fingers as he stood.

The New Year's ball in Times Square was put under less scrutiny than what I was currently applying to this Santa-stand-in's fly, the colorful glow brightening as one piece of fabric was folded back, then another.

North gave me an amused, questioning look, quirking a brow and offering me one last chance to back out of this sinfully seasonal round of truth-or-dare.

My libido drop kicked my hesitation, grabbed the mental reins, and yanked. I nodded eagerly.

"You alright there, Neve?" Buzz sounded like he was trying hard not to laugh at my fixation, which only made my blush worse. My throat, dry and pinched, stumbled over an affirmative noise. "Good. Then who would you like to see next, me or Tinsel?"

Oh. The way I'd asked had kind of included all of them, hadn't it?

I managed to tear my gaze away from the surprisingly erotic sight of North's cock silhouetted in firelight and candy-colored bulbs, locking eyes with Tinsel again.

Surely whatever the gentle soul of their group was packing couldn't be that over-the-top, right?

I nodded at him shyly. Behind him, Buzz grinned.

“Go on, then. Show her what she wants to see, Tinsel.”

Tinsel's cheeks were also a charming rosy shade, his body language bashful as he stood.

A sudden thought occurred to me, unpleasant and jarring, and I reached out to touch his hand, working at the button on his pants.

“Tinsel, I... you know you don't have to show me anything you don't want to, right?

I mean, this is fun and all but I don't want any of you to feel uncomfortable.”

Tinsel laughed softly, ducking his head.

“Neve, you're the only reason we're wearing clothing in the first place.

Things are less...modest, where we come from.

I'm just a bit, uhm, different , even among elves.

” With that bit of strange reassurance, he opened his own fly, a criss-cross lacing of thin leather straps, ruching the fabric down.

The move revealed 8 inches of a cardboard wrapping paper tube, nestled in a happy trail of glittering teal... tinsel. Of course.

I blinked.

Tinsel cocked his head at me curiously, seemingly waiting on me to gush over his unique endowment the way I had North's. A long, awkward beat passed and I gave him a small smile, not wanting to hurt the sweet guy's feelings. "It's very...interesting!"

Buzz barked a laugh, walking over to clap a hand on Tinsel's back. "She thinks that's it!" He grinned at me and glanced down at Tinsel's...tube...then back at me before adding in a conspiratorial whisper, "Tinsel's uncircumcised."

Sure enough, Tinsel smiled shyly and gripped the cardboard tube, sliding it backwards towards himself.

It crumpled down softly to reveal an emerging cock that glittered in the light radiating from North's nearby lightshow of a package.

Tinsel gave an endearing shrug, letting his hand fall away, the soft cardboard...

foreskin, apparently...sliding back down over half his cock.

"Whoa." My usual eloquence had fled the room.

I don't know what I'd been expecting, but it wasn't a glittery push-up cock pop that would put Edward "Skin of a Killer" Cullen to shame.

I curled my fingers into my palm on the couch, resisting an urge to reach out and touch the strange cardboard-looking foreskin myself.

I was curious: it wasn't every day my interesting packages came with interesting packages, after all.

“My turn now?” Buzz wore a broad, eager grin, his thumbs already hooked in the drawstring waistband of his pants, a medieval-looking version of sweatpants in thick black velvet.

Buzz nudged Tinsel out of the way playfully with his hip, sending him sprawling onto the couch beside me with a laugh, legs tangled in his own pants.

He lifted his mop of teal hair, cheek squished against the upholstery, to smile at me.

“Sorry. Tripped.” He shuffled around on his knees, plunking down bare-assed beside me, toeing off his boots and pants and making himself comfortable.

His casual half-nudity would have been presumptuous in any other situation, but I was strangely okay with the shy guy letting it all hang out.

An exaggerated throat clearing pulled my attention away from my pantsless couch buddy back to Buzz, who’d apparently dropped trou himself while I was distracted.

He rested his fists on his naked hips, posing like a superhero, leaving me to gawk at what looked like a display swiped straight off an adult store’s counter.

A smooth, gyrating shaft in the same hot pink hue as his hair jutted out proudly, the tip curved just-so in an unmistakable G-spot design.

As my eyes traced it downwards, the layered edges of an infamous clit-stimulating rose vibrator unfurled, just above his base.

Buzz was, quite literally, a sex toy .

A steady throb bloomed to life between my thighs as my eyes skittered away from the three curious gazes openly studying me.

My fingers curled and twisted at the quilt hem as I grew nervous— again —that they could read minds.

Mind reading wasn't an elf thing, right?

I racked my brain for what little I remembered from the Lord of the Rings movies.

North's gentle rumble of a voice cut through my mental panic, causing me to realize with a shock he'd also managed to shed his pants and boots.

I was beginning to feel downright overdressed in my own living room.

“And for your task, Neve? Did you really want three powerful, magical elves of the Winter Court to...screw in a few light bulbs?”

My brain hung on “screw” and “lightbulbs” and I realized I'd been staring at North's pole again. Pull up, Neve, PULL UP. Mayday. Mayday.

Whoops.

North joined Buzz, their magical members hovering only a few inches away from my face from where I sat. The bearded man tossed an arm jovially over Buzz's shoulder, the two of them grinning down at me as Tinsel moved a little closer on my left.

“Well? How may our Nosse serve you, little gift?”

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I scrambled backward, but the three gorgeous elves in my living room had me all but pinned to my plush couch.

Sweat tickled at my hairline, the warmth of my racing, nervous pulse and the merrily-burning fireplace making me wonder if I ought to adopt my visitors' new dress code.

The elves watched me curiously, eagerly, as if I was the prettiest box under the tree on Christmas morning.

Well, what now?

Logic churned alongside my raging libido, debating just what I wanted these elves to do for me—to do to me.

They'd promised me one wish, and they all seemed on board with whatever I wanted to do.

Truthfully, they seemed very on board with something more hands-on than swapping out my hallway light bulbs.

But was I down with that?

It had been a while—too long if I was being completely honest—since I'd had mind-blowing, earth-shattering sex.

Come to think of it, most of the sex I'd had until that point had been subpar at best, but the marvelous special additions currently bobbing in front of me had me

salivating over the possibilities.

The part of me that was sick and tired of settling for bad sex urged me on as my eyes fell once again to North's cock.

Honestly, it was so pretty it was hard to take my eyes off it.

"I..." I started in a whisper, nearly overwhelmed by the rapt attention of three gorgeous men.

Deep inside, I already knew my answer, what I really wanted these men to do to me, but a lifetime of sexual shame and modesty drilled into me where I wanted them to instead.

North, Tinsel, and Buzz obviously didn't mind being open with their desires or their bodies, but this was a whole new world for yours truly.

But as I sat up, my modesty was already fluttering at the frosted window like a wayward moth, eager to fuck off to lands unknown so I could enjoy Christmas Eve properly.

My eyes shifted to Tinsel whose bright gaze met mine eagerly, the quirk of a smile turning his lips upward.

"You can ask for anything, Neve," he said gently, sliding his hand a little higher on my thigh. His touch was gentle and hesitant, but still sent a thrill skittering through me. "Anything you want."

"I'm just..." What if I asked them to rail me like there was no tomorrow, and it wasn't what they wanted?

I'd look like the world's most desperate weirdo, especially since, well, they were intruders and I'd flung someone else's used underwear at them already.

"I'm not sure you guys would, you know, want to do what I have in mind."

Tinsel's grin widened and he cocked his head to the side. "I doubt there will be any issue there, Neve."

His easy charm stoked a fire in me that put the magical hearth behind us to shame. Tinsel's words had me once more wondering if they knew my thoughts before I'd even figured them out myself.

Buzz and North looked at me as if I was a holiday feast laid out just for them, not the frazzled, barely-home-from-work mess I was.

It was like we'd all entered a hot, horny stalemate, the magical men around me waiting for my permission to lift a festive finger.

But how exactly did I tell them I wanted to be stuffed like a stocking?

Trimmed like a slutty little tree? Wrapped up in all three of them like the little gift North kept calling me?

All I want for Christmas is a tactful way to request an orgy.

I cleared my throat, feeling ridiculous as I folded my hands in my lap, veering into overly-formal out of sheer nerves. I steeled up and met the heavy gazes of the three unnecessarily attractive elf men Donald-Ducking it in front of me. "I would like to be sexually satisfied. Please."

A toothy grin broke out across Buzz's face and he held out a hand to me with a

flourish, helping me gracefully off the couch. As I rose, his eyes fell down my body and slowly climbed their way back up, appreciative all the way.

“First things first my dear. They’re lovely, but these clothes have got to go.” He smirked, reaching for the hem of my sweater as he stage-whispered a compliment. “I know you’ll look even more stunning unwrapped.”

The substantial shaft of Buzz’s sex toy shaft bumped my hip gently as he eased his hands beneath my cardigan, a subtle, undulating vibration in the contact hinting at what awaited me.

I pulled my arms from the sleeves, and with a soft shoosh of knit fabric, the first layer of my winter fit puddled behind me.

The thin sweater I’d worn into work did nothing to hide the points of my nipples shoving against an equally-thin bra, my pussy giving a wanton throb as he raised a palm to cup my right breast, thumb teasing at that sensitive, fabric-tented point.

A hollow bomp and the whisper of cardboard against my other hip drew my eyes from Buzz’s hand to Tinsel’s unusual cock as it slid against my thermal leggings.

He tugged the neckline of my sweater down with a finger, pressing a hot kiss against my exposed shoulder, playfully nibbling at my bra’s shoulder strap before drawing back, tracing it with his fingers. “May we undress you properly, Neve?”

“Yes please.” I bit back a grin as Buzz guided my arms gently above my head. He tugged the bottom hem of my sweater up over my stomach, eventually adding the inside-out top to the growing pile of my clothes.

My throat caught as I felt self-consciousness rush in like a forgotten tide, cheeks flushing at the thought of my pale, rounded belly exposed to these gorgeous men.

Before I could overthink things, North shouldered in, dropping to a knee and pressing a tender kiss to the softest part of my stomach, eyes closed reverently.

I stifled a giggle—that beard of his tickled—and boldly ran my fingers through his cobalt blue locks.

He nuzzled a cheek against me and looked up with a blissful expression.

I gasped as he gave a soft, animalistic growl, playfully nipping at the skin he'd just kissed so sweetly. "Your body is the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen, Neve. Soft as fresh-fallen snow and sculpted like a winter Goddess. Thank you for sharing it with us."

Buzz and Tinsel hummed in agreement as they left soft, sucking kisses along either side of my neck, working together to unhook my bra and help me slide it off my arms. I grinned as it landed squarely on North's head, interrupting his worship of my stomach.

My pussy gave another happy throb as he plucked it off, ran a thumb over the lace trim, and looked up at me with heat in his eyes before tossing it over his shoulder.

"Get her on the couch. Let's show our little gift what a good Nosse can do together."

Tinsel helped me ease back until my thighs bumped the edge of the couch, his touch skating warmly along my forearm. Before he allowed me to sit, his fingers hooked beneath the waistband of my leggings. He dropped to a knee again as he dragged them down, peppering kisses along my exposed thigh.

I took a shaky breath, grabbing Buzz's arm to keep myself upright as I stepped out of the fleece-lined spandex material. Finally, when I stood before them in all my birthday-suited glory, Tinsel gently pressed me back onto the couch until I sat

awkwardly, restless hands folded in my lap.

Nerves knotted my stomach as my gaze bounced between the three men, wondering what the next step was. How did you start an orgy? Was there a protocol? Did everyone rock-paper-scissors to decide who went first?

North didn't give me a chance to answer before he dropped to the floor in front of me and nudged my knees apart, exposing my dripping center to him.

"There's no need to be nervous, Neve," he purred, his fingertips dancing gracefully up my thighs.

"Just relax and let us worship your gorgeous body. If you want us to stop, just say Blitzen."

"Blitzen?" I asked, the fever dream quality of the whole night ratcheting up a few notches.

He nodded, his fingers dipping closer to my pussy before just barely brushing against me. Tinsel joined me on the couch, close enough that his hard pectoral pressed against my arm as he cupped my breast, delivering a quick, playful pinch to my nipple.

I squeaked at the unexpected bite of sensation, burrowing backwards into the plush couch, the movement jolting my hips up towards North.

He caught me and slid broad palms under my thighs, matter-of-factly dragging me back to the edge of the cushions to expose me fully.

He held me in place as the soft bristle of his beard crushed against my me at last, tongue licking a hungry stripe up to my clit.

The ecstatic noise he drew out of me muffled against Tinsel's lips as he kissed me passionately, his hand holding my breast up for Buzz to lick as the third man nudged beneath my arm.

Well Merry Christmas to me : sexually serviced by three of the Winter King's elves, right on my own couch?

Don't mind if I do. I groaned and lifted my hips up to North's mouth again, my toes digging ecstatically into the carpet as his tongue dipped inside me.

Tinsel offered soft, sipping kisses, his free hand tenderly brushing my hair back from my forehead as he fixed me with an adoring look.

The mix of gentle, loving treatment at his hands while his "brothers" relentlessly turned me on was the hottest thing I'd ever experienced.

Tinsel deepened our kiss as Buzz's hand slid down, tucking under North's mouth to tease my entrance with a fingertip.

They worked together seamlessly, Buzz stroking my clit gently while North tongue-fucked me, then sinking his fingers deep when North moved back up to tease my clit again.

They traded back and forth until I was panting against Tinsel's mouth.

He smiled at my desperation, softly pinching my chin and making me watch the other two men playing me like an instrument as he murmured in my ear.

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“Does that feel good, sweet girl? You’re doing so well, opening up for us. Just relax into it, that’s right, just like that. You deserve this, you need it, don’t you? You’re going to come all over North’s mouth, and then Buzz and I are going to get you ready to take him.”

The confidence and unexpected command in his voice had my body obediently tightening up, hips riding North’s mouth almost mindlessly.

His grip on my thighs was like a vise, his appreciative groan reverberating through my core as the blue-haired man drove me to the edge with mind-bendingly good oral.

Buzz nudged and twisted three fingers against my pussy, wedging them in slowly as he felt my muscles tense, pumping in and out in a counter-rhythm to North’s licking.

I whined, hands clutching at anything I could reach: one fist full of the couch back, the other full of blue hair as I screamed louder than the storm.

A triumphant, appreciative growl sounded from all three men at once as I came, my pussy clamping down on Buzz’s fingers as North encouraged me to ride his tongue through my peak.

Their collective movements gentled, careful not to overstimulate, but they also didn’t stop .

Tinsel’s hand smoothed down my spine, a comforting, hypnotic movement that made me feel warm and fuzzy in the afterglow.

“Oh you did so, so well for us. You’re so beautiful when you come, did you know that?”

The most gorgeous thing I’ve ever seen. I can’t wait to see it again.

How do you feel, Neve? Was that alright? ”

I smiled lazily and closed my eyes, letting my head drop onto the couch back as Tinsel’s hand slid away. “Amazing. I’ve never felt like that in my life . I’m afraid I’m going to wake up and this is all going to be a dream.”

Buzz chuckled beside me, a wet sound making my eyes flutter open. He was sucking the fingers he’d just fucked me with, giving a groan of approval at the taste. “No dream, honey. I’m happy to show you just how real we are, whenever you’ve caught your breath.”

My eyes fell to Buzz’s sex toy cock, widening as he flexed something and made the shaft ripple like it was full of rotating beads.

I gave a soft sigh as North lapped at me slowly, his grip letting me move and squirm now.

Just as I was relaxing into the sensation, it stopped, Buzz rising to help Tinsel coax my pleasure-limp body right into Buzz’s lap.

The two men helped me straddle a very smug-looking Buzz on the couch, who tugged me down until the smooth tip of his hot pink cock kissed my entrance.

Buzz sighted happily as North and Tinsel kissed my shoulders, each massaging a breast as I hovered over Buzz’s sizable “toy.” He grinned, smoothing a hand over my hip and looking at where our bodies just barely touched.

“There we are, honey. Now, you take me how you want me, alright? You’re in the driver’s seat, show me what you like and don’t hold back. ”

I blushed but smiled fiercely, unused to taking control but finding it a huge turn-on all the same.

Gingerly lowering myself onto his shaft, I gasped as it began gyrating, almost tunneling itself inside me, aided by my earlier arousal.

Whenever I tensed, it would pause, as if his dick itself was giving me time to adjust. I lowered myself inch by inch, a little up, a little down, letting him stretch me gradually.

Buzz leaned up, kissing me deeply, teeth nipping at my lower lip. “Do you trust me? I want to make you feel really good. I think you’re ready to take it all.”

I nodded, panting softly from the welcome exertion of riding him like this.

He kissed me again, grabbing my hips and pulling me down all the way, forcing the last fat inch inside and pressing mercilessly on my G-spot.

At the same time, the rose toy at his base kicked on in a hard, pulsing vibration that sent a gush of arousal out of me as my second orgasm hit like a train.

Buzz’s shaft treated me to the full extent of his power, fucking me in short, powerful thrusts while the rose fluttered against my clit, the wet splash of every movement together depraved and wonderful.

I’d only squirted a few times before, and it had never hit me so hard.

I held tight to Buzz’s shoulders, keeping us locked together while I caught my breath.

To my surprise, his moans had ratcheted up in volume and he clutched at me, thrusting so frantically I almost bounced in his lap.

I was getting an elf off!

North nuzzled at my neck, supporting my back as Buzz fucked up into me, clasping one of my hands and bringing it to Buzz's ear-tip. He chuckled as he guided my fingers to rub and tug the little point there, sending Buzz's groans up an entire octave.

"Oh...Neve...oh I'm going to...you're making me...don't stop, please, please ..."

Buzz buried himself deep with a strangled cry, the gyration of his shaft going into overdrive as the rose toy fluttered, almost mimicking my own earlier climax.

He gave a long, gusty sigh of satisfaction after his body wound down, letting his head fall back against the pillows with a groan.

"It's supposed to be about her, North. Now she knows our ears are sensitive and she's going to tease us. Aren't you, honey? I saw that look."

I grinned, fluttering my eyelashes with an innocent expression. "Who, me? Psh. I'm a perfect angel. I'd never do that."

Buzz bounced me on his cock with a huff, giving my ass a gentle love-tap as he helped me slide our bodies apart. "Guess I'll just have to fuck it out of you next time, then."

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I slipped a hand between my thighs as Buzz and I separated, not sure what elf semen even looked like.

My fingers sparkled in the firelight, a sweet, subtle fragrance just barely registering.

I brought my fingers up to my mouth, testing the flavor with my tongue-tip.

Buzz tasted like...cider! It was faint, and mixed with a natural musk, but there was no mistaking it.

A thought occurred to me, sharp and sudden, and I quietly hoped my birth control implant was up to the task of unexpected elf orgies.

“So are you all, um, flavored too?” I wiggled my sparkling fingers at the North and Tinsel, figuring once you’d actively climaxed on people a few times, there was a certain level of curiosity you got a pass for.

Tinsel’s hand was in his lap, toying with his cardboard foreskin but trying not to be obvious about it.

Wow, had he really gotten that turned on watching another man fuck me?

A glance at North told me he was fully erect, a sparkling drop winding sluggishly down the ladder of his piercings.

Before they could respond, I leaned forward and ran my tongue up the bars between each set of North’s cock-lights, slowly and deliberately.

He shuddered and reflexively cupped a hand in my hair, fingertips massaging my scalp gratefully.

“Mm. You taste like gingerbread, North. Warm and spicy.”

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft, giving it a languid stroke while I threw Tinsel a pointed glance. “Your turn. Let me taste.”

Tinsel gave me a blissed-out look, quickly getting to his feet and bringing his growing cock near enough to grasp.

I took him in my other hand, popping his entire tip in my mouth foreskin and all, delving my tongue inside and around.

I felt him clutch for North’s arm to stay upright, moaning loudly as a copious spurt of mint-chocolate precome filled my mouth.

“Ooh, I like that. You’re refreshing. I think I need it after all that...activity.” Tinsel grinned down at me, watching happily as I continued to tongue his tip and explore him. Running his fingers through my hair, he glanced up at North beside him.

“Why don’t you lay down, North? I think Neve can make use of your...

features...while I get her ready for you?” The blue-haired man’s eyes sparkled at the suggestion, making me wonder just what the hell I was in for.

Buzz plunked down in the armchair to free up the couch, watching the three of us with clear appreciation.

North stretched out on his back across the empty cushions, his jutting cock concerningly large, especially because it was fitted with lights like a damn airplane runway.

Tinsel guided me over to the couch, curling up to my back and sliding his fingers against my clit as he spoke.

“Here, lay down right on top of North, beautiful, just like he’s a bed. I’m going to find out for myself why Buzz looked so mindless with pleasure. Would you like that? Do you want to take me deep inside that beautiful body of yours?”

“Mm, yes please.” The idea of the sweet, dirty-talking elf inside me, especially with another hot elf beneath me, sounded like the best idea I’d ever heard.

It took some shuffling of our knees and hips, but I eventually straddled North on the couch, gasping as he deliberately pressed himself, lighted bars and all, between my slick labia.

Without even waiting for Tinsel, he started shallow, texture-filled thrusts against me, keeping our bodies flush, but helping me bend a knee and open for Tinsel moments later.

Cool, tingling pleasure washed through me as Tinsel carefully notched himself against my pussy and pushed inside.

He was definitely wider than Buzz had been, but it was a good stretch, and the ridged texture of North’s piercings proved to be the perfect distraction.

They rocked me between them, a chorus of pleasure above and below me, and it wasn’t long before Tinsel’s breathing grew ragged.

“North, I’m close. Neve, he’s going to take my place as soon as I fill you up: it’s going to help. Are you ready to try, beautiful? I know you can do it for us.”

I nodded with a whimper, forehead resting on North’s chest as his hand cupped the back of my head.

He was big , but I could take him now. I was thoroughly relaxed from two prior orgasms, something about Tinsel's slow, firm pace coaxing my body into a state of ecstasy.

Tinsel grabbed my hips, his fingers flexing in a silent plea, bottoming out with snapping thrusts as he chased his climax, whispering my name reverently.

To my delight, he was vocal when he came, moaning loudly and pushing as deep as my body would allow him, lashes of cooling, soothing minty cum filling me to overflowing.

Without warning, he pulled out, holding me as North slid from beneath me, guiding me to lay chest down over the couch arm before the blue-haired man took Tinsel's former place behind me.

The fire crackled softly, sending carnal shadows dancing across the walls in front of me, the colorful flares of North's lighted piercings vanishing one by one as he sunk in.

The unyielding pressure of the light-nubs made him seem even thicker than he already was, and I clutched the upholstery against the pleasurable onslaught.

The sensations kept me ruthlessly in the moment, focused on every single glide in and out, a breathless glance over my shoulder to catch my arousal and his Nosse's mingled cum smeared over the candy-colored bulbs.

The faster he went, the more dazzling the filthy light show became, and I realized that North got brighter the closer he was to climax.

North got rougher with my vocal encouragement, yanking me up against him to straddle his lap on the couch, my back to his chest, knees bent to either side of his hips.

As he pounded up into me, Tinsel kneeled quickly in front of me, shoving my thighs even further apart and mouthing my clit with wanton sweeps of his tongue.

North's muscular arm banded across my chest, holding me in place as they utterly wrecked me, the most powerful orgasm yet shattering my senses as North joined me with a guttural groan and a few foreign syllables that sounded like grateful curses.

A splash against my ankle drew me out of my haze. I looked up to find a sheepish Buzz grinning down at me, his hands full of freshly-spent, glitter-slicked sex toy cock. "Sorry, you three were too damn hot. I had to take the edge off. I'll, um, get a towel."

I laughed as I watched him carefully creep to my bathroom, slumping against North as Tinsel cupped a warm, comforting palm against my thoroughly satisfied pussy and leaned up for a kiss. "I believe that counts as fully aiding me in a task, guys. Well done."

Buzz returned with some warm, damp hand towels and we helped clean one another up, though I admittedly lingered when it came to Tinsel's fascinating foreskin. So much so that I nearly kicked off round four by accident. Whoops.

The elves magicked themselves some festive sweat pants at my insistence, and I joined them in my favorite pajamas while North conjured us all some cocoa. I licked a smidge of whipped cream off my nose while I relaxed cross-legged on the couch, feeling a little awkward.

"So. Uhm. I guess you...get to go home now, right?" Geeze, sound a little more pathetic there, girl .

North stared down into his mug with a pensive expression, poking a floating marshmallow with a fingertip. "We should be able to, yes. That is, after your heart's desire. Have you given that any thought? The only thing we cannot do is subvert the

will of others.”

“Oh. I kinda thought...you know...” I gestured at the couch, which I was pretty certain now needed either a thorough steam cleaning or cleansing fire to get the elvish glitter cum out of the upholstery.

Tinsel chuckled and sipped at his mug. “That was a task Neve, remember? A very pleasant one I’d gladly repeat anytime you want, but still a task.”

The way my heart fluttered at the insinuation of future sessions was idiotic.

After all, hadn’t I been ready to stab these guys with James’ pocketknife a few hours ago?

Stupid sex god elf burglars, making me make bad decisions.

I sulked and took another sip of the way-too-good cocoa in my mug.

It didn’t seem fair they were that good at tag teaming and spontaneous hot cocoa.

“I don’t even know what my heart’s desire is , to be honest. I’ve been kind of...

adrift, since James. Made me question everything, you know?

Hooking up with you three is probably the most spontaneous, organic thing I’ve done in forever.

” I hid my blush with another sip. “Can we just count this as my heart’s desire and call it a...

uh, Christmas Eve? Job accomplished, fellas. You can head home, I’m good.”

Truth be told, I didn't want them to go, but I didn't want to keep them from their home either.

The human world was probably boring as hell in comparison, and I'm sure there were much hotter elf-women back home that were just waiting to date my guys.

The guys. Waiting to date the guys. Get it together, Neve .

Buzz cleared his throat, setting his mug on the coffee table. "Neve, honey. You know we're Winter Court elves, right? As in, we're in charge of the lists and know when someone is being naughty? Including lying?"

"To themselves?" North finished, raising a brow in what I'd now come to consider his signature smug look.

Tinsel nudged my foot with the side of his, smiling softly at me.

"Go on, Neve. Tell us what you really want for Christmas. Don't worry if it sounds crazy, or seems difficult, or even impossible to pull off.

You're drinking magic cocoa with Winter Court elves after an exceedingly hot foursome.

I think you're allowed to let your imagination off the leash a bit. "

"It's been...nice. Like, really nice. I like having you three here, despite thinking I had to smash you over the head with a lamp at first." I set my empty mug on the coffee table with a sigh. "Now I kind of wish you didn't have to, you know, go home."

"Who says we do?" North tilted his head at me with curiosity. "I said we can go home after we fulfill your heart's desire. I never said we had to."

I snorted a laugh. “Yeah, okay. So you’re just going to hang out in the human world and what, get jobs in accounting? I’m sure this place doesn’t hold a candle to fairyland or wherever you’re from.”

Buzz shrugged. “Our official Winter Court duties only require about three weeks of your human year. It’s not unheard of for elves, or entire Nosse, to commute for the sake of their mates.” He looked at me with a shy smile, running a hand through his pink hair.

Tinsel nudged my foot again. “Besides, the naughty and nice lists run on a weighted numeric merit system. It isn’t like human numbers and calculations are really any different.

We could actually get jobs as accountants, and pamper you the way you deserve.

” He beamed as if he’d solved the most important math problem of all.

I blinked, processing their sudden willingness to do the exact thing I wanted, but was too chickenshit to voice.

“I mean, I don’t need any of that, I’d just like the chance to...

I don’t know, I guess get to know you all?

Aside from the sex stuff, that is. The really good sex stuff.

I don’t want to jump right into living together because you deserve a chance to get to know me too. ” There, that sounded sane, right?

Buzz slid from his seat to sit cross-legged on the floor in front of me, tugging my foot into his lap and massaging the sole until he got sex noises out of me.

“Can we still do the really good sex stuff while we’re getting to know you?

I’m okay either way but I think it’d be more fun that way.

You get really chatty after you come on my cock. ”

“Buzz!” I hissed and pretended to kick at him, sending him flopping to his back with loud, deep laughter that spread to the rest of his Nosse.

“Neve, I’m kidding. Sort of.” He grinned and resumed his foot massage.

“I mean it though, you call the shots. We can find a place nearby and you tell us when you’d like to see us.

We’ll court you as our potential mate, even though I think we’re pretty damn well decided, and make it official whenever you feel it’s right. Is that fair?”

I looked to Tinsel and North, waiting for them to weigh in.

North smiled kindly, leaning in to brush my lips with a warm kiss.

“A Nosse is magically connected, in a way that humans aren’t.

What Buzz is saying, he speaks for all of us; we all feel the same, and we’re all ready to make it work to win your heart. ”

Tinsel laced his fingers with mine, bringing my hand up to press a tender kiss to my palm, his soft teal hair tickling my wrist. “We are yours, if you’d like us. We will court you properly, and spoil you relentlessly. All you have to say is yes and we’ll start looking for a place nearby to stay.”

Something bright and golden unfurled in my chest, something invisible in the room

releasing tension like an unknotted bow.

All three of the men swayed gently in place, smiling.

Buzz winked at me and leaned back on his palms. “That was the magic giving us our freedom. While that suggests we’ve stumbled on your heart’s desire, we still need to hear it clearly from you Neve, if you’d be so kind.

” Buzz gestured at the empty mugs that had collected on the coffee table, refilling them with cocoa and passing them back to us.

“I’d like you three to be my Christmas presents. My real Christmas presents. If that’s...okay?” My cheeks must have been absolutely crimson by now, and it had nothing to do with the lovely, roaring fireplace.

Tinsel leaned over me to kiss me deeply, cocoa faint on his tongue, turning my head to Buzz so he could give me the same treatment. “We accept, honey. Gods, do we accept.”

North tugged me over to him by my pajama top, kissing me absolutely breathless before whispering in my ear. “And if you’re a very good girl , I’ve got some red silk ribbons ready to turn you into the perfect present for us .”

As my vagina cheerfully informed me that we were not , in fact, tapped out for the evening, only one thought crossed my mind.

Thank. You. Santa.

The end...for now!

Thank you so much for reading our dirty little holiday tale. This ode to the season has been more than a year in the making and we’re thrilled to offer this...ahem...present

to you at last. Happy holidays from Vera and R.K. ya'll!